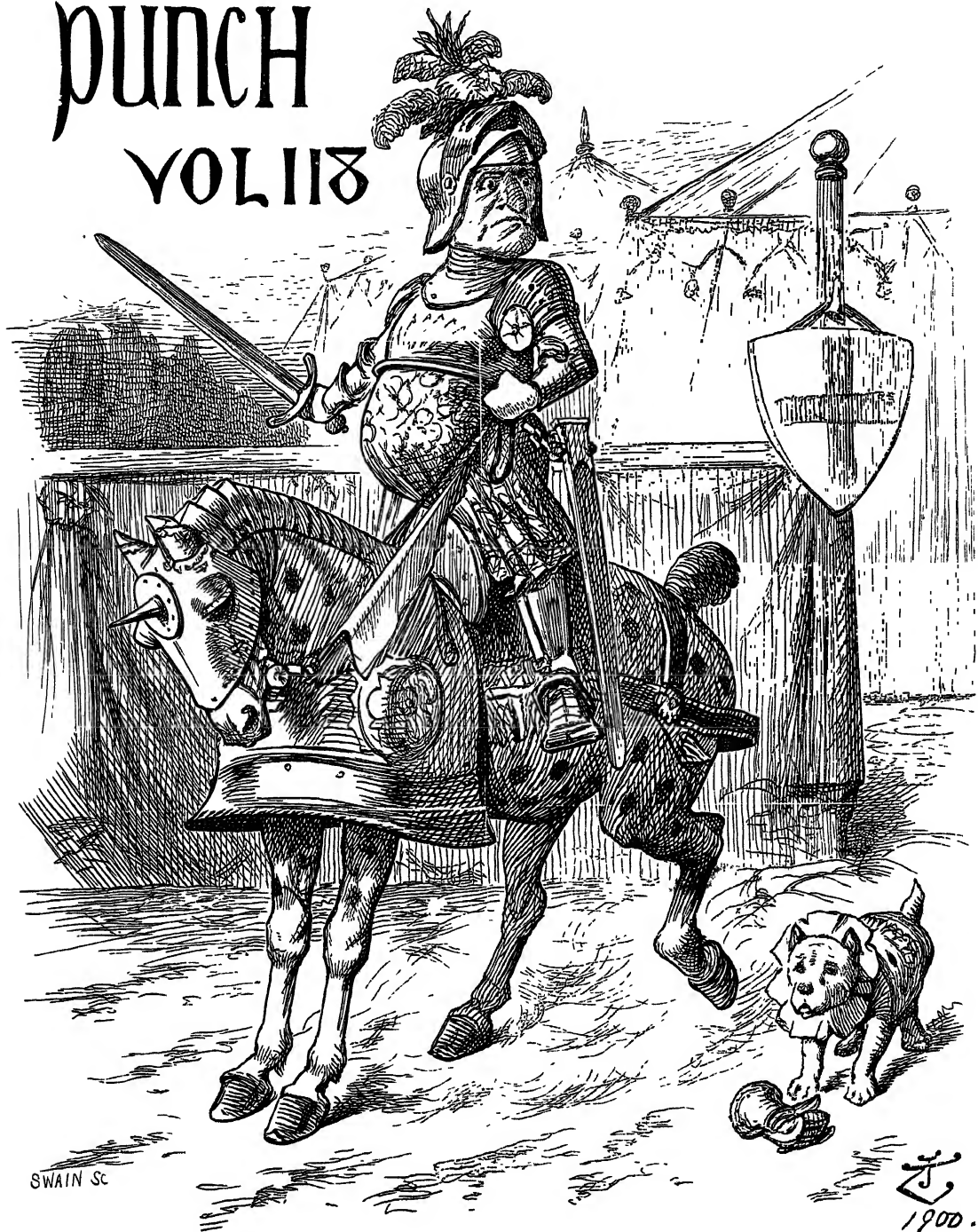


PUNCH

VOL 118



LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1900.



IT was a nice frosty day in late July. The Chief, after a two hours' turn of inspection in the saddle, was engaged in breaking fast with a nipping and an eager air.

"What is that cheering in camp?" he asked of a member of his Staff.

"Distinguished-looking civilian, Sir," replied the Officer, "just come up by the new Laing's Nek route. Getting a great reception from the men."

"Pass properly signed?" asked the Chief.

"Seems to have got through without one, Sir. Just showed his card, and came straight on."

"And what was the name that had this magic power?"

"Well, Sir, if I may venture to say so, there can only be one answer to that question."

"Not Mr. PUNCH?" cried the Chief, in a flash of incredulous illumination.

"The same, Sir," replied the Officer; "and he begs the honour of a short audience."

"Then say that I am at his immediate service," replied the Chief; "and we must arrange to postpone the battle for a bit."

* * * * *

"And how goes the world at home?" said the Greatest Little Soldier to the Greatest Little Civilian, after a warm exchange of greetings.

"My Lord," replied Mr. PUNCH, "the country is rather more obliged to you than I can ever remember its being to anybody in my time. But no doubt you have heard of the relief of London. Well, the shouting is off just now, and the bunting has gone to the cleaners to get ready for your home-coming. Meanwhile, we await the finishing strokes with perfect patience; tempered, perhaps, by a paltry prejudice in favour of seeing a few guns captured; merely as mementoes, of course. But you yourself, my Lord, must have noticed the curious secretiveness of the Boer nature in regard to this class of portable bric-à-brac. However, the best of human systems cannot command perfect success, as they say at the War Office. And the mention of that Institution reminds me that the country, which is not in a mood for forgetting, looks to you and your Chief of Staff for a few home truths in a certain quarter on your return. Apart from the immediate fruits of victory, your splendid work and the generous sacrifice of England's best blood will not have been without their reward if we take to heart the lesson we have learned against the future's needs. You have saved us, my Lord, in a tight corner; it must, and shall, be the business of those at home to whom the nation entrusts her destinies to invent a better system, which shall have no use for tight corners at all."

At this juncture the eloquence of the Distinguished Civilian was interrupted by an A.D.C., who approached and saluted.

"Commando of two thousand, Sir, just brought in under guard."

"Who took them?" asked the Chief.

"Sergeant of the Dublins, Sir, on outpost duty, reports that he surrounded them with a picket of twelve."

"Good for the ould counthry," replied the Chief; "but what are the actual facts?"

"Commandant has another story, Sir, which you might like to hear."

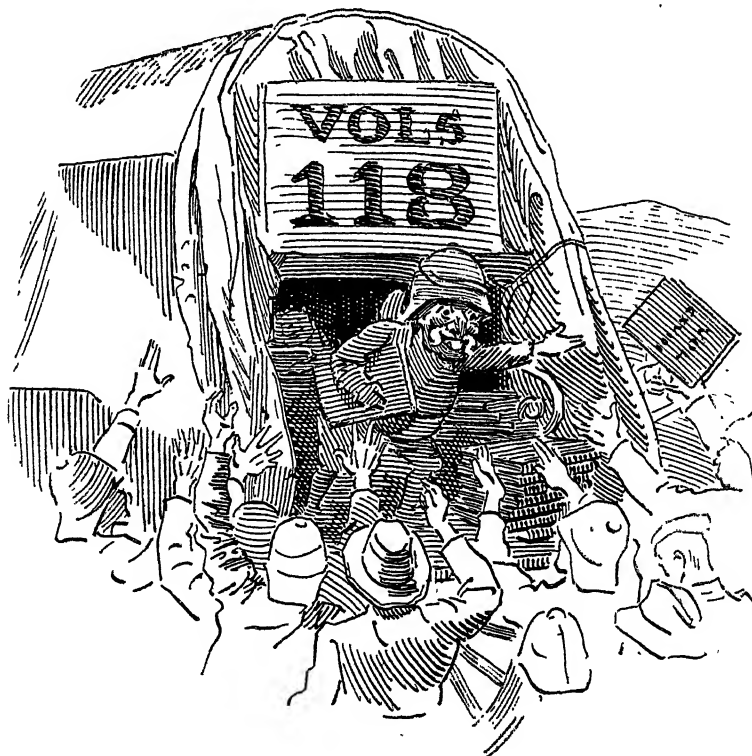
"Have him brought round," said the Chief.

Briefly, the statement of the Boer leader went to show that his commando had yielded not to physical force but to moral pressure, under the following remarkable circumstances. With their recognised aptitude for acquiring information of events in our camp almost prior to their occurrence, they had heard of the arrival of Mr. PUNCH and the fresh enthusiasm with which his presence had inspired the British troops. His mere name had long been associated in the minds of the Boers with a holy awe which did credit to their limited intelligence. And now he had appeared in the midst of an army already confident of ultimate triumph, and, according to rumour, had brought with him, under cover of a private ambulance waggon, a species of ammunition so constructed as to render those who employed it invulnerable to attack, and to guarantee a holocaust of the enemy at every discharge. Against these conditions the Boers had concluded that it was not good enough to prolong the struggle, and had accordingly come in to surrender their arms.

"Believe me," said the Chief when the Commandant had withdrawn under escort with a bottle of champagne and a brace of Havanas, "believe me that I am delighted to accept any assistance, even from unofficial sources, which may tend to accelerate the conclusion of this war. I speak, therefore, in no spirit of petty envy when I say that I sincerely trust that you have not, in a moment of absent-mindedness, brought into camp any form of ammunition which is not permitted by the unwritten laws of international courtesy. The propriety of lyddite has been called in question: but it would seem to be entirely negligible in its effects as compared with the explosive which you are understood to have introduced. May I ask for a description of its character?"

"My Lord," replied the Sage, "it would not hurt a child. Indeed, it is less a detonative than a kind of food for the thoughtful mind; if I may say so, a sort of potted charivari. I had intended it as a light delicacy for your sick and wounded. But I hope also that there is stuff in it to suit strong men; and I am sure that only a bad conscience, or a digestion unlubricated by humour, has any need to fear its effects. You will, I hope, permit me to distribute it, with my best love and profoundest admiration, among your gallant troops. As a proof of good faith, each packet bears on its exterior the modest assertion that it is my

"One Hundred and Eighteenth Volume."





BERNARD PARTRIDGE FEC.

THE DÉBUTANTE.

MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

THE Merry New Year ushers in the sadly overdrawn account. The bells of Christmas present find a plaintive echo in the bells of Yuletide past.

Children's parties are the heralds of the doctors' approach.

A "final application," promptly selected, lessens the business of the County Court.



The cloud of "Black Monday" has a silver lining in the quiet of Tuesday spent in peace. A frozen pipe warms the plumber's heart.

A club subscription, "planked down," saves a name from "boarding."

What is saved by electricity in the drawing-room, is lost by gas in the kitchen's hot-plate.

Economy and Paris can be secured jointly only *en garçon*.



LEADENHALL MARKET IS A SAFE FIND FOR A FOX WHEN THE COUNTRY COVERTS ARE DRAWN BLANK.

MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

You can insure against fire but not a Spring cleaning.

When the broom comes in at the door, the MS. flies out of the window.

Tidying-up in the study is more costly than some kings' ransoms.

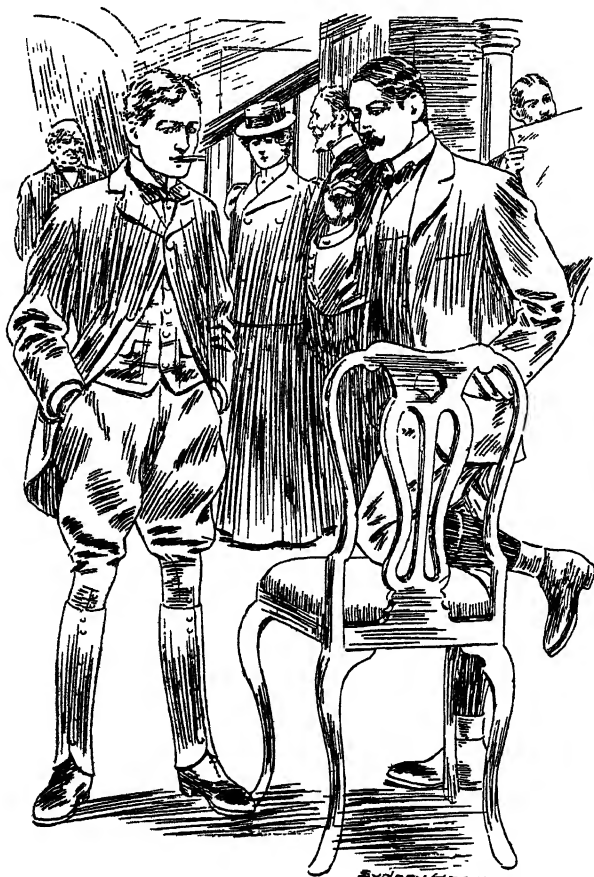
When the cook lends a hand to the house-maid, there is no place like home.



When the dining-room is dismantled at South Kensington, there is still a cosy corner in Pall Mall.

French fashions can be studied by a wife, in England, while her husband corrects her impressions from across the Channel.

The home-coming, after a *matinée* at Easter, is often suggestive of the penances of Lent.



"IF FOUR PEOPLE ARE KEEN ON IT, AND HER PEOPLE ARE KEEN ON IT, WHERE'S THE TROUBLE? JUST ASK HER STRAIGHT AWAY. SHE'S CERTAIN TO ACCEPT YOU."

"CONFOUND IT! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M FRIGHTENED OF!"



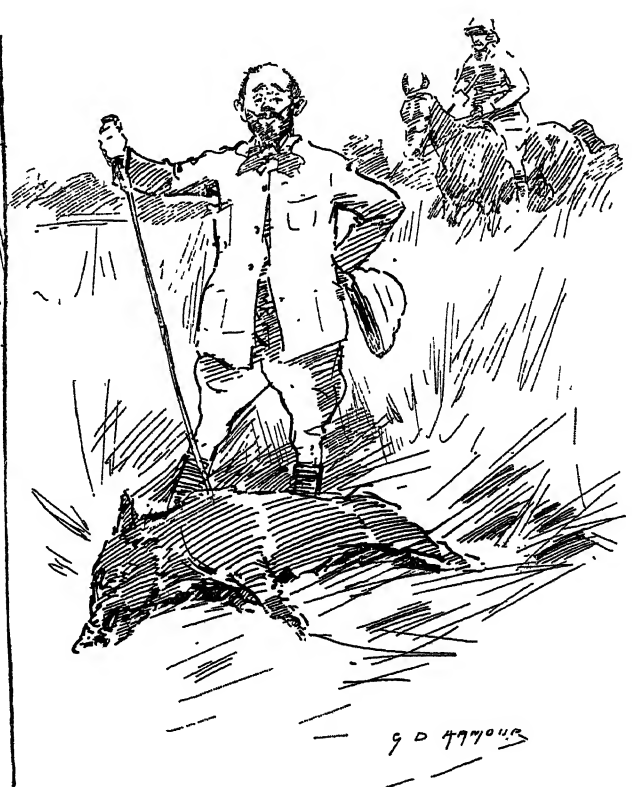
Voice from the Shore. "AREN'T YOU COMING INTO LUNCH? WE'VE ALL FINISHED!"

Voices from the Frozen Deep ("Letting I dare not, wait upon I would."). "YES, WE'RE COMING, WHEN—WE CAN!"

STORIES WITHOUT WORDS.



TALE OF THE TUSKER. HOW IT BEGAN—



HOW IT ENDED.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Hostess. Will you please say grace, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown (a telephone clerk). Are you there? I beg pardon. I mean, For what, etc.

NO VALENTINE!

A VALENTINE he might have sent,
With that I should have been content;
The postman passes on his way,
He does not stop, he does not stay,
And worn with waiting I lament.



Oh, faithless love! when first he went,
He vowed that nothing should prevent
His sending to me every day
A little line.

My mother, with advice well meant,
Declares it is an accident;
That very likely business may
Take up his time, hence this delay;
At last to give him I consent
A little line.

Q. What is the difference between a dunce and an angler?

A. One hates his books and the other baits his hooks.



NEAR THE BULL'S EYE.

Slipper. Well, all these company promoters ought to take the Hawk as their crest.

Tripper. I differ with you. The Robin would be the more appropriate bird.



Fitz-Noodle (who rather fancies himself as the "Black Prince"). "BY JOVE, MISS RENNESLAER, HOW AWFULLY CHARMING!"
Fair American. "MY! WHAT ARE YOU? CANNED LOBSTER?"

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE"—



"AND ON THIS!"



Fox - dog -
"MAD - MAD - BUT I SHALL BE NEXT MONTH."

ON GOING OUT TO DINNER.

NOTES FOR A NOVICE.—ENTRÉES.

We will assume that our young friend is going out to his first dinner. It will not be necessary that he should take with him his card of invitation. Usual, not to say indispensable, in the analogous cases of visiting a theatre or making a railway journey, good society has long dispensed with the observance in the case of private dinners.

Nor need our guest on arriving explain to the gentleman who opens the door the nature of his errand. Even, as in the case under consideration, if he has never been at the house before, it is good



form to walk in as if it belonged to him. Only it will be well to make sure of the number of the house at whose door he knocks. Extremely inconvenient consequences have arisen from failure of this observance.

On entering the drawing-room, the guest should insist on shaking hands with his hostess. It has an agreeable effect to display keen interest in the welfare and health of her family. But it is not necessary to pursue inquiry into the region of collateral relations.

The hostess will present him to the lady whom he is to take down to dinner. It is better not to start off at once, a procedure that would obviously lead to inconvenience. It is usual to wait till all the company are assembled. The host gives the signal for movement by offering his arm to the principal lady guest. The others pairing off and following in close order make impossible such a *contretemps* as that of an unscrupulous couple hurrying off, getting down first, and clearing the table of the choice bits.

Seating himself at the table, our young friend will find a napkin,—“Servet,” the wise footman calls it,—folded in artistic form on his plate. Sometimes it is in the fashion of an archbishop’s crown, a boat, a fan, a bird’s-nest, and occasionally, though this is only in big houses, a four-post bedstead.

Here is an opportunity for one of those tactful movements to mark the accomplished diner out. (See next course.)

March.

MARCH MADNESS.

My love is like a March March hare
Whose wits are apt to fly;
Her modesty is past compare,
She is supremely shy;
When I approach her presence for
To stroke her coat so warm.
She stands on ceremony or
Sits down upon her “form.”

My love is like a pet pet lamb
(Compare the close of March),
That has a chaperoning dam,
And is so coy and arch;
But I recall when March was wild
And wore a killing air;
So of my heart a wanton child
Once stole the lion’s share.

My love is like a young young bud
That blows before its time;
One fear there is that chills her blood—
The poet’s frosty rime;
If she survive that dreaded doom
I mean to make her blest;
For she shall have a chance to bloom
Upon my open chest!

MR. PUNCH’S ÆSOP.



I.—The Ambitious Actor.

AN Actor who endeavoured to gain the applause of the audience by departing from his author’s text, was dismissed from the theatre, took to writing comic operas, and ultimately became a Demon in a Pantomime!

MORAL.—*Facilis descensus Avernus*

ON GOING OUT TO DINNER.

NOTES FOR A NOVICE.—RELEVÉS.

It would never do to thump the table with the handle of your knife, and having thereby attracted attention to yourself, address your hostess in some such fashion as this: “Madam, I observe with appreciation and pleasure the artistic conformation of your serviettes. To my mind it is the key-note of a well-ordered feast.



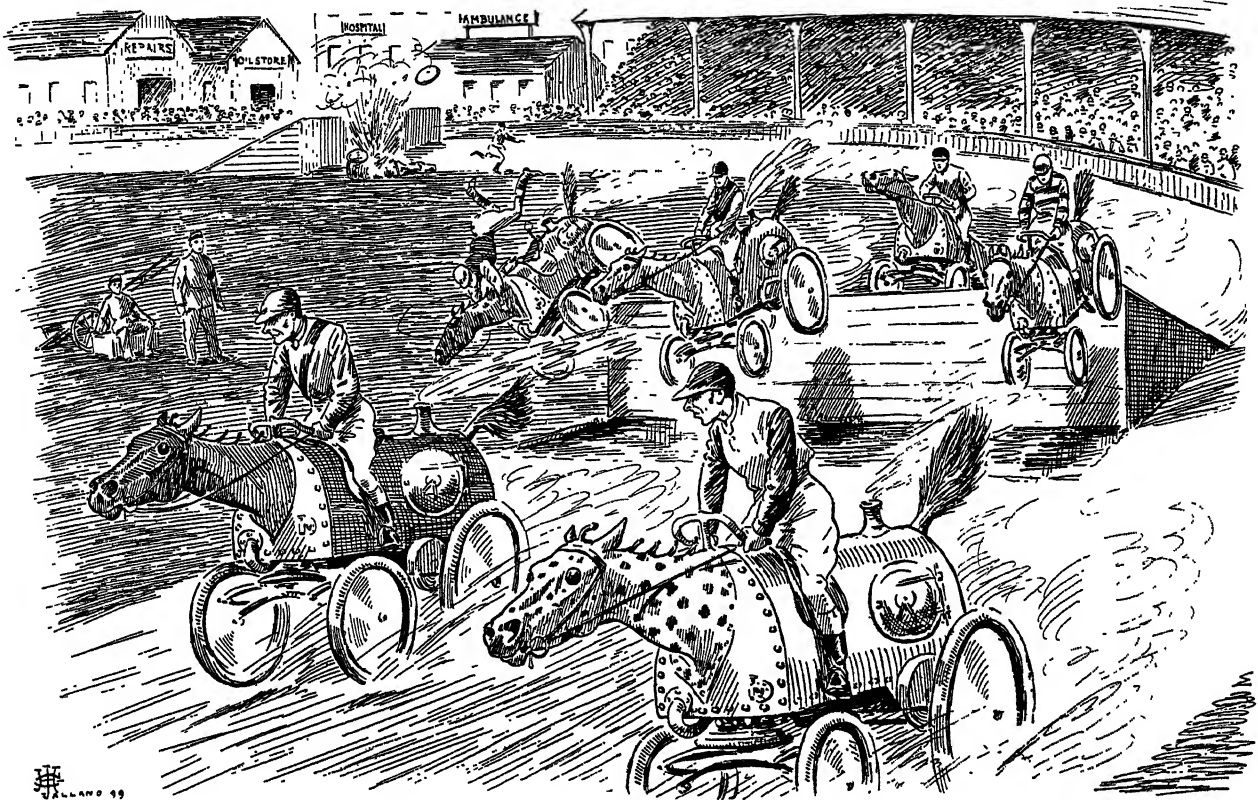
To begin *ab ovo*, as the humourist of the house party said when he threw a bad breakfast-egg at his host’s head, when I sit down to dinner, I always scan the formation of the serviette. If it is well done I know the soup will be good, and that there will be no shells in the shrimp sauce.”

Our young friend need not say all this. But catching the hostess’s eye, he might look it, and, taking up the napkin tenderly, heave a sigh as he opened it and spread it on his knee.

Our young friend must not suppose that the napkin is given him to hide his talent in. He must talk his best, as well as eat and drink his most. The weather (if there has been any during the day) forms an admirable introductory subject. When that is exhausted, he might say, “I suppose you know every one here?” It is a pleasing remark, assuming that your partner goes out a great deal. It will be useful, too, as probably eliciting some information as to the personality of your fellow-guests.

But the trail must be followed cautiously. For example, don’t say, “Who is that bottle-nosed old gentleman opposite who gobbles his turkey as if it were an elder brother keeping him out of the title and the estates?” Or, “Who is the lady next to the gentleman fourth from the top, with a parchment skin drawn over her jaws as if they were meant for a drum-head?”

Your partner might be constrained to reply, “That is my father”; or, “You mean ma?” Which would be embarrassing on both sides.



A MOTOR-HORSE STEEPLE-CHASE.



LINK(S)ED SWEETNESS.

The Real Caddie (audibly). "THIS CLUB IS GOING TO RUIN—ALLOWING ALL THESE LADIES TO JOIN!"
Miss Sharp. "THEY EVIDENTLY CAN'T GET GENTLEMEN!"

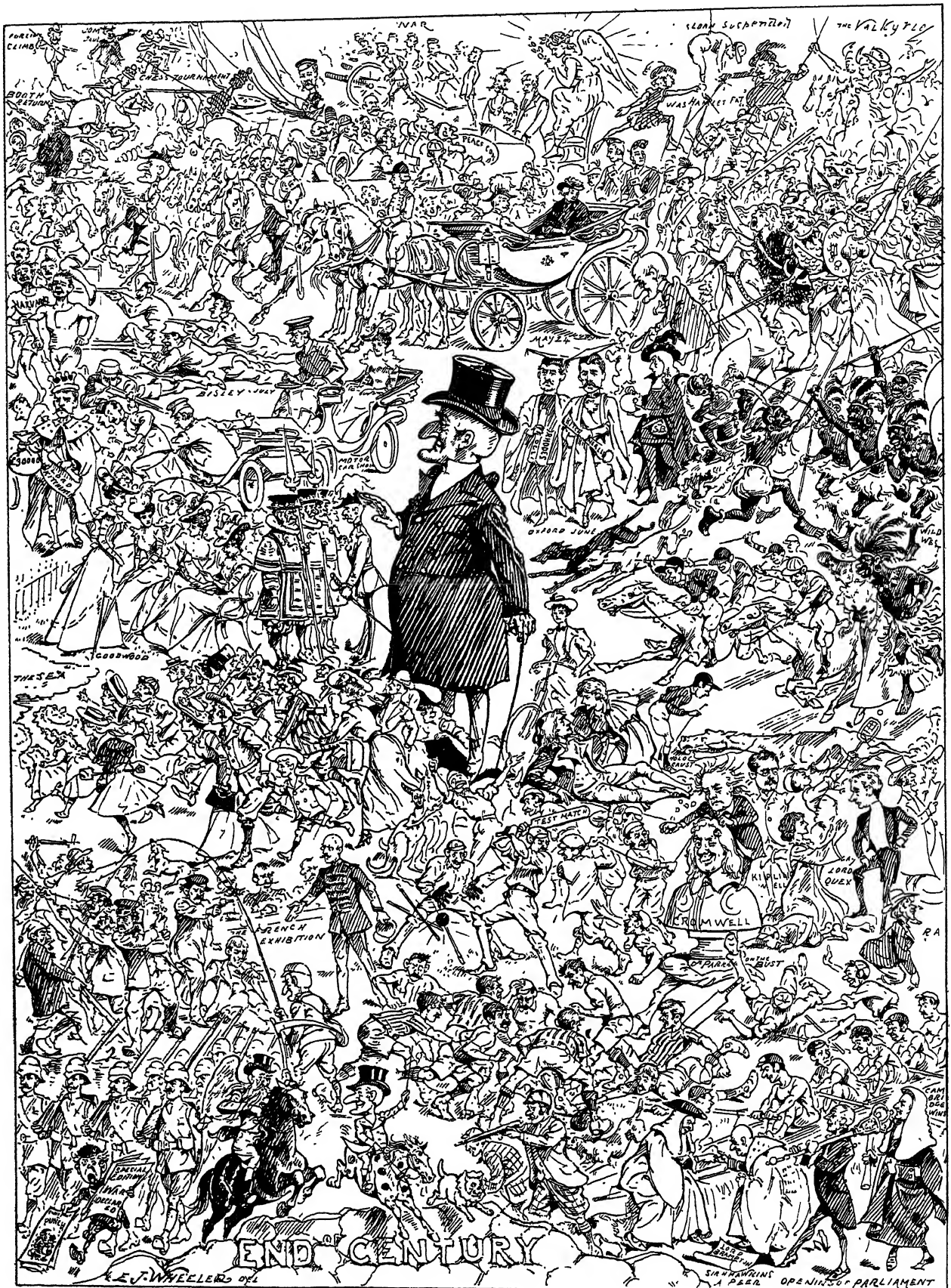


HODGSON.

TOO SAD!

'Arry Snicklem (after fishing for three hours without "permission" and never a bite). "WELL I'M BLOWED! AND JIS TO THINK AS 'OW THIS 'ERE'S A LITTLE LUXURY AS ONE MIGHT BE PROSECUTED FOR INDULGIN' ONESELF IN!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1900.



MR. PUNCH'S CAMERA.



"PREHISTORIC SCOTLAND" DE-PICT-ED.

(Not by Dr. Robert Munro.)

APRIL



DICTIONARY OF DAILY BLUNDERS.

Corrected to date.

DON'T say, "The man was hung." "The man was hanged" is more correct. It won't matter to the man, but it is just as well to be accurate. A picture is hung; a man is hanged—not, perhaps, so many as ought to be. But that is another story.

Among the learned, Asparagus is never alluded to as sparrow-grass. It is true the well-known poet "Anon" gives some support to the vulgarism in a verse perpending a riddle:

My fust's a little thing vot hops;
My second brings us good hay crops;
My whole I eats with mutting chops.

But the weight of authority is, in this matter, against the famous predecessor of Mr. Alfred Austin in the Post Laureateship.

It is only at sea that it is permissible to pronounce helm as a word of two syllables, e.g., "Port your hellum." You must not say you wish some one, however obnoxious, was buried in "an hellum coffin."

When you are presented to the Queen, do not attempt to lead the conversation. In royal circles there is a deeply rooted prejudice in this matter, it being regarded as a sort of *lèse-majesté* to interfere with the royal prerogative of selecting the topic of conversation. Thus to observe, on being introduced to the royal presence,



"It's a fine day, ma'am," would, though well meant, and, regarded as a matter of fact, unimpeachable, be a breach of etiquette.

APRIL.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

Now youths who feel the coming of the Spring, their Winter garments of repentance fling. New force from vernal influence recruiting, their fancy turns to thoughts of Summer-suiting, gay suits of dittoes which shall take the eye next term upon the King's Parade or High, tan boots or shoes and giddy fancy socks all parti-coloured and with lovely clocks.

Now too, if Easter be a tardy comer, we see some sports that better suit the Summer. Now to the Queen's Club in successive surges from every quarter, lo, a crowd converges. Parson and sportsman, undergrad. and don, behold them troop to far West Kensington. Of rain or wind they make but little fuss; a runner's wind is what they most discuss. What care have they, although their forms they jam in a perspiring crowd, if they can talk of stamina, note every athlete's form, his



length of stride, foretell the odd event and much beside, and quite forgetful of the hours that pass know each recorded time on path or grass?

Most things I view with an indulgent eye, no mere upholder of the days gone by. Of things that are I am no willing danner, but still I draw the line at weight and hammer. My withers, Sir, bear not the least *cicatrix* to make me wince when blaming both these weight-tricks, good in their way, no doubt, but out of place where only legs should settle jump or race.



And oh ye men of dark blue or of light blue (whiche'er ye wear be sure it is the right blue); ye distance-men, ye hurdlers and ye sprinters, of pluck unsparing and of pace no stinters, ye who with arms outstretched or knuckles grounded, started like greyhounds when the pistol sounded; ye jumpers who with all your young limbs twisted leapt at the bar and either struck or missed it; or sped as by an impulse of despair, flew like winged figures through the whistling air, and, with your eyes a-gleam, your chests expanded, cleared twenty feet or more before you landed, —ye men of spikes, in short, whom fame pursues garbed in your full or in your semi-blues, take it from me, ye much enduring boys, that life can bring you no superber joys than when, released from

tutors and from deans, you swiftly run or greatly jump at Queen's.

Now sixteen youngsters in their pride of muscle prepare at Putney for a fearful tussle. Two puny tyrants of the coxswain-tribe whom threats deter not nor caresses bribe, hold in their hands, those ruthless hands, the fate, each, as he steers it, of his labouring eight. Through the long weeks these men must meekly train, their style as pretty as their food is plain. Primed



with small beer and filled with prunes and rice, they tempt each day the waves of Cam or Isis. Eggs they may eat but not the tasty rasher who to Clayhithe proceed or to the Lasher, and tarts and jams and *entrées* are taboo to those who daily row in either crew.

Their dinner-courses are but few and short; long are their courses of another sort, the sort, I mean, that makes them puff and blow, their faces purple, as they swing and row, while on the bank that pitiless discarder, their coach, shouts:—"Now then, let her have it harder." Lost to the world with growing grief and pain, in one last burst their very souls they strain, till with quick strokes and breath both quick and wheezy, at last they stop, the coxswain calling "Easy."

Transferred to Putney, with their blues awarded, they see their deeds at greater length recorded. The daily papers all describe the crews in full detail and all take different views, and oarsmen, whose tense nerves grow daily tighter purchase the paper and deride the writer. Down Putney's High Street in their coloured coats behold them stride to man their brittle boats.

At last, while crowd to crowd responsive roars, the boats flash by, a gleam of feathered oars. Far in advance the very air is humming with shouts of "Now they're started, now they're coming." Eight doughty oarsmen straining for the lead whom eight more strong or fortunate precede; two arrow-ships for racing well designed; four steamers lumbering tardily behind, a shout, a flash—the vision disappears, and that is all one either sees or hears.

Fill then the wine-cup and, with sparkling eyes, drink to the race and all that it implies. Let whoso will pursue for sordid pelf some petty object, thinking but of self. These men endured, like brother



joined to brother, each for his club and all for one another, intent to be through every change of weather, not eight mere units, but a crew together.



L'ANGLAIS FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.

*First Tripper (in French Picture Gallery). "WHAT O! 'ERB! WHAT PRICE THIS?
Gardien (who quite understands him). "PARDON, M'SIEUR, EET IS NOT 'WATTEAU,' AND EET IS NOT FOR SALE!"*



PITY THE POOR ACADEMY!

*Artist (rejected—bringing his fist with a bang on the table). "I'LL
NEVER SEND ANOTHER PICTURE THERE AGAIN!"*



*Old Gent. (who has recently purchased the property). "NOW, DON'T
YOU BOYS KNOW THAT NOBODY CAN CATCH FISH IN THIS STREAM
EXCEPT WITH MY—ER—A—SPECIAL PERMIT?"
Youthful Angler. "GET AWAY! WHY, ME AND THIS 'ERE KID'S
CATCHED SCORES OF 'EM WI' A WORRUM!"*

THE SEASON.

Memorable Facts of the Month.

May 3rd.—At the Exeter Hall Byke-khana, Lady H—, who has *le courage de ses opinions*, attracted universal notice by her *chic* appearance in the "free-skirt" competition.

5th.—Rumour is busy, *sotto voce*, with a projected alliance between a scion of our



haute noblesse, living not a hundred miles from Wellington Barracks, and an American Cow-girl whose ancestors crossed over in the Alabama.

7th.—The health of Mr. H-ll C—ne continues to cause his admirers no anxiety.

12th.—The festivities in honour of the vaccination of the infant Lord B. were held, with the usual protest from the young recipient, at the Duke of Johannesburg's Border seat. The boy has his father's nose.

25th.—I saw Mrs. J., the well-known amateur whistler, shopping in Piccadilly last

May.



MR. PUNCH "CUTS OUT" THE LOCAL GENTRY AT THE MAYPOLE.

week. She looked becomingly pale, and had evidently not yet recovered from her visit to the Royal Academy Exhibition.

31st.—We have received from a well-known authoress and intrepid sportswoman a copy of her book, *The Log of the Atalanta*. We shall have pleasure in rolling it at her request.

June 22nd.—All the world and his wife were at the reception



held by Mrs. le P. T. last week at her mansion in Grosvenor Square. Those whose names were not included in the list of invitations may like to have an opportunity of viewing such of the delicacies as could be returned intact to the caterers, Messrs. S. and P. The address of this popular firm is, &c.

28th.—Mrs. de Vere de Vere gave another Small and Early at her place off the Hammer-smith Road. The ices were no worse than before.

30th.—It is whispered at the Rear-Admiralty that the Kaiser's leave of absence from Cowes has been extended for another year.

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



II.—The Dishonest Fisherman.

AN amateur fisherman, whose efforts had been rewarded by the capture of some *small fry only*, fearing that his reputation might suffer, purchased a fish of large size at a low price, with which to stock his basket. On returning to his friends this artifice was at once discovered by the condition of the fish.

MORAL.—A fish on the hook is worth two at the fishmonger's.

"ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS."

'Twas in the moon of May, Darling,
(If I remember dates)
I saw you first at play, Darling,
Among your blooming mates;
A ring of eager faces
We weighed at once your worth,
The peer of all the Graces
That ever stepped the earth.

Arms to the elbow bare, Darling,
You showed a fine physique;
The South's ambrosial air, Darling,
Had tanned you on the cheek;
Your dress of breezy flannel,
White as the driven snow,
Betrayed the cheerful channel
In which your fancies flow.

Eyed like the hawk, and fleet, Darling,
As is the kangaroo,
Beneath your bounding feet, Darling,
The daisies never grew;
With rivals round you heated
You coolly kept your style,
And even when defeated
Still wore a winning smile.

Alas, but you have been, Darling,
And gone and left us lone;
Fresh fields, if not so green, Darling,
"Down under" claim their own.
Sing, willow! Ay, our willows
For Summer sigh in vain,
While you, beyond the billows,
Are wielding yours again.

THE HART BOUGHED DOWN.—A stag caught by the horns in the branches of a tree.

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



III.—The Company Promoter and the Flat.

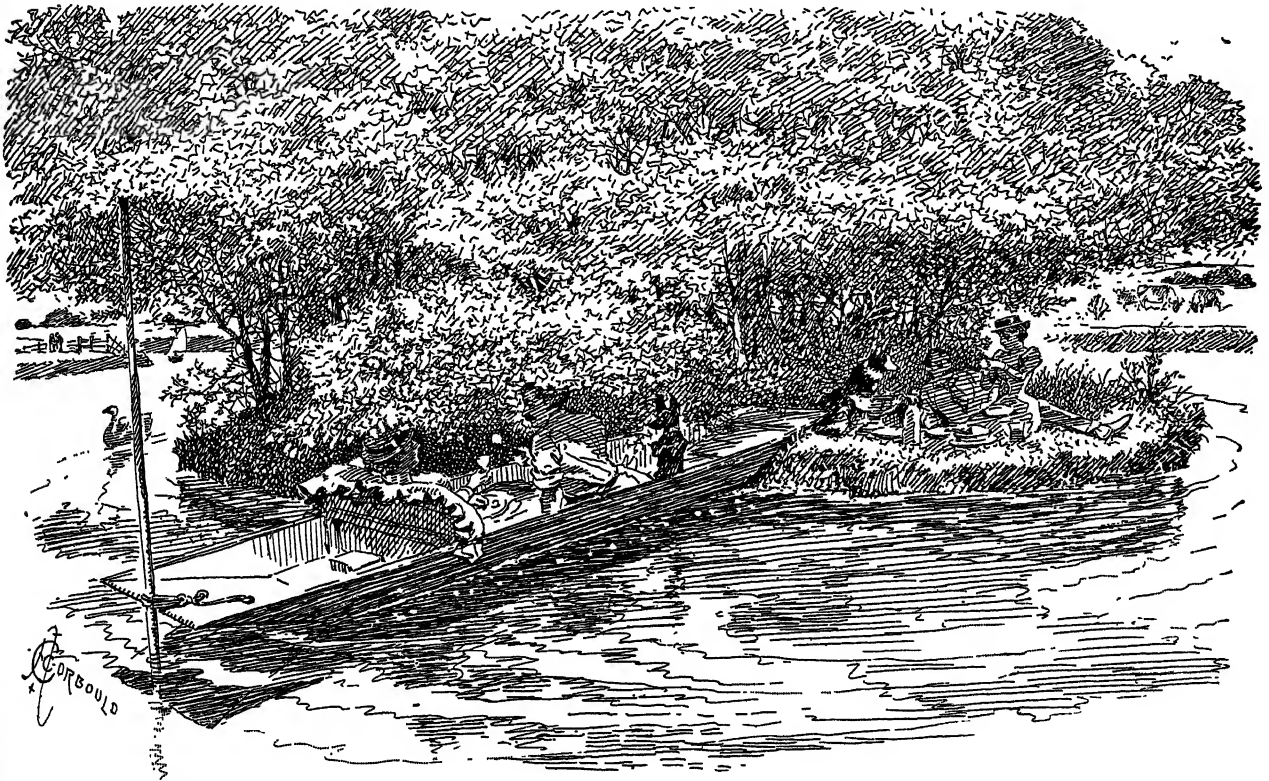
A COMPANY Promoter lurching under a heavy burden of Stock, espied a Flat (seated upon the Security of a Bank) and asked him to *hold* some for him. This the Flat readily agreed to do, but the Stock falling between them *lost* the support of the Bank, and neither the Promoter nor the Flat could raise it up again.

THE BEST OF TITLE-DEEDS.—Remission of rent by a lordly land-owner.

A DERBY DAY CONTRAST.



INSTEAD OF A HOT AND DUSTY TIME BY ROAD OR RAIL,



YOU CAN HAVE THE RIVER ALL TO YOURSELF, "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."

June.

WATER-PARTIES.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TAKE four pretty girls
And four tidy young men ;
Add papa and mamma,
And your number is ten.

Having ten in your party
You 'll mostly be eight,
For you 'll find you can count
Upon two to be late.



In the packing of hampers
'Tis voted a fault
To be rashly forgetful
Of corkscrew and salt!

Take a mayonnaised lobster,
A tasty terrine,
A salmon, some lamb
And a gay galantine.

Take fizz for the lads,
Claret-cup for the popies,



MR. BLUEBOTTLE COMES TO TOWN.

And some tartlets with jam
So attractive to woppes.

Let the men do the rowing,
And all acquire blisters ;
While the boats go zigzag,
Being steered by their sisters.

Then eat and pack up
And return as you came.
Though your comfort was nil,
You had fun all the same.



MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

CRICKET at Lord's. Stumps
drawn at dentist's:

15th.—Ball given by Sir G. G.,
first baronet at third time of
asking, will be honoured by the
Hereditary Princess of Bad-
Pummistein. No fewer than
three per cent. of the guests
are said to have been previ-
ously acquainted with the host.



A SOCIAL AGONY.

First Guest (friend of the Family). "THIS IS QUITE A LARGE PARTY, MISS MARY!" Miss Mary (a little nervous, and forgetting herself and other Guests more or less distinguished). "YES—THIS IS WHAT WE CALL OUR 'WIPE-OFF' PARTY!"

KEY PLAN

TO THE

ROLL OF FAME.

1800-1900.

- 1 MR. PUNCH
- 2 TONY
- 3 PRINCE OF THE CENTURY
- 4 PRINCE BISMARCK
- 5 COUNT VON MOLTKE
- 6 WILLIAM EMERT GLADSTONE
- 7 JOHN BRIGHT
- 8 GENERAL GORDON
- 9 EMPEROR WILLIAM I (GERMANY)
- 10 EMPEROR WILLIAM II (GERMANY)
- 11 EARL OF BEACONSFIELD
- 12 GENERAL GARIBOLDI
- 13 GENERAL GARIBOLDI (ITALY)
- 14 GENERAL GARIBOLDI (ITALY)
- 15 PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN
- 16 PRESIDENT ROBERT EDWARD LEE
- 17 PRESIDENT LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS
- 18 KING WILLIAM IV
- 19 KING GEORGE IV
- 20 LORD LAWRENCE GOV-GEN. INDIA
- 21 LOUIS KOSUTH (HUNGARY)
- 22 EMPEROR NICHOLAS I (RUSSIA)
- 23 EMPEROR NICHOLAS II (RUSSIA)
- 24 KHEIVIE ISMAIL (EGYPT)
- 25 ADMIRAL LORD NELSON
- 26 ADMIRAL LORD NELSON
- 27 F.M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON
- 28 KING LOUIS PHILIPPE
- 29 EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN (MEXICO)
- 30 EARL RUSSELL
- 31 LORD RUSSELL
- 32 LORD RUSSELL
- 33 LORD BROUGHAM
- 34 WILLIAM WILBERFORCE (PRESIDENT FRENCH REPUBLIC)
- 35 EARL OF DERBY
- 36 REV. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON
- 37 VICTOR HUGO
- 38 ALEXANDRE DUMAS (FILS)
- 39 MARSHAL MASSÉNA
- 40 NAPOLEON I
- 41 PRINCE TALLEYRAND
- 42 PRINCE TALLEYRAND
- 43 LORD WELBURN
- 44 LORD WELBURN
- 45 SIR JOSEPH PAXTON
- 46 DANIEL O'CONNELL M.P.
- 47 ROBERT BROWNING
- 48 SIR WALTER SCOTT
- 49 WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
- 50 PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
- 51 WILLIAM WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
- 52 LORD BAYNE
- 53 JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE
- 54 THOMAS MOORE
- 55 JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER
- 56 BEAUSÉL (GEORGE BRYAN)
- 57 WILLIAM MORRIS
- 58 DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
- 59 JOHN RUSSELL
- 60 THOMAS CARLYLE
- 61 WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
- 62 CHARLES DICKENS
- 63 GEORGE ELIOT
- 64 WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY
- 65 CHARLES MATTHEWS
- 66 LORD DUDMERE
- 67 LORD DUDMERE
- 68 THE CLAIMANT
- 69 TOM SAYERS
- 70 MADAME TAGLIONI
- 71 JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A.
- 72 JAMES CHANTREY, R.A.
- 73 JEAN LOUIS ENDETHER, R.A.
- 74 SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.
- 75 SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.
- 76 WILLIAM ALLAN, Bt, P.R.A.
- 77 BERTEL THORVALDSEN
- 78 LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
- 79 ABREU LUTOPHIN
- 80 RICHARD WAGNER
- 81 LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN
- 82 CHARLES GOUNOD
- 83 COCOS MEYERBEER
- 84 GIACCHINO ROSSINI
- 85 GAETANO DONIZETTI
- 86 LOUIS JACQUES MANDÉ DAGUERRE (PHOTOGRAPHY)
- 87 PROF. HUXLEY
- 88 PROF. DARWIN
- 89 PROF. OWEN
- 90 FERDINAND DE LESSEPS
- 91 ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FRANKLIN
- 92 DR. LIVINGSTONE
- 93 SIR JOHN HERSCHEL
- 94 MARQUIS DE LA PLAGE
- 95 SIR GEORGE AIRY (ASTRONOMER ROYAL)
- 96 PROF. MICHAEL FARADAY
- 97 LOUIS PASTEUR
- 98 ALESSANDRO VOLTA (ELECTRICIAN)
- 99 ROBERT STEPHENSON, C.E.
- 100 GEORGE STEPHENSON, C.E.
- 101 ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL, C.E.
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128 PROF. HUXLEY
129 PROF. DARWIN
130 PROF. OWEN
131 FERDINAND DE LESSEPS



THE MONSTER.

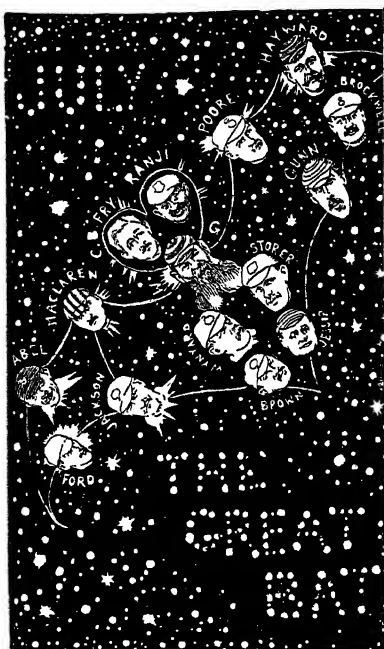
TIME—Midday. SCENE—River bank near reported holt of an Otter. Hounds have been trying for since dawn.

Lady Resident. "SO GLAD YOU'RE COME! I HAVE SUCH GOOD NEWS! MY HUSBAND SHOT THE OTTER LAST WEEK. SUCH A MONSTER! HE'S HAVING HIM STUFFED."



Aunt Jane. "IT'S WONDERFUL HOW THIS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IS COMING INTO USE!"

CRICKET CONSTELLATIONS.



THE SEA-SICK SOLICITOR.

I've wished when waves all dance awry
Round steamer on the ocean,
I were a Judge in Chancery
To overrule the motion.

THE VILLAIN IN MANY A CRICKET MATCH.
—The Wicket Uncle.

July.

A RELIC OF JULY.

I SAT upon the river's bastion'd marge;
A solemn peace possessed the torpid air,
Save when a few strange oaths from off a
barge

Lifted my hair.

Sweet haven from the Chamber's human
hum,
Here to this spot, with light refreshment
spread,
The heated legislator loves to come
And cool his head.

"Breathless with adoration"—ay, to me
The phrase applied as well as Words-
worth's nun—
I watched them on the Terrace, taking tea
And toasted bun!

Off had I pictured their heroic make
Who keep Britannia going on the blue;
And now I saw them, eating currant cake,
Like me and you!

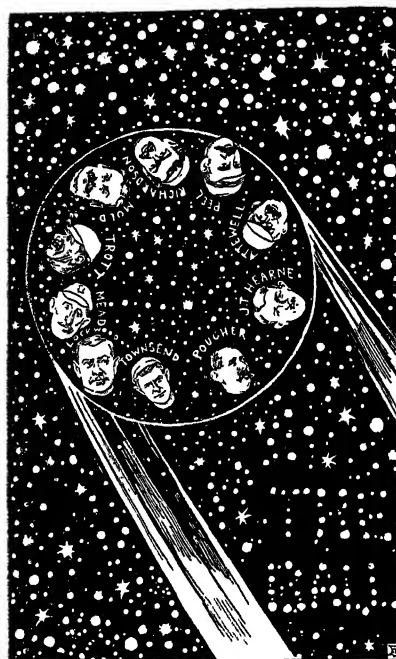
Think, if a mortal brushed against a god
Under Olympus, how his heart would
glow!
But if the gracious presence even trod
Upon his toe—!

It was a Minister who stood on mine!
Mere joy, for all my anguish, held me
mute;
And now I worship, in a Trilby shrine,
That shattered boot.

My burning heart supplies its vestal flame!
Calverley, when he viewed with venial
pride
His Prince's cherry-stones, had much the
same

Feeling inside!

CRICKET CONSTELLATIONS.



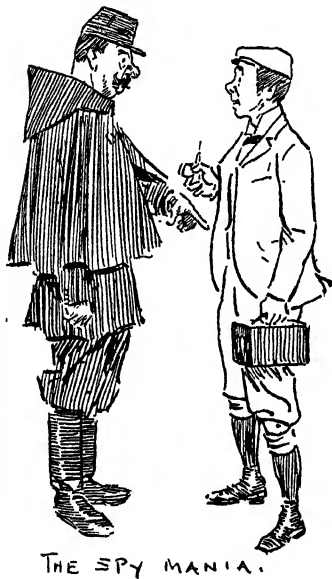
EGGSECRABLE.

Patient. Are eggs indigestible, doctor?
Facetious Specialist. Only when they are
ova-boiled. [Patient collapses.

MEM.—The costume for an evening fête
(especially at the Botanical Gardens) is
never complete without a waterproof.

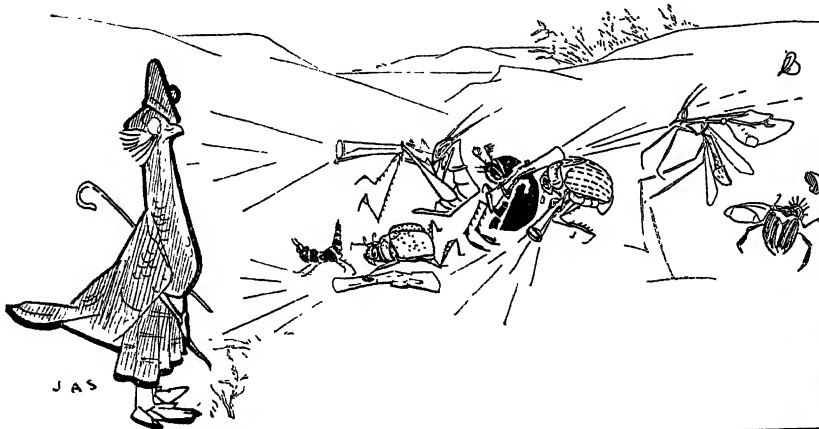


Enthusiastic Skipper. "AHA! MY BOY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS SORT OF THING ON SHORE!"



"SUCH A CHANGE, YER KNOW, FROM ALWIS TORKIN' YER OWN LANGWIDGE!"

August.



PARLIAMENTARY PROVERBS.

You may bring a deaf and dumb member to the Table, but you can't make him speak.

There's many a slip between nomination and election.



It's a far cry to the top of the Clock Tower.

On advancing towards the Table to bring in a Bill it is the first step that counts. Usually it counts one.

You can't make a silk purse out of Bashmead-Artlett's ear.

Home Rule, like other misfortunes, makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows. (Old Tory saying, attributed in its origin to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In a rare manuscript copy, dated July, 1895, there is before "strange" another adjective, here omitted.)

Good Ministerialists, when they are played out, go to the House of Lords.

Don't holloa till you are out of the division lobby. And not then, unless you want to be suspended for the remainder of the sitting.

You can't put a quart of legislation into the pint pot of the Parliamentary Session. *S'asseoir entre deux selles, le cul à terre:* which Sir Albert Rollit translates, "Between two stools you cover a good deal of ground." A more accurate rendering of the French is suggested in a speech delivered last session by one of Sir Albert's many friends on the Ministerial side. Urging acceptance of a Bill on the ground that it was generally approved, he said, "Hon. gentlemen sitting opposite are in favour of it; hon. members seated on this side of the House support it; whilst the hon. member for South Islington, who tries to sit on both sides of the House, is not opposed to it."



A Bill in the Statute Book is worth more than two on the Orders of the Day.

A PLEA FOR A PLURAL.

You, who in sultry weather
To Scotland take your way,
To roam the purple heather
And bring the grouse to bay,
Oh, sportsman intramooral,
Declare, I beg, to me,
If grouse possessed a plural,
What would that plural be?

What fairness is there in it
If other, meaner birds,
Lark, sparrow, swallow, linnet,
Have, all, their plural words?
One grouse we know and cherish;
It shows but little *vous*,
When ten or twenty perish,
To group them all as grouse.

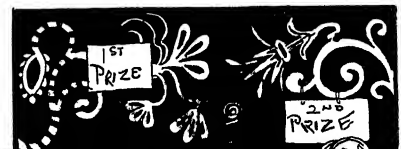
No matter what intention
Inspires them, I accuse
Of poorness of invention
These paltry single views.
If men may dwell in houses,
Why deem it a disgrace
To speak of grouse as "grouses"
Whenever there's a brace?

This word I note with pain, Sir,
Is hardly to your mind;
You bid me try again, Sir,
Some better term to find.



Well, "grouses" I abandon;
Since mouse gives birth to mice,
I take my final stand on
The missing word as "grice."

With this new word provided,
Go, let your sport be good.
Shoot, shoot as oft as I did,
But hit—I rarely could.
Yet count not ere you grass them
Your grice as in the house.
How oft your pellets pass them
Is singular—like grouse.



FLOWER SHOW AT THE ANCIENT GREEK TEMPLE GARDENS



STORIES WITHOUT WORDS.

STORY OF THE BORROWED GUN, AND THE CARTRIDGES THAT DID NOT FIT!



NARROW ESCAPE.

(On the Scarborough Sands.)

"NOW, SIR, I'D LIKE TO KNOW, SIR, WHAT THE DOOCIE DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY VERY NEARLY RIDING OVAH ME IN THAT MANNAH?"



Miss Giddie. "IT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU, MR. CUNIUS—(coquettish pause)—IMPEY, TO ASK ME TO MARRY YOU. OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU LOVE ME; BUT I HOPE THAT PEOPLE WON'T SAY THAT YOU MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY!"

Mr. Impey Cunius (in a state of utter collapse after an elaborately forced proposal). "MY DEAR MISS GIDDIE—ER—FLOSSIE, I ASSURE YOU THAT I SHALL NEVER MENTION IT!"

"NUNC PEDE LIBERO."

It is the month of toils mature;
The stooks are off the stubble;
The weary gourmet goes to cure
His gout or liver trouble;
With peace the earth is overlaid,
Save where the worried partridge
Devises methods to evade
The stuffing of the cartridge.
This is the time that rightly calls
For rural beans; this is
The season when the tourist falls
Down horrid precipices;
When tooth-and-knife at table-d'hôtes
Fat Germans join their forces,
Roll Lager down their crusted throats
And eat aloud like horses.



Statesman and bishop, star and beak,
All take the hour and pluck it;
They sally out with rod and cleek
As once with spade and bucket;
Grave men, whose features day by day
Have figured in the journals,
Now romp at large in loose array,
Regardless of externals.
They think not how their moon must wane;
Ah, no! they cannot bear to;
Soon, soon shall Time renew the strain
Of ills that flesh is heir to.
Drink while you may! too quick recurs
The hour for growing sober;
The Autumn threats of publishers
Fall due about October!

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



IV.—The Inflated Author.

AN author of moderate capacity was induced by his friends to believe that he was a great genius. In this belief he published a new volume, but his friends, to his surprise, failed to purchase it, and the unsold copies found their way ultimately to the buttermen.

MORAL.—The only "butter" of intrinsic value is the Buttermen's.

September.

ST. PARTRIDGE.

1. HE DROWSES THROUGH THE SUMMER DAYS, AND DREAMS A DREAM OF BLISS.



THE AWAKENING.

2. "HELLO! BY GEORGE! FIRST OF SEPTEMBER!"

ON A DANGEROUS SHOT.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

HE seemed an inoffensive man
When first I saw him on the stubble;
Made on the self-same sporting plan
As those who shoot with ease or trouble!
The average men, in fact, whose skill
(A thing of luck far more than habit)
Tempt them at times to go and kill
The hare, the partridge and the rabbit.

He rushed not and he did not lag;
He kept the line when we were walking.
He had a useful cartridge-bag;
And was not prone to useless talking.
He smoked an ordinary pipe;
His guns were hammerless ejectors;
He wore a fairly common type
Of patent pig-skin leg-protectors.



He told a story now and then,
Some ancient tale of fur or feather,
That sportsmen love to smile at when
On Autumn days they come together.
In fact he seemed to outward view,
In all his gunned and gaitered glory,
Just such a man as I or you,
Except—but that's another story.

Except (I'll tell it) when he shot:
Then, then he did not care a cuss, Sir;
He blazed as if he hadn't got
The least regard for life or us, Sir.
Our terrors left him unafraid;
He tried for full-grown birds and
cheepers,
And, missing these, he all but made
A record bag of guns and beaters.

THE CABINET COUNCIL.
(News Agency Special.)

THE Cabinet Council held yesterday was notable, amongst other things, for the effulgency of the gathering. There was, indeed, quite a plethora of Ministers. In other words, the attendance was full to the numerical limits of the Council. Or, to put it even briefer, every Minister was present.

The meeting, probably destined to be historical, was, as is not unusual, held in Downing Street. The precise number of the house in the street is equivalent to a tithe of 100. Space and the sordid habits of the sub-editor, who, whilst gauging the world-wide interests of our communications, mentally tots up the accumulated pence per line, preclude our dwelling at adequate longitude on the memories that batten in the commonplace chamber where Cabinet Councils have for more than a century met to make history. We may, nevertheless, mention that Our Representative has reason to know—information quite accidentally obtained—that whilst it is impossible to approach within sight of the keyhole of the Council chamber, there are double windows to the outlook upon the umbrageous garden.

The importance of the crisis, testified to by the large attendance of Ministers, was paralleled—or, if we may coin a useful word, parallelogrammed—by the concourse of men in the street, a body of our fellow-citizens whose political acumen has become, so to speak, a bye-word among nations. The Cabinet Council was summoned to meet at high noon, or, as some have it, at 12 o'clock. For fully sixty minutes in advance of that hour the stately thoroughfare resounded to the tramp of

(Continued on p. 25.)

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



V.—The Wise Statesman.

A STATESMAN about to make a speech in the House, hurriedly took possession of a hat that was not his, and (carried away by his own eloquence) concluded by sitting down upon it. Learning this fact, upon examination he returned this damaged head-gear to the hat-stand, and possessed himself of his own.

MORAL.—It's a foolish man who sits down on his own hat.



Extract from Letter—Angelina to Maud May:— . . . CLOUDY MORNING. AUNT, GOING WITH US, SAID RAIN SPOILT HER COMPLEXION AND PUT HER HAIR OUT OF CURL. IT RAINED—SHE BOLTED. I COULDN'T LET HER GO ALONE, AND FOLLOWED HER—(AHEM). THE MEN COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, AND TOLD US AT DINNER THAT WE LOST THEM A WHOLE COVEY."

many feet. The interval of waiting was wiled away by conversation Our Representative, in spite of systematic effort, found himself constrained to overhear. Picturesque and informing, it would make a good half-column. But for a reason indicated above, its communication is withheld from the public organ of hearing.

In our next edition we shall describe the arrival of the Ministers, with notes taken on the spot calculated to throw a flood of light on a complicated episode in the history of this country.



The first Minister to arrive was Mr. Goschen. As became the First Lord of the Admiralty, he travelled as far as route permitted by water. Quitting the penny steamboat at Westminster Bridge, he steered his way through the perilous passage of Parliament Street, porting his hellum when he found himself abreast of Downing Street. It was observed that the right honourable



IT IS NOT IN SELF-DEFENCE THAT HIPPOLYTA HAS DRAWN HER HAT-PIN, BUT TO IMPRESS UPON AN IGNORANT ITALIAN THAT HER TYRE IS PUNCTURED!

gentleman, who was closely gloved, carried a gingham umbrella by means of a hook forming the handle, which was suspended on his extended forefinger. It was agreed that this looked bad. The First Lord of the Admiralty was evidently prepared for stormy weather.

Viscount Cross — "Grand Cross," as he was spoken of by a friendly familiar crowd — arrived on the stroke of noon. With the object of reaching his destination he had chartered a hansom cab. This led to an incident that may have considerable bearing on the situation. Alighting from the vehicle, which has been aptly



termed the gondola of London, the Lord Privy Seal pressed a coin into the readily extended hand of the cabman.

"Hi! hi! Wot's this?" said the Jehu of the so-called nineteenth century.

Evidently he did not recognize the noble viscount, a circumstance which it may be

(Continued on p. 28.)

MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

THE "merry month" is usually a lucrative one to the coal merchant.

The Private View at the Royal Academy is the public inspection of the dressmakers' most costly productions.



The chairs in the Park before Midsummer Day would be more satisfactory if they had a compliment of foot-warmers.

The early drawing-rooms often require the later kitchen fires.

A single swallow is of no special significance to the modern clerk of the weather.

May, from an atmospheric as well as a verbal point of view, is full of possibilities.

October.



Convalescent London goes to the seaside in June to shake off the remains of scarlet fever and the whooping-cough.

Apartments furnished beside the waves include many matters of professional interest to the doctor.

Chaperons doze while débu-

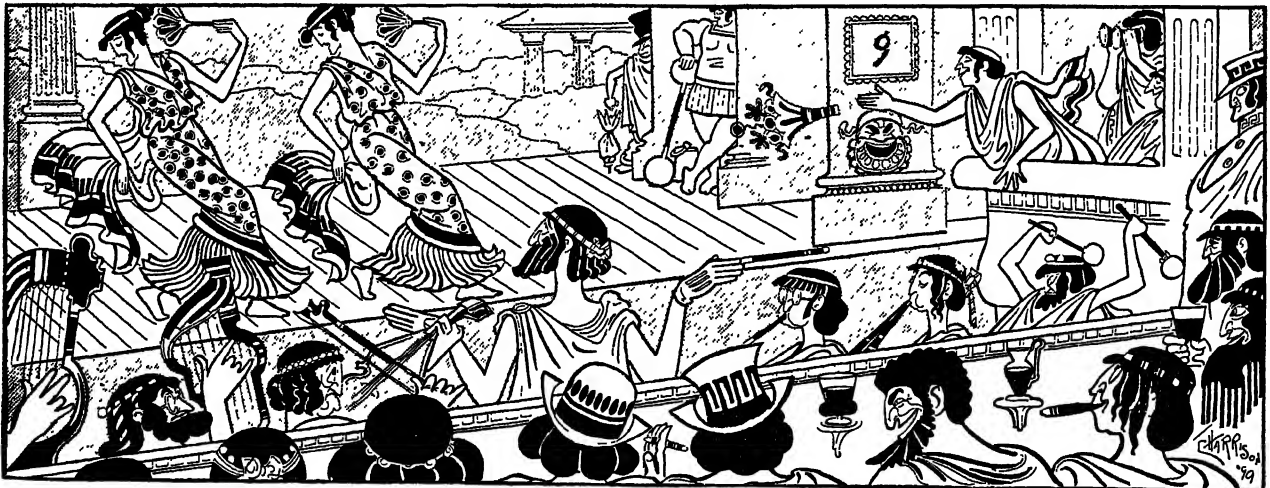


tantes dance, but sit shoulder to shoulder during supper hour.

The House is a safe refuge for those who find the home without attractions.

The question "Who's for home?" can be answered practically in a satisfactory sense by a confirmed clubman.

When May is cold and June is wet, your coat and umbrella ne'er forget.



THE XANTHIPPOS PALACE OF VARIETIES. THE CHARMING SISTERS THYADES, THE BACCHIC DANCE ARTISTS.



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS. A GAME OF POLO AT JACULANSILLA.



HEARD AT NEWMARKET.

Jockey whose horse has broken down). THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS AS GOOD AS A WALK OVER?"
Trainer. "WELL, AIN'T YOU WALKIN' OVER?"



FORETHOUGHT.

Algernon has been very severe with two Tramps.

Winifred. "OH, ALGERNON, DARLING! DON'T BE HARSH. YOU NEVER KNOW. WE MAY BE JUST LIKE THEM SOME DAY!"

November.

remarked in passing justifies the familiar assertion that the world knows nothing of its greatest men.

The crowd gathering closer round the cab awaited with breathless interest the issue of the unequal contest.

"Wot's this?" insisted cabby, holding out the coin, which looked uncommonly like a shilling.

The noble viscount, adjusting his spectacles and jerking his head on one side with gesture familiar in the high court of Parliament, sternly regarded his interlocutor.

"My good man," he said, "are you not aware that the oath of a Privy Councillor imposes upon him conditions of the strictest secrecy? I am not able to convey to you information on any question, howsoever immaterial it may appear to the casual observer."

The Lord Privy Seal quickly stepped within the portals of No. 10 Downing Street. The cabman, after gazing reflectively at the coin, put it in his pocket and drove off. His remarks were unfortunately not suitable for promiscuous circulation.



The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain closely followed the Lord Privy Seal. It was noticed as the open-windowed vehicle passed through the increasing crowd an odour of tobacco-smoke seemed to permeate the atmosphere. It should at once be said that no political significance attaches to this incident, since the Secretary of the Colonies was smoking what is colloquially known as the fragrant weed. In the buttonhole of his morning coat flamed an orchid of crimson hue.

"Ah," said the Man in the Street, who beguiled the hours of watching with some really pungent remarks, worth at least eight lines apiece, "Mars is in the ascendant."

At five minutes past twelve, Mr. Arthur Balfour arrived. The right hon. gentleman wore a tweed suit, a soft felt hat, and, as he sauntered up the street, lightly swung in his right hand a walking stick, which it was observed he carried by the point end.

The First Lord of the Treasury's attention was arrested by a round pebble, nearly the size of a golf ball, in the middle of the road. The right hon. gentleman, who was evidently in a fit of deep abstraction, stopped, grasped his stick with both hands, and swung up the curved handle over



his right shoulder, his eye meanwhile fixed intently on the unobservant pebble.



COVERT LOVE.

HERE, where the woodland's flanking lines

Have left a little space of blue,
Between the shadows of the pines
With beating pulse I watch for you

With beating pulse, yet unafraid,
I wait you in the silent glade!

I shall not hear your footstep fall
Upon the matted mossy ways;
A stir of branches, that is all,
A flutter through the threaded maze;
My heart will know that you are near;
Be sure I shall not miss you, dear.

What sound is that of severed leaves
Across the depths of sylvan dark?
Is it a dream that fancy weaves,
Or do her angel pinions—Hark!
I hear the sudden warning ring,
"Hew forward!" —, I've missed the thing!

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



VI.—The Vain Host.

A SERVANT dispatched to procure a bottle of wine from the wine-cellar, betrayed the vanity of her Master by returning empty-handed, with the confession, in the presence of the guests, that the wine seller (round the corner) refused further credit.

MORAL.—In vino vanitas.

Remembering himself, and conscious of the crowd of onlookers, a slight blush mantled his ingenuous countenance, and straightening himself, altering his grip of the stick to the handle, he walked on to his official residence. It was a simple incident. But study of it may help our readers to a closer grasp of the political situation.

Lord Salisbury deprived the crowd of pleasurable excitement by furtively approaching Downing Street, driving through the Horse Guards Archway, and so gaining unobserved his private entrance to the Foreign Office. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (who wore a silk hat) walked up Downing Street apparently absorbed in abstruse calculation. Mr. Walter Long, stepping out of a four-wheeler, was observed to carry a dog-muzzle in one hand, and a bulky roll of MS. in the other. This last was reported to be one of the innumerable sermons forwarded to him by grateful clergy profiting by the Relief Bill of last session carried under his management.

Last of all the Duke of Devonshire came also—only twelve minutes late, a striking proof of the gravity of the situation. His Grace journeyed on foot from Devonshire House, and crossed the park. Those inclined to see in this incident proof of the fidelity of the Cabinet to the policy of the "open door" in the Far East are not mistaken.



"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"



Extract from the "Muddleton Mercury":—"PROMINENT AMONG THE FOLLOWERS OF THE HOLDUM HARRIERS, ON MONDAY LAST, WE NOTICED THE MAHARAJAH OF BUNDAPORE, WHO ATTRACTED A GOOD DEAL OF ATTENTION."



Little Jones to Lady who has just collided with him). I-I-I-I BEG YOUR PARDON! I-I-I HOPE I HAVEN'T HURT YOU!"

CHRISTMAS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Messrs. X., the well-known caterers for the million, invite inspection of their catalogue of gifts, entertainments, &c., suitable for the convivial season.]

Merrie Englands. We are now arranging to supply suburban and other back-gardens with our Olde Englishe Christmas scenery, real snow, live robins, &c.

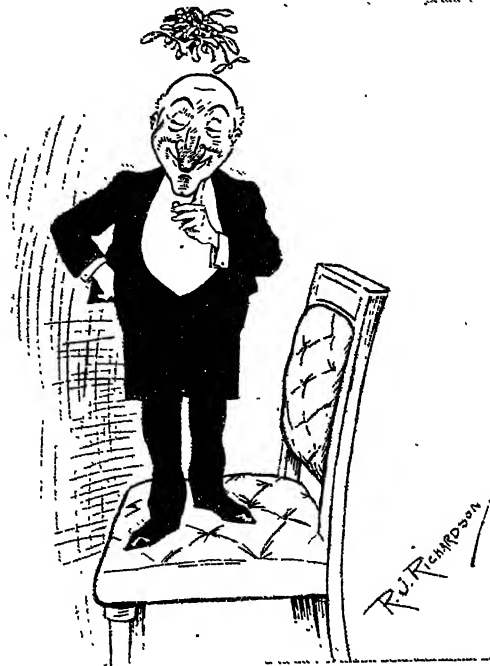
Ghost Department. We have thoroughly overhauled our psychical stock. Ordinary Christmas ghosts, family spectres, bogey-men, &c., provided at shortest notice. References to Mr. Andr-w L-ng and other connoisseurs. *Bleeding nuns* a speciality.

Monte Carlo at Home. We are prepared to offer roulette-tables for the family circle, including instructions how to win on our new infallible system. Will nevertheless, if required, undertake to run the bank, bringing our own staff of croupiers, &c.

Crackers fitted with mottoes to taste. Large assortment of tame poets kept on premises.

To Noblemen and others. We are now putting on the market our new Christmas number with

December.



"UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."

complete novelette, entitled *Aphrodite of the Inner Circle*. No previous or subsequent intelligence required of reader.

Humour for the Domestic Hearth. We have now a renovated stock of Christmas-pudding repartees. No two sets alike. This class of goods cannot be sent out on approval, as they are apt to be damaged by exposure.

Have you seen our Noël lightning-camera *pince-nez*? As supplied to the French Headquarter's Staff.

Ask for our Yule-tide chest-expander. No exertion needed. Goes in the breast-pocket. Will refund the money as soon as a two-inch decrease of girth can be proved as the result of employing our developer.

Inspect our stock of seasonable stories for sending to the papers. Midwinter straw-berries at John-o'-Groats. Cuckoos in the Midlands on Boxing-day, &c.

To Fathers of Families troubled with Christmas waits, madrigal-singers, &c. See our new line in bull-dogs.

For the entire Christmas Vacation. Our animated photographic film, representing mobilization of a British Army Corps; five weeks long.



QUITE A FANCY ARTICLE.

Customer. BUT WHAT CAN IT BE USED FOR

Salesman. "WELL, I REALLY COULDN'T SAY MADAM BUT I THINK IT'S INTENDED FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!"

'ARRY TAKES HIS 'OLIDAY ABROAD.

①



'Arry pays a visit to MARKEN, and persuades one of the picturesque natives to pose for her portrait.

②



But her family seem to object.

③



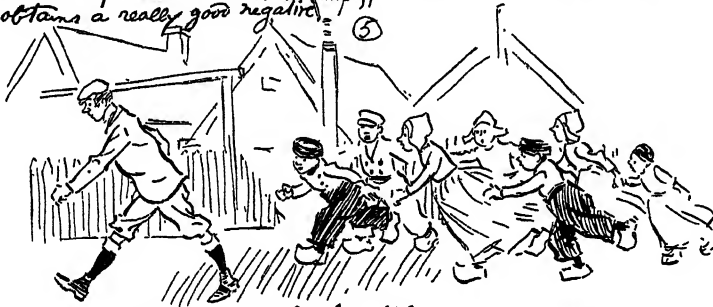
When he has finished them (the members of his family) he obtains a really good negative.

④



He returns to Volendam and foolishly gives one of the children a coin and is mobbed in consequence.

⑤



and has to run for his life

⑦



Next morning he leaves for home



He doubles down one of the many passages and erases them, only to be met by a gigantic Dutchman who springs out of a doorway and flourishes a curiously carved club. 'Arry thinks his last minute has come.' But the man only wanted to sell some of his wood carrying.

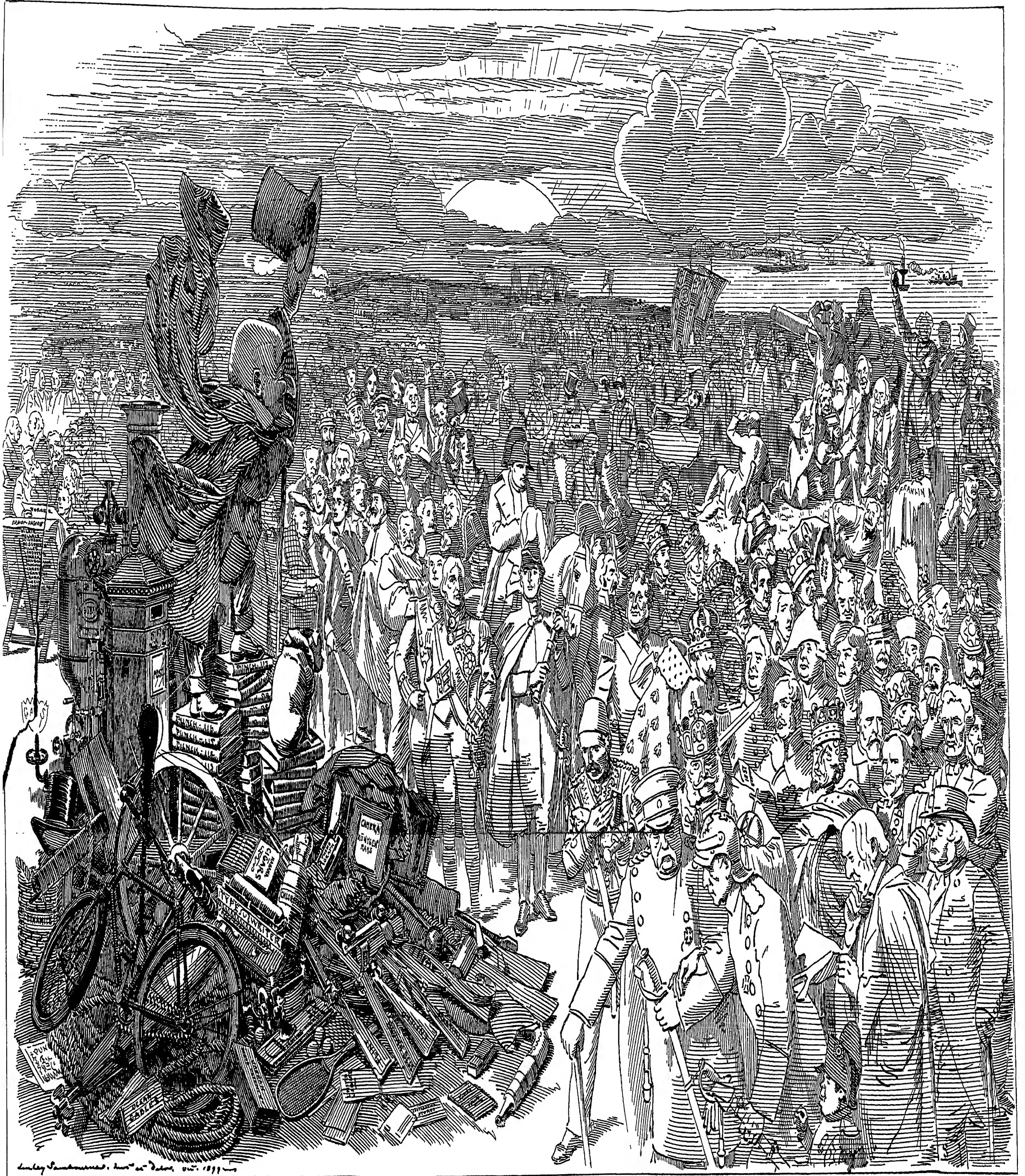
'In future, says Arry, 'London is good enough for me'

PHIL MAY '95



:WATCHMAN: WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

THE ROB OF FAME. 1800-1900.



READER, direct your eyes above, and lo!
Depicted on a largish piece of land
You have a host, as far as numbers go,
Comparing favourably with the sand.

Upon the passing Century's roll of fame,
Rich as the rainbow's comprehensive arc,
Not one of these but either wrote his name
Or else contrived at least to make his mark

Gazing on this counterfeited troop,
You fail to find your own distinguished head,
Ah, be not envious! In the leading group
You would appear, no doubt, if you were dead

Hide your time! A hundred years to wait—
And your posterity, profusely strewn,
Will look with happy awe upon their Great-
grandfather in a similar Cartoon.

Meanwhile, support the "white man's" weighty rôle!
Plant masterpieces on our walls and shelves!
Discover things! There's much, from pole to pole,
Wants clearing up—besides the poles themselves.

And still forget not, in the larger day,
Some, here portrayed, who missed to see the morn,
Heroes that bravely trod the twilight way
But perished ere the hour when PUNCH was born!



TO ALL AND SINGULAR!

WE drink to you in the Loving Cup, wishing you, with all our heart, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

PUNCH.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF my Nautical Retainer is a little belated in his remarks on EDMUND GOSSE's *Life and Letters of John Donne* (HEINEMANN), he assures me that this solid and enduring addition to the storehouse of English literature can well afford to wait till the vanities of the season have had their little vogue. Two massive tomes; yet are they light as air in the hand. So with the gravity of the matter, handled with a devout erudition which still betrays the manifest heart of wit. It is a fascinating figure, this of the prodigal poet, who could never quite "disculp" himself (as he would say) of the follies of his fescennine period (as Mr. GOSSE would say), yet ended in the odour of a Deanery, the most pious and popular of English divines. As a poet, there is something most attractive in his studied aloofness from his kind. Of all stars of the Elizabethan galaxy, SHAKESPEARE, DRAYTON, and the rest, he deigned to notice only one. It was Big BEN, whose admiration for him was coloured by a very perfect candour; as when he said that "DONNE, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging," and "for not being understood, would perish." From such shadows of oblivion, which DONNE half courted and half shunned, "expecting all along," in the words of his biographer, "to be ultimately

pushed up the slopes of Helicon, faintly resisting," one can imagine no man more fitted to rescue him than the author of these most charming volumes. THE BARON DE B. W.

CONGRATULATIONS.

CHER MONSIEUR.—Vous avez entendu dire que M. LUDWIG et moi nous nous sommes disputés à Gênes sur des choses de peu d'importance, une vraie querelle d'Allemand. Eh bien! C'était vite finie, la querelle. Au premier buffet nous nous rencontrâmes. Moi je demandais un bock, et lui *ein Glas Bier*. Et l'Italienne n'aurait jamais compris si un brave monsieur ne lui avait pas traduit ces mots, si faciles, d'ailleurs, à comprendre. Comme ça, comme dit l'illustre SHKSPIR, "*one tousing off the nature do all the world kind*," M. LUDWIG et moi nous sommes désormais inséparables. Et le monsieur, l'Italien, c'est aussi un de vos collaborateurs, M. BUONARROTI. Quelle chance!

Nous sommes venus ici, à Nice, tous les trois, et nous nous empressons de vous envoyer, à l'occasion de l'agrandissement de votre magnifique journal, toutes nos félicitations.

AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE.

Freundliche Glückwünsche!

LUDWIG MÜLLER.

Mille felici auguri!

LEONARDO TIZIANO BUONARROTI.

Nigger News from Transvaal.

DE British hab got alongside o' Modder. But they habn't got no Farder.



"WELL, FREDDY, GOING OUT TO MEET THE BOERS?"
 "ER—ER—NO. I NEVER GET ON WELL WITH STRANGERS!"

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

(For the use of Commanding Officers at the front. Framed after the latest pattern.)

I.

From General A., investing town of X., to General B., in command of defending force.

MY DEAR B.,—What delightful weather this is, to be sure! I hardly ever remember to have seen the crops looking better at this time of year. You and your men are in the best of health, I trust? Possibly the mosquitoes may be troubling you; in this case I would recommend the application of a little ammonia. As your game-larder may be not particularly full just now, I am sending you five brace of ostriches; please accept them with my warmest compliments, and believe me, most sincerely yours, A.

P.S.—I almost forgot to mention that some of my fellows mean to drop a few shells in your direction about 5 P.M. to-day. Would that hour suit you? I do hope the noise will not disturb you, but you will understand that I am bound to give my men a little occupation now and then.

(Reply.)

MY DEAR A.,—Our best thanks for the ostriches, safely to hand. Thanks also for your kind enquiries; all of us are in the best of health. Would you think me very rude if I asked you to put the shelling an hour earlier? The fact is, that five o'clock is our tea-time, so that we might miss seeing your performance, which would be a real pity. There's nothing we enjoy so much as to watch your guns ploughing up the earth half-a-mile or more away—it's as good as a play, and simply

convulses us all with laughter. So do begin a bit earlier, and oblige yours very sincerely, B.

P.S.—Some of my chaps complain that they're getting a bit bored here. So, just to humour them, we shall make a little sortie to-night, if you've no objection. Unless I hear from you before then, you may expect us about ten o'clock.

II.

From General A. to General B.

DEAR SIR,—As you are aware, I have carried on this siege with the utmost regard to etiquette, and so far my courtesy has been reciprocated. The fact increases my regret at the grave breach of this principle which was committed by your force in last night's attack. In a word, Sir, some of the ruffians under your command actually employed the bayonet, with the result that no less than five of my men were severely injured! I cling to the belief that this outrage was committed without your cognisance; but none the less you must be held in some degree responsible. My Government, at my request, is telegraphing a formal complaint to each of the European Powers. And I must insist on a full and immediate apology from yourself. Yours faithfully, A.

P.S.—It would simplify matters if you would surrender at once.

(Reply.)

SIR,—If your fellows choose to get in front of my men's bayonets, they must take the consequences.

Yours truly, B.

P.S.—Why don't you all run away at once? You'll have to, sooner or later.

III.

General A. begs to inform General B. that, in spite of his protest, another outrage was committed yesterday by General B.'s force. A shell was fired by them which actually burst. None of the ammunition employed by General A. behaves in this way. The time for apologies is past, and General A. must now insist on a prompt and unconditional surrender.

(Reply.)

Go to blazes.

(At this point the correspondence terminates.)

A. C. D.

AFFAIRS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—As matters stood just at Christmas time, Premier WINTER had ten men of the Government Party, and another twenty-five were divided between the Opposition. "Owing," said the *Times*, "to the ice blockade of the coast, a general election is impossible before the end of May." Evidently a bad look-out for Premier WINTER, who, if he in no way differs from other winters, will have quite disappeared by the commencement of Spring.



A SOLILOQUY.

Tragedian. "CHEAP! HA, HA! WHY IN MY TIME THEY *THREW* THEM AT US!"



SOUTH AFRICA. 1900.

A Happy New Year for the Transport Department.

"YOUR MAIL, SIR. AND PLEASE, SIR, THE 'EAVY THINGS IS A COMIN' IN A CART!"

TO MR. PUNCH IN HIS NEW YEAR'S SUIT.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

HAIL, best of free-lance laughing-men, most admirable *Punch*,
Amidst our Fleet Street favourites the pick of all the bunch!
Behold me in your presence, Sir, devoted and sincere,
With loyal heart to pledge your health throughout the coming year.

Oh, age it cannot wither you, and custom cannot stale
Your infinite variety of jest and quip and tale.
Though some be frail and tottering you keep your sturdy gait,
A ruddy, hearty gentleman of more than fifty-eight.

Full-voiced, erect and merry-eyed, and hale and debonair,
And fashionably garmented you take the morning air;
And if, whene'er you turn your back, we must observe your hunch,
Well, what of that? less oddly backed you wouldn't be our *Punch*.

You visited your tailor, Sir; his measure he unreeled,
And smiled at the circumference that truthful tape revealed:
"The cut shall be the same old cut—I think we know your taste;
But, oh, you need some inches more," he added, "round the waist."

"A gentleman of fifty-eight—forgive the simple truth—
Must recognise that slimness is the attribute of youth;
And he who laughs at everyone and everything on earth
Must look to pay in corpulence the penalty of mirth."

"I own I felt a tightness here," 'twas thus that you replied,
"When lately in my laughing fits I held each aching side."

I failed to note the flying years, for in my heart I clung
To all that made life happier when you and I were young."

"But, since your tape has found it so, so let the suit be made;
No girth that comes of laughing much should make a man afraid.
And, as for me, the larger garb in which I shall be dressed
Will give me ampler limits still for merriment and jest."

And so, in this your New Year's suit we look upon you now,
As right and bright a gentleman as ever made his bow.
And ever, as you greet your friends, your twinkling eyes
proclaim

That in the fuller measurement your spirit is the same.

So take from one who loves you well, however poor it seem
'Mid all the showered eulogies, this tribute of esteem.
And, though his words be few and weak, I pray you, Sir, unbend,
And own him, what he fain would be, your servant and your friend.

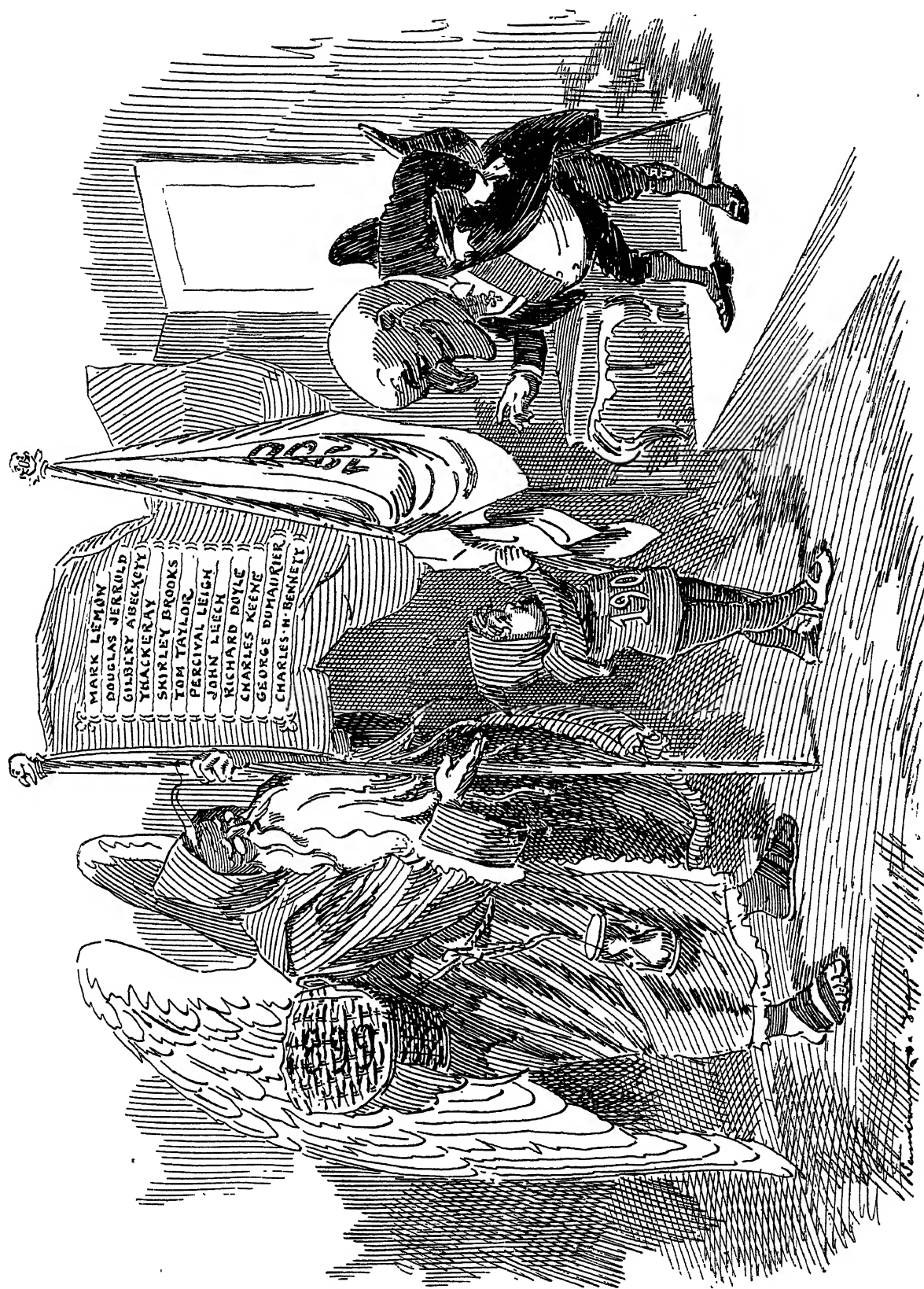
R. C. L.

BETTER THAN LYDDITE.

THE alacrity with which the War Office has accepted Sir BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's patriotic offer to go to the front in South Africa affords pleasing proof of the bursting of the hide-bound traditions of the Department. The strategy is as novel as it is simple, and will prove effective. It is intended that on the eve of any engagement with the Boers, the Sheffield knight shall be sent forth to address them in the trenches. Judging from what takes place in the House of Commons in similar circumstances, it is confidently reckoned that the trenches will be rapidly emptied.

H. W. L.

NEW ISSUE.—Nothing ought to be easier to "float" than a "Cork Company." Even when "in low water" it would still be buoyant.



THE NEW COLOURS.



G. R. Hackett

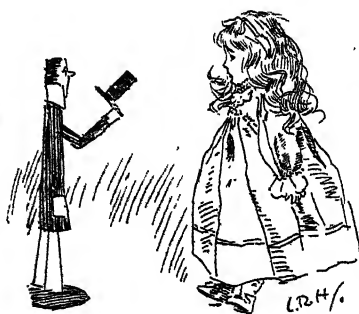
A QUESTION WITHIN RANGE.

Field Piece (to the Secretary for War). "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP TO SAY WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SENDING OUT LITTLE CHAPS LIKE ME TO FIGHT AGAINST GREAT HUIKING FELLOWS LIKE THAT?"

LITTLE QUEENIE'S GUIDE TO DOLLHOUSE ETTIKET.

(A Complete Manual of Nursery Maners and Customs.)

PREFFIS.



SEVERIL Members of my Famaly and other Friends have been so delighted with my Book on Cookery for Children that they have beged me to do a simular handbook on Ettiket in Nursery Cerkels, which is sawly neded in surtan nurseries which I will not name here, tho *their own consenses* will tell them *who*.

What dredful sollysisms do we not see habichuly comitted in our intercourse with Dolls and other denisöns of the Nursery, and alas not by groanups only, who cannot be expected to know any beter at their age—but by Children which is a truly mellonculy reflecshun!

A sollysisim is something so apauling and mysterius that you genaly never ever know you have done it till afterwords, when you rithe—but what is the use of rithing when it is too late?

Few people have the least idear how sharp Dolls are realy, and how qickly they nottice goatcherries and things which show that you are unfamilljar with the usiges of Good Society, and this Book is intended to teech you how Dolls expect to be

treted, and how they like things done, and other maters which nobody is suposed to know untill it is explained to them.

I have made it up a little from a real groanup book of Ettiket, and a little from things Mother says somtimes, but most of all from what I have been told by leding dolls with whom I am in intamit turns, so you may be sure that everything it tells you is corect, even if PAULEAN PRATT *does* say *she* never heard of all these rules before, because PAULEAN'S own dolls are (I mene it qite kindly) desided frumps—but *what* a shame when she thinks they are so smart, and they are dear things and it is not *their* falt if they are comon!

This is all of the Preffis.

I.—ABOUT SOSHUL POSISHUN.

I hope none of you would make such a vulger eror as suposing that a Doll's rank in Sosiatty is what she cost, which is nothing whatever to do with it.

For a Doll may possess a welth of golden'hare, and luvly close that take off, and eyes that open and shut, like my sister MABLE'S last burthday one, and *yet* she may never be admited into the realy excluciv set, where all of *my* dolls are.

And sumtimes a Doll of plane unasuming apearance (and praps not even wax) is in reallity the grandest pursonage in the Nursery, besides being the dearest.

Most groanups (except my Uncle MONTY, who is a very simpatyising purson) never *can* understand this, so they think it is wity and amusing to make funy remarks on dolls before their faces, which is abhommible bad form, and how would *they* like it if dolls said outloud what they thought about *them*?

A groanup nealy always fansies just because he is old he is obliged to be funy, and it is mostly *such* a failure! but my advice to all my young reders is to folow their doll's exampel and not nottice it.

Now I am going to tell you all about Sosiatty and who are in it and who are outside the pail.

According to the best orthorites Sosiatty consists of any doll that is capabel of sitting down, whether it is wax, china, wood, or any other matterial, but it is sumtimes difcult to draw a line and there are severil excepshins.

For instans, the little man and woman in a weather house that come out if it is wet or fine are surtlinly in Sosiatty, tho they cannot sit down, and the tin niger playing his banjoe on a chare is sitting down, but not stricly in Sosiatty.

Probly you would think it is just the same with a mekanical Clown, even if, when he is properly wound up, he can draw a portrate of Mr. *Punch* on a rele peice of paper. But Nursery Sosiatty is mutch more tollerent than it used to be and now wellcoms Clowns and Artists and anybody who is entertaning. A Jester who can turn somersets in whatever posishun he is put is sure to be poppular and goes everywhere not because he is a gentelman but because he is clever.

But it is diferent with injaruber figures, espeshaly if all the wind is out of them, and a fur munkey like Cusin LILY'S, though surtlanly *rather* swete, is, I'm *afraide*, not in Sosiatty.

In some rather old-fashuned Nurserys, like PAULEAN'S, the people in the dollshouse are on caulng terms with Mr. and Mrs. NOA and all the famaly in the Ark. But I have ofun herd Mother say *what* is the good of keeping up intimasies of that sort when you have abslutely nothing in comon?

Resently there have sprung up severil funy kinds of stufed dolls which are rather puzling. One is cauled a "Goliwog," out of a pikchurbook, and has furry hare and a black face, with large white shirtbutons insted of eyes, and he may be a gentelman without looking it. Another is the Humty-Dumty Doll, which is a mere callico egg with arms and legs, and I realy couldnt send any lady doll I cared about into diner with him, myself.

As to the peple in the Toy Farm and the little man who bellongs to the Groserly, they are of corse in Trade, so I need not say more about *them*, except that they *may* be invited to a

Primrose Leeg Fate, where all classes can mix without counting as an introdukshin.

Now I have told you all I can think of about Sosiety, so I will stop for the present as I want to fede my dawmouse, so I must reserve some hints on Cauling and Entertaning for another time.

Your loving little QUENIE.

(N.B.—The Composition and Spelling of the above revised and corrected by F. ANSTEY.)

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

ONCE more has the Druriolanian Army, led by Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Commander-in-Chief and Managing Director of everything in general at Drury Lane, been true to its great traditions of the Augustan Age, with the result that the combined forces, under the command of thoroughly experienced Scenical, Musical, Dramatical, Costumical, Terpsichorean and Vocal Generals, Colonels, and Captains, have scored a success for the Pantomime of 1899, entitled *Jack and the Beanstalk*, written by two Dramatic ARTHURS, STURGESS and COLLINS. And 'scored a

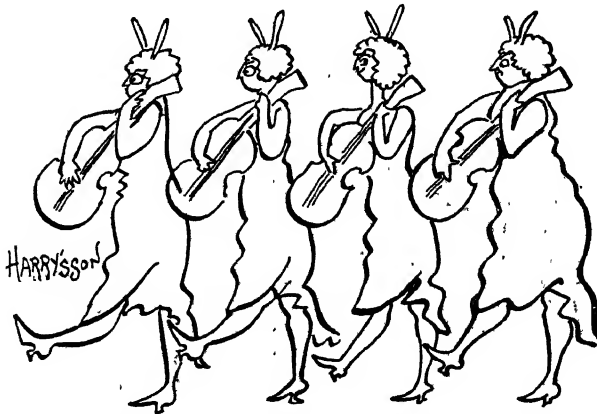


Dame Trot and Bobbie.

success' is the right phrase, as no small part of the "go" of the Pantomime is due to Mr. J. M. GLOVER, the energetic Handy-Man, chef d'orchestre, and singing-prompter, who has a word for everybody when anybody wants it, and who boldly, at the very commencement, "faces the music" and the vast audience, deliberately (if he ever does anything deliberately) turning his back on the stage, and leading *Rule Britannia* and the National Anthem, orchestra and spectators all standing, with such a thoroughness as sets the whole auditorium applauding and cheering vociferously, thus putting them in such good humour with themselves and with everybody on and off the stage, that by this manoeuvre the success of the entertainment is, at its very commencement, more than half secured.

But where would this Drury Lane Pantomime be without DAN LENO as *Dame Trot*, the mother of *Bobbie*, played by that fairy-like comedian, Master HERBERT CAMPBELL? They have not, as yet, been provided with a duet, which used to be one of the chief features in former years; and, as yet, they have not drawn largely on their store of humour; but, doubtless, soon they will be "too funny for words," and will be keeping the house in fits of laughter by "business only."

The part of *Jack* is capitally played by handsome and shapely Miss MOLLY LOWELL (taking at short notice the place of Miss NELLIE STEWART), who has for his lady-love Miss MABEL NELSON as the lively *Princess Pretty I*. Miss RITA PRESANO, with taking



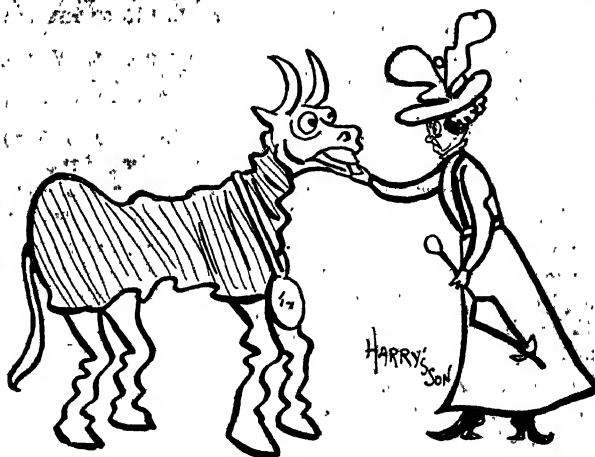
Awfully Grand Procession in the Land of Harmony.

song and chorus, is *Prince Racket*. Madame GRIGOLATI flies several times half-way up to the gallery, as if she were about to join the Gods, but on seeing the place full up to the ceiling, she changes her mind and "returns to the stage."

The Giants are a prodigiously stolid set. Mr. JOHNNIE DANVERS is a funny King with dance and song. *The Cow*, by Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN, keeps alive the four-footed animal tradition of pantomime in the most admirable manner.

The Seventh Scene, *The Land of Harmony*, by W. HARFORD, ends the first part brilliantly, and his artistic fancy and taste, displayed in the permutations and combinations of colour and design, merit the highest praise. Admirably effective, too, is the scene entitled *The End of the Century*, by Mr. BRUCE SMITH.

The lateness of the hour prevented us from welcoming our old friend *Clown*; doubtless he, with his harlequinade party, will arrive twenty minutes earlier ere a few nights have



Dame Trot and the Cow. Messrs. Queen, Le Brun, and Dan Leno.

elapsed. Nobody, with a chance of refreshment in view, wants to be in a theatre after eleven. The Pantomime will have to be cut; and as it was, a considerable portion of the audience were compelled to take the matter in their own hands, and, there and then, "cut it." Pictures by HARRY'S SON. F. C. B.

SAD CASE.—An eminent literary man, who for many years had invariably used quills, found himself without a single one; and so, in order to gain his livelihood by the sale of various articles, he was reduced to steel pens!!



A WISE CHILD.

Inspector. "SUPPOSE I LENT YOUR FATHER £100 IN JUNE, AND HE PROMISED TO PAY ME BACK £10 ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, HOW MUCH WOULD HE OWE ME AT THE END OF THE YEAR? NOW THINK WELL BEFORE YOU ANSWER."

Pupil. "£100, SIR."

Inspector. "YOU'RE A VERY IGNORANT LITTLE GIRL. YOU DON'T KNOW THE MOST ELEMENTARY RULES OF ARITHMETIC!"

Pupil. "AH, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW FATHER!"

JANUARY 1.

I AM resolved this year to try
A series of new plans, whereby
I shall become so good and true,
That I shall not know what to do.

I am resolved this year to make
One piece of toast at breakfast take
Both jam and butter—on such wise
A man may best economise.

To smoke cigars my mind is set
(Discarding pipe and cigarette),
They can't be smoked a whole day long,
Especially if dark and strong.

Cheap clarets will I set aside,
By good champagne I will abide.
The extra outlay doubtless will
Be balanced by the doctor's bill.

In point of fact this year I am
Determined to discard the sham
Of cheap economies which tend
To large expenses in the end. G. C. P.

"A 'TIRING' TIME."—When the dress-
ing-bell rings.

ROSES AND TARTARS.—MR. PLOWDEN, presiding at the Marylebone Police Court, flashed a precious gleam of unconscious humour through the murk of Christmas week. He had before him a case where a butcher had a row in the street with a stranger, and in the course of subsequent proceedings discovered that he was entertaining—not an angel, but—a professional boxer unawares. MR. PLOWDEN, commenting on this disconcerting incident, sententiously observed, "The unexpected often happens, and people sometimes find that instead of being on a bed of roses they have caught a Tartar." Another eminent, though probably mythical judicial authority, with his famous address to the prisoner at the bar leading up to the remark, "Instead of which, you go about the country stealing ducks," must look to his laurels.

MUSICAL NOTE.—Q. What is the best way of mending a young chorister's cracked voice? A. Why, with a tonic chord.

A NEW LEAF.

COME, New Year, a welcome guest,
Fill with hope each anxious breast,
Whom the sad old ninety-nine

(Every rosy promise breaking,)
Left in its ill-starred decline
Disillusioned, scarred and aching;
Come! a new and healing balm
Spread around of peace and calm.

Give glad Springtime once again,
With the song-birds' merry strain;
Let her bring us flowery May,
Then give place to radiant Summer,
With red roses and sweet hay
(Though, alas! the birds are dumber).
Then proud Autumn give once more,
Rich with ripe and golden store.

So your course we now forecast,
And, when you retire at last,—
All your promises proved vain,
Curst, discredited, detected,—
We those pleasures yet again,
Which in you we once expected,
Credulous will hope to see
In another century. A. J. C.



“PRO PATRIA!”



IT WAS in the days when the tide of Mahdism which had swept in such a flood from the great Lakes and Darfur to the con-

fines of Egypt had at last come to its full and even begun, as some hoped, to show signs of a turn. At its outset it had been terrible. It had engulfed Hicks' army, swept over Gordon and Khartoum, rolled behind the British forces as they retired down the river, and finally cast up a spray of raiding parties as far north as Assouan. Then it found other channels to east and to west, to Central Africa and to Abyssinia, and retired a little on the side of Egypt. For ten years there ensued a lull, during which the frontier garrisons looked out upon those distant blue hills of Dongola. Behind the violet mists which draped them, lay a land of blood and horror. From time to time some adventurer went south towards those haze-girt mountains, tempted by stories of gum and ivory, but none ever returned. Once a mutilated Egyptian and once a Greek woman, mad with thirst and fear, made their way to the lines. They were the only exports of that country of darkness. Sometimes the sunset would turn those distant mists into a bank of crimson, and the dark mountains would rise from that sinister reek like islands in a sea of blood. It seemed a grim symbol in the southern heaven when seen from the fort-capped hills by Wady Halfa.

Ten years of lust in Khartoum, ten years of silent work in Cairo, and then all was ready, and it was time for civilisation to take a trip south once more, travelling as her wont is, in an armoured train. Everything was ready, down to the last pack-saddle of the last camel, and yet no one suspected it, for an unconstitutional Government has its advantages. A great administrator had argued and managed, and cajoled; a great soldier had organised and planned and made piastres do the work of pounds. And then one night these two master spirits met and clasped hands, and the soldier vanished away upon some

business of his own. And just at that very time Bimbashi HILARY JOYCE, seconded from the Royal Mallow Fusiliers, and temporarily attached to the Ninth Soudanese, made his first appearance in Cairo.

NAPOLEON had said, and HILARY JOYCE had noted, that great reputations are only to be made in the East. Here he was in the East with four tin cases of baggage, a Wilkinson sword, a Bond's slug-throwing pistol, and a copy of *Green's Introduction to the Study of Arabic*. With such a start and the blood of youth running hot in his veins, everything seemed easy. He was a little frightened of the General, he had heard stories of his sternness to young officers, but with tact and suavity he hoped for the best. So leaving his effects at Sheppard's Hotel he reported himself at head-quarters.

It was not the General but the head of the Intelligence Department who received him, the Chief being still absent upon that business which had called him. HILARY JOYCE found himself in the presence of a short thick-set officer, with a gentle voice and a placid expression which covered a remarkably acute and energetic spirit. With that quiet smile and guileless manner he had undercut and outwitted the most cunning of Orientals. He stood, a cigarette between his fingers, looking at the newcomer.

"I heard that you had come. Sorry the Chief isn't here to see you. Gone up to the frontier, you know."

"My regiment is at Wady Halfa. I suppose, Sir, that I should report myself there at once."

"No, I was to give you your orders." He led the way to a map upon the wall, and pointed with the end of his cigarette. "You see this place. It's the Oasis of Kurkur—a little quiet, I am afraid, but excellent air. You are to get out there as quick as possible. You'll find a company of the Ninth, and half a squadron of cavalry. You will be in command."

HILARY JOYCE looked at the name, printed at the intersection of two black lines, without another dot upon the map for several inches round it.

"A village, Sir?"

"No, a well. Not very good water, I'm afraid, but you soon get accustomed to natron. It's an important post, as being at the junction of two caravan routes. All routes are closed now of course, but still you never know who *might* come along them."

"We are there, I presume, to prevent raiding?"

"Well, between you and me, there's really nothing to raid. You are there to intercept messengers. They must call at the wells. Of course you have only just come out, but you probably understand already enough about the conditions of this country to know that there is a great deal of disaffection about, and that the Khalifa is likely to try and keep in touch with his adherents. Then again, SENOUSI lives up that way"—he waved his cigarette to the westward—"the Khalifa might send a message to him along that route. Anyhow, your duty is to arrest everyone coming along, and get some account of him before you let him go. You don't talk Arabic, I suppose?"

"I am learning, Sir."

"Well, well, you'll have time enough for study there. And you'll have a native officer, ALI something or other, who speaks English, and can interpret for you. Well, good-bye—I'll tell the Chief that you reported yourself. Get on to your post now as quickly as you can."

Railway to Baliani, the post-boat to Assouan, and then two days on a camel in the Libyan Desert, with an Ahabdeh guide, and three baggage camels to tie one down to their own exasperating pace. However, even two and a half miles an hour mount up in time, and at last, on the third evening, from the blackened slag-heap of a hill which is called the Jebel Kurkur, HILARY JOYCE looked down upon a distant clump of palms, and thought that this cool patch of green in the midst of the merciless blacks and yellows was the fairest colour effect that he had ever seen. An hour later he had ridden into the little camp, the guard had turned out to salute him, his native subordinate had greeted him in excellent English, and he had fairly entered into his own.

It was not an exhilarating place for a lengthy residence. There was one large bowl-shaped grassy depression sloping down to the three pits of brown and brackish water. There was the grove of palm-trees also, beautiful to look upon, but exasperating in view of the fact that Nature has provided her least shady trees on the very spot where shade is needed most. A single wide-spread acacia did something to restore the balance. Here HILARY JOYCE slumbered in the heat, and in the cool he inspected his square-shouldered spindle-shanked Soudanese, with their cheery black faces and their funny little pork-pie forage caps. JOYCE was a martinet at drill, and the blacks loved being drilled, so the Bimbashi was soon popular among them. But one day was exactly like another. The weather, the view, the employment, the food, everything was the same. At the end of three weeks he felt that he had been there for interminable years. And then at last there came something to break the monotony.

One evening, as the sun was sinking, HILARY JOYCE rode slowly down the old caravan road. It had a fascination for him this narrow track, winding among the boulders and curving up

the nullahs, for he remembered how in the map it had gone on and on, stretching away into the unknown heart of Africa. The countless pads of innumerable camels through many centuries had beaten it smooth, so that now, unused and deserted, it still wound away, the strangest of roads, a foot broad, and perhaps two thousand miles in length. JOYCE wondered as he rode how long it was since any traveller had journeyed up it from the south, and then he raised his eyes, and there was a man coming along the path.

For an instant JOYCE thought that it might be one of his own men, but a second glance assured him that this could not be so. The stranger was dressed in the flowing robes of an Arab, and not in the close-fitting khaki of a soldier. He was very tall, and a high turban made him seem gigantic. He strode swiftly along, with head erect and the bearing of a man who knows no fear.

Who could he be, this formidable giant coming out of the unknown? The precursor possibly of a horde of savage spearmen. And where could he have walked from? The nearest well was a long hundred miles down the track. At any rate the frontier post of Kurkur could not afford to receive casual visitors. HILARY JOYCE whisked round his horse, galloped into camp, and gave the alarm. Then, with twenty horsemen at his back, he rode out again to reconnoitre.

The man was still coming on in spite of these hostile preparations. For an instant he had hesitated when first he saw the cavalry, but escape was out of the question, and he advanced with the air of a man who makes the best of a bad job. He made no resistance and said nothing when the hands of two troopers clutched at his shoulders, but walked quietly between their horses into camp. Shortly afterwards the patrols came in again. There were no signs of any Dervishes. The man was alone. A splendid trotting camel had been found lying dead a little way down the track. The

mystery of the stranger's arrival was explained. But why and whence and whither—these were questions for which a zealous officer must find an answer.

HILARY JOYCE was disappointed that there were no Dervishes. It would have been a great start for him in the Egyptian army had he fought a little action on his own account. But even as it was, he had a rare chance of impressing the authorities. He would love to show his capacity to the head of the Intelligence, and even more to that grim Chief who never forgot what was smart, or forgave what was slack. The prisoner's dress and bearing showed that he was of importance. Mean men do not ride pure-bred trotting camels. JOYCE sponged his head with cold water, drank a cup of strong coffee, put on an imposing official tarboosh instead of his sun-helmet, and formed himself into a court of inquiry and judgment, under the acacia tree.

He would have liked his people to have seen him now, with his two black orderlies in waiting, and his Egyptian native officer at his side. He sat behind a camp table, and the prisoner,



An hour later he had ridden into the little camp.

strongly guarded, was led up to him. The man was a handsome fellow with bold grey eyes and a long black beard.

"Why!" cried JOYCE, "the rascal is making faces at me."

A curious contraction had passed over the man's features, but so swiftly that it might have been a nervous twitch. He was now a model of Oriental gravity.

"Ask him who he is, and what he wants?"

The native officer did so, but the stranger made no reply, save that the same sharp spasm passed once more over his face.

"He has come far, Sir. A trotting camel does not die easily. He has come from Dongola at least."

"Well, we must get him to talk."

"It is possible that he is deaf and dumb."

"Not he. I never saw a man look more all there in my life."

"You might send him across to Assouan."

"And give some one else the credit! No, thank you. This is my bird. But how are we going to get him to find his tongue?"



The prisoner looked at JOYCE with his inscrutable eyes and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried HILARY JOYCE. "Of all the impudent scoundrels! He keeps on winking at me. Who are you, you rascal? Give an account of yourself! D'ye hear!"

But the tall Arab was as impervious to English as to Arabic. The Egyptian tried again and again. The prisoner looked at JOYCE with his inscrutable eyes and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth. The Bimbashi scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Look here, MAHOMET ALI, we've got to get some sense out of this fellow. You say there are no papers on him?"

"No, Sir, we found no papers."

"No clue of any kind?"

The Egyptian's dark eyes skirted the encampment and rested on the cook's fire.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the Bimbashi thought fit——" He looked at the prisoner and then at the burning wood.

"No, no, it wouldn't do. No, by Jove, that's going too far."

"A very little might do it."

"No, no. It's all very well here, but it would sound just awful if ever it got as far as Fleet Street. But, I say," he whispered, "we might frighten him a bit. There's no harm in that."

"No, Sir."

"Tell them to undo the man's Galaboeah. Order them to put a horse-shoe in the fire and make it red-hot."

The prisoner watched the proceedings with an air which had more of amusement than of uneasiness. He never winced as the black sergeant approached with the glowing shoe held upon two bayonets.

"Will you speak now?" asked the Bimbashi, savagely.

The prisoner smiled gently and stroked his beard.

"Oh, chuck the infernal thing away!" cried JOYCE, jumping up in a passion. "There's no use trying to bluff the fellow. He knows we won't do it. But I *can* and I *will* flog him, and you tell him from me that if he hasn't found his tongue by to-morrow morning, I'll take the skin off his back as sure as my name's JOYCE. Have you said all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can sleep upon it, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!" He adjourned the Court, and the prisoner, as imperturbable as ever, was led away by the guard to his supper of rice and water.

HILARY JOYCE was a kind-hearted man, and his own sleep was considerably disturbed by the prospect of the punishment which he must inflict next day. He had hopes that the mere sight of the koorbash and the thongs might prevail over his prisoner's obstinacy. And then again he thought how shocking it would be if the man proved to be really dumb after all. The possibility shook him so that he had almost determined by daybreak that he would send the stranger on unhurt to Assouan. And yet what a tame conclusion it would be to the incident! He lay upon his angareeb still debating it when the question suddenly and effectively settled itself. ALI MAHOMET rushed into his tent.

"Sir," he cried, "the prisoner is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, Sir, and your own best riding camel as well. There is a slit cut in the tent, and he got away unseen in the early morning."

The Bimbashi acted with all energy. Cavalry rode along every track. Scouts examined the soft sand of the wadys for signs of the fugitive. But no trace was discovered. The man had utterly disappeared. With a heavy heart HILARY JOYCE wrote an official report of the matter and forwarded it to Assouan. Five days later there came a curt order from the Chief that he should report himself there. He feared the worst from the stern soldier, who spared others as little as he spared himself.

And his worst forebodings were realised. Travel-stained and weary he reported himself one night at the General's quarters. Behind a table piled with papers and strewn with maps the famous soldier and his Chief of Intelligence were deep in plans and figures. Their greeting was a cold one.

"I understand, Captain JOYCE," said the General, "that you have allowed a very important prisoner to slip through your fingers."

"I am sorry, Sir."

"No doubt. But that will not mend matters. Did you ascertain anything about him before you lost him?"

"No, Sir."

"How was that?"

"I could get nothing out of him, Sir."

"Did you try?"

"Yes, Sir, I did what I could."

"What did you do?"

"Well, Sir, I threatened to use physical force."

"What did he say?"

"He said nothing."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, Sir. Rather a desperate character, I should think."

"Any way by which we could identify him?"

"A long black beard, Sir. Grey eyes. And a nervous way of twitching his face."

"Well, Captain JOYCE," said the General, in his stern inflexible voice, "I cannot congratulate you upon your first exploit in the Egyptian army. You are aware that every English officer in this force is a picked man. I have the whole British army from which to draw. It is necessary therefore that I should insist upon the very highest efficiency. It would be unfair upon the others to pass over any obvious want of zeal or intelligence. You are seconded from the Royal Malloes, I understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I have no doubt that your Colonel will be glad to see you fulfilling your regimental duties again."

HILARY JOYCE's heart was too heavy for words. He was silent.

"I will let you know my final decision to-morrow morning."

JOYCE saluted and turned upon his heel.

"You can sleep upon that, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!"

JOYCE turned in bewilderment. Where had those words been used before? Who was it who had used them?

The General was standing erect. Both he and the Chief of the Intelligence were laughing. JOYCE stared at the tall figure, the erect bearing, the inscrutable grey eyes.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

"Well, well, Captain JOYCE, we are quits!" said the General, holding out his hand. "You gave me a bad ten minutes with that infernal red-hot horse-shoe of yours. I've done as much for you. I don't think we can spare you for the Royal Malloes just yet awhile."

"But, Sir—But—!"

"The fewer questions the better, perhaps. But of course it must seem rather amazing. I had a little private business with the Kabbalish. It must be done in person. I did it, and came to your post in my return. I kept on winking at you as a sign that I wanted a word with you alone."

"Yes, yes. I begin to understand."

"I couldn't give it away before all those blacks, or where should I have been the next time I used my false beard and Arab dress? You put me in a very awkward position. But at last I had a word alone with your Egyptian officer, who managed my escape all right."

"He! MAHOMET ALI!"

"I ordered him to say nothing. I had a score to settle with you. But we dine at eight, Captain JOYCE. We live plainly here, but I think I can do you a little better than you did me at Kurkur."

A. Conan Doyle

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NOTICE.—NEXT WEEK, "MR. PUNCH'S EXTRA PAGES" WILL CONTAIN A STORY ENTITLED

"THE OPERATIC STORES,"

BY

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.



A BRIGHT NEW YEAR TO EVERYONE.

Make the New Year Bright;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.
 Make it bright by making home bright;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.
 Make it bright by making work light;
MONKEY BRAND will help you.

BROOKE'S SOAP
MONKEY BRAND
 WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

A Bright Home makes a Bright Heart;
 Then use **MONKEY BRAND** Soap.
 A Bright Heart is the sequel of light work;
 Then use **MONKEY BRAND** Soap.
 A Bright New Year is what everyone wants;
 Then use **MONKEY BRAND** Soap.

Makes COPPER like GOLD, TIN like SILVER, BRASS like MIRRORS, CROCKERY like MARBLE, WINDOWS like CRYSTAL.

ART ON THE FLOOR.



TRELOAR'S CARPET CIRCULAR POST FREE.

THE Anatolian Carpets

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Turkey, Persian & Indian Carpets

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ANTIQUE Daghestan, Somac

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Variety.

LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION TO

TRELOAR and SONS,
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.



Aunt Grace. "WHAT A LOVELY FOOTBALL! DID SANTA CLAUS PUT THAT IN YOUR STOCKING LAST NIGHT?"

Harry. "No, HE COULDN'T GET IT IN. SO HE PUT IT IN MA'S INSTEAD!"

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

Edited by OWEN SEAMAN (Mr. Punch's Depreciator).

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

II.—THE BODLEY HEAD SECTION.

JANUARY 1ST.—[New Year's Day].

Potential in the marble's maiden womb,
The living forms of BUONAROTTI lay;
So in the New Year's Alpha dimly loom
The orb'd infinitudes of Omega!—*W-ll-m W-ts-n.*

2ND.—The Key-note of a woman's nature is palpabilities.

G-rge Eg-rt-n.

3RD.—To make a differentiative discernment twixt nature and artifice, rouge and the blood's red, were, in the poignant phrase of your proletariat, mere tommyrot.—*M-x B-rb-hm.*

4TH and 5TH.

The smouldering pit with plaudits rang;
COPHETUA beamed above the throng;
A popular comedian sang
The Absent-minded Beggar's song.
COPHETUA wagged his kingly head;
" 'Tis well!" he cried aloud—and paid;
Then, in his beard, "Give me," he said,
"The Present-bodied Beggar-maid!"

J-hn D-v-ds-n.

6TH.—Seen in perspective there is symmetry even in the suburb, futile else. Peckham has this dominant note.

Mrs. M-yn-ll.

7TH.—The virtue of salad, even as of woman, lies in the dressing of it.—*Mrs. P-nn-ll (Autolytus).*

8TH.—Garlic for piquancy, as rue for remembrance. Do but

draw one root athwart the hollow of the crater twice and yet again, and the savour thereof, though it were scarce a suspicion, shall attain to harmonize the whole.—*The same.*

9TH.—Dryads, why wring ye so your vacant arms?

What means this pallor of grief that stirs
Mute lips that once could shame the claret's red?
It is because NARCISSUS,
Whose face was as a limpid moon
Framed in the dark of dusky conifers,—
NARCISSUS,
Who used to kiss us,
And call us each his own and only elf,
And ever let the anxious public know
That this was so—
NARCISSUS,
Losing his balance, owing to the charms
Of his own lovelihead,
Has had an accident and drowned himself,
And with his hairpins all the marge is strewn.

R. le G-ll-nne.

10TH.—[Penny Post instituted, 1840.] To a spirit like my own, inebriate of Georgian impulse, there is something of strangely exhaurient in this so-called Victorian Era. Its urgency is too much for me. Already am I sub-conscious of a rathe senility.

M-x.

11TH.—[Epitaph on a rooster, shot in mistake for a cock-pheasant.]

Count no man monk because he wears a cowl!
Had I but closelier looked thou hadst not passed!
I took thee for thy better, tumid fowl!
And there thou Nest, irrevocably grassed!—*W. W-ts-n.*

12TH.—Detached in his equilibrium, the Young Child is instinct with the ichor of Spring. He flushes a rhythmic pink, the implicit Colour of Life.—*Mrs. M-yn-ll.*

13TH. A little louder. Thank you. So again.
Shall I go out and slay my brother Boer?
Unflinching rhetorician! strong to floor
The irresponsible casuistry of CAIN!—*W. W-ts-n.*

14TH.—Ah! the Discord of key-notes jangled! 'Tis the apple of Discord, flung on the nuptial board of the first wife, EVE, that has poisoned the wells of marriage, and still lies at the very root of the Divorce Court.—*G-rge E-g-rt-n.*

15TH.—[British Museum opened, 1759.]

Avid of knowledge, you that blindly rage
After the Undiscoverable Clue,
Walk up and see yon antic sarcophagus;
Its rusty mummy was as wise as you!—*W. W-ts-n.*

16TH.—The vital movement of grass is toward reticence rather than greenness.—*Mrs. M-yn-ll.*

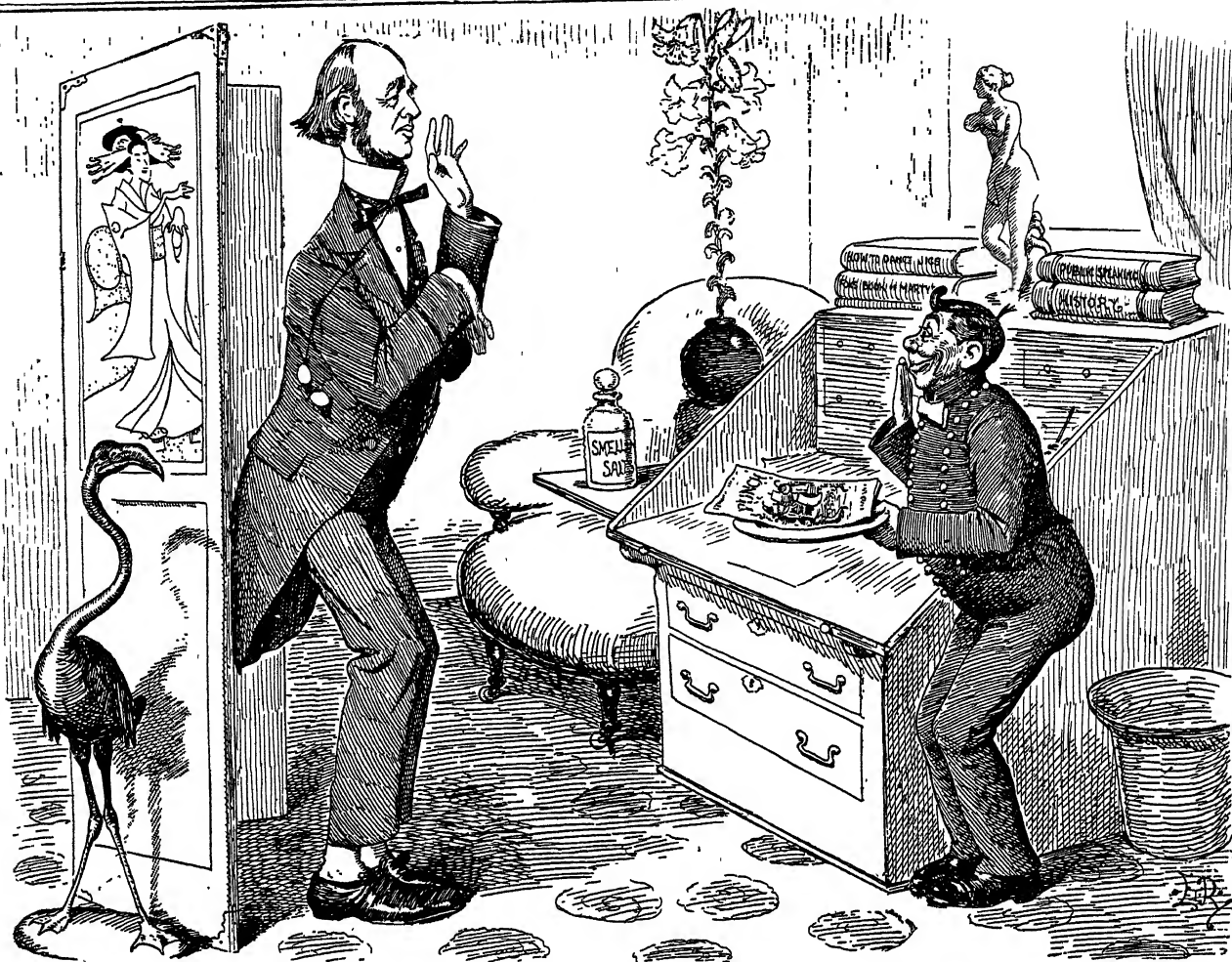
17TH.—By the highways you shall see its embroidery, a mute protest to shame the scarlet resonance of the pillar-box. That is why the vestries will not have it so.—*The same.*

(To be continued.)

Who's Who (A. & C. BLACK) appears in the New Year without the name of Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN, under whose editorship this ancient annual renewed its youth like the eagle. The many excellencies he introduced into the volume, advancing it at a bound to the position of one of the most popular, indeed the most indispensable of its class, are preserved in the new issue. It is brought as nearly up to date as the exigencies of the Press and the happy condition of a large circulation will permit. At the price it is, in view of its intrinsic value, a marvel of cheapness.

HENRY LUCY.

TWO VERY DIFFERENT PERSONAGES.—"A Society man" and "A Secret Society man."



CELEBRITIES (MORE OR LESS) AT HOME. No. III.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. H-RTP-LE L-CKY, P.C., M.P.

Buttons. "THIS WEEK'S—(pff)—PUNCH, SIR! SOMETHINK SPESHUL, SIR! 'SCUSE ME, SIR, THERE'S A—(pff)—PICKCHER O' YOU, SIR! WUSS THAN HEVER, SIR!"

Mr. L-cky. "TAKE IT AWAY, YOU HORRID RUDE VULGAR LITTLE BOY!"

[Explodes.]

PRINCIPAL QUESTIONS FOR 1900.

Did the first of January commence the twentieth century?
 What will the War Office have to say when the House meets?
 What will happen — day-by-day — in South Africa?
 Who will win the Boat Race?
 What will be the Income Tax?
 Who will come in first for the Derby and all the other races?
 Will the season escape being 'duller than ditchwater'?
 What will be the state of the Moors?
 How about the harvest?
 Will anyone visit the Paris Exhibition?
 What will happen during the cricket and football season?
 What will be the fluctuations hour by hour of the Stocks?
 Will any game be quite worth the candle?
 Will the thirty-first of December end the nineteenth century? A. A'B.

SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

As thro' the Strand at eve we went,
 The Strategist and I,
 We taught the Generals their trade,
 We threw VON MOLTKE in the shade,
 We knew the reason why.
 O blessings on the good conceit
 That never need be shy,
 That could each difficulty meet,
 And every peril spy.
 For when we came to Charing Cross,
 And would have passed thereby,
 A Brompton 'bus we did not see
 Came at us—bang!—
 And where were we?
 The Strategist and I! E. T. H.

"A GOOD JUDGE" (to attend to the Doppers after the War).—M. Q. DE BOER-REPAIR.

O. K. ALL ROUND.—ROBERTS of Kandahar and KITCHENER of Khartum.

HOW TO TREAT A DIARY.

A few Practical Suggestions.

DETERMINE to write little, but regularly. Make up your mind never to omit any thing of importance, and to shun trivialities. Remember that what you write may be of signal service to your possible biographer.

Select for preservation your deepest thoughts and most original imaginations.

Criticise with discrimination your contemporaries with a view to the judgment of posterity.

Let the keeping of your diary be your first duty and your last.

Recollect at every crisis in your life that your action will have to be recorded without fear or favour.

In fact, take the greatest possible care of your diary, making it the cherished companion of your leisure.

Keep your diary in a safe place. Lose it. Forget to buy another. A. A'B.

AURI FAMES.

[A lady's gold watch-chain has been found in the gizzard of a fowl.]

MYSTERIOUS bauble! Come, read me the riddle,
What is the link 'twixt thy present and past?

What was thy story before in his middle
A fowl of the farmyard concealed thee at last?

Back in thy past can I picture a present,
Bringing delight to a rapturous maid?
Haply the days of thy youth were as pleasant
Then, when but golden, as now when inlaid.

Was it thy fault that thou 'scapedst from her pocket?

Was it misfortune—the way they are built?

Kept she no watch on thee? Was it a locket

Led thee astray by example of gilt?

I adjure thee by *Æsop*! Come, answer my question:

How dost thou come to be aiding digestion?



The cello

A.C. Gould

PATRIOTISM DAMPED; OR, THE VAGARIES OF A LONDON FOG.

YOUTH AND THE STAGE:

[Mr. Langton, Solicitor, in applying for Licences on behalf of Mr. Beerbohm Tree to enable children to appear in the forthcoming production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, explained that elaborate arrangements had been made for the well-being, physical and educational, of the little ones. —*Daily Telegraph*, January 8.]



Of course, further arrangements will be made. An eminent German Professor will look after the musical education of the children.



And a distinguished French scholar will teach the children the French language.



English, Roman History, and Astronomy will be taught by the most eminent Professors.



While Mr. Beerbohm Tree will undertake to personally conduct his little charges through the Lowther Arcade at least once a week.



EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

Exasperated Amateur (to Fore-Caddie, who will not go on ahead). "GO ALONG, MAN. DO GET ON TOWARDS THE NEXT GREEN."
Caddie. "BEG PARDING, CAPTAIN. YOU WON'T NEVER GET HIM TO GO NO MORE THAN TWENTY YARDS AHEAD. 'E'S BEEN USED TO CARRYING A FLAG IN FRONT OF A STEAM-ROLLER."

"CÆLUM NEC ANIMUM MUTANT."
 (Diary of one who "can't stand winter time in England.")

Monday.—Horridly cold to-day. Great mistake to be in England at the end of December. All very well to talk about spending Christmas at home and that kind of thing, but give me sunshine. Frost and snow very seasonable things no doubt, but if winter isn't an agreeable season in England, it's no great praise of the weather to call it seasonable.

Tuesday.—Colder than ever. Sleet too this morning. This is too bad. Why not go to Paris? Not very far after all, and it's always bright in Paris. Pack up at once: 11 A.M. Victoria.

Wednesday.—Have gone to Paris. Colder than London. Raining too. No use to stay in Paris when it rains. Perfectly ridiculous to take all the trouble to cross the Channel in order to find exactly the same weather the other side. Can't bear being ridiculous. Shall go on to Florence. Florence very agreeable place, I'm told. Shall start to-morrow.

Thursday.—Florence. Ugh! Fifteen degrees of frost, and not a fire in the hotel. Heated throughout with hot water. Bah! Give me an English coal

fire, and I can put up with cold weather. But without a fire—. Shall go on to Rome first thing to-morrow morning. Often heard of people "wintering in Rome." Sounds promising. Guide book says agreeable winter climate. Rome by all means.

Friday.—Agreeable winter climate! Might as well be in Russia. No fires again, of course. "All the passages heated," says the Manager. But I can't live in a passage. And the smoking-room is like an ice-house. Am sitting at this moment in an overcoat with my legs wrapped up in a rug and my hat on. Shall try Naples to-morrow. "The Sunny South." Just the place to cure the cold which I feel coming on. Continue notes at Naples.

DEPRESSION.

Disconsolate Author (gazing at list of subscriptions to the Transvaal Refugees' Fund). Afraid my new book will stand no chance of selling, now. With all the public devoting their money to good works—

Cynical Friend (interrupting). You naturally think that yours wouldn't stand much chance, eh?

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

(A Prophecy for 1901.)

SIR WILLIAM will occupy the Woolsack. The toast of the London County Council will be received with wild enthusiasm.

The French Generals will be entertained at the Service Clubs.

Bicyclists will be the most popular of men.

SHAKESPEARE will be played to crowded houses without scenery.

The public will insist upon giving their military rank to officers of the Militia.

The Northern lines will be admonished to imitate the sterling qualities of the Southern railways.

The Post-Laureate, amidst universal approbation, will accept a peerage.

The pen will have the pull of the pencil in journalism.

The House of Lords will, in the popular estimation, be considered infinitely superior to the House of Commons.

The army will attract more attention than the navy.

And, finally, the statue to CROMWELL outside Westminster Hall will be supplied with an entirely pleasing pendant in the shape of a stone effigy of KRÜGER.



UNAUTHORISED WAR RUMOURS. THE LENO LIGHT HORSE!

THE REPORT THAT COLONEL SIR DANIEL LENO IS RAISING A SOVADRON OF LIGHT HORSE, DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM STAGE CIRCLES, IS, WE REGRET TO LEARN, WITHOUT FOUNDATION.



VERY SMALL TALK.

"EAR-RINGS ARE ALL THE GO NOW, AREN'T THEY? ARE YOU HAVING YOUR EARS PIERCED?"

"No. I'M ONLY HAVING THEM BORED!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR ALGERNON WEST is the youngest-mannered Methuselah of my Baronite's acquaintance. His *Recollections*, just published by SMITH, ELDER, go back to the year 1832. As a matter of fact he was born a few months before the Reform Bill. He remembers running a race with the Duke of WELLINGTON down the grass hill to Walmer Castle. Presumably he came in last, and his otherwise innocent childhood was marred by vengeful feeling. However that be, he soon after flung a stone which nearly hit the Duke—probably on the nose, that being a prominent feature. "Who taught you to throw stones?" said the Duke, standing the onslaught with the cool courage that might be expected from the victor of Waterloo. "My brother RICHARD, Sir," said ALGY, with faint but distinct reminiscence of ADAM's answer when challenged with respect to the missing apple. "I hope," said the Duke, and this is worth remembering, "he will soon teach you something better than that." Striking testimony to Sir ALGERNON's antiquity appears on the face of another sentence, also relevant to Walmer Castle. "Lord and Lady SALISBURY and their children, who were always running on the beach without shoes and stockings, spent some Autumns there." The idea of Lord SALISBURY running on the beach without shoes or stockings is alluring; but on closer consideration it is probable that Sir ALGERNON alludes only to the children. There is, later on, another unexpected peep at the Prime Minister, who was the Recollector's contemporary at Oxford. He once played a rubber of whist in a room at Peckwater with Lord ROBERT CECIL, our Premier's then style; WARD HUNT, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer; and a fourth

partner, the four averaging six feet three inches in height. Sir ALGERNON regretted, when he went to Oxford, that he had not adopted cricket instead of rowing. Of course if he had, he would have been long stop. Great-great-grandson of ROBERT WALPOLE, married to a granddaughter of Earl GREY, young WEST was predestined for a public career. He early found the opportunity, and he has filled it not only with distinction, but with a tact and good-nature that have made him troops of friends. There are few men living who have come in closer contact with a singularly wide range of men, and have not made a single enemy. A shrewd observer, with a keen sense of humour, always living with interesting people, Sir ALGERNON's *Recollections* form one of the pleasantest books of the year. They bubble with good stories admirably told. The descriptions of London in his youth and early manhood are a sort of prose *Trivialia*.

Miss BRADDON has always proved herself an able writer of society stories, and in *His Darling Sin* (SIMPKIN & Co.) she once again empties the whole bag of tricks for our edification. The *coulisses* of the fashionable world, its great ladies and their little scandals, murders and law-suits, and those marvellous detectives who vie with LECOQ himself in their instinctive knowledge of everything about everybody,—they are all here again; and if the prolific authoress's legion readers still clamour for these things, who shall complain that she supplies them?

In *Singing-Time* (CONSTABLE) the prettiest of compliments is paid to the intelligence of children by Messrs. ARTHUR SOMERVELL and L. LESLIE BROOKE. Miss AGNES REPPLIER, in one of her delightful songs, has pictured the polite tolerance with which the children of SOUTHEY must have listened to that poet when he came into the nursery to recite "How the water comes down at Lodore;" the masterpiece which he had dedicated to his innocent boy. Whoever these other more fortunate children may be, the happy "VIOLA, KATHERINE, and LEONARD", to whom the book before us is inscribed, it is clear that both musician and artist have thought that no work in their honour could be too well done. In their labour of love they have even taken the pains to do all the letters and notation with their own hands. It is a song-book good to sing from, whether you are child or only wish you were. So says my Nautical Retainer.

Villette comes as the third volume of the Haworth Edition of the life and works of CHARLOTTE BRONTE and her sisters, issued in monthly numbers by SMITH, ELDER. Like its predecessors it is beautifully printed, neatly bound, and illustrated with some interesting plates. Amongst them is a portrait of M. HÉGER, CHARLOTTE'S principal in the school at Brussels, who figures largely in the novel. (His face, by the way, bears a strong resemblance to that of the late Sir GEORGE BOWEN in rare moments of repose.) Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD continues her introductory notes. After the carping at *Jane Eyre*, it is pleasant to find that *Villette* meets with fuller favour at the hands of a sister novelist. From the chapter my Baronite learns what is news to him, that *Graham Bretton*—Dr. John—is a character founded upon a study of Mr. GEORGE SMITH, still at the head of the great firm which, not having had the opportunity of consulting Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, laid the world under everlasting obligation by publishing *Jane Eyre*. The secret out, it is no wonder to find Dr. John one of the most charming characters in the novel.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AGREED ALL ROUND.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Daily News*:

YOUNG JOURNALIST.—Contributor leading weeklies, editorial experience, seeks CHANGE. Specialities: fire-arms and shooting.

Doubtless the desire for a change is fully shared by the colleagues of the advertiser. In the necessarily limited area of the average newspaper office, a journalist, however young, whose specialities are fire-arms and shooting, is an embarrassing companion.

'INTS ON 'UNTING BY 'ARRY.



IF YOU SEE WILLOWS ALONG A FENCE, PUT ON THE PACE; THERE'S SURE TO BE A DITCH—



• OR, MIGHT BE A CANAL!

ONE AMONGST OUR NEW-YEAR HOPES.

THE New Woman lived in a part of the town
Where very few men lived, and none of them good;
Her wardrobe was scant—only one yellow gown—
And scorn of mankind was her best-relished food.

Her joys were akin to the Red Indian's joys,—
With flourishing scalp-knife the war-path to pace;
She never went shopping for nick-nacks or toys,
But only to meet with and slap a man's face.

She had but one purpose—to "live her own life"
In ecstatic self-worship—a sweet little plan!
There, there, where all lovely emotions were rife,
With ANNUNZIO, IBSEN, and chaste SUDERMANN!

In the clear amber light of their teaching, she wrote
Books as freely as water in gutters will flow,
Which newspapers noticed but seldom dare quote—
From dread of Lord CAMPBELL's enactment, you know!

Some admirers she had who preached about Art
And the sin of restricting its beautiful right
To prefer, at its pleasure, the scavenger's cart
To Oberon's car, and in dirt find delight.

Chacun à son goût. Art still goes on its way
With a palette unladen with gamboge and chrome,—
And, I fancy, will go on for many a day,
When no one will find the New Woman "at home."

Even now, is she living or dead?—the deuce knows;
And further, I'm sure, I don't care to enquire.
She came like a scent that was not of the rose—
I hope she's dissolved in congenial mire!



q Wallis
Mills
99

Small Boy (who is somewhat cramped for room). "ARE YOU STILL THERE, BILLY?
I THOUGHT YOU 'WAS LOST."

CAT'S MEAT SQUARE.

["At an inquest held on a child that died of consumption, it was stated in evidence that eight people lived in the room, ten feet square, the rent of which was 4s. 6d. a week. The room was situated in a notoriously overcrowded district known as 'Cat's Meat Square'."—*Daily Paper*.]

Air! Air! Air!

What is a body to breathe?
The pestilent vapours that poison and
seethe

In Cat's Meat Square?—

Hark to the cry of despair!

Look at the misery there!

Children are lying

In sickness, and crying—

Children are dying

For air.

Eight in a horrible den,
Reeking of sickness and death!
Crowded together like sheep in a
pen,
Stifling for want of a breath.
Women and children and men
Huddled like rats in a hole,

And lulled, as they lie.
By the agonised cry
Of a perishing soul.

Air! Air! Air!

Life-giving breath of the sky!

Out on the tyrant that dares to deny

The poor his share!

Out on the monster that rack-rents this
sty,

This plague-stricken lair!

Justice! O Justice! How long

Ere thou rescue the weak from the strong?

How long shall the poor give their lives

To an ogre that thrives

On a crime and a wrong?

Ah! If there be laws, as they say,

And if there be hearts that can
care,

Put an end to the horrors that darken our
day!

Air! Give us air!

Away with these fever-dens! Sweep them
away

With the pitiless Harpies that batten and
prey

On Cat's Meat Square!

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(SOME SPECIMEN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO
VARIOUS EDITORS.)

(Forwarded per A. A. S.)

SIR,—On December 31st, 1899, as the clock was striking midnight, we packed up our 1900th bottle of Automatic Hair-wash (which has created such a *furor* in fashionable circles, price 3s. 6d. only), and started upon the next hundred. The Twentieth Century has therefore begun. Yours obediently,

DE CAPILLE, Ltd.

SIR,—The Christian era started at 0 years 0 months 0 days 0 minutes 0 seconds. When it was one second old, it was dated 0 years 0 months 0 days 0 hours 0 minutes 1 second A.D. I think nobody will deny this. Consequently, when it was two seconds old, it follows quite clearly that the date was 0 years 0 months 0 days 0 hours 2 seconds. Proceeding thus 'carefully second by second' (every second is of equal importance), we shall not, I imagine, find a single opponent left to confute the contention that we are now in the 20th century.

J. Y. BABBAGE,
President of the

Statistical Babblers' Asylum.

Dated: 1900 years 1 month 5 days
12 hours 20 minutes 15 seconds.

SIR,—I am a firm believer in the German Emperor, and a martyr to the cause of my belief. Having been further convinced by Sir COURTENAY BOYLE, and by actual experiment in counting 0, 1, 2, 3... up to 99, that £99 is change for a hundred-pound note, I am now starting the new century under remand. It is, I am afraid, quite clear from the bigoted turn of mind of the presiding Magistrate, that this year will be a year 0, as far as I personally am concerned. It could not, therefore, be the last year of the nineteenth century.

Yours regretfully,

Jan. 5, 1900.

AN EX-CASHIER.

DERE SIR,—I had a birthday this morning and mammy says i interred my tenth yore. Daddy says you inter a thing wen it is finished and dun with; i have therefor dun with ten and must be eleven by now tho i was borne in 1891 i think the rithmytic must be rong sumware daddy could not be becos he rites to the Times and says it is now the new sentry in fack the middel of nex weak alreddy. Think-ing yow wood like to no i am
yore loving

5 Jan. 1900.

TOMMY WROTAR.

CONCLUSIVE.

Mr. Blosskins (after reading correspondence on the subject of the commencement of the Century). As for me, I don't care a hang whether I'm a centurian or not, but if a man owes me a hundred pounds, I'm blowed if I let him off with ninety-nine.



A COUNCIL OF PATIENCE.

SCENE.—*The Camp, Downing Street.* Agamemnon, MARQUESS OF S-L-SB-RY; Menelaus, MARQUESS OF L-NSD-WRE; Nestor, DUKE OF D-V-NSH-RE; Ulysses, MR. CH-MB-RL-N; and others.

Agamemnon, Prince, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Falls in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd.
Troilus and Cressida, Act I., Scene 3.



THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

He. "AWFULLY FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME THE OTHER DAY. I WAS BEST MAN TO MY OWN GRANDFATHER."
 She. "REALLY? HOW FUNNY! HADN'T HE EVER BEEN MARRIED BEFORE?"

LITTLE QUEENIE'S GUIDE TO DOLLSHOUSE ETIQUETTE:

(A Complete Manual of Nursery Maners and Customs.)

II.—ALL ABOUT LEVING CARDS, WHAT TO LEVE, AND ON WHO.



WHEN a new doll comes to the Nursery it is customary, provided the doll is unconnected with Trade and unobjectionable in other ways, for all the leading members of Sociaty to leve cards.

This shows they desire to be naberly and it doesnt mater whether they are "Snap" or "Animil Grab" but it is incorect to turn them up at the corner.

Sometimes you leve cards on New cumers that, although they are not strictly

dolls, still they may be desirable acquaintances and useful people to know, like a plaster fygure full of sweeties or the casteyon purson with the monybox who takes a place on the nursery mantlepeice.

But to leve a card on a mere animil, like a white rabbit or wooly cokattoo, would betray grose ignirans of the usiges of good Sociaty.

After a sutible interval, which should never exede five minutes, the new cumer has to leve a card or a historicle domano on each inhabitent in return, but does not ask if they are at home which would be bad taste.

Then each inhabitent leves another card and the new cumer leves one on them and so they go on till they are tired out.

Praps you may think there is not much sence in all this, but it is what kepes Sociaty together.

ABOUT CAULING AND CONVERSATION.

When enuff cards have been left to brake the ice then it is time to begin cauling.

Let us suppose it is your best doll and she wishes to pay a formel caul.

Having thuraly washed her face (unless it is paint that comes off) and put her hat strate, and seen that she has both shoes on and propaly butoned, you acompany her to wherever the new doll is and inquire if she is at home and if the anser is No, it means that she does not desire to continue the acquaintnce, so you simply say 'How lukky!' and go away. At least Mother docs, so it *must* be all rite.

But suppose she is in, then you will have to do the tauking for both dolls, because they are always shy about conversing outloud.

It is most importent to select just the rite toppics, as dolls hate being made to tauk about anything they don't understand, like novils and pollytics, which are never discused in realy good Sociaty.

Some people, such as my sister MABLE, genally make their dolls begin with the wether, but this is a silly stuffy toppic and should be left to groanups.

What dolls do enjoy is tauking about their servants. You can make your doll say she has a purfec treshur of a cook, only she will spend most of the time lying under the kichen dresser, and how thoutless of nurse to go and leve the mekanikle pig all night in baby's cradel, and etsetra.

Then the new doll says no one would beleve the truble she has with *hers*, and her parlurmade is leving her just when she had lern't to dress hare to mary the plaster groom in Brother FRANKY's stabels, but servants are so inconsiderit and never studdy anybody's convinence except their own, and you can go on like that ever so long if nurse is out of the room.

Then your doll asks the other has she got to know many of the naburs yet, and tells her about them how stuppid they are and what boaring parties they give, tho of corse one must go to them occasionally or they think it so unfrendly of you.

And at the end your doll says she's afrade she must be runing away, and she is always at home the second Tuseday and third Friday every other month and will the other doll remember.

Then go, being careful to leve an Animil Grab card outside, which is for the Doll's husband, if any.

If not, or a widdow, leve a 'Happy Famalies' card insted.

HOW TO BE AT HOME AND RECIEVE CAULERS.

First you must settle when it is your doll's At Home Day, and if she has a dollshouse of her own, see that the droynroom is thuraly tidey and free from bedroom furnichur, briks, and glass marbles, which kepe on geting in whatever you do, and I beleve it is TOMMY does it.

Then unhook the front of the dollshouse, which signafies she is at home, and sit your doll on the best chare by the mantlepeice, with the teathings close by.

Never alow a puter teaset in the droynroom it is dredfully boorswauw. Direcly the other doll is shown in, make your doll say How swete of you to come, and the other doll will probly anser she has been dying to for abslute ages only somehow one never can find time to see anything of one's *rele* friends.

If the cauler is a gentelman doll, he will remove his hat as a mater of corse, unless it is not ment to take off, in which case it will be qite corect for him to retane it on.

A Gentelman doll begins conversing by saying was your doll in the Park that morning, and will he see her at the Dutches of Dumpshire's to-night, and yours says she doesn't know, she has so many things on this evening—but I'm sure Mother doesn't know any dutcheses and I don't beleve Mr. BLUFFEY does ether.

Each cauler on his arival should be ofered make beleve tea and pritense cake or bred and buter.

Then you tauk as alredy explained, till the cauler gets up to take his leve and your doll says must you realy be going alredy we have had no tauk at all, and after the other has left yours must say she thought that tiresome little man (or woman) was never going.

Unless you keep up cauling you can never expect to become realy intamit. Next time I am going to tell you all about entertaning and the proper way to manige your parties, but here I must lay down my pen as it is scoolroom tea, and I haven't washed my hands yet so no more this week from

Your loving little QUEENIE.

(N.B.—The Composition and Spelling of the above revised and corrected by F. ANSTEY.)

A RETROSPECT AND REFERENCE.—“Is the old min friendly?” Certainly he is, meaning General FÉVRIER up to a certain point. General FÉVRIER's laudatory comments on the British soldier, as given by the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, were decidedly not hostile. A great General of this name, if not absolutely and entirely favourable to us, was, on one momentous occasion, decidedly fatal to our enemy. See *Mr. Punch's* impressive cartoon, February, 1855.



G. R. Halkett.

THE RISE OF KING COAL.

The British Householder beseeches King Coal to come down a few shillings lower—singing:—

“Old King Coal is a merry old soul,
And he likes his bit of fun;
But he carried the joke a trifle far
When he rose *ten bob* a ton!”

[“In Edinburgh and Glasgow they have increased by about forty per cent.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]



Customer. “YOU TOLD ME THAT THIS ‘OSS ‘AD WON A DOZEN MATCHES AGIN SOME O’ TH’ BEST ‘OSSSES IN THE COUNTY. WHY ‘E CAN’T TROT A MILE IN TEN MINUTES TO SAVE ‘IS LIFE.”

Dealer. “I DIDN’T SAY ‘E COULD. YOU NEVER ASKED ME WHAT SORT O’ MATCHES. IT WAS IN PLOUGHIN’ MATCHES ‘E TOOK THE PRIZES!”

NOS ET MUTAMUR.

[“The necessities of life may be purchased for £2,000 a year.”—*The Times*.]

At a long past day,
At a date of which
My knowledge isn't clear,
A man, they say,
Was passing rich
On forty pounds a year.
A dusty tome
He reckoned bliss,
As he conned it beside the fire
In his trim-kept home,
And he thought that this
Was all man could desire.
No doubt, he'd see
That folk like me
Had something very far wrong with
them;
But times do change,

And it would be strange
If we didn't change along with them.

I care not, I,
For your dusty tome,
But I love the oysters at PIM'S,
And I gladly fly
From the mutton at home
To a delicate dinner at JIM'S.
The best of wine
And the best cigar
From the Caribbean Sea,
Let these be mine!
Such trifles are
Necessities to me.
The couple of thou.
That the *Times* allow
Is running it close, unless it is
Distinctly meant
To be only spent
Upon the strictest necessities.



"WELL, SAUNDERS, WHAT SORT OF WEATHER HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING WHILE I 'VE BEEN AWAY?"
 "IT'S BIN JUST SHOCKIN', MISSY. FUST IT FRIZ, AN' THEN IT THEW; AN' THEN IT SNEW; AN' THEN IT THEW AGIN AN' FRIZ ON IT!"

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS:

II.—THE BODLEY HEAD SECTION.

(For January, continued.)

JAN. 18TH.—The crenelled bastion scaled the sky;
 The careless city slept below;
 From off his vantage-seat, pardie!
 Crash fell Sir UMPPIO D' UMPPIO!

His shattered members strawed the plain;
 In vain the King cried out for dole;
 The mounted infantry in vain
 Essayed a mournful caracole.

The chargers held their bits and wailed;
 The heir-apparent rived his gear;
 Not less the total knighthood failed
 To reconstruct their stricken peer.

J-hn D-v-ds-n.

19TH.—Khaki has the colour of secretiveness; but the robin wears a cuirass that recalls the published blood. Yet is there also a privacy of the woods, where the bird takes on the tone of his environment. The ancients felt this when they discovered a note of khaki in the flutings of Philomel.

Mrs. M-y-n.

20TH.—Rye's¹ son, chi's² son, son of a gorgio's³ gun,
 Romany,⁴ rawni's⁵ tarno⁶, vardey⁷ an' gries⁸ an' all,
 Kollo⁹ wi' tuv¹⁰ in the puv¹¹, and lollo¹² o' nock¹³ wi' the
 sun:—

Dukkerin¹⁴ keep 'em and bring 'em palall,¹⁵ palall.
 palall! *Th-d-re W-tts-D-nt-n.*

[Guide to language:—Gentleman¹, gipsy-girl², gentle³, gipsy⁴, lady⁵, gentleman⁶, waggon⁷, horses⁸, black⁹, smoke¹⁰, field¹¹, red¹², nose¹³, good-luck¹⁴, back¹⁵.]

21ST.—Passive, through the numbing thralldom of tradition,
 we women hanker to vibrate to some masterful Ideal.

G-rge Eg-rt-n.

22ND.—Our beauty lies dormant till the Right One shall come for
 its awakening. If the Fairy Prince is late through oversight, or
 otherwise detained, we must go out to meet him by the way; we
 must encourage him to scare us into surrender.—*The same.*

23RD.

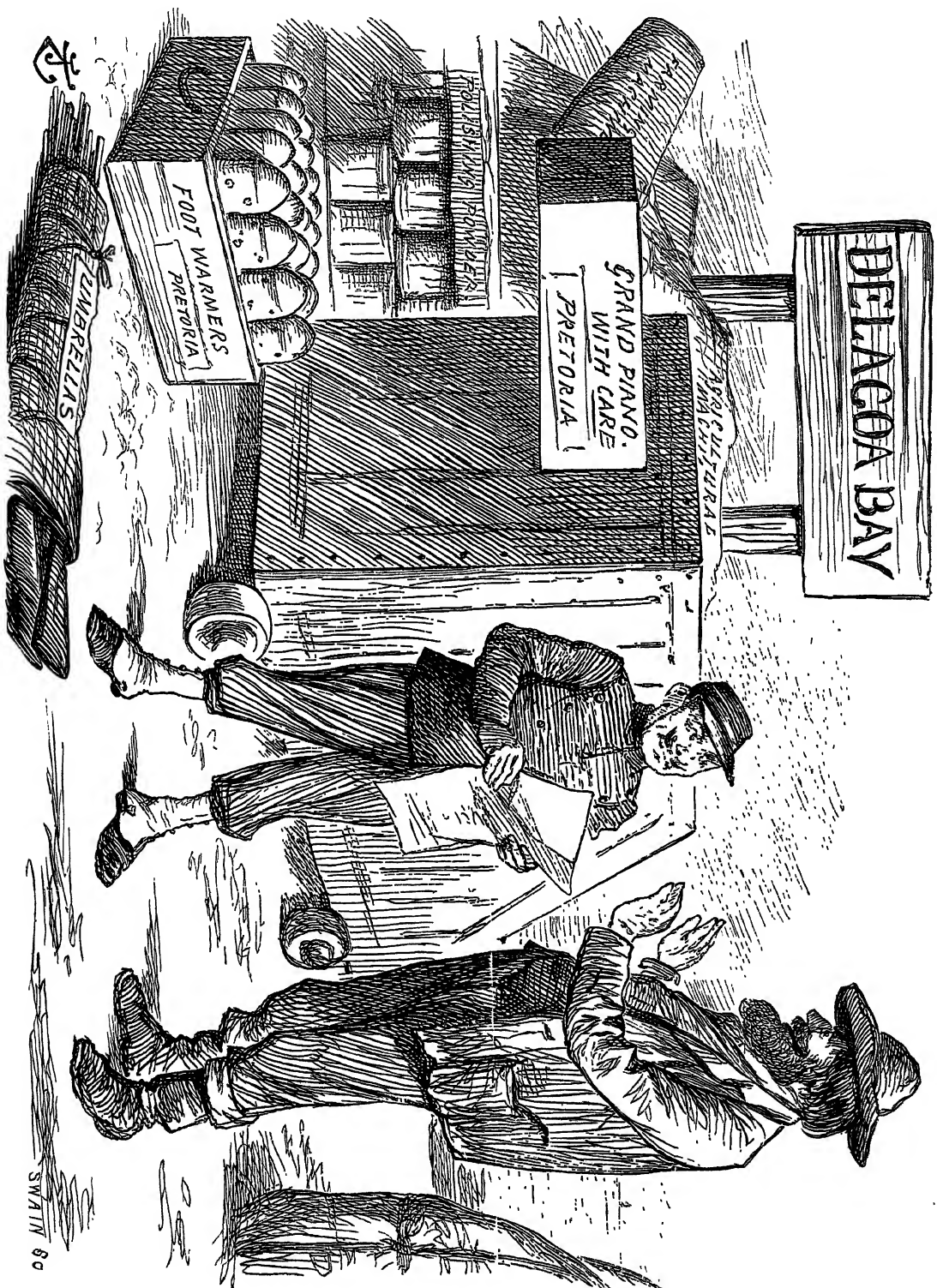
I hark the cry of the peoples, the little and honest and poor,
 The plea of the Pole, the mew of the Manx, the bray of the Boer.

R. le G-ll-nne.

24TH, 25TH.—[The same: one day for each of the little peoples.]

26TH. New Atalantas, straining fast and far,
 How shall the old Milanions hope to beat?
 On what incalculable motor-car
 Follow the trailing thunders of their feet?

W. W-ts-n.



"THE OPEN DOOR."

(And the closed eye.)

PORTUGUESE CUSTOMS OFFICER. "ANYTHING TO DECLARE? NOTHING CONTRABAND, I HOPE?"
BOER. "OH DEAR ME, NO!!"

27TH.—Gravity is the soul of wit.—M-x.

28TH.—What is this talk of my affectations? As well might we arraign our BRUMMEL on a charge of elegant posturing. As of need there must be modes, so must there ever be men to set them.—*The same.*

29TH. Her purple breathing smote the air;
"Ride forth," she said; he said, "I shall;"
He gripped his hunter by the hair,
And plunged to meet his Orde-al!

J-in D-v-ds-n.

30TH.—'Tis of Hebe. 'Tis of the divine parlour-maid I sing the quest; that happy handful of endearing frills! Ah! the white purity of these fifteen-carat girls! Little baggages!

R. le G-ll-nne.

31ST.—ABDUL! Because just now elsewhere we seek
Bloody erasure of a rankling debt,
Lay not your tongue too lightly in your cheek!
Shameless! I have my eye upon you yet!

W. W-ts-n.

O. S.

OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS TREE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, requiring a lot of little children to serve as fairies in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, applied for a licence to raise his infantry regiments. The enterprising Manager obtained the leave and licence, but, observed his agent sadly, "there will be eighteen forms to fill up." Well, they will be well filled up with good food if these be the children's forms; and if the forms mean the seats in front, surely the intended attraction will be so great as not to leave one form, or even one seat, empty.

Q. What's the use of a handle to a name?

A. Why, to turn it—to account, of course.

NEW BOOK BY A CRUSHED ONE.—*The Sorrows of Sat on.*

WARLIKE OPERATION IN TIME OF PEAS.—Shelling.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



"BOBS."

AN INDIAN IDOL—AS WORSHIPPED BY MR. THOMAS ATKINS.

[THE PROPERTY OF THE BRITISH NATION.]

TO COL. R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, OF
MAFEKING.

A MESSAGE PER KAFFIR RUNNER.
(*By Zedwhyeks.*)

HERE'S to you, B.-P.,
Three times three, oversea,
We toast you and hail you!
Though Boers may assail you,
They've not got you yet, undefeated B.-P.!

Thick-witted CRONJÉ
Feared your quick repartee,
Found his plans were disjointed
By humour too pointed,
And trekked to the South from gay,
gallant B. P.

We in England agree
You deserve a V.C.,
For, with you for a starter,
The foe's caught a tartar—
In a tight place the right man's un-
daunted B.-P.

Forty million are we
Of the other "B. P.,"
And we all were more happy
If news were less scrappy
Of you and your doings, beleaguered
B.-P.!

Let us hear when you're free,
And relieved shall we be!
Send a line when you're fitting
(*Engagements permitting*),
That is, R.S.V.P., R.S.S.B.-P.!

KIND CONGRATULATIONS.

Selected by H. D. B.

THE following congratulatory telegrams have been taken haphazard from the vast number received by Mr. Punch. Some may contain errors, due to the haste of the telegraphists.

Gratuliere zum neuen Extrablätter.
Zeitung wunderschön prachttvoll grosz-
artig und kolossal. Und kostet nur 25
pfennig wie früher.—WILHELM WEBER,
Württemberg.

Transmogrified paper unco fine. Ex-
pected aiblins cost extra bawbee, or even
saxpence. But still wee bit threepence
as auld lang syne. Hoot awa.—DONALD
MACPHERSON, Glasgow Villa, Burnsville,
N.S.W.

Enchanté voir nouvelles pages. Mal-
heureusement comprends pas mot d'anglais
mais admire illustrations énormément, sur-
tout charmant en-tête nouveau feuilletton.
—DUPONT, Paris.

Jó napot kívánok Angol újságokat
Punch. Visszontlátásra. — BORHEGYI
KÁROLY JÖZSEF, Budapest.

Bellissimo giornale anche più interes-
sante. Favorisca mandare fascicolo ogni
settimana sarà senza dubbio gratis.—
REGGENTI DELLA REPUBBLICA, San Marino.

Admiramos muy hermoso periodico.
Todos los habitantes besan la mano de
Usted.—CONCILIO de Andorra.

Muchee appreciate extly pages. Velly
topside galore. Light leading. All
lightee. Chin chin.—LI HUNG CHANG.

Peux pas supporter journaux finlandais.
Votre journal vient d'arriver. Admirable.
Habitants savent pas lire anglais. Donc
ai supprimé tous journaux finlandais et
autorise seul le vôtre. Attends pot-de-
vin habituel. Si ne reçois pas suppri-
merai aussi le vôtre.—GOUVERNEUR,
Helsingfors, Finlande.

Send duffar of Punch price three annas,
worth one lakh.—Kitmutgar of KHAN OF
KALAT.

Real smart.—WASHINGTON Y. WOOD, New
York, U.S.A.

Tuku usironga Puncha bulliboo.—
MALIETOA, Samoa.

Nquakquak hehaw mbowow.—HULLA-
BALOO, Mpala, Congo Free State.



PORTRAIT OF A CALCULATING GENTLEMAN (NOT AT ALL A BAD LOOKING CHAP) WHO HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM AS TO WHETHER WE ARE IN THE NINETEENTH OR TWENTIETH CENTURY.



HY, yes, Sir,
I have
had my
ups and
downs to
be sure.

On our
side—I've come to think of
myself as an American citi-
zen, because I happened to

be born in the island of St. Helena, and my mother was a Frenchwoman and my father an Irishman: that makes me an American, doesn't it?—I say, on our side the elevator system is the one on which fortunes are made and unmade. There's no walking upstairs in the States. You step into the elevator on the ground floor without a red; whisk goes the machine, and in ten seconds you're on the fifteenth storey and a millionaire. You step in again—whisk it goes and you are on the ground floor, a pauper. I've stepped out on the fifteenth floor twice, and I've found myself on the ground floor three times. A month ago I was there, but I heard the machinery give a click when I hit on the Great Pie Trust, and I opine that I'm about the tenth floor up just now. That's how I come to have a state cabin all to myself aboard this steamer, and that's why I'm going to ask you to honour me by sharing another bottle of boy with me.

Boy!

Don't you fear, Sir; the Pie Trust will be a big thing—the biggest thing I ever handled. Just think what it will be to control the supply of the staple comestible of twenty million souls, not counting niggers, who don't want to see any other food than pie for the rest of their natural life. And then if we can get it brought into the old country! I think I told you that my mother was born in St. Helena. I suppose that's what makes me feel that I'm English to the backbone. I never see the folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes entwined at a Music-Hall or a bazaar without feeling that blood is stronger than water, though it hasn't a chance alongside Canadian Club.

Oh, yes, Sir, I allow that I've been on the ground floor more than once. The Guava Jelly Syndicate? Well, yes, that landed me, I allow. But how was I to know that there'd be no show

for guava jelly made from sea-weed—pure sea-weed without any adulteration, mind you? The Grand Mammoth Operatic Combination? Well, I don't count that among my failures. I always look on it as a miss in baulk—it did well enough, to start the game.

You'll do me the justice to admit that I did my level best to see the G. M. O. C. through? What, you never heard all I did for the company? Well, I'm not surprised. Folks never tire talking of a man's mistakes, but they treat his best things as confidential communications. I'm proud to have this opportunity of wiping that blot from my record.

You've heard so much that may be you were kept abreast of the commercial side of the G. M. O. C. during the seven months of its existence. No? Well, Sir, you're now going to be placed in a position to write the financial chapter of its biography. I started that show with exactly twenty-five pounds. How do I recollect exactly? Well, in handling big figures like that a man's memory is apt to mix things up, but only a week ago, when I was packing up to get aboard the cars at the deepo, I came across the ticket for the watch, chain, and sundries on which I raised my original capital for the G. M. O. C.

Now twenty-five pounds is, if anything, under rather than over the sum necessary for starting a first-class opera company—an impresario has so many incidental expenses at the outset if he wants to do things properly. But I knew something of the weaknesses of vocalists, and I knew that that knowledge would stand to me. It did. My *prima donna assoluta* was the widow of a Brixton ladies' tailor, who had left her comfortably off. She began to take lessons at the age of forty-two, and she made an ideal Daughter of the Regiment; she wasn't quite stout enough for *Lucy of Lammermoor*, and, of course, she hadn't yet reached the years that the public look for in a representative of *Margaret in Faust*, but one can't have everything.

I hadn't. I only had enough money to go on with—that is, to let her go on with. Her name was (in the bills) Madame ELEANORA BATES. Then my contralto was, according to the paragraphs in the papers, the daughter of one of the best known Earls in all the English aristocracy. His name appeared on the first page—why not call it the title page at once?—of a good many prospectuses. She wanted nothing except to become recognised as the legitimate successor to ALBONI. I offered her this position for the merest trifle, far under the market value.

and she accepted it. My leading tenor had been in the commission business, and having been bankrupt three times, was in a position to plank down a moderate sum to be admitted as the legitimate successor to MARIO and SIMS REEVES. I admitted him.

My baritone was a musical genius. A musical genius is a man who has failed in everything. The only thing that my baritone hadn't failed in was opera. I gave him a chance of supplying this one omission, and he availed himself of my offer with gratitude. My *basso profundo* had done some good work with a panorama, but his only professional engagement previous to the one I gave him was in connection with exhibiting the possibilities of the megaphone—the instrument by which ships a couple of miles apart can converse with one another. To be sure it was said that upon one occasion, being aboard a steamer whose siren fog-horn had gone astray, he had supplied its place for some days off the banks of Newfoundland so efficiently, that even the most sensitive passengers had remained in total ignorance of the fact that the steam siren was out of gear; but though he was the means, under Providence, of saving the ship and every soul aboard, he was too modest to count this among his professional feats.

My chorus was made up chiefly of Duchesses, who had exhausted all other means of advertising themselves, and various members of the aristocracy.

Before starting on my tour I expressed myself, through the medium of the newspapers, heart and soul on the side of the advocates of a subsidised opera-house and municipally supported music. Haven't the public free libraries, free parks, free education, and why shouldn't they have a national opera-house, I asked. I'm afraid that this letter told against me in the provinces. I remember that one critic, referring to my production of *Carmen*—a really creditable representation it was, even though we were obliged to cut out the part of the *Toreador*—said that such performances would be dear even if supplied gratis.

Well, Sir, you know that that combination of mine didn't succeed financially, though artistically beyond reproach. That shows how imperative it is that the State—but I'll not open up that old question of a national subsidy for opera. I'll hurry on to the sequel. When my last pound had gone I began to think what a disaster it would be for the members of the company if they were to be disbanded and cast once more on the world, so I set about trying to find in what direction I could make use profitably of their talents. A week or two had gone by before I hit upon a plan that had all the elements of success in it. As soon as I perceived that the scheme was a thoroughly practical one, I laid it before the members of my company, and it was received with every expression of enthusiasm by all, except those few malcontents who are to be found in every company, artistic as well as commercial. The two elements are not invariably found associated.

My scheme was, briefly, to open a Store in some well populated locality, and put the members of the company into it as assistants in the various departments.

Of course the idea was startling—I meant it to be startling. I had a doctor once attending on me when I had neuralgia. He prescribed quinine, and told me that there was no use taking it in small doses. I must take a large enough dose to "surprise the system"—that was his phrase, "surprise the system"—and I have found that one must act on this principle in order to succeed commercially. One must take the public by surprise. I reckoned that the public would be surprised at the idea of having their wants supplied to the strains of high-class music, and so they were. But this is anticipating.

After due thought, I came to the conclusion that I should open in soft goods and millinery, so as to give the ladies as well as the gentlemen in my company a chance of exercising their skill and artistic training. It took me quite a week finding a promising locality in the West End for commencing my operations,

and another week stocking it properly in all its departments—these things are not done in a day, I can tell you. And before I got my company properly rehearsed, a third week had gone by. Meantime, I had advertised the enterprise very freely, and the public were wondering what was meant by the announcement that "HOSKINS' Mammoth Millinery Combination would be conducted on strictly operative lines," and that "in all departments the highest-class artistes had been engaged." Knowledge of the fact that the *primo tenore* of the hosiery department would be Signor ALFIERI (*né* THOMPSON), and that the *prima donna* of the *passenterie* would be Madame ELEANORA BATES—that Madame HELOISE DE LA CRUSCA had been specially engaged for the bonnet department—she was the lightest of sopranis: it would be useless to try to sell gauzy hats through the medium of a contralto—knowledge of these facts, I say, may not have meant much to the public at large, any more than the announcement that the dress and mantle chorus had been largely augmented, and that the *corps de ballet* in the chiffon department would be found to include some artistes of European reputation; or that the baritone in huckaback towels (a special line) would be Signor MARTINI (from the Belfast *Conservatoire de Lingerie*). No, but I felt sure that these announcements would arouse curiosity.

The result proved that I had not over-estimated the impressionable nature of the general public. Even while the outside chorus were removing the shutters on the opening day, a crowd of considerable dimensions had assembled, and an encore was most heartily accorded to the rendering of the beautiful "Salesman's Chorus," adapted by my poet—I had hired a poet who occupied the highest place as an exponent of pure modern Celtic (his credentials were signed by a brother Celtic bard) to do my libretto for all the departments, and I will say that he did his work well: the symbolism of his verses had, I have reason to believe, a marked effect in increasing the rapidity of the sales.

The "Salesman's Chorus" as adapted, ran like this:—

Glory and love to the men of old,
But my aunt! the price of the goods they sold!
Our system here is cash in hand—
On or before delivery, I trust you understand.

The adaptation of the chorus was considered by excellent judges to be well down to the level of the original; I don't profess to know much about the *nuances* of poetry myself: anyhow, I will say that it served to get the shutters down and made an effective entrance for the *tenore robusto*, who appeared as the glass doors opened, in his new frock coat and light pants, singing, with appropriate gestures,

When other lips and other hearts
Their tale of gloves shall tell,
Advertisement its aid imparts
To such as live to sell.
But adventitious is such aid
You never must forget
Unless your cheapest *gants de suède*
Fit like *gants de chevrete*.

Oh, let me like a soldier fail
To pay a fortnight's rent,
If we upon an average sale
Make more than five per cent.

His dramatic action carried conviction to every one who heard him, and before the baritone shop-walker had done more than deliver the first stanza of his aria:—

The heart bowed down with weight of woes,
No longer need despair.
We sell our knickerbocker hose
At four and three a pair,

we were doing a brisk trade in several lines. By the afternoon we needed three extra policemen to regulate the traffic, and I began to perceive that I was right in my belief that there exists in England a thorough appreciation for music in its highest

forms. All that is needed is to approach the public in a proper spirit. One should not assume that music is the end of everything, but should put it in its right place; it is merely a means of attaining an end. Music is the means, and merchandise is the end.

Of course there was a little confusion at first. The shop-walkers' recitatives—founded on VERDI—were apt to get a little mixed. When a lady customer entered enquiring for huckabacks, and the baritone shop-walker sang in the most approved recitativo:—

Where yonder iron pillar rears its head
To the Lincrusta ceiling,
Its high artistic charms revealing,
Your footsteps, madam, must be stealing
Ere the last huckaback be fied,

it so happened that the tenor was directing another customer to the underclothing through the medium of the Gavotte in *Mignon*:—

First to the left are the underclothes,
All our underclothing would be
difficult to beat.

To the left your trembling feet—
Can we show you the latest thing in
hose?

Unfortunately the first customer listened to the tenor—as women will—and she consequently found herself among the underclothing instead of the huckabacks. However, when she was addressed by the rising young contralto, who had charge of the flower department, in the aria from *Faust*:—

Gentle flowers, 3s. 2d.,
And some 2s. 3d.,
Oh, our stock is extensive,
And all quite inexpensive.
I assure you it's true
Between you and me,

she was so captivated by the method of the artiste, that she bought nine shillings' worth of the artificial flowers. There was a triumph of art over economy for you!

It was the same in every department. People who came for imitation lace trimming, heard the strains floating from the mantle chorus, and we hadn't enough mantles left to go round. But I think I may safely claim for the hosiery ballet the amplest recognition of the day. I thought that the adaptation of the duet, *La ci darem la mano*, at the glove counter, admirably sung as it was by a baritone and soprano whom I had promoted from the chorus, would have cleared us of sixes and six-and-a-quarter sizes before the afternoon, but truth compels me to admit that the glove department was deserted when the hosiery ballet appeared. You see, they showed off the stock to the greatest advantage, and gentlemen who were languidly buying four-fold collars by the half dozen, left the shop, after witnessing the ballet, with dozens of pairs of silk stockings to be sent to their clubs for them. We got rid of fifteen gross in the course of the afternoon, and had telephoned to the wholesale warehouse for sixty gross more to be delivered the first thing in the morning.

The same thing happened the next day, only more so. It took six of the finest men in the police force to control the traffic and to regulate the *queue*. As before, the hosiery department

attracted the best paying customers, and all restrictions with regard to smoking were withdrawn. I began to feel proud of being the impresario who had restored the old ballet of Italian opera to its legitimate place, and I hoped that the opportunity would shortly be given to a new TAGLIONI to show us what the poetry of motion really was in the days when the ballet was the most important element of opera.

Unfortunately, however, the success of the hosiery department caused a good deal of heart burning among the vocalists. I tried to explain to the *primo tenore* that his failure to do a first-class trade was due to his want of adaptability to the requirements of his customers. He lost the sale of a dozen shirts through his dwelling for an absurd time on the high C in his recitative, introducing the cavatina, when his customer was an elderly gentleman hurrying for a train. The *primo tenore* took my remonstrances very badly. He gave himself airs, and

I was forced to remind him that I had taken him from the commission business and set him down among artistes.

There was a coolness between the *primo tenore* and his impresario, and he became more *décolleté* than ever in his collars. Then, after a fortnight's splendid business, I began to be a little bit alarmed to find that my lady customers were a good deal less numerous than those of the opposite sex. I rejected the obvious notion of a football costume ballet for my basses and my tenors, not because I thought it lacking in the elements of a popular success, but simply because I had good reason to doubt the suitability of my staff to so trying a costume, more especially as they were all eager to adopt it. As a compromise I thought of a pyjama ballet, for I knew that that voluminous costume was safe to conceal their deficiencies of limb. I took good care that it did, but in spite of that, the gentlemen's department was crowded daily with ladies anxious to buy up my stock of pyjamas in all sizes. What a lady could do



Began beating the tenor with the pasteboard box.

with six dozen striped silk, blue and yellow, I never could find out—as a matter of fact, I made no attempt to find out. I had nothing to do with that question. It was enough for me to work heart and soul for the re-establishment of English opera on a sound financial basis in England.

And I would have succeeded eventually if it hadn't been for the petty jealousies of the leading members of the company.

Of course the *primo tenore* was at the bottom of the business, though, as usual, the *prima donna* was not blameless. If ever you are running an opera company and find yourself ready to kick some members of the company, begin upon the tenor—you'll be quite safe—and be sure that you kick hard.

It was perfectly well known that my *prima donna*—she had chosen the *passementerie* department, with the mezzo at the ready-made blouse counter—had for some time been desperately in love with the leading tenor, and of course he encouraged her—he encouraged them all; it's wonderful how many young women, and old women too, for that matter, an adult tenor can encourage. And all too soon it came to the lady's ears that he

was spending his time with a customer of means who simply haunted his department—he had gone into silk ties. That customer—there is no need to mention her name at this time, though if you insist on it, I'll write it down on a piece of paper for you—had for some weeks been the sole support of the ties; she had bought in all about two gross of sailors' knots as well as other forms of the made-up article, and she was still buying.

Of course she had money—no one without money to spend on worthless objects need aspire to be in love with a tenor—and my tenor seemed delighted to have an audience at last. She usually arrived about nine in the morning, and she remained among the ties, with intervals for refreshment, until six in the evening. It was rumoured that he sang through three entire operas for her daily, except on those days when he sang through "Parsifal." He could barely manage to get through three acts of that masterpiece in the course of a nine hours working day.

You will understand how diffident I was about interfering in so delicate a matter as this. If the lady had not continued buying ties by the dozen I would have been compelled to close the department and transfer the tenor to the table-cloths. But when I found that the customers in the *passenterie* department were being neglected by the *prima donna*, who used to leave her counter and hang about the ties, I felt bound to remonstrate both with the tenor and the soprano. Neither of them took the remonstrance in good part, I regret to say. The tenor was so insolent that I only wish I had begun the kicking of him there and then; but the dramatic soprano was ominously silent, which was rather an unusual attitude for a dramatic soprano to assume.

She was not quite so silent the next morning at ten fifteen, when the notes of the tenor vibrated through the building in his impassioned rendering of the *cavatina*:—

Still so gently o'er me stealing
Pink betrays artistic feeling
Spite a touch of green revealing,
Peacock blue, I love thee still!

It was, strictly speaking, quite in the way of business—the business of his part—to press his customer's hand as she examined the texture of the peacock-blue tie which he was submitting to her notice, but it was decidedly unfortunate that he adopted such a gesture just at that moment, for Madame ELEANORA BATES, who had been watching the scena from the door, rushed wildly between the tenor and the lady with a shriek in the high F sharp, and tearing the peacock-blue tie into small shreds, she flung them into the customer's face, and then began beating the tenor with the pasteboard box containing the remaining stock of peacock-blue made-ups, until a heavy blow on his crown caused his head to go through the bottom of the box and fixed it firmly round his neck.

You can well believe that, after this *contretemps*, I had great difficulty in preventing a breach of the peace from taking place. It took me close upon half an hour satisfying the customer that the entrance of the dramatic soprano and her subsequent action were strictly in keeping with the spirit of the scena. Art lovers such as we were, I explained, should always be prepared to make some sacrifices for the sake of consistency, though I regretted to say the lyric stage had become deplorably lax in true artistic feeling during recent years.

It took, I say, half an hour of this sort of reasoning to satisfy the lady; but I'm sorry to say that the same space of time and an equal amount of argument only served to increase my tenor's thirst for revenge. I tried to reason with him calmly and quietly, asking him for precedents for the carrying out of a scheme of revenge by a tenor against a soprano; but all my arguments went for nothing.

I told him to go to—well, to go back to his commission business: it was Nottingham lace curtains that he had to do with before I took him up, though his most notable bankruptcy was achieved in cheap umbrellas.

Then I left him staggering under the blow, and went to the

prima donna to try to mollify her by announcing to her my dismissal of the tenor. She was mollified, yes, after undergoing a course of reasoning. But she was silent, ominously silent, and so abstracted that she sang the soprano part of the *Miserere scena* from *Il Trovatore*, instead of the *romanza* from *Mignon*:—

Knowest thou that dear land
Where the Whitby jet grows?

I am afraid that the customers went away without buying their jet trimmings from her counter, and I told her that this must not occur again.

She smiled.

The next day there was an unrehearsed scene in almost every department of the Operatic Stores. The spiteful soprano had spent half the night writing letters. One was to the wife of the tenor, another was to the husband of the customer in whose ear the tenor was accustomed to sing his operas. The husband of the customer entered at one door of the department, and the wife of the tenor entered by the other, just when the vocalist was clasping the lady's hand and dwelling on his high C.

The meeting of the pair with the tenor between them was more than lyric, it was positively epic.

I managed to save the lower part of his coat and one of his patent leather boots, but that was the most that I could do for him. The unfortunate man rushed into the Irish linens, followed by the husband beating him with a Malacca cane-handled, silver-mounted umbrella, at thirty-two and nine, and while they were gone the two wives fought—appropriately enough—with *en tous cas*.

It was while I was trying to pacify the ladies, without going so far as to get between them, that I became aware of an outbreak in the hosiery department. I left the combatants with a hurried apology, and rushed to the new scene of conflict. The *prima donna*, stung to a point of madness by the attention obtained by the hosiery ballet while she was comparatively neglected, had evidently written to the wives of some of the gentlemen who were among my best customers for silk hose, and down the wives had come and were engaged in flinging parcels of the latest sales at their husbands, and in the faces of the *prima ballerina* and her sister artistes.

A shriek came from the corset department; I hurried there only to find that the corset as a missile is much more trustworthy than a bundle of hose. But before I had mastered even this simple truth, the husbands, who had been warned by that malicious woman of the interest that their wives were taking in the pyjama ballet, were distributing the stock in the soft goods department with great freedom.

For five minutes the Operatic Stores were in the hands of a ragging mob, and the police had telephoned for all the ambulances available in the neighbourhood.

I believed that the fortune of the Stores would be made so soon as an account of the incident should get into the papers. But I had misunderstood the malevolence of the *prima donna*. She had written to an inspector of the County Council, and the next day he served me with a summons for permitting singing and dancing on my premises without a licence.

That's how my well-meant attempt to place English opera on a firm artistic basis failed, and that's how I have become a staunch supporter of the principles of the municipalization of opera. Boy!

F. Frankfort Moore

Next Week—"A New Intruder," by
MAX PEMBERTON.



Mr. Guzzle. "AH, JINKS, I HEAR YOU ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED. GOOD THING TOO. YOU 'LL HAVE SOME ONE TO KEEP THAT COOK OF YOURS UP TO THE MARK. SHE WANTS IT!"

Mr. Jinks. "YES. BUT, YOU SEE, IT'S COOK I'M GOING TO MARRY!"

FROM MR. PUNCH TO MR. PEPYS.

(After a visit to *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at Her Majesty's.)

MY DEAR OLD CHAP,—You will appreciate this apparent familiarity, as, you see, your true character has been "deciphered" for us; and though, from the sly dog point of view, we enjoy you all the more, yet we cannot quite bring ourselves—at least speaking for self and friends I can't—to address you either reverentially, or with such courtly respect as was our wont some quarter of a century since. *On a changé tout cela.*

After which semi-apology, dear old PEEPS, I come to the point and ask you, affectionately, how it happens that so little now-a-days is ever heard, or seen, of you? Pray come up (I presume this is the correct expression) and visit us for as many days, hours, or minutes as may be at your disposal. I mention these limits as time may still be an object to you.

My reason, for being so pressing just now, is that many among the greatest admirers of your immortal Diary have noticed what a poor opinion you conceived of SHAKESPEARE'S *Midsummer Night's Dream* as you saw it performed. Now, my old friend and delightful gossip, let me induce you to revisit London and see this same play as placed on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre by Acting-Manager TREE. Such shapely forms, such lovely faces! (Of course we will go to the play *en garçon*, eh, SAMMY?) Such beautiful scenes, and as to the acting—well, I entreat you to accept this invitation at your earliest possible convenience, and favour everybody with your candid opinion. *En attendant*, Yours as ever, **PUNCH.**

P.S. (strictly private).—If you are on friendly terms with WILLY SHAKESPEARE — (I say "if" because I am far from certain)—induce him to accompany you. I think it would be a real treat for him. Little DAVY GARRICK I suppose you *do* know. If not against the etiquette of the place, why not bring him as well?

PACKING IT UP IN A "PORTMANTEAU WORD."—We learn from the "Intelligent Anticipation of Events" Department that, after the campaign, there is likely to be a slight alteration of titles, thus, Lord ROBERTS of Kan-de Aar, and Lord KITCHENER of Khart-Oom.

NEPHELO-COCYOGIA.

[BEUTER'S correspondent at Pekin writes that "the situation in China can be summed up in four words—there is no situation."—*Daily Paper.*]

O COME, let us go
To a land I know,
Where circumstance stands *in vacuo*.
Where the present is not, and the past
has gone,



Suggestion for a Special enlisting "Bob."

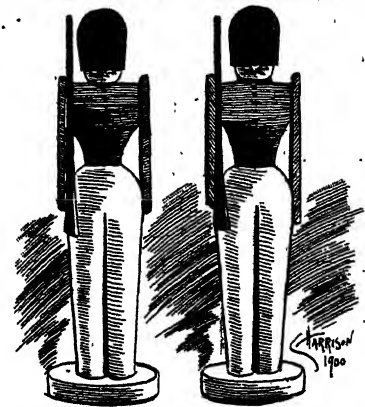
And a fact is a mere phenomenon.
Where empty space
Devours all trace
Of events *in posse*, for none take place;
And where even the Press, *clamantis vox*,
Is lost in the wilderness Paradox.

O come, let us fly
To Cloud-Cuckoo-Sky,
Where something is nothing and all
my eye.
Where the foot of Time leaves never
a track,
And every road is a cul-de-sac.
Where, hid in the mist
Of the journalist,
Situations vanish before they exist.
O come, let us seek that Celestial land,
And puzzle our brains till we understand.

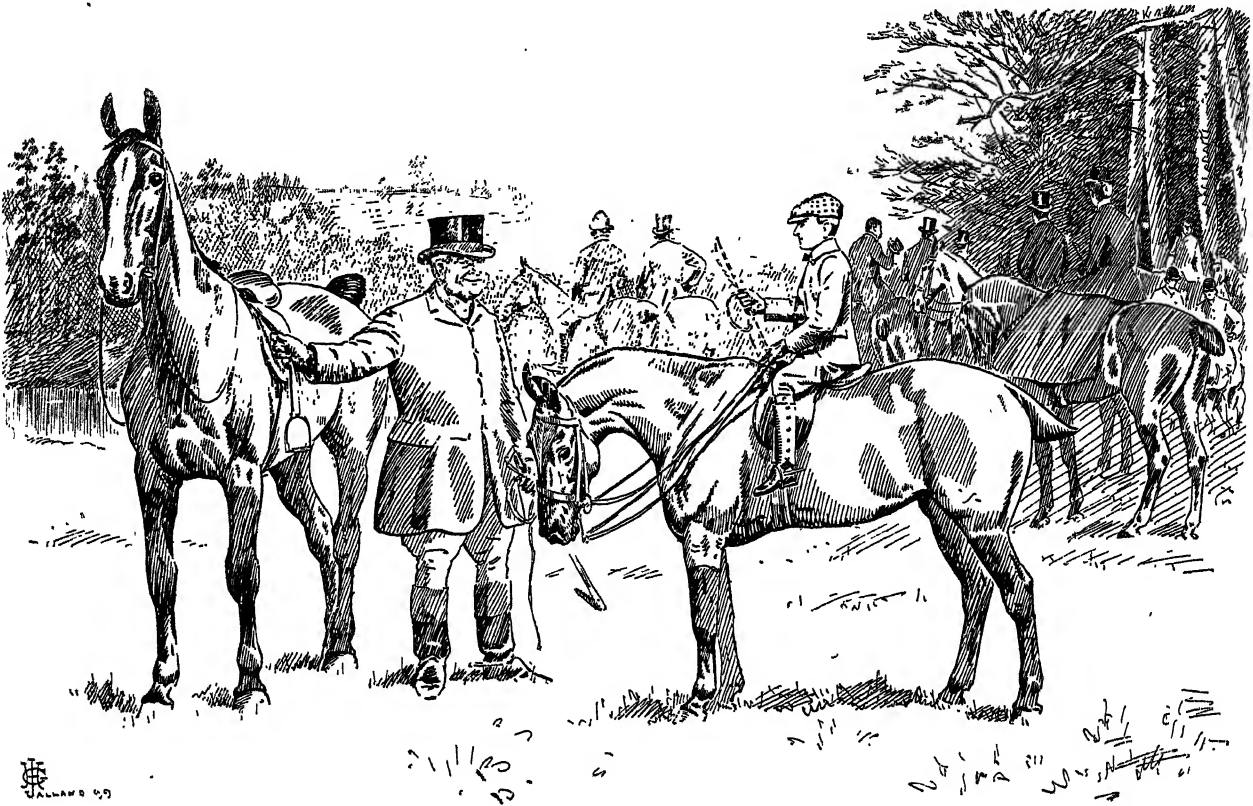
A WORD IN SEASON.—MR. JOHN HOLLINGS-HEAD, who for years directed the Gaiety of London, without whom in fact London would have had no Gaiety at all, is about to take his first and only "benefit" at the Empire Theatre, on Tuesday, January 30. He was the author of "No Fees." Let Theatre-goers remember this "saving

clause" as a great benefit conferred on *them*, and in return gratefully assist in conferring a signal "benefit" on "Mr. H."

RATHER CONTRADICTION.—"The Theatre of War" is only open when there is no Peace.



A WAIL FROM THE LOWTHER ARCADE.
"Lor! Ain't those boxes of Khaki Soldiers selling like wildfire! We ain't in it with our Red Coats. Expect we shall be cleared out at a reduction!"



A SERIOUS MATTER.

Uncle John (discussing the new Pony). "He's WELL UP TO YOUR WEIGHT, ANYHOW, TOMMY."
Tommy. "OH, I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO, UNCLE, FOR I PUT ON THREE POUNDS LAST TERM, WORSE LUCK!"

AD ALUREDUM DAMNODIGNUM.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

ALFRED, my HARMSWORTH, of the odd things dared
 This, I can hear you murmur, is the oddest:
 That one who knows the *Mail* should be prepared
 To deem its leading spirit shy or modest;
 And should, oh quaint idea, suppose it vital
 To hide his name beneath a Latin title.

Misjudge me not! with no such thoughts as these
 Have I approached a tongue we are not pat in,
 And tried, forgive me, ALFRED, for a wheeze
 That should not fail to please you, being Latin.
 Where angels might have feared I did the rushing,
 But not because I judged you prone to blushing.

No, no! a man of spirit never blames
 A brother journalist who seeks to vary
 The dull monotony of proper names
 By groping in a Latin Dictionary.
 Accept it then as being friendship's *pignus*
 That I address you here as DAMNODIGNUS.

ALFRED, with grief I read my *Daily Mail*;
 For there, set down with many a scathing pen-mark,
 Appears the plain, if slightly varnished, tale
 Of something rotten in the state of Denmark.
 And first I note that any common sutler
 Had done his business better far than BUTLER.

Than BUTLER, who to every other vice
 Adds this, which chiefly seems to shock and hurt you:—
 He did not think a certain League was nice,
 Nor deemed our RHODES a synonym for virtue.

And yet he urged, if war must come, 'twere juster
 To send out men, and not rely on bluster.

Therefore you let him go, and set your hounds
 Full cry on BEACH, our shattered country's wrecker,
 Who pulled the pursestrings tight and kept the pounds
 That should have left our over-stocked exchequer.
 Pence he looked after, clipped our soaring pinions,
 And much imperilled thus the QUEEN'S dominions.

And but for BEACH, you cry, we should have flown
 Right through the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.
 Long since we should have claimed them for our own,
 Crushing, as Fate requires, each paltry wee state.
 No General would have matched his head, the duffer,
 Against stone walls, and found the walls were tougher.

Next, since HICKS-BEACH remains unmoved, you stir
 Your gaping public with another story:
 How all our Ministers were doomed to err,
 Being in truth abominably hoary;
 How this one's seventy, and that one more, Sir,
 And only BALFOUR under fifty-four, Sir!

Yet BALFOUR, I observe, has spoken out—
 BALFOUR, whose sprightly youth so much commends him;
 And, lo! the Tory press with horrid shout
 Turns on its golfing boy and roughly rends him:
 "Go, go," it cries with dreadful iteration,
 "Make way for wiser men to rule the nation."

And still, oh hawk-eyed HARMSWORTH, you pursue
 With more than all the ardour of a lover,
 From find to check and so from check to view
 Your scapegoat-hunt from covert into covert.



THE "GILLIE-COLLUM," OR, THE "SLIM" RED LINE!

THE WILY BOER DOESN'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT AT ALL—THEY LOOK MUCH TOO "DOUR" AND "CANNY" TO BE PLEASANT!

["A corps of 170 Highland Gillies on mountain ponies is being organised for scouting purposes in South Africa."—*Daily Paper*.]

"*Nous sommes trahis!*" you cry with all your henchmen.
A cry much laughed at when employed by Frenchmen.

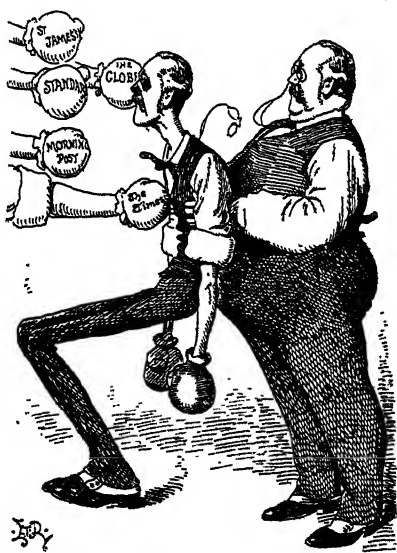
So, since with unrewarded zeal you stop each earth, [looks sorry,
(Do goats have earths?) until your hunt
Accept this hint for what it may be worth:—

Perhaps you have not tracked the proper quarry. [filling,
And, if the part of scapegoat still wants
Try JOSEPH C., who might (perhaps) be willing.

BUS, BUS, BUS.

(A Letter with a South African Postmark.)

DEAR OLD PAL,—I have really had a better time of it than I expected, so that you haven't much to crow over on account of being off colour. And as to that, you'd have soon changed your white to brown, thanks to the dust of the country. We get on very well with the regulars. They are rather jealous of our knowledge of KIP-LING—the chap, you know, we used to hear of from the old gent who always used to speak to the coachman of the 9 o'clock



"I am no thick-and-thin supporter of anything, not even myself!"

Mr. BALFOUR at Manchester.

journey from the World's End to the Bank. Ah, those were pleasant times, in spite of having to pull up sharp half-a-dozen times between Victoria and the Stores. I have seen a lot of our old set. TOMMY is doing very well in a field-battery. He says he likes the man who rides him, and prefers ropes to shafts. POLLY has been turned into the Commissariat, and rather complains of the overloading. All the plum-pudding, holly, mistletoe and the like, sent to us by the good folks at home, have been coming along in tons. Just a triff late. May do for next year, as we seem to have come here to stay. Then JACK, JILL, BOB and GINGER are with the doctors. They are quite military now, and call themselves the R. A. M.C. They get plenty of medical comforts.

And there's only one thing I want you to contradict. It's a libel to say we can't be started without slamming a door, or crying "Full inside," and the like. I call this very cheap chaff. Truth is, the Volunteers are very much to the front just now. And if we aren't exactly Volunteers—why we are in front of them. Kind remembrances to the yard.

Your martial chum, OFF-SIDE.



PLEASANT FOR HARRY.

Fair Sportswoman. "OH, HARRY, I FEEL SO EXCITED, I SCARCELY KNOW WHAT I AM DOING!"

LITTLE QUEENIE'S GUIDE TO DOLLHOUSE ETTIKET.

(A Complete Manual of Nursery Maners and Custums.)

III.—HOW TO ENTERTANE.



UNLESS they entertane a good dele you cannot expect your dolls to suckse in Sosiety, but there is no reson why this shouldn't be done *ekonomikly*, and it is much beter taste when you can't aford anything diferent.

Sometimes a doll, though she has a house of her own, has so large a cerkil of frends and acquaintances that it would be inconvenient to entertane them in her dining room, because

many of them are mutch too big to be got inside.

In such cases it has now become the fashion to give the entertainment in some sellect and welknown spot such as the Nursery tabel or harthrug.

Still you should always endeavor to invite gests as *nealy* the same size as posible, because a dinertabel never looks so nice if some of them are too big for any of the chares, and others are so weeny their chins only just rech over the sooplates.

Don't ask any doll that is qite incapabel to conduct herself with dickorum, such as my Sister DORROTHY'S LOOISA, who is so titupy and lopsided at tabel she is a perfect newsans and upsets everything, tho DORROTHY is most ofended if you ask her *not* to bring LOOISA!

At lunch, and even at diner, it is more ushil to provide only pritence food, but on very grand ocasions you may have rele eatibles, and I have shown you how to prepare them in an erlier work.

For wines, orinje juce at lunshins is now genally considered showing off, and lickriswater is all that need be previded at the most hospatible tabel, but whether it is lunshin or diner both these vintiges have the drawerback of being messy and spoiling the froke and complection.

I mutch prefur those pritty pink and yellow wines which are sold in dickanters and glasses which are so cleverly made it cannot come out or slop over, and yet looks just as if you could drink it realy, and is far more suted to modden requiremets.

The ettiket for Diners is the same as lunshins, only you do not ask people to diner except they ask you back.

About Balls it is unecesary to say mutch, as dolls are not adicted to dancing unless they are pulled with strings from above.

ABOUT HOW TO BEHAVE TO DOLLS.

One of the most important things to remember which are alas so often forgotten is that Dolls have their felings just like other people do, and are *most* punktilius if treted with nigglect or rudeness.

Seldum or never does a complant or mirmer issew out of their lips, even to the most intamit frond, but that does not prevent their being cut to the qick all the same, and how you can tell is when you are holding them they sudenly become purfecly stif or else as limp as kitens in your arms.

Once a carelus sister of mine called BETRICE invited her very best doll to have afternoon tea in the garden, and then would you beleve it acshuly forgot all about her and she was left out on a seat all nite in the rane!

When they again met, which was next morning, the doll had turned white as a shete with ofendedness, and all the curl had vannished from her welth of golden locks for ever! BETRICE was gilty of a breech of polliteness in nigglecting her gest like that, but biterly was she punnished, for her doll became a stranjer to her from that moment and allways refused to make it up!

I do not rellate this aniedoat out of unkindness or telling tales, but simply as a warning to other thoughtless children.

ABOUT NURSERY VISITERS.

Allways be most careful who you bring into contact with Dolls.

I have knone one ilbred visiter (I will not name him but my Brother TOMMY will know who I alude to) lauf in the most brutal maner at an unfortunat doll simply because, owen to domestik troubles, she had lost 1 leg and 1 arm, and was also afficted with totul bawldness, besides the callamity of Cusin BILLY having gone and painted her poor nose pea grene! A little good feling would have privented TOMMY from comitting this goatcherry and incuring the pitty and contempt of every doll present, who saw at a glance that TOMMY was qite unacustomed to the usiges of Sosiety!

Another thing, if you are invited to spend the afternoon in a frend's nursery, *don't*—like SIBBLE JOHNSTONE does—bring a Jappnese Doll or a palefaced thing in a white froke they call a "Pearo" to call with you, and expect the other dolls to trete it as an eakwil, for you should remember they may not be so fond of foriners as you are.

Also when you are weling your doll in a prambilator in the Park and you mete a girl frend of yours weling hers, it is incorrect to introdeuce the dolls, except they belong to the same soshil sfere and the other girl doesnt think hers will mind.

There are girls (my Cusin CATHIE is one of them) that if they are carying their doll and happen to come to a toyshop, they will allways stop to stair in at the windo, which is a sad falure of good maners.

The reson of this is because it is not pollite to your own doll to let her see you admiring newer dolls when you have got *her*, and it must be paneful for the new dolls to be shoan one who has got settled in a home of her own when they are still langwishing in the toyshop.

ABOUT DISESES AND DOCTERS.

If one of your dolls has a disese, which is often the case as Meesils, Histearia, Tifoid, Jawndis, or Nervus Brakedown, never make lite of it yourself or alow others to.

All diseses can be esily cured if only taken in time, with simple remedies such as feling the pulce, taking the temprament with the themonter out of the Bathroom, and faithheling, which has allmost done away with sending for the docter, espeshaly when he is a younger brother like Cusin BILLY.

For my Cusin LAURA cauled him in to see her DIANNA, wen she had a slite guitar in her head, and he deklared the only way to save her life was an operation and did it, and the new head wasn't nealy as pritty.

But now the time has arived for me to take my tonnic and as I have no more to tell you about Ettiket I will say fairwell.

Your loving little QUENIE.

Posecrip.—There is not going to be any more of this great work.—Q.

(N.B.—The Composition and Spelling of the above revised and corrected by F. ANSTEY.)

APOLOGETIC.

["If only everything had been something other than it was, the Government might have done much better. But as things were what they were, what was a poor Government to do?"—*Daily News* on Mr. A. J. BALFOUR.]

WHEN folk are beginning to rummage

For charges that we may incur;

When BRITANNIA becomes Mrs. GUM-
MIDGE,

And things "go contrairy," with her;
When that pillar, the Post, won't be-
friend us,

And the *Times*, and the *Telegraph* too,
All turn in their fury and rend us,

What can a poor Government do?

It's all very well for a nation

To talk in a light airy way

Of "intelligent anticipation"—

How can we "anticipate," pray,

When the Boers never do what they
ought to,

Being such a cantankerous crew?

And if we don't succeed, as we thought to,
What can a poor Government do?

If things were to change the condition

Which they have unhappily got,

And things which are, took the position
Of being the things that are not;

In that case, how much less unpleasant

My task of explaining to you!

But, things being such as at present,

What can a poor Government do?

HISTORY REPEATED.—A Happy Omen:
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre. The Duke
of MARLBOROUGH starts for South Africa
with the Imperial Yeomanry.



JUVENILE PATRIOTISM.

"MUMMY DEAR, I HEARD PAPA SAY 'LOTS OF INFANTRY WERE GOING OUT TO FIGHT THE BOERS.' WHEN SHALL WE BE OLD ENOUGH TO GO?"

INSPIRATION, ASPIRATION.

[In a recent summons for assault the defendant excused his conduct in smashing in plaintiff's hat, on the ground that it was done "on the inspiration of the moment."]

WHEN minor poets of the day

—Sometimes maybe a Laureate—

Desire to give their fancy play,

And poets' corners coruscate;

They point these efforts in elation
To momentary inspiration.

When fussy fossils at the Club

As military experts pose,

And proudly hint how they would drub

And overwhelm their country's foes;

O pray, excuse their jubilation,
'Tis momentary inspiration!

A little quarrel on a train,

Some standing grievance you will see

More facts we need not ascertain,

Than that A. smashed in hat of B.;

But, dear me,—no premeditation,

Just momentary inspiration!

My readers at this point exclaim,

(If there be any such about!)

"'Tis easy work your jesting game,

The same excuse you crave, no doubt."

No, pardon me, the clown's vocation

Is due to As-, not Ins-piration.

A. R.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

GOOD HANDS WILL OFTEN MAKE THE MOST CONFIRMED REFUSER JUMP.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Memoirs of a Revolutionist (SMITH, ELDER) is an alluring title, and it gains by association with the author's name. The very uncertainty as to how it should be pronounced circles it in an appropriate mist. Moreover, to have a real Prince taking active part in revolutionary schemes, gives a special spice to the dish. Since PHILIP EGALITÉ took to wearing a tricolour, specimens have been rare. Sad to say, a painstaking study of these two volumes rubs the bloom off my Baronite's expectation. Prince KROPOTKIN is the mildest mannered conspirator that ever made a tyrant tremble. He would be much more at home, would have been more useful to mankind, if he had chanced to be born in Rotherhithe, and obtained a seat on the London County Council as a Progressivist candidate. However, though there is

nothing blood-curdling about his book—and what is the use of being a Prince and a Revolutionist if you don't live up to the dual character?—it is valuable and interesting as affording insight from a specially near point of view of social life in Russia. When boys, the Prince and his brother do not seem to have had quite enough to eat, and certainly had no pocket-money. But their father had several estates, and an army of serfs. One day, the sub-butler having broken some plates, KROPOTKIN père made him the bearer of a note to the Police Station, with instructions to give him a hundred lashes, which were duly administered. "Yet," pleads the filial Prince, "father was not among the worst of land-owners." Removed to St. Petersburg, where he joins the corps of Imperial Pages, the Prince gets behind the veil of Court life, disclosing, under the reign of the Czar ALEXANDER, an

almost incredible condition of cruelty, perfidy, pilfering, and iniquity of all kinds.

Donna Teresa (MACMILLAN & Co.), by FRANCES MARY PEARD, is, in the true sense of the term, a comedy of life. The scene is laid in Italy, and the story is carried on by a set of well-drawn characters, of whom, among those who are picturesque and romantic, one is a melodramatic member of the dreaded Mafia, whose action brings in the note of tragedy that startles the deeply-interested reader. Could the authoress have worked out her plot without this sudden shock to the nervous system, the Baron would have preferred it. However, the situation is undeniably a strong *coup de théâtre* which brings down the curtain, leaving the audience anxious to know more of the youthful heroine's future career. *Donna Teresa* is to her sister *Sylvia* what, in *David Copperfield*, *Agnes* is to *Dora*; *Dora* and *Sylvia* being a couple of very pretty dollies, irritatingly idiotic.

Red Pottage (ARNOLD) comes to my Baronite in the cheery garb of a second edition. He does not wonder at this, and fancies the book will go much farther before it reaches the shelf on the library that answers to the cloisters. It is, in several ways, a notable novel. To begin with, it has a striking if, as Miss CHOLMONDELEY half admits, a not absolutely original plot. Its working out is in every detail shaped by a clever and bold hand. To discuss a plot is to disclose it, which is fair neither to the author nor the reader. It may, however, without peril, be said that the final re-appearance of the influence of *Lord Newhaven* on the fortunes of the principal personages in the story is admirably conceived. So is the management of the inevitable passing of *Hugh Scarlett*. He obviously had to be got out of the way. An ordinary craftsman would have worked him off, leaving *Rachel* weeping for her worthless one, not to be comforted. Miss CHOLMONDELEY is not a craftsman but a crafts-woman; and when a woman writes a really first-class novel she surpasses man. It is characteristic of the cynicism that underlies her writing that after having closed her story on a line of lofty pathos, she has an additional short chapter dragging back on the scene the vulgar and the vicious of her puppets. What in ordinary circumstances would be a serious blemish is averted by skilful treatment. Mr. and Mrs. *Gresley*, though only minor characters, are among the best in the book, and their creator naturally parts from them with regret. The Bishop, *Lord Newhaven*, *Hugh Scarlett*, and *Lady Newhaven*, widely different types, are handled with equal freshness and skill. *Hester* and *Rachel*, upon whom the fullest labour is lavished, are to my Baronite not quite such real personages. The narrative is

illuminated by many finely-dramatic scenes, notably that where *Lady Newhaven*, hoping to pay a secret visit to *Scarlett* in his smoking-room, finds her husband enjoying a cigarette with her lover.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE IDEAL MEMBER.

["What has alienated Aberdeen is Mr. Bryce's parsimonious recognition of those obligations to his constituency which other Members of Parliament discharge liberally."—*A Correspondent in the Times.*]

WHAT is a Member's end an' aim?

Wi' perseverance tae endeavour

Tae keep "M.P." ahint his name

An' glorify himsel' forever.

An' what is his relation tae

His fellow-man, as votin' creetur?

As Frenchmen say, what is his raison d'être?

His pocket aye maun open be

Tae ilka voter that wad seek him;

Tae gie, an' gie, an' still tae gie,

That is your Member's *Vaddymecum*;

Tae sit wi' cheque-buik on his knee

Fræ January tae December,

That's hoo consteetueents wad see

Their Member.

Y.M.C.A., I.O.G.T.,

He maun support the tae an' tither

Wi' L.S.D. for Free, U.P.,

An' a' the alphabet thegither.

While local poets that hae crep'

Up Helicon wi' footstep tentative,

Expec' a patron in their representative.

O Britain! Country o' the free!

Maist leeberal o' constitutions,

That gies us a' a braw M.P.

Tae keep us wi' his contributions!

Gin he 'll but pairt, we winna care

Though he be fule or thief felonious,

But Heaven help him gin he's pair-simonious!

G. K. M.

"CELUM NEC ANIMUM MUTANT."

(Diary of one who "can't stand winter time in England"—continued.)

Saturday.—See Naples and die! Natural consequence of so insane an expedition, I suppose. Arrived in a gale of wind. Waves breaking over the sea-wall. Hotel shaken to its foundations at every gust. Draughts everywhere. English mails snowed up on the Mont Cenis. Not a newspaper to be seen. No letters. Horrible! Cold much worse from exposure during the journey. Snuffle persistently during dinner, and retire early to bed as the warmest place under the circumstances. Shall buy a thicker overcoat to-morrow and some oollen under-clothing.

Sunday.—Storm increasing. Sea-wall broken by the force of the waves. Rain in torrents. Thought of going home again. Unfortunately impossible. Lines blocked



ILLUMINISM.

The Hon. Muriel. "OH YES, I SUPPOSE I COULD GET MARRIED, IF I COULD FIND A MAN I SIMPLY COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT."

The Hon. Maude. "MY DEAR GIRL, THE DIFFICULTY IS TO FIND A MAN YOU CAN LIVE WITH!"

with snow. Trains delayed several hours, and only got through by the aid of snow-ploughs. Really this kind of weather is an outrage.

Monday.—Storm abated. Rain falling steadily. Temperature nowhere. Shall go to Cairo and defy the climate of Europe. Always fine there. "Only rains once in fourteen years," I'm told. Orient steamer leaves Naples to-day. Hurrah! Shall be basking in sunshine in five days. Glorious! Buy a white umbrella by way of preparation, and a sun hat.

Saturday. Have reached Cairo after depressing voyage. Not much sun so far. Miniature Typhoon on the Bitter Lakes as we landed at Ismailia. Sky grey and overcast. "Most unusual," says the manager

of my hotel. Curious thing. So he said at Naples. So he said at Rome. In fact so hotel managers always say. The weather at a health resort is one long miracle apparently. You arrive expecting sunshine. There is none. "Most exceptional," says the *conciérge*. Apparently exceptional weather not only proves the rule, but is the rule at these places. "It's not likely to rain, is it?" I ask suspiciously. The sky certainly very lowering. "In Cairo it only rains once in fourteen years," replies the *conciérge* with cheerful confidence.

Sunday. It is raining! This must be the fourteenth year. Shall start for Khartoum to-morrow and not return till May!

ST. J. H.



Old Gent (reading the War news). "If I WAS A BIT YOUNGER, I WOULDN'T MIND GOING TO THE FRONT MYSELF!"

KHAKI.

(By A. A. Z. Y. X.)

"Khaki's the only wear."—As you Like it,
Act II., Scene 7.

[The current number of *The Tailor* recommends the trade to lay in a stock of khaki, as the demand among the public is likely to be great.]

I.

THE "thin red line" is now quite out-of-date,

The tar's blue jacket shares its fate,
Our garb is in a state
Of transformation!

Needless to say khaki is all the rage,

For Camp and Court, for Church and Stage,
For folks of ev'ry age
And occupation.

II.

Your laundress will decline to wash your shirt,

While British ironmould, she'll assert,
And patriotic dirt

Is now the fashion;

Girls with Khaki, not Koko For The Hair,
For England's sake to dye will dare,
And armour-trains will wear
Of hue that's ashen!

III.

The cheerful royst'rer of uncertain tread,
Who used to paint the town bright red,
Must paint it now instead
A khaki colour!

Your liver may be wrong, but don't take fright!

With touch of "khaki-fever" slight
Your face will look all right
Like mud, or duller!

IV.

Our Khaki Press will be a thing of joy,
Nor will the peasoup fog annoy,
But yield the *hoi polloi*

A Vision Splendid;

Somay the Absent-minded Ones come home,
When they've re-dressed our Only
OOM*

In khaki monochrome
And Boerdom ended!

* N.B.—This rhymes beautifully in Dutch=
OME.

ADVICE GRATIS.

A GIRL OF EIGHTEEN.—No doubt wrinkles can be removed by the use of the preparation you mention. At least, that is the statement in the advertisement. Quite right; every one is bald nowadays, and wears false hair. Yes, it was rude of him to laugh at the date in your birthday book. Of course, you might have remembered the battle of the Alma. Why shouldn't you? You might safely cut him, especially as he seems to have permanently taken up his residence in Australia.

NEPHEW.—Rather silly to put gunpowder into your uncle's cigars. No doubt he was annoyed. Afraid I can't help you.

UNCLE.—Boys will be boys. Of course, if you have cut him out of your will, nothing more 's to be done. Afraid I can't help it.



["Khaki cloth is now the fashionable material for ladies' dresses."]

Suggestion for a Costume à la Militaire.

'TO PHYLLIS [PIQUED.

A CASE of pique! I really had
A notion you were nice and meek;
Whereas—I've seldom seen so sad
A case of pique!

The reason is not far to seek,
And, PHYLLIS, I am only glad
That out the simple truth should leak.
Six cards, a major quart—too bad?—
Of fourteen aces not to speak?—
These point towards (if you can add)
A case of "pique"!

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION CABINET.

(DICKENS adapted.)

"BUT surely this is not the way to do it?" said the man in the street.

The airy young Minister was quite entertained by the simplicity of the man in the street for supposing for a moment that it was. This light-in-hand young Minister knew perfectly that it was not. This touch-and-go young Minister fully understood that office was a politico-diplomatic hocus-pocus piece of machinery for the assistance of the "Ins" for keeping out the "Outs." This dashing young Minister, in a word, was likely to become a Premier and to make a figure—of some kind.

"When the conduct of the campaign is regularly before us—whatever it is"—pursued this bright young Minister, "then you can watch us through one House or 'in another place.' You know as much about it as we do. But take my word for it, it's almost inevitable. When it is in the Commons, stick to the Commons. When



Mabel (stroking *kit en*, a new present). "MOTHER, KITTY'S SO HOT! OUGHT SHE TO SIT SO NEAR THE FIRE?" (Kitten purrs.) "OH, MOTHER, LISTEN! SHE'S BEGINNING TO BOIL."



"Fat, Sir! Law bless ye, no, Sir! It's Christmas presents from 'ome, Sir. Cardigan jackets, flannin' hunder-wear. hall-wool socks, an' cetterar. Got 'em hall on. Bullet-proof to-day, Sir!"

it is the Lords, why try the Lords. We shall have to refer it right and left. And when we refer it anywhere, then you'll have to look it up. When it comes back to us at any time, we will pass it over to our predecessors. Then you will have to look them up—if you can find them. When it sticks anywhere you'll have to try and give it a jog. If it's in the dead season—or there's nothing particular going on—have a shot at the Press. Then they'll look us up, or our predecessors, or somebody. When you write to this paper or that paper and don't hear anything satisfactory about it, why then you had better go on writing; or, if that doesn't do, why you'll have to come back to the House and have another shot at that."

The man in the street looked very doubtful indeed.

"But I am obliged to you at any rate," said he, "for your politeness."

"Not at all," said the engaging young Minister. "Try the thing and see how you like it. It's often been done before, and nothing—or almost nothing—has come of it. It will be in your power to give it up at any time if you don't like it. You are as well able to judge of that as I am—

or almost. If you take my advice you will consider the matter as I do—as inevitable or almost inevitable. Glad to see you—daresay we shall meet again."

And with these parting words the airy young Minister—the touch-and-go young Minister, the light-in-hand young Minister—took up his pen and began making notes for another speech. A. AB.

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN PRONUNCIATIONS.

BORROWING a leaf from *Who's Who*, which gives a list of peculiarly pronounced proper names, such as FEATHERSTONHAUGH = *Fan-shaw*, and COLCLOUGH = *Cokely*, Mr. Punch is pleased to add a supplementary catalogue of his own:—

Kruger should be sounded *Grudger* (of the franchise); Steyn—*Stain* (to be wiped out); Joubert—*You bear*; Cronje—*Crusty*; Reitz—*Rats*! Albrecht—*All brag*; Judge Gregorowski—*Jeffreyski*; Mrs. Cronwright—*Schreiner*—*Downright Shrieker*; Leyds—*George Washington*; Baden-Powell—*Bait Oom Paul*; Pretoria—*Victoria*; Johannesburg—*Joechamberlainburg*; Bloemfontein—*Bluefunkton*; Delagoa Bay—*Dontletgoa Bay* (next time it is offered you!)



Edward Rieu

Aspirant. "YOU HAVE HEARD MY VOICE, PROFESSOR. NOW PLEASE TELL ME CANDIDLY WHAT BRANCH OF VOCALISM IT IS BEST ADAPTED FOR."
Professor. "WELL—CHEERING!"

DEPRECIATIONS.

XIV.

MR. B-L-F-R APOLOGISES.

I THINK it would be almost wrong
 To say that we are going strong;
 Our recent triumphs, we confess,
 Fall short of absolute success.

Things look, at first, a little blue:
 They almost nearly always do:
 I fail to notice, all the same,
 That anybody is to blame.

Although I seldom see the news,
 I have my military views;
 And fortunately these agree
 With those of all the Ministry.

I cannot honestly disguise
 That KRÜGER took us by surprise;
 Quite sure were we, or almost quite,
 The gentleman would never fight.

We heard that he had got some guns,
 But only very little ones:
 We also heard of mounted forces,
 But never dreamed they rode on horses!

No one can say we made pretence
 To any great intelligence;
 We only ventured to compete
 With vulgar persons in the street.

Under the circumstances, we
 Have managed very decently;
 On this I would not take the lie,
 Not from an Angel off the sky.

The best of human wisdom errs;
 Inevitably this occurs;
 At times—for ARTHUR is but dust—
 I view myself with some distrust.

To fail, and from your failures learn:
 This is a Government's concern:
 The second stage should be begun
 Immediately the first is done.

'Tis an old truth, but very sound—
 You get to swim through being drowned;
 And this, I feel, is what a war
 Is ultimately useful for.

Unless a few commandos leap
 Upon you in your beauty sleep,
 How can you ever learn the way
 To be prepared another day?

They tell me JOUBERT's good old plan
 Allows a horse for every man;
 That even on his nurse's knee
 He played at mounted infantry!

But when, I ask, has history been
 Included in our tape-routine?
 To learn in other people's schools
 Is contrary to all the rules.

Besides, if this was good to know,
 You should have told us long ago;
 We've been at work three months; or
 more;

You might have mentioned it before!

I never heard that people went
 For guidance to a Government!
 Your Leader is a person who
 Does what his voters tell him to.

Excuse a rather feeble smile!
 You know my philosophic style;
 A sense of fitness makes me wear
 This curiously fatuous air. O. S.

A "PREVIOUS" DAY.—"The Iaris of
 To-day," by "MORROW."



A WARNING.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR. "REVERSES, MY DEAR MR. BULL! THEY WERE 'INEVITABLE'! OR 'ALMOST INEVITABLE'!"

JOHN BULL. "RUBBISH, MR. BALFOUR! IT'S YOUR BUSINESS TO MAKE THEM 'IMPOSSIBLE, OR 'ALMOST' IMPOSSIBLE'!"



SCENE—Camp of the Blankshire Hussars (Yeomanry Cavalry). TIME—Just before inspection. Trooper TURMUTS' horse having gone lame, he has had a day's leave to fetch another.

Squadron Officer. "YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD ANOTHER HORSE AT HOME, AND I GAVE YOU A DAY'S LEAVE TO FETCH HIM."

Trooper T. "AY, CAP'EN, AND SO I DID."

Squadron Officer. "WELL, WHY ISN'T IT HERE NOW?"

Trooper T. "AY, CAP'EN, BUT I COULDN'T CATCH HIM. HE'S BEEN ON T' GRASS SO LONG, THAT HE BE FAIR WILD, HE DEW!"

MASTERPIECES MODERNIZED.

II.—HAMLET.

(Revised by G. B. S.)

ACT III.—Morning Room in the Castle of Elsinore, at Denmark.

The room is not rectangular, one corner being cut off diagonally by the massive doorway, and the opposite one rounded by a turret window in which stands a bust of the late King by a second-rate sculptor. There are three highly ornamental chairs in the room, none of them meant to be sat upon. The walls are covered by cheap lithographs of dull Scandinavian moralists. There is no portrait of Dr. IBSEN.

Enter HAMLET, arrayed as if for a fancy-dress funeral. His tights are not unexceptional fits. His face glows with mystic rapture and limelight.

Hamlet. WILLIAM, or G. B. S.,—that is the question :—

Whether 'tis nobler for the mime to suffer
WILL'S horrid contradictory similes,
Or take Arms (and the man) 'gainst WILLIAM S.
And by a slashing—end him? To doze, to sleep
Throughout this dull Shakespearian performance,
And miss th' inartistic moralising shocks
The critic's heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. But who comes here?

'Tis fair Ophelia, opportunely ending
This wearisome soliloquy.

Enter OPHELIA, who is about twenty-two. Ambiguous in build. Features bear resemblance to Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Tree, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Maud Jeffries, &c. Dress suggested by Wilkie Collins' novel, "The Woman in White."

Ophelia. I won't address you in blank-verse, my Lord. No English actress can speak that without falling into singsong. So to the point. How are you feeling to-day?

Hamlet (dismally). So so. Alas, the Danish Telegraph vexes me much by its senseless mangling of the Danish tongue.

Ophelia. I do not follow you.

Hamlet (testily). Why, you follow me all through the play—up to the end of Act IV. Then, thank goodness, you try the water cure. But perhaps you don't care for the "legitimate?"

Ophelia. I should like more mad scenes. The part's too thin for a leading lady.

Hamlet. Ha ha! more mad scenes! Get thee to the Independent Theatre Society then. There canst thou take thy fill of mad scenes. I will write a drama for thee. Some farcical tragedy; some grim comedy full of humorous pathos; something to make the great B. P. sit up. And they never know when to take me seriously.

Ophelia. Oh, heavenly powers, restore him!

A. R.



DRIZZLING mist fell un-
pitifully—
it had fallen
for three
days, JACK
ANSLEY said,
and meant

to go on until the Judg-
ment. In the streets,

waving umbrellas spoke of November weather, of premature lamps and lights glowing yellow in the fog, of shining pools of stagnant mud, of hansom at a premium, and cosy corners, and a world that would forget the Winter to come. But in the little house a good fire blazed welcome, and the girlish face of the woman was the brightest ornament there. JACK ANSLEY lighted a cigarette and admitted that there were some qualities in a sister after all.

"REGGIE likely to come in this afternoon?" he exclaimed as he flung himself into the arm-chair and took up one of her books. She was standing by the chimney then, and the firelight glowing upward showed a thoughtful little face which seemed to tell its own story.

"Why should he be coming home to-day?" she asked.

JACK looked foolishly.

"Oh," he said, fencing with it, "I don't suppose he's very busy, is he? Not many briefs or that kind of thing?"

She laughed, and knelt to poke the fire.

"My dear JACK," she said, "you don't know how busy he is. I bought him a brief bag the other day to hang on his watch-chain."

JACK laughed rudely.

"But he had one last year," he protested. "I remember he gave a dinner at the 'New' to celebrate it. Cost him fourteen pounds, and the solicitor who sent the brief got struck off a week afterwards for embezzlement. Hard lines, I thought it."

BABS poked the fire harder than ever.

"If REGGIE came home," she said reflectively, "he would lose the briefs we shall get some day. He must be seen, you know, JACK. That's why he spends his afternoons at the Club."

"Mostly soldiers there, eh?"

"Yes, but they might fight, my dear, and he would be retained

for the defence. How the cook at the 'New' can make a tomato-omelet!"

There was just a *souffron* of mimicry in her tone, recalling as it did the manner and the voice of her husband. JACK laughed again, and then became reflective.

"If women were reasonable, they would have their own Club, and they would succeed," he remarked. "But they're not. They're only malicious."

"Agreed—but at least the cooks at their Clubs are not geniuses."

"That's REGGIE again, I suppose."

"If you like—at least, it's the earthly paradise. When I go to a concert and hear a woman sing COWEN's song, I always feel that I should like to correct her. 'It isn't there at all, my child,' I would say, 'it's the New Club in Piccadilly.' Ah, the tomato-omelets, the hot-pot, the old claret at eighteenpence—and the business one does there among the half-pay officers who will always lunch with you when you'll let them. Think, JACK, if REGGIE came home to me sometimes, if we did as we used to do, if I were his friend, and not merely an inferior sort of club-steward, what a terrible thing it would be for us! The half-pays would never lunch with him. He would be idling away the best years of his life when—as it is—he is—er—hem—showing himself, my dear, and learning how to make a tomato-omelet."

She reeled it off with a delightful show of *verve* and animation; but the man could read the pathos of it.

A member of the "New" himself, he gauged to a nicety the prospects of business to be done there.

"Why don't you speak to REGGIE?" he said; "why don't you remind him that you exist?"

"Would you do that—if you were a woman?" she asked.

He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I mean, why don't you laugh him out of it?" he explained, with amazing profundity of idea.

"He would go back to the Club."

"Then go there with him."

"I!" JACK laughed at his own thoughts.

"What a notion!" he explained presently.

"To spy upon him—yes, a clever notion!"

"Oh, it's not that. I don't believe there's anything done at the 'New' which REGGIE would really mind your knowing. At the same time, if you could laugh him out of it—"

She rose and faced him, a ray of the firelight flashing upon her pretty hair.

"JACK, what do you mean?"

He continued to think upon it, as one delighted with a plan.

"You always were a spiffing actress," he said presently. "I believe you'd be a fortune as a 'principal boy.'"

"JACK, how dare you!"

"Of course I dare. We're going to see this thing through. When you played *Rosalind* at Acton Court, I didn't know my own sister. Why should I know her in the 'New Club?'"

He stood up and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"By Jove, it's splendid! I know a fellow in Covent Garden who will do the making-up, and lend us the clothes. It's as dark as anything in the smoking-room, and they'll never spot you. You shall wear my old cape-coat, and you needn't take it off. Of course, you won't cough, BABS. And mind, everything's confidential there!"

She stared at him in pretty bewilderment.

"Where, pray, is 'there'?" she asked.

"The 'New Club.' The earthly paradise. You're coming as my guest."

CHAPTER II.

A FRENCHMAN in London, ignorant of the sanctities, has described the New Club, in Piccadilly, as remarkable chiefly for big windows and bald heads. The vulgarity of such a writer is to be passed by with well-deserved scorn; for, as the nation knows, big windows are but typical of that largeness of mind which the barren scalp befits; and Englishmen would resent any flippant treatment of an institution wherein its greatest men have before now condescended to show temper at the cooking of a chop or the intolerable deficiencies of a salad. The more ignorant minds, however, may allow some exactness to the Frenchman's observation. Standing in Piccadilly at three o'clock on any afternoon when London is full, the lowliest of mortals is permitted to gaze (until the police move him on) upon that phalanx of capillary destitution, and to say:—

"Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind."

The windows are wide in the "New," the rooms are large and lofty. The *canaille* upon the pavement, as it cranes its peck to peer into the smoking-room, tells its fellows of wonderful arm-chairs, and little tables laden with cups and glasses, and the country's great men deigning to sleep in panelled alcoves. Here and there a younger generation raises its voice above a whisper to complain of the deeds of riper age—which has a habit of sitting upon three newspapers while it reads a fourth. As in some temple of a social faith, men move with unction in such a sanctuary. Waiters go warily, and speak in tones of enduring awe. Tradition says that an older race could remember a Club servant who dared to cough in that holy of holies; but history does not speak of the awful reckoning. All is gloom and grandeur there. Even HOMER nods at the heat of the day, with collar unbuttoned, and an unlighted cigar between his drooping fingers.

Such is the "New" in its finer traditions; but alas, youth, which as SENECA tells us, cannot govern its own violence, is wavering upon a tradition so elegant. Even youth, however, has not dared so well that the portals of the "New" are open even for an idle hour to the weaker sex. Once, says the record, the Friday teas of a rival Club moved the boldest of the reformers to the astounding proposition that the wives and sisters of members should be invited to tea and hot cross buns in Easter week; but the premature decease of the chairman of committee, who died of an aneurism, following upon unlimited toasted cheese at midnight, for ever ended such a scandal. Sadly youth admitted that the thing was not to be. The "New" went back to tradition and silence—the hush of dormant genius and of "hot-pot" reluctantly digesting.

This hush was upon the Club on that drear November day when JACK ANSLEY drove his sister, BARBARA BERTHON, from the costumier's in Leicester Square to the corner of St. James's Street, and there proceeded to pilot his "guest" across the muddy street, even to the doors of the sanctuary. Dressed in a long cape coat which reached almost to her heels, with a little cap drawn down over her face, and her hair artfully disposed of by one of the cleverest coiffeurs in London, JACK admitted that his sister might go anywhere. And yet, sure of her as he was, he trembled upon the threshold. A word would betray him; a word would set all the town laughing at England's intellect. She was a woman, after all, and these things might not be sacred to her as they were sacred to him.

"Now look here, BABS, it's just touch and go. If you're not dead in earnest, you'll ruin me. Don't blush like that. Do you want the porters to stare?"

"It would be very rude of them, JACK."

"Very well, then. Just follow me quickly when I go in, and don't look at any one. Your name's ROBERT ANSLEY, and you're my cousin. The coat and cap are travelling things. You've just come up from the birds, and you've had a good bag."

"But I haven't any bag at all."

He stamped his foot impatiently.

"Can't you look like a man?" he said.

"How do men look, dear?"

"Why, as though the street belonged to them. Remember, you've had a splendid day—lots of birds, and a bit damp."

She made an heroic attempt at it.

"I'm sure my skirt's dragging behind," she said, and corrected herself quickly; "I mean the coat thing, JACK."

"Then hold it up," he said savagely. "Can't you see there are a dozen men looking at you?"

She smiled girlishly.

"How interesting!" she said.

The man shrugged his shoulders, as though it were a hopeless case; and bracing himself for a final effort, he went up the steps to the Club, and passed into the hall. BABS followed him breathlessly. It was very dark and silent there. Mysterious doors opened mysteriously, and aged gentlemen shuffled through them as though the way to an arm-chair were long and laborious. In the ante-chamber, a group of younger members stood about a tape and discussed its news in low tones. The hall-porter brought JACK a letter and he thrust it into his pocket hastily.

"Hang up your cap inside mine," he said, "and open your cape at the top. There's a corner just by the door where we can sit and see without being seen. REGGIE generally drops in about four, and it's that now. Don't look as though you were frightened. Nobody will hurt you."

She took the reproof meekly.

"I feel as though I were in church," she said in a whisper.

"But you're not; you're in a Club where you'll see half the cleverest men in town. Now, come along and don't cough."

He opened one of the mysterious doors, and walking quickly he had found chairs in the shadow of an alcove, almost before the *habitués* of the room had turned in their sleep. BABS followed him with beating heart, and when he sat down, she, in her turn, found a seat upon the very edge of a cavernous arm-chair. The room was half in darkness, as he had prophesied. Scores of little tables were occupied by empty coffee-cups and the dregs of liqueurs. The atmosphere reeked of tobacco. BABS made an heroic effort not to cough, and half choked in an attempt to keep her promise.

"Oh," she said, laughing at her distress; "what an awful place to live in, JACK!"

He frowned dramatically.

"Lean back, don't sit on the edge of the chair," he muttered in a stage whisper; "throw yourself about and look as though you were used to it."

"But I'm not used to it, my dear, and I can't do it."

"Say at once that you want to make a fool of me."

"But I don't, JACK."

"Then try to look comfortable—lean your head on the back of the chair as I do."

She obeyed him meekly, and, as her courage waxed, began to stare about her. A very fat man with a bald head was fast asleep in a neighbouring arm-chair. His tie had worked up over his collar, and his shirt bulged deplorably. Upon his lap there lay a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*.

"What a dreadful old man!" she said.

JACK put his finger to his lips.

"Hush," he said, and here he whispered the great one's name,—the Permanent Secretary—holds the nation's interests in the hollow of his hand."

"He seems to have a newspaper there now."

"He's a great reader—you should see him on his legs before an audience."

"It would be much more amusing to let the audience see him now."

The elderly gentleman awoke with the words, and stared round him blandly as though he had not been snoring loudly for two hours or more. Then he called for the waiter.

"Tea and buttered toast," he snapped; "plenty of butter."

BABS turned away her head and observed another of England's heroes. He was a long lean man with mutton-chop whiskers of a yellow hue, and so terrible was his eye that the waiters positively ran from it. When BABS saw him he was burning Kummel, and his fingers, in a saucer.

"What's he doing?" she asked in a whisper. "Is he washing up?"

"Ssssh—that's old Major —," and again he uttered the name in tones of awe. BABS leant back in her arm-chair and laughed irreverently.

"Why, I know his sister," she exclaimed. "He's frightened to death of his wife—she bullies him awfully. He's a teetotaler at home!"

JACK fidgeted in his chair. "You must forget all this when you meet him," he said decisively.

"I'm sure I shall laugh. Who's that old gentleman over there who looks like a marionette? Those muffins will be the death of him. That's the second plate he's eaten since I've been here."

"My dear girl, a man must eat something. That's Canon YOU KNOW."

"Who preached those lovely sermons about abstinence last Lent at St. Mary's? I suppose he'll go home and grumble at his wife because there's only soup and a bird for dinner. REGGIE always does."

"You shouldn't say that—remember, you're seeing men under a new aspect. This side of their lives is quite private. In a Club, every one is his own master."

"Except the waiter. Tell me, JACK, why does no one speak? If I sat here very long, I should feel compelled to get up and shout. What fun it would be to announce the Major's wife—in a very loud voice. Why are they all so silent?"

"It's a Club, BABS—you forget that."

"And so no one speaks to any one else."

He put his finger to his lips. The mysterious door opened again and she saw her husband, REGGIE BERTHON, who entered the room with his hands in his pockets, and a cigarette between his lips.

CHAPTER III.

It was a quarter to eight o'clock exactly when REGGIE BERTHON opened the gate of his garden at Elm Villa, and told himself that he was late for dinner and that BABS would be angry again. Through the curtains of the window he could see the flowers and shaded candles of the dining-table. The flickering glow of a cosy fire played upon the pictures and the dark paper of the walls. A trim parlour-maid bustled about the room, and in the kitchen below, the cook was heard—giving notice again, as REGGIE confessed.

It was dinner-time, yet he knew that he was not hungry. That second vermouth, which old Major RAFFLE pressed upon him, had spoiled the remnant of an appetite. In an effort to justify himself he remembered that some measure of excitement is indispensable to activity of mind and soundness of judgment. Certainly, he had been the victim of an overdose of excitement on that particular afternoon—but to-morrow, if *Golden Heath* won the Hurdles, it would be all right again. He felt sure that the mare would win; and in a moment of generosity anticipated, he vowed a diamond brooch at the shrine of Saint BARBARA. BABS should have the prettiest thing that a "pony" could buy at WAPPIN & MEBBS.

The mistress was in the drawing-room, the maid said; and that surprised him somewhat. Usually BABS met him at the door and kissed the point of his chin and relieved him of his hat and his papers, and said—"You poor dear, how tired you must be!" He

wondered what occupation interfered with such a helpful custom; and as guilty men will, he made a mental calculation of possible disasters, and did not enter the room until he had re-assured himself. After all, there was nothing in his story really to wound her; and upon this satisfaction, he opened the door and entered boldly. She was sitting by the fire in a low arm-chair, upon which the back of her head rested negligently. By her side there stood a little oak table upon which was an empty tea-cup and a glass which—he could have sworn it—was half full of vermouth. She did not rise when he entered, but waved her arm jauntily, and asked him a question—such a question as seemed to open the earth at his very feet.

"Halloa! old man, and how's 'Flip-Flop'?"

REGGIE BERTHON rocked upon his heels and stared from his wife to the glass, and again from the glass to his wife. Once he wiped his brow with his hand as though to rouse himself from a troublesome stupor. He knew that he was cutting a deplorable figure—and yet, for the life of him, he could not utter a word. But BABS was quite eloquent.



"I'm dieting myself on Italian vermouth."

"Seen old SPANGLES lately? They were taking three to four about you last night—but they're fancy odds. Come and have something to mix with the showers. I'm dieting myself on Italian vermouth."

She acted it delightfully—the voice, the manner, the words of his friend BERTRAM HAW whom he had just left in the Club. REGGIE remembered that this was not the age of miracles.

"Who has been here?" he asked hoarsely.

She took up a cigarette and lighted it.

"JACK lunched with me. But he has business down West at three. Are you dining here, old chap?"

The man continued to rock upon his heels. He told himself that he must see a doctor in the morning.

"Who has been here—who has been repeating this nonsense?" he asked again.

BABS blew a cloud of smoke from her cigarette and looked deliciously aggravating.

"The dressmaker called at five," she said; "there was a charwoman here, but I did not see her."

"You are not telling the truth—some man has been talking to you."

She stared at him with eyes wide open; he had called them very pretty eyes in the old days.

"How rude of you!" she said. "Of course, I have seen a man—lots of him. And that reminds me. I'll have to draw a tennor, for *Golden Heath* has cleared me out."

REGGIE began to tremble all over. He looked at her again as one appealing for pity. Even if a man had played such a scandalous trick as to repeat the gossip of the smoking-room to his wife, how could he have taught her all this too faithful gesticulation? It was beyond reason. REGGIE saw himself in that moment as others saw him at the "New."

"I haven't a voice like that," he exclaimed desperately; "you know I haven't."

BABS ignored it.

"Iron my hat," she exclaimed fiercely, "it's on peg twelve. And waiter, bring me the *Pink 'Un*."

He stopped her with a gesture of the hand.

"You were in the Club," he cried, with crimson face and nerves twitching.

"I was," she said sweetly, "and I dare not have a third vermouth because I had to dine at home. You see, I'm married."

He remembered that he had spoken the very words—not half an hour ago. Yet was it with that mincing mien and ridiculously affected voice? His vanity wrung an angry cry from him.

"I shall be laughed out of London," he protested.

"And can run down to Kempton for briefs. My poor little wife thinks I get 'em for the paddocks. That's the kind of wife to thank Heaven for every day."

He took two turns up and down the room. She could see drops of perspiration on his forehead.

"If you went to the 'New,'" he exclaimed at length, "you— you went in—great Heaven, did you do that, BABS?"

She knocked the ashes off her cigarette very daintily.

"BERTIE wants to get up a little lunch at the Savoy," she said very coolly. "I told him you'd have to make up another syndicate story. Important business before Judge SAYE-YOUR-BACON. Out, out, brief scandal!"

REGGIE mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"You heard me refuse to go," he said—the first word in his own defence.

"Yes," she answered; "two's company but three's limited liability. Please assure Mrs. BERTON that I do not approve of your lunches at the Savoy."

He turned away with a gesture of anger.

"It's a lie!" he cried savagely, "a lie—a lie! I won't believe it. Good Lord! I shall be a laughing stock!"

She shook her head sympathetically.

"How dreadful, dear, all because poor little me went to the place where they make the tomato omelets!"

He struck an attitude.

"Look me in the face and say it's true."

"Of course it's true."

"Then are you my wife or are you not?"

She answered as one in despair.

"Oh, my dear REGGIE, you would never make an actor."

He strode from the room fiercely. At the door he shook his fist.

"When you learn to tell the truth, I will come home," he said.

* * * * *

Ten o'clock struck; eleven; twelve. He did not return to her. Very frightened now, and penitent and longing, she watched the ebbing fire, and counted the weary minutes. Had she done so ill a thing, then? Those terrible men in that terrible room, would their vengeance fall upon her little head? Would they, indeed, proclaim the shame of her act before all London? Was there any law to punish her because she had seen an elderly soldier eating buttered toast in an arm-chair? She feared some eventualty, she knew not what. If REGGIE had gone away for ever!

The long winter's night passed all slowly. She was white and wan and sleepless when dawn came. Fear for herself and him, greater than any she had ever known, kept her to her place at the window. It was true, then, that she had committed some terrible crime; an offence so heinous that all London would ring with the story of it presently. In imagination, she beheld a *débâcle* at the New Club. Waiters supported old gentlemen who had fainted at the news. Young men laughed uproariously. The *canaille* upon the pavement cried for the police. And a hundred fingers pointed at her; a hundred voices said, "There is the woman!"

She could laugh at the picture; but her anxiety prevailed above it. The morning, all desolate, magnified her foreboding. When a telegram came at two o'clock, she opened it with feverish fingers. It was the intimation from an unknown informer that *Golden Heath* had won the Hurdles. Half an hour later, with the paper still between her fingers, she quitted the house, and drove as fast as a hansom could take her to her brother's chambers in The Albany.

"He has left me, JACK, he has gone away—oh, I am so miserable!"

JACK ANSLEY nodded his head sagely.

"Do him good," he said. "He's there on my sofa. Don't say I told you so."

She entered the room with beating heart. A pale-faced man, lying upon the great lounge, looked up at her wistfully. She knelt at his side, and kissed his forehead.

"Please, I am so sorry," she said.

He groaned and turned away.

"You did it," he said morosely; "it's true, I know it."

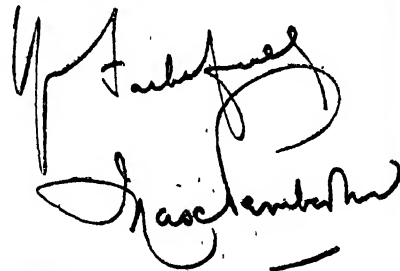
"But, REGGIE, I didn't do it."

He looked at her sharply.

"Then, in Heaven's name, who did?"

"*Golden Heath*, dear; she's won the Hurdles!"

He sat up, and, for an instant, fathomed the depths of her laughing eyes. Then, upon a sudden impulse, he took her in his arms.



Next Week—"A Glass of Old Madeira," by

JOSEPH HATTON.



TOO COMPREHENSIVE.

Miss Doveday (to her companion on the sofa). "THEY ARE A GOOD-LOOKING COUPLE, JUST LEAVING, ARE THEY NOT?"
Mr. Gruelthorpe. "VERY." (Then, after a long pause and deep introspection). "I DON'T MIND BEING PLAIN. DO YOU?"

PRECIOUS POEMS.

III.—THE PEPPERMINT; OR, MEMORY.

BACK again to happy childhood
 Has my spirit taken flight,
 On the wings of an aroma,
 Through a region of delight.

At a fair suburban play-house
 I was seated in the pit,
 And I don't know what the play was,
 For I little heeded it.

Lo, a faint and sickly odour
 Stealing o'er my languid frame!
 For a moment I was doubtful
 Whence the sickly odour came.

Close beside me sat a lady
 Who was very, very stout;
 And I saw her take a bull's-eye—
 Peppermint, beyond a doubt!

Just a simple little bull's-eye,
 Only that and nothing more!
 But it made me feel a feeling
 I had never felt before.

With a flash of inspiration
 I beheld myself a boy,
 When I bought them eight a penny,
 And they flooded me with joy.

How I loved the faithful friends, who
 Never left me in the lurch,

For I crunched them during lessons,
 And I carried them to church.

But those blissful days were over,
 I was callous, I was cold;
 Peppermint I simply hated—
 Ugly sign of growing old.

Then my stony heart was softened
 In that salutary hour,
 And the dewy tear betokened
 Sacred memory had pow'r.

Yes, I felt a thrill ecstatic,
 As I gazed upon the past,
 Full of innocence, and joyful
 With a joy that couldn't last.

So I tapped upon the shoulder
 Of the lady by my side:
 "Madam, may I have the pleasure?—
 Nay, I will not be denied.

"You have proved to me a blessing"
 (Clasping her capacious hand)
 "You have roused the good within me"—
 But she would not understand!

And she spoke out very strongly,
 Even hinted I was drunk!
 Made me stammer I was sorry,
 In my lamentable funk.

But the vision yet remaineth
 That was mine that blessed night,
 When the peppermint restored me
 To a region of delight.

A CRY FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you think it would be possible to restore me to any useful end? I began, as you may perhaps remember, as a first-class fountain, with aluminium drinking cups and a bust of the lamented Earl of SHAFTESBURY. My flow of water has disappeared, together with the cups and the bust, and at present I am used as a sort of wash-tub for the flower-sellers, whose language is not always what Lord SHAFTESBURY would have appreciated.

I beg of you to use your influence (in case I am not reinstated in my proper position) to have me abolished. I hate being an *Eye-sore*.

You will wonder, perhaps, how I am able to communicate with you. Well, it so happens that one of the most respectable of the flower-sellers is beloved by a Turncock employed by the Vestry, and he is acquainted with the Language of Water. To please his sweetheart he has transcribed this letter. In all conscience I speak slowly enough, every drop-word being forthcoming from me in rather over a minute in formation. Take pity, kind Sir, I beg of you,

On yours despondently,

NIOBE AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS.



MULTUM IN PARVO.

Inspecting Officer. "HOW IS IT YOUR KHAKI IS SO MUCH TOO SMALL?"

Stout Yeoman. "IT DO SEEM A BIT SKIMPY, SUR. BUT TAILOR SAYS AS HOW I'M BOUND TO GROW A 'EAP SMALLER ON HACTIVE SERVICE, AN' 'E'S ALLOWIN' FOR SHRINKAGE."

THE GOLDSMITH'S COMPANY AT THE HAYMARKET.

DELIGHTFUL old comedy! Simplicity itself! In these days it would be styled a "farceical comedy," meaning thereby, in this instance, that though the characters, illustrating English provincial life of the eighteenth century, be true to nature, yet are they placed in such absurdly improbable situations as exceed the boundary lines of genuine comedy. Consequently, the *jeu de scène* has to be exaggerated until the farceical element predominates; and if it is not thus played, even to the risk of occasionally over-dotting the "i's," the comedy, as a whole, would lose such popularity as it traditionally possesses. It seems necessary to keep this playful work of "GOLDY'S" alive by shaking it and slapping it on the back; yet for all that, it offers many opportunities for fine comedy acting; and of one of these Mr. MAUDE notably avails himself, when, as *Old Hardcastle*, he, subduing his passion, rebukes *Charles Marlow* the son of his old friend. Here Mr. CYRIL MAUDE gives us

true comedy, and elicits the heartiest and most appreciative applause.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY (why should she not be named in the bill "Mrs. CYRIL MAUDE?"—it is only *le secret de Polichinelle*), as *Miss Hardcastle*, keeps well within the bounds of comedy, and her admirable delivery of the "tag" is one of the hits of the performance. There is 'more where that comes from,' but no time for it. Mr. PAUL ARTHUR is a trifle too theatrically "gallant and gay" as *Young Marlow*, yet gives a real master touch of feeling where the situation demands it. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE does more than most of us have ever seen done with *Hastings*, who is dramatically a poor creature at best. It would be difficult to select anywhere a better representative of *Tony Lumpkin* than Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS. Not a fault to be found with him, except that *Tony* would never have suppressed the word that rhymes to *Neville*, when delivering himself of the time-honoured 'gag' in the last scene. Without Miss BEATRICE FERRAR as *Constantia Neville*, Mr. GIDDENS would have had very up-hill work; her never flagging tom-boyishness

with *Tony* is as humorous as her love passages with *Hastings* are tender and gentle. Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE'S *Diggory* is inimitably absurd, and sets the audience in a roar.

The fault of the scene at "The Three Jolly Pigeons" is that it is overacted by the representatives of the muddled Hodges of the tap-room.

It is difficult to "place" Miss VICTOR as *Mrs. Hardcastle*: as a low-comedy performance it must be credited to the farceical side of the comedy. By the way, what execrable taste it is in a gentleman like *Hastings* when in his letter to *Tony* he dares to describe *Mrs. Hardcastle* as "the hag your mother;" and *Tony*, not a bad sort of lad in his boorish way, not only doesn't resent, but actually chuckles over the description! The tender politeness of the old-fashioned Squire, her husband, towards his dame, both in the first and the penultimate scene, make this description of her by "that gentlemanly person *Hastings*" (as *Mrs. Skewton* would have said), an absolute outrage on good taste and good breeding. The passage ought to be suppressed, for neither the character nor the "make-up" of *Mrs. Hardcastle* can be sacrificed to it; and, if it be allowed to remain, *Tony*, "being in amazement lost," should most certainly not appear delighted at the insult. A successful revival which ought to repay the MAUDE and HARRISON Management, for there's life in the Old Comedy yet!

THE NEW QUEEN'S SHILLING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of the admirable Relief Fund organised by *The Daily Telegraph*, it has struck me that a great many more "bobs" could be contributed if some Self-denying Ordinance were put in force by the majority of our fellow citizens. With this idea I have ventured to draw up the following table:

1. Mr. ROBINSON JONES is hungry; instead of a 5s. or 7s. 6d. dinner, let him partake of a steak or chop. Difference in price to be given to D. T. Fund.
2. Mr. J. is thirsty; instead of a pint of champagne or a brandy-and-soda, let him order a tankard of ale.
3. Mr. J. wants a smoke; instead of a shilling cigar, take a pipe.
4. Mr. J. seeks theatrical pleasure. Let pit or gallery suffice.
5. Mr. J. travels (say) from London to Leicester; for first-class substitute third.
6. Mr. J. has to go (say) from the Marble Arch to the Bank: replace a hansom by an omnibus. Ditto.

These are but half-a-dozen examples of what Mr. JONES might do. I merely suggest, that if he were to deny himself six times only (I am speaking numerically of Mr. J.) there would be a vast addition to the Widows and Orphans Savings-Bank Account.

BENJAMIN BAWBEE.

MEMS. FOR THE MULTITUDE.

(From a French Note-book.)

It is wrong to persecute an innocent prisoner.

It is not right to overthrow a fairly established Government.

It is injudicious to insult the head of the State.

It is unpatriotic to accuse every official of fraud and peculation.

It is immoral to support anarchy and destroy civilisation.

But there is one excuse for all the above—
—“Extenuating circumstances.”

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

III.—VANITY FAIR.

(By H-II C-ne.)

PREFACE.

IN undertaking this revision, I have been-influenced by the earnest desire of the reading public to see *Vanity Fair* re-set in a *CARNE* framework. Feeling deeply, as I do, the paramount importance of flaring and glaring actualities, I have substituted for the campaign in Belgium the war in South Africa. Having, however, no personal acquaintance with military movements or with Bohemian society, I have supplemented my imperfect knowledge of the one by a consultation of old Blue books and the ‘yellow’ press, and my knowledge of the other by a like study of old “yellow” books and the “blue” press; whilst in many passages I am conscious that I have been as the mould through which the sapling of fiction, throbbing with potential circulation, has sent its shoots upward towards the lime-light of popularity.

CHAPTER LIII.

When RAWDON arrived at his house in Kensington, he stopped short and trembled at the possibilities of local colour which the scene suggested. The writer having exhausted these possibilities, RAWDON took out his latch-key and entered the house. The rich, contralto laughter of BECKY floated down the stairs as Lord STEYNE shouted out the last verse of “*The Absent-Minded Beggar*.” STEYNE! the very word had an unfriendly sound, enough to infuriate a patriot like Captain CRAWLEY. Mounting the stairs, he stood for a few moments on the mat, meditating on the most effective entrance he could make. Then he flung open the door. BECKY, in evening dress, was sitting on the sofa explaining to Lord STEYNE that he had sung KIPLING’S song at least a note flat. BECKY looked at RAWDON, then rose to her feet. “RAWDON,” she said with that maddening, bewitching smile which he knew so well, “don’t—storm: I have merely been teaching Lord STEYNE how to sing ‘*The Absent-Minded Beggar*.’” RAWDON laughed savagely. “My contribution to the ‘Pay,’” he said, and



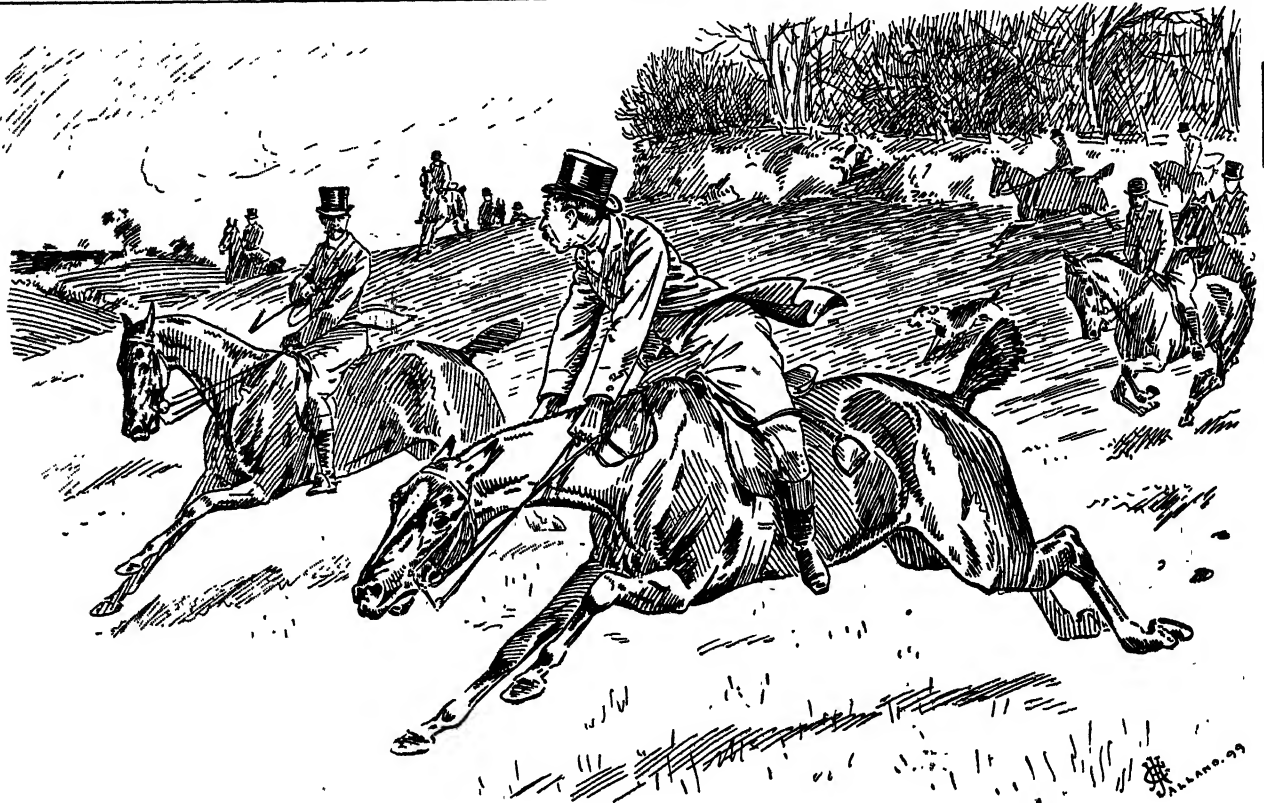
The Vicar. “I’M SURPRISED AT YOU, MIGGS. WHY, LOOK AT ME. I CAN GO INTO THE TOWN WITHOUT COMING BACK INTOXICATED.”
Miggs. “YESH, ZUR; BUT OI BE SO POPULAR!” (*Hic.*)

flung with steady aim at Lord STEYNE’S head a copy of *The Review of Reviews*. The unfair character of the missile was obvious. “Damn,” cried Lord STEYNE, and fell senseless to the ground. Meanwhile BECKY had removed her hair-pins, and with her golden hair hanging down her back, stood beneath the glowing radiance of the electric chandelier. “O RAWDON,” she cried with the true Adelphi ring in her voice, “don’t you remember, dear, those happy days of yore when you liked my green eyes, and I liked your blue stories . . . when . . .” (reminiscences served up gushing for several pages). A terrible anguish filled RAWDON’S mind. He couldn’t get in a

word edgeways. The scene was becoming a monologue: it was horrible. “Don’t say I bore you, darling,” cried BECKY. Bore! Ah! the word suggested to RAWDON his cue. The dramatic moment had come when he could tell her that his Regiment had been ordered to the front; so turning on a couple more electric lights, for purposes of greater effect, he stated his news briefly in a few thousand words.

A. R.

SUITABLE SPOTS.—Wool—for sheep farmers; Works-op—for strikers; Writtle—for process servers; Wren-bury—for widowed cock-robins; Wye—for enquiring minds.



SELF-PRESERVATION.

Tomlin (who has been mounted by friend). "IT ALL VERY WELL TO SHOUT 'LOOSE YOUR REINS,' BUT WHAT THE DEUCE AM I TO HANG ON TO?"

JAPANESE LOANS.

["The Japanese Legislature has under consideration an anti-usury Bill. It provides that any person who in lending money takes advantage of the pressing need of others may be punished with a year's imprisonment. There is also a fine for the man who in a public office presses for the payment of a debt, or demands it by means of a postcard."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ALL hail, Japan, yours be the honour due
To statesmen's merit, who with judgment wise

Dealt justice to the borrower, and knew
The worth of LAMB'S *Great* . . . ce to recognise.

While still in England debtors furtively
Slink shame-faced through the by-ways to avoid

Some abject creditor, lest they should be
By menaces insulted and annoyed,

Ah! not with you, dispirited and cowed,
Need he with stealth his dread oppressor shun;

You speed him on his way erect and proud—

And visit with just wrath the wretched dun.

Thus shall no SHYLOCK flourish in your land—

No man of many an alias—noxious pest!—
Offer vast sums on simple note of hand,
With little principle, great interest.

Then hail! once more, wise land whose judgment kind

With mercy tempers justice to distress,
Where man, when legal tender fails, may find

A substitute in legal tenderness.

AN APOLOGY.

DAPHNE, ah! my heavy debt . . .

I'll indeed have I acquitted,

In the ball-room when we met

Who my empty programme pitied.

Yours I scanned—by some strange hap

(Though o'er-scored by eager dancers),

Still I found there just one gap,

Where I signed, against the Lancers.

Now with overwhelming shame

I am covered and confounded,

For I failed my dance to claim

When the harp and sackbut sounded.

Shall I argue (well I may

To a well-maintained conclusion)

That I, when I stayed away,

Saved one set from dire confusion?

Shall I, tarrying afar,

And your righteous wrath provoking,

Urge that excellent cigar

With our host that I was smoking?

Or that, dazed with beauties, I

Failed to recognise or "spot" you?—

Ah! at least I will not lie—

DAPHNE, no—I clean forgot you!

Yet for pardon when I sue

Be not still with anger blinded,

Since my grievous fault I rue,

Spare a suppliant absent-minded.

CONSPUEZ JOE!

[A French contributor to a pro-Boer fund sends 5*d*. "to assault CHAMBERLAIN, the British tyrant."]

COURAGE! Courage! cher Monsieur PAUL!

You 'ave no cause to fear;

My sympathie is vid you all—

La voici! She is 'ere!

Be'old! Five—'ow you call zem?—coppers

Pour encourager your brave Doppers.

Zis bad Lord CHAMBERLAIN, from whom

Ze rude remarks do flow—

Aux armes! Avenge la France, cher OOM!

A bas ce tyrant JOE!

Assault him, PAUL, zis man of greed,

Zis monstre of Albion perfide!

And if you shall assault zis bad,

Zis insolent Milor',

To my five coppers I vill add

Six, seven coppers more,

An' to reward you for ze job,

Make up ze—'ow you say?—ze bob.

MOTTOES SUGGESTED FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPERS "JUST A GOIN' TO BEGIN."

—For the first, "*Dum spiro Sphero*," and

for the opposition, "*Nil Despearandum!*"

Odd that of these two mottoes *The Spear* should have the *Shorter*.



L. S. J. 1900

WILL IT EXPLODE?



JONES CANNOT SEE HIS BALL ANYWHERE, ALTHOUGH HE IS POSITIVE IT FELL ABOUT THERE SOMEWHERE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is absorbing interest in all facts that concern our friend, the enemy, especially when, as in the present case, they happen to be true. Mr. W. BRODRICK-CLOETE was inspired by a happy thought when he republished the lectures on *The History of the Great Boer Trek* (JOHN MURRAY) delivered at Pietermaritzberg in 1852-5 by his grandfather, the Hon. HENRY CLOETE, Her Majesty's High Commissioner for Natal, and political founder of British supremacy in that colony. The story of our difficulties with the emigrant farmers of Natal, as here told to a mixed audience of Boers and English with the most judicial impartiality, and recommended to us by its high authority and the force of immediate personal experience, offers a curious parallel to the history of our relations with the Transvaal Dutch; a parallel which we trust may hold good to the end. For the continued success of this little book, published for the benefit of one of the patriotic funds, and now in its second edition, my Nautical Retainer will ever pray.

The Love Affairs of a Curate, by MARCUS REAY (JOHN LONG). The young curate in question, says my Junior Baronitess, who is a judge of curates, is quite the flabbiest, the most overpoweringly proper, and the most easily shockable young man that can possibly be imagined, and he tells his own story, by the aid of a religiously kept diary. Surely, quoth my J. B. regretfully, he might have shown himself as a more interesting and certainly less feeble creature in his one and only love affair.

Mr. MARION CRAWFORD'S *Via Crucis* (MACMILLAN & Co.) is a strongly human story of four principal persons worked into a crowded tapestry glowing with the life and colour of twelfth-

century chivalry warring with the Eastern followers of the false prophet. Noble as is the hero, an ideal knight, and, therefore, an absolutely exceptional man, the creation of MARION CRAWFORD, sweet as is the lady of his love, *Beatrix*, yet it is *Eleanor*, wife of the femininely fantastic and weakly pious king, who, matchless in form and beauty, an Amazon in the field of battle, a royal Lesbian though capable of sacrificing her lawless passion to her better instinct of love, who is the heroine of the romance. The scene where *Queen Eleanor* confers knighthood on *Gilbert-Warde* is worthy of Sir WALTER SCOTT at his best in *The Talisman*. After the clang and clash of arms it is a great relief to the half-dazed reader, who feels himself absolutely pushed about and hurried and deafened in these vividly described scenes, to come upon the sweet gentle cooing of the two turtle-dove lovers in a quiet spot, "far from the madding crowd;" and this duet is admirably written in the key of true sympathy. The story of the advance of the youthful *Warre* into a strange country, and of his dealing with guides and scouts, is a lesson in strategy to our Generals of to-day, for the tactics of the Seljuks in the twelfth century bear a strong family resemblance to those of the Boers of the present day.

Mr. FRANK BULLEN, reviewing a stormy life at sea from safe anchorage at Camberwell, has completed *The Log of a Sea Waif* (SMITH, ELDER). It is dedicated to Mr. ST. LÖE STRACHEY, to whose discriminating encouragement this and an earlier work are due. The public have reason to join in the acknowledgment of "the one and onlie begetter." *The Log* opens a valuable and graphic peep into life on board sailing ships, presumably so late as thirty years ago. It is shown to be almost incredible in its harshness of treatment, the parsimony of its provisioning, the absolute disregard not only of the comfort, but the safety of the crews. The only fault my Baronite finds with the book is its monotony of misery. Surely never before, on land or sea, was a boy buffeted as was the sea waif of Mr. BULLEN'S story. Nevertheless the narrative bears throughout the impress of truth, which is notoriously stranger than fiction. Without assuming the form of a novel, this simple annal of the sea is more deeply interesting than many works of fiction that have passed their first edition.

To the offices, the kind offices of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, Ludgate Hill, and Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., of New Bond Street, we owe the second edition of the inimitable *Songs of Two Savoyards*, words by W. S. GILBERT, and music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Not only "words," but delightfully quaint illustrations by W. S. GILBERT, reminding us of the early days of the *Bab Ballads*, and occasionally recalling a touch of the vanished hand of RICHARD DOYLE, without any sacrifice of originality in their humour. A delightful volume and permanent memorial of exceptionally brilliant success. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SARTORIAL.—That in the matter of costume Mr. *Punch* should set the fashion, is not, in the nature of things, to be expected. That he is never out of the fashion is certain. That he is just now very much in *Fashion* anyone can ascertain for himself by referring to the twenty-third number of the *Journal* bearing the above title and this month's date. Mr. *Punch* would suggest that an appropriate motto for *Fashion* would be the Shakspearian one—

"Supply me with the habit, and instruct me,"

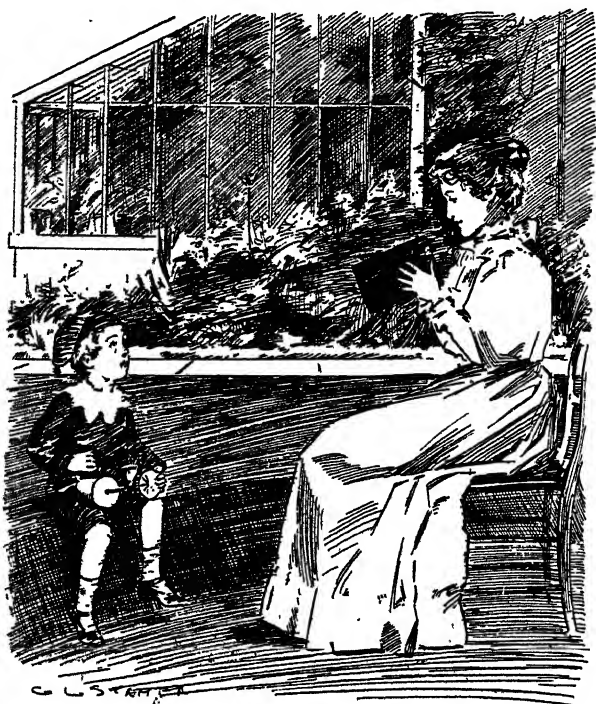
which, appropriately, comes from "*Measure for Measure*."

"AN amusing incident," reported in the *Times*, "occurred in General PILCHER'S march. Our Queenslanders surprised at a homestead twelve Boers, who fled, leaving, fully prepared, a good dinner, which the Australians promptly appropriated. One full private of the Victorian Rifles is the son of the Victorian Premier." Evidently, this last-mentioned soldier was with the dining Queenslanders, who must all have been more or less "full privates" after the feast.



Wealthy Parvenu (showing his Picture Gallery). "NOW I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY LATEST PURCHASE. WHAT D'YE THINK O' THAT, EH?—TITIAN, MY BOY!"

Guest (aside, to fair neighbour). "AHEM!—REPE-TITION, I SHOULD SAY."



Auntie. "YOU MUST KEEP YOUR TOY STILL."

Little Boy (anxiously). "BUT I DON'T THINK I'M HOLDING IT RIGHT. HOW DO MEN HOLD STAY ROLLERS WHEN THEY'RE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED?"

UNDER THE BEERBOHM TREE.

"Merrye it is in faire forrest
Under the Beerbohm Tree."—*Old Ballad.*

Alice (in Midsummer Night's Wonderland). O! what a lovely place! What is it supposed to be?

Maiden Aunt (imperfect in the Classics). That's the Pantheon, my dear, on the Necropolis at Athens.

Edward (an Omniscient Person, elder brother of ALICE, and in his third year at Balliol). A creditable attempt to recall the highest period of Athenian art. Unfortunately, THESEUS was a pre-historic myth of the solar kind.

Alice. EDWARD, you see the lady holding the hand of one of the gentlemen without any trousers? Well, why does her frock get in the way of her knees like that?

Edward. A very just criticism. The pure, free-flowing Doric chiton, with diplois, should certainly have been adopted. But Hellenic dress is never rightly rendered except at the Universities or in the company of Mr. BENSON, himself a classical scholar. Still, I have no strictures to pass upon the opisthosphendone which supports the back-hair of HERMIA.

Alice. It all seems very difficult, doesn't it? But why does the Greek gentleman look so tired?

Aunt. Mr. WALLER, my dear? I expect it's a very exhausting part; or perhaps his tunic isn't comfortable. You never can tell.

Shade of Samuel Pepys. Did see this same piece on a Michaelmas Day at the King's play-house, my wife not being with me, and thought it a most insipid ridiculous farce. But now it do go to admiration, and the house extraordinary full.

Connoisseur of Modern Drama (doing the honours). Yes, I think that SHAKESPEARE owes a great deal to the refinements of

the nineteenth-century stage. In adapting him to modern tastes we have practically given him a new lease of life.

Pepys. Do remember naught but a mighty fine wench which played Oberon and sang to musick of the vials; and the best leg that ever I saw in silk. But the rest indifferent tedious; and would have fared better at a funeral.

Connoisseur. Actuality is the note of the modern stage. Observe the reproduction of hairy growth on the actor-manager's flesh-coloured hose—a triumph of realism. The incidental music, I should add, is by MENDELSSOHN.

Pepys. Shall presently drink a health to Mistress BAIRD, who do please me infinite well with her pretty ayres.

Alice. Why does Mr. Bottom keep on shaking so many people's hands?

Aunt. An ancient Greek custom, my dear.

Edward. SHAKESPEARE'S own anachronisms afford a precedent for such a licence. But it is their audacity that alone excuses them. On the other hand, the statuesque posture assumed by Mr. TREE beside the pedestal, faintly suggestive as it is of GLYCON'S Hercules (the Farnese, so-called), of which the original is probably traceable to the Hellenistic Period, is, relatively speaking, an anachronism so timorous—a matter of a few centuries only—as to be almost unpardonable.

Alice. O what nice twinkling stars! Or are they will-o'-the-wisps?

Aunt. Yes, my dear: or electric light, or something of that kind.

Alice. How do the fairies fly about like that?

Aunt. I think it must be done by machinery: something like the lift at the Stores, only more trying, especially with a weak heart.

Alice. Aren't they sweet little things, those green babies?

Aunt (severely). Ought to be in bed hours ago.

Alice. I do wish PUCK had a prettier voice. But he's very obedient, isn't he?

Vulgar humorist in Pit. What ho! SUSANNAH! "All for 'im."

Edward. I, too, find a jarring note in the interpretation of this character. The whimsical ethereality of the arch-sprite is exchanged for the simian pranks and laughter of a gamin MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shade of Pepys. A mighty pretty turn of fooling. Truly the ass's head is a noble piece of mechanicks.

Connoisseur. A mere nothing, my good Sir. Till you have seen our earthquakes and railway collisions and so forth you would not credit what a high position the modern drama has taken among the nobler arts.

Pepys. Have heard declaiming of poetical images which pleased me better, though your Mistress NEILSON has a voice of great rarity and discretion.

Connoisseur. Ah! nowadays we keep the poet—at any rate, the dead poet—in his proper place. It would never do to let the delivery of the words have an undue prominence as against the more essential features of the play—the dresses, the scenery, the lime-light. We have separate critics, female critics, for the costume department alone.

Alice. O, Auntie, how rude the gentlemen are to the lady! What names they call her!

Aunt. It must be the effect of the medicine. Allopathic, I should think. Perhaps it was only meant for their eyes, and they swallowed some.

Edward. One could wish at times that SHAKESPEARE commanded a greater subtlety of expression.

Alice. Isn't the wood beautiful? And wasn't it funny of them all to go to sleep in the same little bit of it, without seeing one another?

Edward. Dramatic necessity, ALICE; or duc, perhaps, to a misconception of the Aristotelian Unities.

* * * * *

Shade of Pepys. Methinks there should be a satyricall import in this frolique of the mirthful tragedians!

Connoisseur. True. These notices, "This is a garden," "This is a tomb," &c., are a very proper thrust at the antiquaries who would restore the primitive devices of the Shakspearian stage; thus robbing the interpreter's art of its peculiar significance. Of the irony of *Bottom's* behaviour I do not altogether approve. Mr. TREE, I fear, is burlesquing the actor-manager of to-day; his dominating personality, his natural desire to outdo his fellow-actors in taking calls, his instinctive readiness to make a curtain-speech. I am afraid that this hint of irreverence for the best traditions of our modern stage will not be acceptable to other leaders of the profession.

Pepys. Well, well! in fine, 'tis a very brave play, and the ladies as gallant and well-favoured a company as ever I clapped eyes on at one sitting, and hope to make their better acquaintance. So, your leave, Sir, to carry you to the *Dolphin*, where is good oysters and a rare sack of posset withall. O. S.

"THE MAN IN THE STREET."

A FIG for your school and your college,
To my hero their portals they close;
Yet what he "doesn't know isn't know-
ledge,"

He's the man in the street—and He
Knows.

He knows quite as much as a "Greats"
man,

In the schools though he does not com-
pete,

He is general, diplomat, statesman—
The man in the street.

The mishaps of METHUEN or GATACRE

He foresaw—after reading the news;

He never would let this or that occur,

He could see through the enemy's ruse!

Of OOM PAUL's preparations so sinister

He had knowledge as full and complete

(We are told) as a Cabinet-Minister,

The man in the street.

That troops which are horsed are more
"mobile"

Than our Tommies on foot he's aware;

For insight no man on the globe, I'll

Engage, is with him to compare.

That a horse will go lame if o'er-riden,

And that parallel lines never meet—
E'en deep truths such as these are not
hidden

From the man in the street.

But we're tired of condemned iteration,

And, although we must always acclaim

Common Sense's personification,

Let us give it henceforth a new name.



She. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU LOVE ME, DEAR?"

He. "DON'T I LET YOU DRIVE MY HORSE!"

All the papers place emphasis weary on
Your views, but we're tired, I repeat,
We have made you too long a criterion,
O man in the street!

THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE EXPERTS.

(Opinions of the Last anent the First.)

1859. Rifle Clubs should be very good
fun.

1860. No possible harm in forming
marksmen into battalions.

1861. Volunteer officers' can at least
wear their uniforms at fancy dress balls.

1865. Certainly the crowd with rifles
can get into Hyde Park without taking
down the railings.

1870. Just as well to have a couple of
hundred thousand men in reserve when

France and Prussia are both ready to pick
a quarrel with England.

1875. Volunteers can act as super-
numeraries at the Autumn Manœuvres.

1880. Really some of these amateurs do
nicely to teach the regular staff how to
command brigades.

1885. An armed mob is always the
better for an official snubbing.

1890. Too absurd to consider the
Volunteers a means of defence.

1895. They will never be wanted, and
if they were, they would be useless.

1900. By Jove! The Volunteers are the
saviours of the Empire!

MR. BALFOUR'S FAVOURITE SONG.—"I
always go home to 'Tee.'"



"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, SYLVIE?"
 "WHY, PAPA SAID THAT WHEN THE BOERS FIRED ON THE WHITE FLAG, 'LORD METHUEN TOOK UMBRAGE,' AND I CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE."

THE COOLIE CORPS.

[The *Natal Advertiser*, as quoted in the *Times* of Jan. 10, after apologizing for the hard things it formerly said of British Indians, now welcomes them as "sons of the Empire after all." "Indeed," continues the same journal, "the magnificent manner in which the Indian bearers are proving their valour on the battlefield is testified to by Natalians who have seen them at work. It requires courage of no mean order to follow the line of skirmishers—or the mad rush of a charge, inspired not by the lust of battle, but by that spirit of duty which demands implicit obedience by non-combatants exposed to the same deadly hail as the fighting line."]

WHILE we proudly tell of TOMMY'S pluck,
 And of JACK the handy man of war,
 Of Cornstalk ready, and keen Canuck,
 Let us still remember the Coolie Corps!
 They've gone to the front at Britain's call—

They're sons of the Empire after all!

While brave Natal's fair garden-land
 Sends heroes to face the storm of shell,
 There are Indians, too, on Durban's strand,

Who are helping the KANSAR-I-HIND as well!

They are there in the line where fighters fall—

They are sons of the Empire after all!

Forty thousand are they from o'er the sea,
 Brown bees from the hive of Hindostan,

Malay and Pariah, bond and free;

They are merchant and shroff and artisan,
 But they'll not be slaves for the Boer to thrall—

They are sons of the Empire after all!

Though they may not fight—and to fight unpaid

They offered—unarmed they do not quail
 To tender the dhoolie-bearer's aid

In the thick of the deadly bullets' hail;
 They are in with the rush where the wounded crawl—

They are sons of the Empire after all!

Fellow-subjects are these that KRÜGER tried:

To hound into kennels and dung-hill slums!

Where Hottentots herd they scorn to hide,
 But their place have they found beside the drums;

They die, and their meed of fame is small,
 But they're Sons of the Empire after all!

UNDER REVISION.

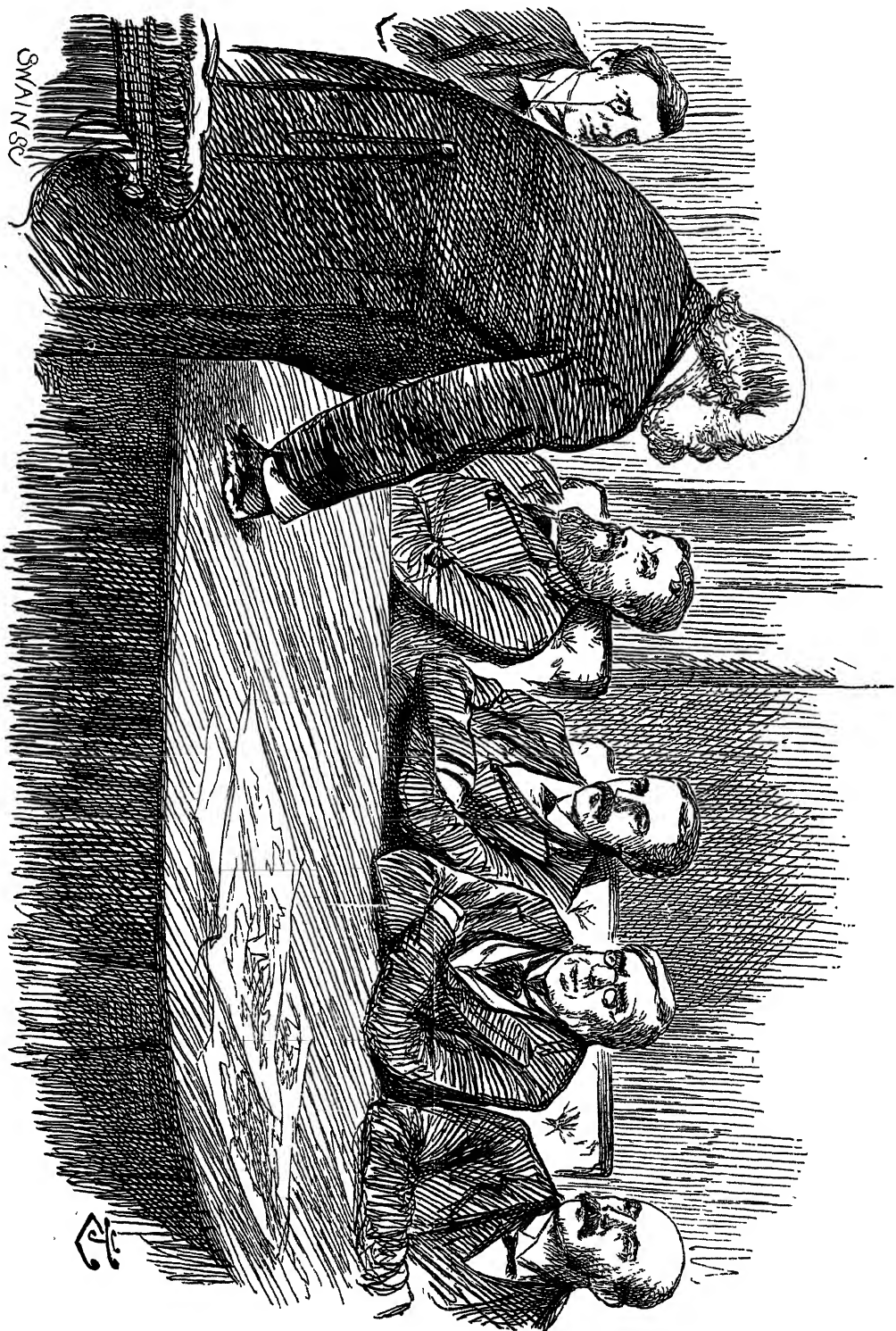
(A peep over a shoulder in South Africa.)

Someone (reading and writing). Now I have to pass this blessed telegram. Might spend my time to better advantage in attending to my military duties. But orders are orders. Let's see what it's

about. "There is no doubt—" Well, shall cut out "doubt." Less "doubt" we have, the better. Yes, "that our artillery is advancing." Now, why write that? It won't be understood at home. So, out with it! "Our cavalry is thrown out in support." In support of what? Oh, I see. Of the artillery. But I have cut out the artillery, so the cavalry had better follow suit. "We have four battalions in reserve and six in the fighting line." Now that is distinctly misleading. I have erased artillery and cavalry, and surely I can't leave the infantry all alone. So off they march. "We have come in contact with the enemy over a front extending six miles." But who are "we"? Horse, foot, and guns have been cut out, and there is no force in consequence. So "we, &c." must disappear like the rest. "Will wire when I have—" What's the good of that? Only wasting time with the cable. Oh, I see, "further news." Well, no objection to "further news." Now let's see what remains. "There is no" at the beginning and "further news" at the end. Capital. "There is no further news." Concise, and perfectly harmless.

[War telegram passed and dispatched home.]

POPULAR SONG BROUGHT SUCCESSFULLY UP-TO-DATE.—"There's a Pilcher for you!"



HANGING TOGETHER.

LORD SALISBURY. "GENTLEMEN, I DON'T CARE WHAT WE SAY, BUT WE MUST ALL SAY THE SAME THING!"



NEW CONCILIATORY DRILL-BOOK FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

(Recommended and approved by the "Stop-the-War" "Peace-at-any-Price" Party.)

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

MAX and TOMMY—and, alas! 'BOOTS' also—have been *chez moi* a fortnight, and whole house chaotic. My housekeeper has already given notice to leave. The "Melon dramer" is rehearsed about twice a day. Feel quite miserable at thought of party this evening to witness performance. MAX's play originally entitled *Cromwell the Rotter, Jolly Well Sold*, but I insist on alteration. Changed now to *Retribution; or, the Curse of Cromwell*.

The Old Type of Link Man.
Supper Time.

Boys just converting drawing-room sofa into stage-boat and rigging up broomstick mast, with white antimacassar sails. My housekeeper, weeping, appeals to me. Go to boys and forbid any further "commandeering" of furniture.

"Oh, Uncle, don't interrupt, this is our last rehearsal, and STINKER doesn't know his part yet." Sit down resignedly. Enter 'BOOTS.' "What ho, mariner, where is Sir GALAHAD?" Remark that Sir GALAHAD, in connection with CROMWELL, seems trifle out of place, but MAX immediately overrules me. Sigh and say nothing. "Now then, STINKER!" cries MAX, "you're the mariner." Tommy. "I have not seen him since yester-noon. What ho!" (Why "What ho"? Fail to see connection.) Boots. "Say you so, Roundhead? What awful rot is this, Sirrah?" Protest again mildly. "Awful rot" not at all Cromwellian. "Oh, it's all right, Uncle CHARLEY. Now then, STINKER, wake up!" Tommy. "Er—what comes next?" "Well I'm blowed!" exclaims MAX, disgustedly, "don't even know yet!" Tommy. "Oh, I remember. 'Bring me a stoup of good Falernian—'" "Yes, but not like that. You must stamp about and swagger, and say, 'Bring me a stoup of good Falernian wine. What ho!' or 'Ha! Ha!' it don't matter which, but you must keep chucking in lots of 'What ho's' and 'Ha! Ha's!'" Now then, BOOTS, you go on." Boots. "Oh yes. Here is some Sherris sack, or cup of Malvoisie." Tommy. "By gum, my Lord—" Here I gently intervene once more. "By gum," a decided anachronism. "A what ism?"

asks MAX, wonderingly. No use contending, and I rise to leave. Mrs. BOTHERTON again. "The supper caterer wishes to see me." Why me? Notice as I go, that the "villain of the piece" is wearing my new topboots. So trying!

6 P.M. Take look round house. Drawing-room devastated. My Persian cat taken permanently to sleeping on the roof. Parlour-maid given warning. Everything so worrying. Must lie down until dinner. (To be continued.)

The New Type of Link Man.
Tee Time.



Mrs. Newlynwed. "AND TELL ME—WHAT IS MY POPSY'S LITTLE WIFE TO HIM?"

Mr. Newlynwed (thinking of the bills). "OH—VERY, VERY DEAR!"

THE MATRIMONIAL SCHOOL.

["Mrs. JESSICA W. WILLIAMS, of New York, is starting a school of matrimony, to teach the domestic virtues."—*Daily Paper*.]

Angelina. I shall make it, love, a rule to attend this nice new school, for it's been my aim in life, Ever since I learnt to toddle, to become a perfect model of the good domestic wife;

I will learn to cook your chop, and if ever you should drop inadvertently a big, big D, I will never, love, complain, but will carefully abstain from irritating repartee.

And every girl will say,

As I pass upon my way,

"If she has learnt to hold her tongue, which always baffled me, Why, what a very singularly nice new school this nice new school must be!"

Edwin. And I, darling, will go too to this Mrs. W., and beg of her to show

How to never walk astray, but to keep the narrow way that good young husbands go;

I will always come home early, and I'll never vex my girlie by carrying a gay latch-key;

And, though dinner should be vile, I will wear a saintly smile, and never use a big, big D.

And every man will say,

As I pass upon my way,

"If EDWIN here has learnt to do without the big, big D, Why, what a most exceptionally nice new school this nice new school must be!"

Together. And when we have been taught to do everything we ought and nothing we should not,

Then, darling, there will be a delightful harmony in our ideal cot;

There will be no noisy jangling, nor unreasonable wrangling, for 'tis the simple rule That quarrelling is ended 'twixt the folk who have attended the atrimonial school.

And every one will say,

As we walk our peaceful way,

"If these young people have been changed so strangely as we see,

Why, what a most astonishingly nice new school this nice new school must be!"

IMPORTANT NEWS.

In the *Daily Mail* of the 17th, the following telegram from Capetown is published in large type:—"The Boers anticipate that KRÜGER will be crowned at Westminster."

As a specimen of trustworthy intelligence this deserves some consideration. It will be noticed that "the Boers," not "some Boers," are spoken of. This anticipation is, therefore, that of all the inhabitants of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. Everyone agrees that the Boers are extremely ignorant and narrow-minded, but even the *Daily Mail* must admit that they are not all absolute idiots. Yet if they "anticipate" such an event, they are certainly demented. On the other hand, if they know that the English sovereigns are crowned, not in the Cathedral of London, but at Westminster, the Boers must be better informed than the majority of educated people on the Continent of Europe. Even the hysterical *Review of Reviews* could not assert this. So two words of the telegram are disposed of.

It is also stated that "KRÜGER will be crowned." As no President of any Republic has ever been crowned, anticipation of such an event would certainly prove the insanity of the Boers. Yet if the Boers are aware that the chief ceremony at Westminster is a coronation, that fact would as certainly prove that such well-informed people cannot possibly be mad. Thus all the other important words of the telegram are disposed of.

One way to publish this, and similar messages would be with blanks for the principal words, to be filled at the reader's choice, thus:—

"The ——— that ——— will be ——— at ———."

Unfortunately, this looks like shockingly bad language. The only alternative is not to publish such telegrams at all.

L'EXPOSITION.

A Monsieur Punch, Hautbienné.

HONORÉ MONSIEUR,—Monsieur AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE et je, depuis nous ici sommes venu, avons un kolossal ouvrage commencé. Il a si tant pleuvé que nous étions forcé pour quelque chose à faire. Monsieur AUGUSTE était en intention vous à écrire, mais malheureusement a il s'enrhumé, et doit à litjrester. Donc dois je vous écrire. Depuis trois mois ai je français apprené, et maintenant écris je mieux français que anglais, mais toujours tres mal. Mais avec un dictionnaire et un grammaire puis je un lettre écrire.

Monsieur AUGUSTE a me le suivant dit. Vu que l'Exposition sera ouverte au meis d'avril, nous avons eu l'idée d'écrire un petit Manuel de la Conversation à l'usage des Anglais qui se trouveront à Paris en été. C'est déjà fini, et nous vous en enverrons quelques pages de temps en temps. Plus tard, à l'époque de l'ouverture, nous espérons commencer un petit Guide de l'Exposition, également en anglais.

Ceci a-Monsieur AUGUSTE dit. Ah non, en français vient le verbe à premier. A dit ceci Monsieur AUGUSTE. Il dort maintenant.

Recevez Votre Hautbienné l'assurance du plus grand respect avec qui j'ai l'honneur à être votre plus obéissant.

NICE, le 16 Janvier.

LUDWIG MÜLLER.



Bernard Partridge for

I.—The City.
ON'T talk such
stuff to me,
Sir! Love?
Folly! Art?
Nonsense! I
had similar
notions

"D

when I was young. My
craze was Science, my in-

fatuation a petticoat and a cottage on the Thames. Bah!"

Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT, head, front, and sole proprietor of the famous bank, known all the world over as "BAGSHOTS," was generally more incisive than oracular. On this occasion, however, he was both. His object was to knock what he called "silly ideas" out of the head of his nephew and possible heir, HARRY GWYNNE.

"The poet says of men who pride themselves on their insensibility to love, that it is like boasting of having been always stupid," HARRY replied, with an effrontery he had never before exhibited to his uncle.

"The poet!" sneered the banker. "The poet!" And he covered a pile of coupons with a paper-weight, as if he had the poet underneath and had settled him for ever. "I don't upbraid you, HARRY. Happily, when I was your age, I had a father who knew how to guide his son through the shoals of Love and Art and such flimsy ambitions, as I shall pilot you. Oh yes, I shall. You may shake your head. I shook mine. But I was not a fool, any more than you are."

Nobody would have taken either of them for a fool. Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT (it was customary always to speak of him with both his Christian names) was a hard-headed man of business, with keen, deep-set eyes, thick grey hair, a gold pince-nez, and a sharp, firm, aggressive manner. His nephew was a quiet, student-like, handsome young fellow, with a generous mouth, but with a chin that physiognomists would regard as lacking in the quality of "pushfulness," so much needed for success in our day, whether you be artist, merchant, or cabdriver.

Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT went on sorting his papers as he addressed the young man, who faced the banker in an unbending attitude, leaning his back against his resolution as if it might have been the office wall.

"My father was the founder of this bank. I succeeded him.

By virtue of his advice I am, twice or thrice over, a millionaire; and my desire is to give you a partnership in my fortunes."

"But your father must have loved?" was the calm reply.

"Why must he?" asked the banker, choking down his disappointment.

"He married, and you are his son."

"He married a hundred thousand pounds, and I was his heir."

"But your mother, Sir?"

"Knew her duty and her station; lived half the year on the Continent, and died at forty, beloved and respected."

"Had you no home life?"

"Don't ask me conundrums. Your father, my brother, chose 'Art as his goddess,' to quote his own words. That he might worship the old fraud without the drag of commerce at his heels, even by token of an honoured name, he renounced that of BAGSHOT. It was plebeian; so he called himself AUGUSTUS FELIX GWYNNE."

"GWYNNE was his mother's maiden name, and he loved her."

"He loved everything; that was his shibboleth, poor devil!"

"I beg you will speak respectfully of my father, or I shall be compelled to bring this interview to an end, and at once."

"Indeed! Really!" said the old man, taken somewhat aback. "You will bring it to an end, eh? It is for me to continue or end it as I please. There, there, don't fly out! I grant you that your father had the courage of his opinions; but he was disinherited; left to the mercy of his Love and his Art and, to complete his folly, made a penniless marriage."

"It was a happy marriage," said HARRY, quickly.

"Happy! In a cottage, on a pittance."

"I never felt their poverty," the nephew replied.

"Did they disguise it so well? You amaze me!"

"Nor did they feel it in truth," went on the young fellow; "their wants were few, and when my dear father had a picture hung at the Academy—"

"Hung, but never sold!" the banker rejoined, with a sneer.

"Oh, yes! He sold now and then. Whether he did or not, those first days of the exhibitions, when he was well-placed, were red-letter days. I remember them now with a thrill of pleasure."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT, making one more effort to convert the nephew to his views, knowing that he possessed great good qualities, "love has made

many a wiser man than you or I a fool, and will, to the end of Time. I am, therefore, willing to give you a few days to get over it. Comply with my wishes and I will raise your allowance to two thousand a year; and if, within a time to be stated, you prove worthy of my confidence, you shall be my partner and the accepted and recognised heir to my estates. In short, I offer you exactly the opportunity my father gave to me; in return for which I put aside the folly of what you call love and other unbusiness-like ambitions, and, as the result of obedience and attention to business, you see before you one of the richest men in London."

"And one of the most miserable!" said the nephew; for his father, shortly before his death, had told him the sordid story of JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT.

"What do you mean, Sir? How dare you address me in such terms!"

"I mean exactly what I say, that you are a miserable man! Wifeless, childless, friendless, alone, unloved, feared, a mere walking money-bag."

"Sir! Are you mad?"

"No. Excited, yes; determined, yes; but not mad. I said you are friendless. I withdraw that. I am your friend, and could be devoted to you. Beneath your austere manner you must often have an impulse of kindness; otherwise, you could not have been my dear father's brother. . . . Think of the friend you could make of me, for life! Think of the home you could make a paradise! For I shall marry Miss LISTER at once; and if you would consent to see her, you would congratulate me."

"Should I! Should I! And sit for my portrait, with her on one side of me and you on the other? You don't know me."

"I believe I do; and I can see you, in the future, helping a young artist who has claims of love and relationship upon you."

"Can you, really! Second-sight among your other gifts, eh? I can see through a stone wall just as clearly," retorted the banker, turning hotly upon the rebel. "I can see you, Sir, hawking your immature pictures at the shops of second-hand dealers, your wife a drudge, your children in the gutter!"

"Yet, in your heart of hearts, you shall envy us; for, however poor, we shall at least build up happy memories, and be encouraged by an honourable ambition."

"We shall see. It would have cost any other person who had dared to speak to JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT as you have spoken to him, many a sleepless night. And it will cost you dear, if you persist in your avowed resolve. But you will not. I remember that I was hardly less impertinent on a very similar occasion, when my father carpeted me and made his final proposal to his rebellious son. I make the same proposal to you. Sleep on it! Accept my terms, and you shall not wait for a dead man's shoes for all that money can give you. Resolve yourself otherwise, and—I disown you!"

"One last appeal," said the nephew. "Give me leave to divide my life between the firm and the studio, and—"

"I make no concessions," said the banker sternly, interrupting the young man. "Choose between the foolish hobby you call Art, between me and the no less brainless folly you call Love. On one side struggle, penury, and regret; on the other position, wealth, independence."

"Then, good-bye, Sir; but don't let us part in anger. If I have hurt your feelings, I am sorry."

"Sleep on it," was the banker's laconic reply.

II.—Grosvenor Square.

Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT had no vices, so-called. He did not smoke, rarely drank wine, except with his dinner; never "nipped"; lunched in his private room in the City; went to no public feasts; seldom entertained guests; gave sparingly, but publicly, to established charities, and was a lonely, rich man. . . . The worst of it was he was growing old. . . . He hated to grow old. . . . If he had only a son, or a nephew, to take his place, a shrewd, clever fellow like himself, to carry on the financial

prosperity of "BAGSHOTS," then he could grow old with more or less content, and even contemplate death itself with resignation.

Thus, one winter's night, twenty years after a certain unhappy day in the City, he was reflecting on the past and contemplating the future, sitting in the light of a wood fire at his great house in Grosvenor Square; for, though he lived economically, he affected the *grand seigneur* among City men, and was accepted as one of the lights of the banking world. . . . He had dined carefully and well, but he persuaded himself, as the weather was cold, and he was feeling slightly depressed, that a glass or two of a certain Gold-seal Madeira would be permissible. . . . BAGSHOT's butler always knew when Master had made a thousand or two less in the day than usual, or had met a rival for a new foreign loan who had got the better of him by the fraction of a shilling, and was "a bit low;" then, according to the butler's confidences with the housekeeper, Master would order up a bottle of the Gold-seal Madeira. There were not too many bottles left; but sufficient to see old BAGSHOT out. And what a wine it was! What colour! What character! What flavour! . . . It must have flowed from the vats rich and riotous, with a body that demanded all the perfecting attention that Old Father Time had bestowed upon it. There was a witchery in it that exorcised sorrow, and gave wings to the dullest imagination.

The old man held his glass up against the light. The blazing logs reflected patches of flame in its golden depths. . . . Presently, inspired by the magic of the radiant liquor, BAGSHOT saw in the broken lines of the wood fire the High Street of the little town where, in the days of his youth, he was wont to visit at the house of a college companion. Every turn and twist of the old place was familiar to him; the little Post Office that stood back from the road, the baker's shop with its pavement dry in the wettest weather, the greengrocer's where he bought nosebags for a certain young lady, the "fishing-tackle emporium" where he discussed flies and ground-bait and rods with the dear old fellow who knew every swim and hole and pool from thence to Oxford. Suddenly, as he gazed into the fire which had expanded into a very large town, there tripped across the street a vision of loveliness, in a short piqué frock, that gave full play to the girl's pretty ankles and her daintily shod feet. He noted that on the other side of the way a young fellow joined her. It was himself. Yes, even JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT in flannels. . . . It was Summer, and he could smell the hay that was being turned in an adjacent meadow. The happy lovers shook hands. The young fellow drew the girl's arm within his own, and they disappeared down the nearest way to the river. For a moment the banker feared he was not to see them again, but Fate was kind to him. The next moment they stood on the bank. A boat was loosened from its moorings. The girl in the piqué frock took the rudder-ropes, the young man lifted the sculls. The happiness that beamed in the faces of the lovers made the old man sigh, for he knew what storm and stress lay before them—he, the ambitious student turned aside from a noble pursuit, she the impressionable young creature doomed to die a spinster in that same river-side town.

"As you grow old, Time has a way of torturing you with memories of your youth," he said. "You recall incidents of your boyhood more clearly than those of yesterday. We must all grow old. There is no partiality in that, but it makes life a poor invention after all."

He was on the point of breaking up the curious forms in which the burning wood and coal had, to his mind, represented one of the happiest scenes of his boyhood, when he discovered that he was not alone.

"Pray be seated," said the stranger, a comely handsome young man of apparently one or two-and-twenty.

It was odd, Mr. BAGSHOT thought, for a visitor to request him to be seated, and with an air of authority; but the vision of the village street and the girl in the piqué frock had softened him in spite of himself: so he bowed graciously to his visitor and

sat down, at the same time inquiring, with cold politeness, "To whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"I am that young man who is pulling yonder boat. How happily he set forth, did he not? What his haven might have been, if he had taken the course marked out for him by a benignant Fate! But a false guide intervened. The false guide called himself Wisdom, who was only Worldliness. He frightened the rower with warnings of 'danger,' where he should have established signals of 'safety' and 'happiness.' . . . And instead of continuing the voyage with his angelic coxswain, the young man put her ashore, and made his voyage alone. . . . You know the rest."

"Again, Sir, I ask, who are you?" exclaimed the old man, trembling with emotion.

"I am *yourself*, at two-and-twenty! . . . Yourself, with the prospect of a sweet and loved companion for life! Yourself, at two-and-twenty, with a worthy ambition to win fame and fortune in the broad field of Science, and with capacity enough to have succeeded. . . . Ah! man, man, what a poor choice you made, between Love and Gold—between a noble ambition and the sordid reality of a counting-house! One emotion of true love, one impulse of a great generosity, one sweet dream of chastened hope, were worth all your sordid joys of wealth. . . . Wifeless, friendless, unloved, feared, a mere money-bag; do you remember those warning words?"

"You torture me! you torture me!" groaned the old man.

"Look back! look back!" said his visitor, himself at two-and-twenty. "Can you recall for the consolation of your old age one instance in which you have smoothed the path of some less fortunate traveller on life's highway? You had a nephew, the son of your only brother. He had a finer courage than yours, and gave hostages to fortune. With a little timely help he might have become famous; you would have been proud of him; yet to-night you hardly remember the name of HARRY GWYNNE. Look back, I say, look back!"

"I do, I do; and my heart aches," moaned the old man.

"Thank God you can still feel the thrill of a latent sensibility! . . . Look forward!"

"My future is dark and dismal; there is no light in it."

"Heaven is merciful to the sinner that repents," said the young man, as he rose to depart.

Whereupon the banker followed him with wondering and appealing eyes.

"Stay! Oh, stay!" he cried. "I would know how I may atone!" But his visitor had disappeared.

III.—Putney.

The old man rang the bell. An obsequious servant entered.

"Who was the visitor you admitted?"

"The visitor!" repeated the man with surprise.

"I asked the name of the visitor whom you admitted."

"When, Sir?"

"Soon after you placed the Madeira on the table."



"I am *yourself*, at two-and-twenty!"

"And you bade me not disturb you until you rung for coffee?"

"Yes, yes," was the impatient reply.

"I admitted no one, Sir."

"Not a young gentleman?"

"No, Sir."

"Nor opened the door to a visitor departing?"

"No, Sir."

"And yet I surely heard the inner door of the hall close only a few moments since?"

"Yes, Sir; that was to admit a lady."

"A lady!"

"Yes, Sir."

"At this time of night!"

"That is what I said; but she would take no denial."

"And what does she want?"

"She said you would not know her, perhaps not even her name, though she seemed uncertain about that."

"Well? well?"

"She said she felt sure you would see her, Sir, though it is late, and she comes without an introduction. She had prayed that you would not turn her away, and she believed her prayer had been answered, her impulse to come was so strong."

"You seem to have had plenty of talk with her?"

"Yes, Sir; she is rather strange, Sir, that's why, Sir; but she seems quite respectable."

"Well, and what are you holding in your hand as if it were something that might explode?"

"I wasn't aware that I was so odd about it, Sir; but I feel a bit flustered. It is her card, Sir."

"Well, give it to me. You seem very stupid to-night."

"Yes, Sir, that's how I feel, begging your pardon, Sir."

It was the card of "Mrs. HARRY GWYNNE."

"No one with her?"

"Not that I know of, Sir."

"I will see her. Show her in."

"Yes, Sir," and he left the room.

"I think master's a bit on," he said to himself as he passed into the hall where the lady was sitting, "and I feels that way myself, though it ain't with the Gold-seal Madeira."

"My nephew's wife, no doubt," said the banker. "Is this the opportunity of atonement that Heaven gives me, to follow on my tardy repentance, or am I dreaming still? Was it a dream? Surely. What else?"

She was pale, thinly clad, and looked altogether out of harmony with her surroundings. The firelight, nevertheless, seemed to welcome her. It clothed her with a passing but pathetic beauty.

"You are Mrs. GWYNNE?" said a voice in such gentle conciliatory tones, that, raising her eyes to the speaker, she, in her turn, asked a question.

"And you, Sir? Are you Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT?"

"I am Mr. BAGSHOT," said the banker, dropping all his Christian names with an unusual impulse of humility.

"I thank you, Sir, for receiving me at this untimely hour."

"I hope it may prove timely," he said. "Don't thank me until I may give you cause to do so."

"Very well, Sir," she answered, her momentary confidence considerably shaken.

"Sit down, if you please," said her host. The logs in the grate broke out into sudden flame as if to endorse the old man's courtesy, and encourage the woman's best hopes.

Mr. BAGSHOT placed a seat for her with much deference of manner. She gazed at him with wondering eyes.

"You are not a vision, eh?" he said, now that she was sitting before the fire, "not a figure in a dream?"

"No, indeed, Sir; I am HARRY GWYNNE'S wife."

"Yes," he said, looking down upon her, and she thought his lips trembled as he spoke. "We have never met before?"

"No, Sir."

"You are cold and faint. Let me offer you a glass of wine."

"No, thank you," she replied, timidly, her eyes blinking in the firelight.

"It will revive you," he said, pouring out a glass of the Gold-seal. "It has in it the very breath of life."

"You are very kind, and I thank you," she said, still declining the proffered glass.

"It will give me great pleasure if you will take a little. Shall I order you some supper? You are my nephew's wife, you know. I am entitled to offer you the hospitality of my house."

"Oh! Sir," she said, taking the glass from his hands, and sipping a little of the liquor.

"Nay, my dear child, drink. It will do you good; and before you go, my housekeeper shall find you a warmer wrap. But you have, perhaps, left your cloak in the hall, eh?"

"I am quite comfortable as to that, Sir," she said.

"But you must drink, just a little. Nay; I will not hear what you want me to do, until you have. You do want me to do something for you, eh?"

She drank; and the wine seemed to give her new life.

"That's right," he said, replacing the glass on the table.

"Now, tell me, what can I do for you? You have come to ask me a favour. I grant it, before it is named."

"Oh, Sir! You overwhelm me. . . . My husband—my dear husband. . . . He is very ill!"

"God forbid!" said the old man. "What is the matter? Does it come of being poor? Have you not all that health and happiness require? No, no; I feared it."

"We have all that happiness can require in love and hope; but oh, Sir, we are very poor! For two years my dear HARRY has worked upon his one great subject, the dream of his life. It is called 'Love and Gold.' Perhaps you have seen it mentioned in the papers. He finished it this morning—"

"Yes, yes. And Love has triumphed, eh? Well?"

"The doctors say he must take a sea-voyage, and spend at least six months in Madeira—"

"Madeira! That was the wine you drank. A great wine. Life in it—life, love, ambition, repentance, hope, joy, atonement! And he must go to Madeira, eh?"

Mrs. GWYNNE began to fear the old man had drunk too much of the wine he was so wildly extolling.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. I am quite myself. At least, my other self. We shall all be very happy. Yes? Well?"

"We should not have been so poor, but for the last year my husband had to give up his black and white work, and devote all his time to his picture. Everybody says there is fame and fortune in it."

"So there is, so there is," said the old man. "Does he want to sell his picture?"

"He lives on in that hope."

"Very well; it is sold! I have bought it. You shall have the money to-morrow. How much did you say? A thousand pounds. Very well; that's settled. And when does he go to Madeira?"

"At once, Sir, if we can, anyhow, afford it. Oh, Sir, I have

often wanted to appeal to you. We have not had money enough to procure all the luxuries the doctors have ordered for him."

"God forgive me!" said the old man. "And I have been overwhelmed with luxuries, and with money! . . . Is he very ill, then? Not dangerously ill?"

"Yes, dangerously ill; or I would not have ventured to come to you. If we can get him to the South at once, he may quite recover in a few months, the doctors say; and—"

"Take me to him. No money! Great heavens!" He rang the bell. "Tell JAMES to get out the barouche and pair. Quick!"

"Where to, my dear?" the banker asked, as he handed Mrs. GWYNNE into the carriage, and drew a warm rug about her knees. "Putney?"

"Yes, Sir, Perry Street, near the hill. We call it 'The Cottage.' I can direct the coachman when we reach the bridge."

"Tell JAMES to lose no time," said the banker. "He is to get to the bridge as fast as he can go."

"Yes, Sir," the footman replied, closing the door, and away they went, Mrs. GWYNNE'S heart dancing to the music of the wheels, dancing with hope and fear and joy. It would have been hard to say which emotion was uppermost.

It was some time before she spoke, and the master of millions was equally busy with his own silent reflections.

"I can never sufficiently thank you," she said, presently, as the horses sped through the lamplit streets along which she had so recently trudged cold, weary, and forlorn.

"Nay, don't thank me. I am the cause of his illness. . . . Nevertheless all these years I have robbed myself. Firstly, I might have had a wife and son of my own. Secondly, foregoing that happiness, I might have had your husband at my side, and you to brighten my hearth, who knows? . . . But it is not too late. Ah, my child, you shall have happy days yet. He shall, indeed, be famous and rich. We will take him to the Continent together, in our own yacht; and he shall dream himself back to robust life, and— Have you any children?"

"Two, Sir, a boy and a girl; but they give us no trouble. One is about to marry; she is eighteen."

"Is he rich?"

"No, Sir; but worthy, and a gentleman."

"She shall bring him a dowry of a hundred thousand pounds. And the other?"

"He is a student at the School of Mines."

"Earning anything?"

"No, Sir; but he has reasonable hopes of a lucrative appointment, and is working upon what he believes will be a great discovery in original research."

"He shall have the appointment; and he shall make his discovery, if money can help him."

"This is 'The Cottage,' Sir."

The door was locked. She knocked at it. It was gently opened by the girl who was engaged to be married.

"Hush, mother dear!" she said. "Hush!" And flung herself into her arms with a great sob of anguish.

The old man passed them, and entered the room.

"Mother," said the young fellow who was a student of the School of Mines, "you must bear up and be strong. You will always have us to console and to love you; we will never part from each other. Dear father died an hour ago!"

Joseph Hutton



WAR OFFICE TAKE NOTE.

SUGGESTION TO SPORTSMEN WITH A VIEW TO FUTURE EFFICIENCY WITH THE RIFLE (NO HOUNDS REQUIRED).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD have added *Trivia, and Other Poems*, by JOHN GAY, to their charming series of Bibelots. A fellow-townsmen of a later century (GAY was born near Barnstaple) contributes interesting introductory notes. My Baronite suspects that few who read these lines have read *Trivia*. Apart from its attraction as a classic, it is full of quaint information about the appearance of the streets of London, and the dress of the people who passed to and fro ere Queen ANNE was dead.

Mrs. R. NEISH, says one of the Baron's talented assistants, who wrote that cheerful book, *The Others*, by *One of Them*, has again tempted fortune and the reviewers with *A World in a Garden* and *The Brown Girls*, the one published by J. M. DENT & Co., the other by J. W. ARROWSMITH. *A World in a Garden* is evidently the product of a refined and cultivated mind communing with Nature, but not always finding in Nature the absolutely appropriate for its thoughts. There is much to attract the reader who delights in trees, flowers, shrubs, and their relations to an artistic temperament, and the style has a happy flavour of EMERSON. But I have a bone (a cutlet bone, let me say) to pick with Mrs. NEISH. Why does she teach us to love Geoff, the bright and kindly little boy, whose sayings are not the least pleasant part of the book, merely in order to wrench tears from us by slaying him (through the medium of scarlet fever) towards the end of the book? It is an unworthy action—and an unnecessary. There is pathos and pathos, and for myself I do not care to have my sensitive nature wantonly scarified by an artificially-produced death-scene. *The Brown Girls*, by the same author, shows us a very different method. Nothing here is artificial, but there is good humour in abundance, and a prevailing spirit of brightness and simplicity.

"Of the many hardy and energetic men to whom we owe our knowledge of the interior of Australia. CHARLES STURT is perhaps the most eminent." Thus Sir FREDERICK MURCHISON, President of the Royal Geographical Society, addressing the annual meeting in 1870. My Baronite admits that till he took up *The Life of Charles Sturt* (SMITH, ELDER), written by the

gallant explorer's daughter-in-law, he knew nothing of him or of his life's work. Here it is set forth with loving yet judicious hand, together with maps and diagrams that make all clear. STURT's greatest achievement was the journey across the unknown continent, from the Blue Mountain to Adelaide. On one of his expeditions, seventeen months was spent in the bush. The work is invaluable as a record of the iron-clad endurance by the sort of man who helps to make the Empire.

LORD ASHBOURNE'S Monograph on PITT (LONGMANS) reaches my Baronite in its second edition. The author modestly disclaims competition with the standard works of Lord STANHOPE and Mr. LECKY, or with the marvel of brilliant condensation of a colossal story with which Lord ROSEBERY more recently enriched English literature. His book may well stand alone by reason of the new and interesting matter it reveals. He has had the opportunity of reading a mass of unpublished letters and papers relating to, or written by, PITT. These throw a flood of light on his public and, more especially, his domestic life. Naturally the Lord Chancellor of Ireland has been especially attracted by PITT's relations with his own country, leading to the establishment of the Union. PITT toiled terribly to achieve what he believed desirable in the interests of Ireland, and essential to the prosperity of the Empire. Writing to ORDE on Sunday, Sept. 19, 1784, he says, "What is it that will in truth give satisfaction and restore permanent tranquillity to Ireland?" After the lapse of more than a century the question remains unanswered. There are some charming letters from PITT's mother, Lady CHATHAM, a good-natured, fussy lady, who irresistibly reminds my Baronite of Mrs. Nickleby. She was always being got at by people desirous of profiting by the patronage of her powerful son. "GILL, the postmaster at Somerton," she writes in a long letter, "(a very good kind of man) begged me to ask you a favour for a brother or friend, I have forgot which, who is in some kind of office of excise, or something of that sort." Mrs. Nickleby in her prime never excelled the flush of energy or the hopeless indefiniteness of this appeal. The volume is enriched by fine engravings of rare portraits of PITT and his contemporaries. THE BARON DE B.-W.



INSULT TO INJURY.

(After the too festive Season.)

Cheerful Doctor (to Patient, whom he has ordered to take Gruel "to keep his strength up"). "MIND YOU DON'T OVEREAT YOURSELF."

LORD'S AND COMMONS.

["MICHAEL FOSTER . . . was a capital cricketer. He kept wicket in the first eleven, and (for his age) he was a wonderfully good bat as well . . . All cricketers will, of course, therefore vote for him. No better candidate could possibly be found."]—"LL.B., B.A., Lond." in the *Times*.]

O GRADUATES of London, you will all, I hope, agree That FOSTER is the very man to make our new M.P., For he has played at cricket, and the House of Commons floor Is just the place, *par excellence*, for people who can score.

Although a man of centuries, he still is far from old, And though he's bowled his overs, he is never over-bold, And though we cannot claim that he has never had a match, It's quite beyond contention that he'd prove a brilliant catch.

He's been a wicket-keeper, and we naturally jump To the obvious conclusion that he's just the man to stump; He also is a famous bat, and you will all admit The man who hits a boundary is bound to make a hit.

And if you would object that he's the last to come upon The scene of this election, we reply, he's been long on: In short our gallant cricketer is going in to win, And though he may have been run out, we mean to run him in.

RATHER DIFFICULT.—Extract from the report of the London Water Commission:—"We think the Water Board should be a permanent, and not a fluctuating body."

LUNAR OBSERVATION.—We hear a great deal now-a-days about the "Man-in-the-Street," whose advice is about as practical as would be that of a much older and far wider known individual, yecept "The Man in the Moon."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 29. —Ambition to acquire distinction takes various forms. Some members diligently set themselves to fill the still vacant places of DIZZY and Mr. G. Others attempt to dislodge CAPEN TOMMY BOWLES from his perilous prominence on the yard-arm of the Ship of State. Others, again, are content with the modest fame of finding their names recorded in the papers as having been first to put in an appearance on opening day of Session.

In the Parliament of 1880, the cake (of oatmeal) was literally taken by a Scotch member. He took it over-night to Palace Yard, with a noggin or two of whiskey; wrapped his plaid around him, lay down under corridor-roof of main entrance to House; attendant opening door in morning invariably fell over his prostrate body. Thus assured of being waked in good time, he soundly slept. Through several Sessions, in fact, till his plan of campaign was discovered, he was always first man in.

The member for Sark, who was long in the secret, tells me it was Mr. GEDGE who discovered it. It happened at the opening of the Session subsequent to that in which the member for Walsall, after long and patient observation, fathomed the mystery of the certainty with which the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE was throughout the Session found seated in the prized

corner seat below the gangway, sacred to memory of the Leader of the Fourth Party. SAGE has in his time brought to book many an adroit schemer. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Why, Mr. GEDGE.

That is another story and an old one. Everyone knows how Mr. GEDGE, beginning to smell a rat, seeing it, in fact, moving in the air over the corner seat, bethought him of what happened to *Polonius*. That may seem a little mixed. Two things are clear: one is that the SAGE was never at prayers; the other that he nevertheless secured a particular seat, which might properly be done only by obtaining a ticket served out at prayer time to those present within the locked doors.

Mr. GEDGE took steps contemplation of which makes the country more than ever regret he was not stationed at Pretoria on behalf of the Intelligence Department when Mr. KRÜGER was importing pianos and lodging in barracks German and French professors of astronomy and conchology. He quietly moved down below gangway from accustomed seat behind PRINCE ARTHUR. Immediately opposite him sat DILKE in attitude of devotion by empty corner seat. Whilst prayers were read Mr. GEDGE reverently bent his head, covered his face with his hand, and through the chinks of fortuitously opened fingers saw DILKE fix a card at the back of the corner seat.

Mr. GEDGE said nothing (except "Amen" in its proper place), and as soon as service

was over casually crossed the floor and read the name on the ticket.

"H. LABOUCHERE"!

How he brought the news to Ghent; how from his familiar place he disclosed the plot to a laughing House, is told in the pages of *Hansard*.

The other story, about his finding the Scotch member wrapped in his plaid at 3 o'clock on a cold February morning, awaiting the opening of the doors on the new Session, rests on the equally reputable authority of SARK. From the same source I hear that several members went to bed early this evening with instruction to be called at quarters of an hour varying between 4 and 5 a.m., intent on immortalizing themselves. We shall see.

Business done.—Doesn't even begin till to-morrow.

THE SPHERE.

(Verse from "The Shorter Catechism," set to a very old tune.)

"THE Sphere! The Sphere! The Sphere! The Sphere!"

Now isn't it quite clear That "S P H" and "E R E" Do not result in "Spear"?

Chorus.—The Sphere! The Sphere! &c. (Going all over the place *ad lib.*)

"WEIGHTS" WHICH ARE LOOKED FOR LONG AFTER CHRISTMAS.—Weights for the Spring Handicap.



OPENING THE PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN.

"On entering the Commons Vaal we found on an isolated kopje, awkwardly situated between us and the enemy, a most remarkable body of eminent gentlemen in peaceful attire, who protested loudly against being involved in a war against their will. They said they didn't 'like Empire'!"—*Letter from Our Intelligent Anticipator in the Press Gallery.*

"In dealing with England, you have only to wait for the Opposition."—*Mr. Krüger.*



THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

Mother. "GEORGIE, I TOLD YOU TO SAY 'No,' IF THEY OFFERED YOU CAKE A THIRD TIME."

Georgie. "SO I DID, MAMMA. ONLY THEY OFFERED IT ME THE FOURTH TIME, AND YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE FOURTH TIME!"

TWO VISITS.

(A Tale with a Sting at the End.)

THE FIRST VISIT.

"YOU are fond of children, aren't you?" Mr. Punch was asked some time ago by a friend whom he happened to meet in a quaint old street in Bloomsbury.

No one who has the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Punch's volumes will need to be told his answer.

"Then," said his friend, "will you come with me now and be introduced to some? They are close by."

Now it was rather a sudden invitation, and Mr. Punch was not feeling quite in the humour for romping just then: "I suppose," he said dubiously, "they won't want to pull me about, eh? They're quiet children?"

"Very quiet," was the reply, in a tone that did not entirely remove Mr. Punch's apprehensions; however, he followed his guide into a large building a few paces away, up a staircase, and into a long room, where he found the children. There seemed to be a good many of them there, but they were certainly wonderfully quiet—much, much quieter, indeed, than Mr. Punch could have wished, for most were lying, very still, in bed—though it was not nearly bed-time—and even those who were up did not seem in the least disposed to romp.

Which, after all, was not so surprising—seeing that the room was a ward in a Hospital for Sick Children.

Hospital ward though it was, the general impression was the reverse of painful; the room was lofty, light, and perfectly ventilated; the contrasted tones of grey and carmine in the tiled walls gave it warm and cheerful colouring; there were plants, flowers, toys, a bowl of gold-fish here and there, and

even the tables for dressings and antiseptics conveyed, with their glass shelves and jars of rose and lilac fluids, an incongruous but pleasing suggestion of a confectioner's window.

Small convalescents sat round the high stove fender or at low tables in happy and intimate silence, and, as the bright-faced "Sister" and nurses in their pink-and-white uniforms passed a group or a cot, some pale little face, stamped with that content to be at rest which, in a child, is so pathetically unnatural, would light up for the moment at a caressing touch or a playful word.

The children seemed to understand that Mr. Punch was their friend also, and received his overtures graciously, with something, too, of the gentle dignity with which the royalty of suffering will so often invest even the humblest child.

Some were too shy or too tired to talk, so they smiled instead, as the best substitute for conversation—and it did uncommonly well; but others soon became quite confidential.

REGGIE, for instance, who was recovering from a very delicate operation, and extremely proud of having been under chloroform (which the boy in the next bed hadn't, and was considered somewhat of an outsider in consequence), was in some concern about his nurse, whose head, as, for some mysterious reason, he firmly believed, was in the habit of disappearing every night. REGGIE was half hoping, half dreading to witness this phenomenon, and see how she looked without her head. "But I never shall," he lamented to Mr. Punch, "because somehow I can't keep awake after eight!"

And JOHNNIE, at whose request Mr. Punch drew soldiers which JOHNNIE coloured in crayons, seemed to have spent more of his few years in hospital than out of it, and described to Mr. Punch how, when he last left he told the "Sister" "it was all right, for he should soon be back." And so he was—the very next week, and hoped he would stay there altogether now. JOHNNIE had large bright eyes and quite a good colour in his cheeks, but he was very ill, notwithstanding, with a serious form of heart disease, which required complete rest and unrelenting care if his frail life was to be preserved. And so it was with his neighbour—FLORRIE—who was occupied in reading *The Boy's Own Book of Sports*.

TOMMY's father was a Reservist away in South Africa. When TOMMY grew up, he informed Mr. Punch, he meant to go and fight the Boers himself—not suspecting, poor little man, that he was already battling with a foe almost as formidable.

Then there was ALBERT, a smart, lively boy under treatment for a diseased hip-joint, who declared his intention of never leaving the ward—he was too happy with "Sister." ALBERT, it appeared, was the songster of the ward, and his repertory included (besides hymns) "Soldiers in the Park," and a ditty entitled "'As your 'Air Grows Whiter,'" which he did not feel equal to rendering just then, but with which he undertook to favour Mr. Punch on his next visit.

Only a few new friends these out of many, all so patient, so uncomplaining, so touchingly grateful for small kindnesses, and when Mr. Punch took his leave, with their bright eyes following his retreat and mutely inviting him to "come again soon," it was with rather more than his usual huskiness that he promised that he would not forget them.

THE SECOND VISIT.

Mr. Punch did not forget—only it so happened that he had a great deal to occupy him just then, and he was startled to realise, as he sat in his arm-chair one evening, that several weeks had passed and his second visit was still unpaid. "I'll go up to-morrow," he resolved, "and—yes, I'll take them up a few toys!"

Of course, such a hospital would be too well supported by the public to require even toys—but the fact was that Mr. Punch's conscience was a little uneasy that evening and wanted soothing.

So the very next day he presented himself at the big building



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

ALWAYS LET YOUR HORSE SEE THAT YOU ARE HIS MASTER.

in Bloomsbury, provided with a supply of toys which he fondly hoped would find favour in the sight of his young protégés.

He went straight up to the ward he knew best, and pushed open the glazed doors—but the interior somehow had a strangely desolate look; no "Sister" or nurse moved among the cots, no little forms in crimson or cream-coloured gowns lay on the pillows, no fire was glowing in the stove, there was no life, no stir anywhere.

"They've only moved them up to another floor," Mr. Punch told himself, and trudged up stairs and into ward after ward—but all were alike empty; and he was growing more and more uneasy, when he suddenly found himself in the presence of a lady in black whom he recognised as the Matron.

"Why do you come here—now?" she inquired. "Were you looking for any one?"

"For the children," Mr. Punch explained, "my little friends, REGGIE and FLORRIE and JOHNNIE and the others."

"They are not here," she said, "they have been sent home."

"What!" cried Mr. Punch, scarcely daring to believe it. "Cured? Already!"

"No," she replied, turning her head aside for a moment (he noticed now that she looked very sad). "Not cured. Some of them never may be now—but we were obliged to send them away all the same—back to their poor homes, and insufficient food, and air, and space. I see you have brought some toys for them—that was kind—but but it was funds we needed, not toys—funds to keep the Hospital going from day to day. We held on as long as we could, hoping that help would come—but it never did, and at last we had to close our doors, dismiss our staff, and send every child home—to such care and comfort as its parents can give it, which is little enough, for most of them are very poor."

"If I had only come up before!" cried Mr. Punch, "I might

have prevented it. I would have appealed myself, in my own paper, to my own public, not to let such a thing be!"

"They have so many claims on them just now," she said.

"Most probably it would have had no effect!"

"I believe it would!" said Mr. Punch. "I'm positive [it would! And at least I might have tried—but now—now it's too late—too late!"]

And, with a bitter sense of a privilege neglected, a golden opportunity missed, Mr. Punch made his way out of that vast deserted house into the street, and—found himself suddenly back in his own arm-chair.

It had been only a dream; it was not too late—there was still time! But only just—for, like most dreams, this one of Mr. Punch's had a basis of fact. It is literally true that the oldest and largest Children's Hospital in London is in urgent need of funds at this moment, and must inevitably close its doors very soon indeed, unless something is done. . . . But what, and who is to do it?

Well, suppose that all Mr. Punch's readers who have known what it is to see their own children suffer in the midst of every luxury and comfort were to sit down at once and send all they can spare (and it's wonderful how much more one can spare than one would ever imagine) to the Secretary, ADRIAN HOPE, Esq., The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London. If they would only do that, there would be very little danger of Mr. Punch's dream being fulfilled for a considerable time to come.

If, on the other hand, they pass this by, and should happen before long to come across a paragraph in the paper stating that the Children's Hospital as been compelled to close its doors, they will, if at all soft-hearted persons, feel pangs which they might have spared themselves, and which it has been Mr. Punch's object here to spare them, if possible.

ELIZA EX MACHINÂ.

[From America is reported the invention of "electrical charwomen," or "automatic servant-girls," who, when properly charged, will work all day.]

AUTOMATIC girls who char,
How I wonder what you are :
Happier my lot had been
Had I known of this machine.

In my household I dislike
Maids with fringes, maids who
bike ;
I rejoice the fates allow
Servant-galvanism now.

Easily can kitchens store
Electricity galore ;
Heavy-LEYDEN is the air
With the Jars already there.

Servants, here 's a pretty pass !
Fashion makes a Volta-face :
HEBE's occupation gone,
Floreat automaton.

"BAR, BAR, GRAY SHEEP."

—For the first time within the memory of living man, Gray's Inn heads the list of calls to the Bar. This Term there were no less than eighteen of the Hon. Society's students who exchanged the small gown of their order for the ampler robe of an "utter barrister." However wedded to precedent, BACON'S hostelry will continue to be known as Gray's Inn, although the prospects of "Domus" are couleur de rose.

PUNCH PROPHETICAL.

(This appeared in our Number for April 24, 1897.)



GERMANIA ARMING KRÜGER.

[*"The Vossische Zeitung* chronicles with satisfaction the recent arrival at Lorenzo Marquez, on board the German East African liner *Kaiser*, of 1,650 cases of war material for the Transvaal, including a whole battery of heavy guns, and states its conviction that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are 'determined to maintain their independence.'—*Globe*, April 13, 1897.]

SURPRISING

To Mr. Arthur B-l-f-r. To learn that mounted men were preferred in South Africa.

To the Ch-n-c-l-l-r of the Exch-g-r. To discover that parsimony may be more expensive in the end.

To Mr. J-h-n M-r-l-y. To ascertain that the war is not a fit subject for mild jocularity.

To Mr. C-r-t-n-y. To become aware that no one cares a jot for his peace programme.

To Mr. J-s-ph Ch-m-b-r-l-n. To find out that if nothing succeeds like success nothing fails like failure.

To the S-r-v-e Clubs. To become convinced that Volunteers fighting in the front have a right to be treated as soldiers.

To the W-r Off-ce. To be forced to admit that the maps of Natal were founded as much upon fancy as upon fact.

To the Adm-r-l-ty. To find that transports should be swift and sure, rather than neither.

And to the British Lion. To think for a moment that he is unequal to any situation and unworthy of himself.

"CHEROCHEZ LA FEMME!"—*Toujours ça!* In peace or war. Absolutely true. In the Transvaal JOHN BULL might long ago have got on a hundred times better but for his entanglement with Lady Smith.

CAUSE AND EFFECT (?).

BY Z.Y.X.

[A recent theory attributes the prevalence of influenza to the eruption of Krakatoa Island in the East Indies in the early eighties.]

THEY tell us that a far volcano,
Erupting twenty years ago,
Produced the "flu" we all to-day know—
Effects from such queer causes flow!

There's DARWIN'S famous Patch of Clover,
Which thrived when sundry barn-owls
killed

The mice that ate each apian rover
(Or bee) that flowers with pollen filled.

There's Tenterden's oft-quoted Steeple
That brought about the Goodwin Sands;
(The logic of the Kentish people
One's reason in a quagmire lands!)

And there's the Nose of CLEOPATRA
That fixed a Roman Empire's fate—
These, like that Fire-isle off Sumatra,
Are instances how things causate.

We little thought when Krakatoa
Gave forth those wondrous sunset-shows,

The beast was breeding microzoa
To blight the British throat and nose!

Let them reseek the infernal regions,
The crater-flue where they were hatched!
We want no further microbe-legions—
Eruptions such as these be—scratched!

"IN THE MULTITUDE OF
COUNSELLORS—"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Pray advise me.
Suffering from a severe cold, my coughing
and trumpeting first attracted the notice
of my small nephew (who suggested that
I should "play on the light Catarrh")
and afterwards, of several well-meaning
friends, each of whom has recommended a
remedy which will "put you right in no
time, my boy."

Amongst them are the following:—

1. To live in the open air.
2. To stop in bed altogether.
3. To take hot whiskey and water.
4. To strenuously abjure alcohol.
5. To take a walk on an empty stomach.
6. Not to rise from my bed until after breakfast.

7. To drink stout four times a day.

8. Never to touch beer.

9. To take no drugs.

10. To swallow as much quinine as possible.

11. To wrap up warmly and wear flannel next to my skin.

12. To throw off all clothing (consistently with the Police regulations, *bien entendu!*) and "harden" myself.

13. To take copious doses of hot water.

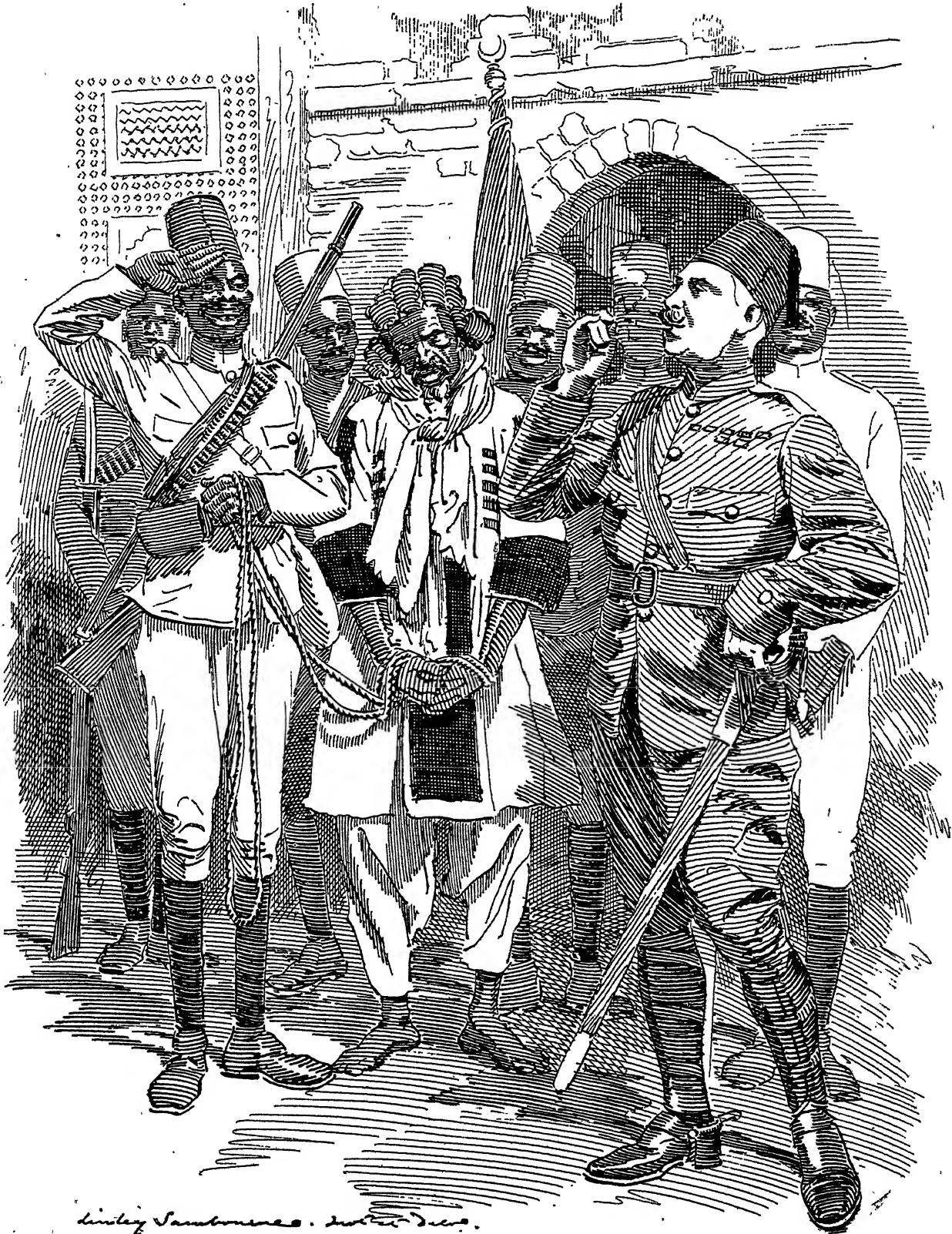
14. Ditto ditto of castor oil.

15. To wear porous plaisters on the north, south, east and west sides of my body.

16. To eat hot gingerbread.

17. To put my feet into either mustard and water, or a "treacle posset," I really forget which.

Now, Sir, as far as I have been able to reconcile the somewhat conflicting advice given above, I have conscientiously done, eaten, drunk and suffered all these things in turn. But, incredible as it may seem, I feel no better. It may appear absurd to say so, but I feel like death. What can I do?
Yours faithfully A VICTIM.



A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.

Egyptian Soldier. "GOT OLD OSMAN DIGNA AT LAST, SIR. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIM?"
The Sirdar (General Sir Francis Wingate). "OH! SEND HIM TO EARL'S COURT."



"COULD YOU TELL ME IF WE ARE GOING RIGHT FOR THE TOWN HALL?" "COULDN'T SAY, SIR."
 "I BELIEVE IT'S OPPOSITE THE—ER—*KING'S ARMS*."
 "OH, *KING'S ARMS*! THIRD TO THE LEFT, SECOND TO THE RIGHT, AND THIRD TO THE LEFT AGAIN."

TO SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

SIR MICHAEL, pray forgive my almost unwarrantable boldness in addressing with a familiarity which, I freely admit, is painful, a man so highly honoured with the confidence of his Sovereign as to have occupied for some years the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But the fact is, I've been very anxious about you, and I wish with as much humility and deference as you may think suitable to the difference in our stations, to express a fervent hope that at this moment you are managing to keep up your pecker.

I remember when I was quite a little chap, the parson of our village hammered into my memory a verse of poetry (by Jove! isn't it a sweat to write poetry? I always wonder how these great fellows, KIPLING and AUSTIN and the chaps who arrange the Christmas cards manage to do it, don't you?)—well, anyhow, in this verse Providence was requested to bless the Squire and his relations,

And then it went on in the second line—there were only two, which is the smallest number one is allowed to have in real poetry with rhymes—to express a wish that all of us might be kept in our proper stations.

And ever since that time I've been all for observing with the utmost rigour the necessary social distinctions that separate one man from another.

But still we all have secret ambitions: I'm only a poor scribbler, I know, and, though I do my best at the business and just manage to make both ends meet and keep the wolf from the

door and pay my taxes whenever Her Gracious Majesty demands them in language which is more forcible than polite (don't imagine I'm imputing any blame: I know she doesn't *mean* it)—still, whatever my success may be, I know better than to hope that men in great positions are going to be pals with me or to treat me as a brother.

No matter—one of my ambitions has always been to have a chat with a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Squire, and now at last I'm doing it—

("Having it" would have been better, but we won't bother about trifles)—and of course it entirely depends upon the way in which you treat me whether I shall be able to look back with pleasure on the incident, or shall spend the rest of my life in rueing it.

For I have heard people whisper—but then somebody's always bound to be whispering—that you've got a pretty short way of your own with men who worry you, and that since the birth of ADAM

There never has been a man who could come down on borses and fools so much like a cart-load of macadam.

And occasionally, they say, the stillness of the Treasury is horribly disturbed by sounds suggestive of strong furniture being violently shattered,

Or of heads that are being suddenly seized and repeatedly and relentlessly battered;

And permanent secretaries rush out, pale and scared and breathless, and terrified clerks scatter hither and thither begging for mercy in feeble voices—well on these occasions it's about a thousand to ten you

Are having a really high and exciting old time with the accounts, and have been expressing your opinion freely and without any silly reserve about all the other gentlemen who happen at the moment to be assisting you in calculating the revenue.

It's perfectly natural, of course, for when you're preparing your annual statement you can't allow any bungler to fudge it,

Seeing that you're the only man who will be blamed by the press and the nation if anything should happen to go wrong with the Budget.

Now, MICHAEL, what I want you particularly to tell me is this:—How in the world are you going to meet all the bills? You've got ten millions or so on account, I know, but that's a mere drop in the ocean,

And you might as well try to pay for this inevitable war of ours with ten million pounds as cure a man who has been run over by a PICKFORD van by applying to the broken parts of him a cooling lotion.

We shall want lots of millions more, and where the dickens we're to get 'em from I can't make out, and I'm thankful it's not my business, but yours, to raise them,

For I've always noticed that Chancellors who reduce taxes are applauded, but when they clap more on, well, people don't exactly praise them.

And you'll have to do no end of clapping on, I'm sure: there'll be several pennies on to the income tax, and the brewers will probably get some sort of a smack in the face, and the wine-merchants will suffer and the tobaccoists get a bit of a knocking.

In fact there's no class of people, not even South African millionaires and gold-bugs generally, who won't be compelled to play Santa Claus and put things into the national stocking.

And this being so, MIKE my boy, I wish you joy of the happy days that the Exchequer has got in front of it,

And I implore you to use the time that is left to you in preparing for your fate, for there's no manner of doubt you'll have to bear the brunt of it.

But then, of course, if *we* must indulge in the luxury of a war you must arrange how we're to pay for it,

And you can't run a war at a shilling a day—and that being the long and the short of it is pretty nearly all there is to say for it.



Effie (having overheard her Father's conversation). "MUMMY DEAR, YOU SAID 'HIGH BIRDS WERE NASTY.' HOW DID APA AN GE ONLY TO GET 'HIGH BIRDS' TO SHOOT AT TO-DAY? HE SAYS SO."
Brother (with superior knowledge). "WHY, OF COURSE, SILLY, IT'S THE HEN THAT LAYS STALE EGGS!"

IN MEMORIAM.

John Ruskin.

BORN, 1819. DIED, JANUARY 20, 1900.

AMID the stress of high-embattled strife
 Thy gentle spirit finds its long release;
 So ends the quiet labour of a life
 That loved the things of Peace.

Her triumphs were thy own; the bloodless fight
 For Truth and Beauty thou hast waged and won;
 Careless of praise; content before the night
 To know thy task well done.

Nature to thee was holy ground, and Art
 An act of worship wrought within the shrine;
 To thee, if given to God with perfect heart,
 Such service shewed divine.

Those temple-rites, not meet to be profaned,
 Still hast thou taught with sacerdotal pride;
 Still fed the fire, still kept the robe unstained,
 And by the altar died!

O. S.

BERRIES FOR ALL TASTES.—For old folks—Elderberries; For sharp persons—Raspberries; For duns—Bilberries; For ganders—Gooseberries; For muffs—Mulberries; For bill discounters—Dewberries; For toppers—Barberries; For niggers—Blackberries; For corndealers—Strawberries; For newsboys—Whortle (war tell) berries; For girls and boys—Holly (day) berries.

SORTES SHAKSPEARIANÆ.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
 The fundamental reasons of this war;
 Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
 And more thirsts after.

(The Volunteers for the Front.)

Second Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,
 That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day
 Come here* for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
 And all the honours that can fly from us
 Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
 When better fall, for your avails they fell;
 To-morrow to the field.

All's Well that Ends Well, Act III., Scene 1.

A Lancer Prisoner. Yet who would have suspected an ambush
 where I was taken? *Ibid., Act IV., Scene 3.*

* The Seat of War.

DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE.

Heads of an Official Conference.

THE infantry said that they required more wagons. The cavalry could not get on without more horses. The yeomanry observed they were short of saddles. The artillery asked for guns. The Royal Army Medical Corps wanted more hospital tents. The sappers insisted upon an accurate survey.

But the Treasury closed the discussion by calmly insisting that nothing more could be done, as any fresh expenditure would increase the estimates by at least three shillings and fourpence halfpenny.



Bernard Partridge fecit.

Master (taking roll of new boys). "YES—AND WHAT IS YOUR CHRISTIAN NAME?"

Master. "COME, COME. WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU AT HOME?"

[Corpulent Youth maintains a stony silence.

Corpulent Youth (brightening). "BEEF, SIR!"

THE WAIL OF THE WOBLER.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator, with sympathetic compliments to the Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.)

THE state of health in which I am
Is not precisely rude or hearty;
I dare not lead, I cannot dam
The forward motions of my Party;
I scarcely know which way to go:
I wish they wouldn't shove me so.

In battle I have seldom shone
When acting on my own devices;
I loathe the light that beats upon
The Head-Conductor in a crisis;
It blackens every peccadillo,
And makes you wriggle on your pillow.

When I was Minister of War
(Process of natural selection),
My Chief would always trot before
And give me bodily protection;
I hardly had a moment's care,
Seeing the fight was his affair.

But now my wretched lot is cast
Full in the van (may Heaven preserve us!)

Where I am hampered by a past
That makes me really rather nervous;
Cordite! the very name's enough;
I do so hate explosive stuff!

How can I charge the other side.
With want of adequate provision,
I who was humbled in my pride
Through running short of ammunition?
A pot should never call a kettle
Names that reflect upon its metal.

Besides, I think my proper rôle
Is not conspicuously martial;
I have encouraged in my soul
A tendency to be impartial;
I have a nicely-balanced mind;
(I wish they wouldn't shove behind).

Pushed on by COURTNEY, DILKE & Co.,
Pushed back by GREY and HENRY FOWLER,
I want to leave the van and go
Home comfortably in a growler;
Why was I not content to be
An affable nonentity?

I might perhaps have borne the brunt
As limited to yonder legions;

But if I'm under fire in front
And also in the hinder regions,
I might as well at once be dead;
I'm sure to finish full of lead! O. S.

COALENSO'S ARITHMETIC.

OLD King Coal is a jolly old soul,
Losing no opportunittee,
His price he'll always raise
In the peaceablest of days,
But in war-time 'tis three times three!

WHY WE ARE BETTER

Than the French. Because we are less excitable.

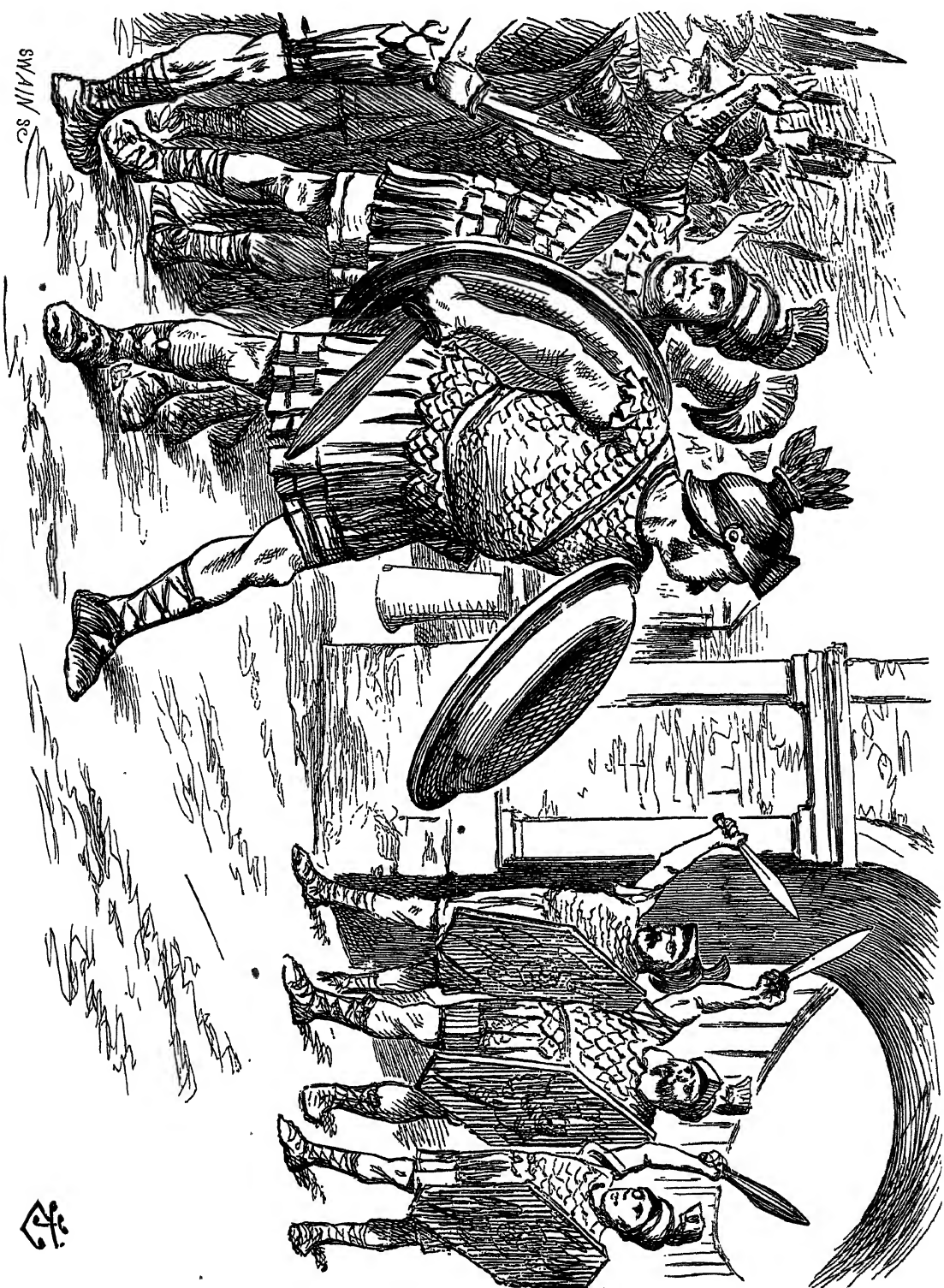
Than the Russians. Because we are less grasping.

Than the Germans. Because we are more modest.

Than the Austrians. Because we are not so proud.

Than the Dutch. Because we never ask too much.

Than that part of the world not painted red. Because we are British.



HOLDING THE BRIDGE.

“BUT THOSE BEHIND CRIED ‘FORWARD!’
AND THOSE BEFORE CRIED ‘BACK!’”—MACAULAY’S “HORATIUS.”





"THERE'S A BOY WANTS TO SEE YOU, SIR."
 "HAS HE GOT A BILL IN HIS HAND?"
 "NO, SIR."
 "THEN HE'S GOT IT IN HIS POCKET! SEND HIM AWAY!"

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

9 P.M. This has been longest day of my life. "Melon-dramer" just about to be launched at a small and inoffensive audience. Guests beginning to arrive. Receive them in Hall as boys strictly forbid me to use drawing-room. Just welcoming dear Lady FITZFOOZLEBY when dismal scream from the "stage" is heard. Rush in to see what has happened. "We were only just ragging BUTTONS, Uncle. He's such a young ass, he won't understand he's to be the thunder, 'off,' when I say 'Ha, ha, the spectre comes!'" so I jolly well twisted his arm and then he yelled, and now I think he'll remember." Depart relieved.

Did not know my page-boy had been impressed into the service. Piano and Cornet arrive. Suspect Cornet. Red nose and looks bibulous. Am sure Piano thumps. Wonder if my cherished Broadwood will ever be quite the same again after to-night.

9.30 P.M. Usher guests into seats for dreaded ordeal. Shiver as I contemplate their inevitable boredom. Stand at door and watch curtain rise on "Melon-dramer." MAX with burnt corked eyebrows and moustache, long flaxen wig, and—dear, oh dear,—another pair of my top boots! strides down to foot (? night) lights, and throwing cloak (mine again) over shoulder, begins interminable speech. "By my

Halidom, was ever soldier of the King thus scurvily entreated! Zounds, but I would crop the ears of any beastly ass of a Roundhead—" I fled precipitately. Why will these dreadful children mix up "ancient and modern" in this hopeless fashion? So distressing. Butler says "Beg pardon, the ices ain't come, so thought I'd tell you, Sir." Again I ask, why me? Why will every one worry me?

10.15. Return to drawing-room. Melon-dramer evidently ending. MAX struggling with "BOOTS." They take three steps forward and stamp—then three back, and stamp again. Audience politely smothering yawns. MAX. "Unhand me, caitiff!" Then aside, but in perfectly audible tones, "Shut up, you young ass—don't shove like that!" Palpable titter in front. I dash out of room again, hot all over. Five minutes later, loud applause, and audience slowly file out. I suggest supper now before charades. Supper success. All delighted with boys' acting, which makes it the more surprising nobody can stop for more of it. "So late, you know," and "If the carriage is here, I really daren't keep the horses waiting." After departure of last guest, retire to bed completely worn out.

Hear next morning that "Sharards" were played to select audience of waiters and servants who afterwards supped and drank my Dry Monopole, together with MAX, TOMMY, and "BOOTS." Should like to say something sarcastic, but feel too weak and ill. F. R.

THE BRUMMAGEM UNDERGRAD.

[There will be a school of brewing in the new Birmingham University.]

A FIG, I say, for Oxford grey,
 A fig for Cambridge sad,
 For who would not prefer the lot
 Of the Brummagem Undergrad?
 No musty, dusty tomes are here;
 My lecture-rooms are cellars,
 My books are bottles of stout and beer,
 And I am the best of fellers.

To brew good ale and drink it too,
 That's what we Brummagem boys can do!

No bookworm I, with a volume dry,
 And a figure lean and spare,
 But a brewer fat with a frothing vat
 Wherein to drown my care.
 While other learned students stew
 O'er Greek and Latin sages,
 I make this contribution to
 The wisdom of the ages—
 While tankards foam and glasses glitter
 I care not, I, though life be Bitter.

"SPHERE V. SPEAR."—There being able contributors to these rival papers, would it not be fair to say that those on *The Sphere* write grammatically, while those on *The Spear* write Ingram-matically?



Binks (of the South Dumfries Volunteer Rifles—who has been explaining how things ought to be done in South Africa). "WHY, MY BOY, IF I HAD BEEN IN COMMAND OF THE TROOPS, I WOULD HAVE BEEN IN PRETORIA BY THIS TIME!"
Simpkins. "I'VE NO DOUBT YOU WOULD—AS A PRISONER!"

VERY HARD CASES.

(Our Puzzle Competition—Framed after the most Popular Models.)

1. Major A., the well-known explorer, is narrating some of his thrilling experiences at a dinner-party. At the close of one of these anecdotes Mr. B. suddenly throws the claret decanter at his head. What should A. do?

2. Mrs. C., whose husband's second cousin is distantly related to Dr. D., who has bought a practice in the town of X., owing to the recent decease of Dr. E.—whose death, it must be borne in mind, was due to apoplexy—chances to meet the Duchess of F., who is well-known for her partiality to cockatoos and cornet-playing. In the course of conversation Mrs. C. mentions that Miss G., who has recently become engaged to Mr. H., has consulted Dr. I., who lives in the next street to Dr. D.'s maternal uncle. Lady C. repeats this to Miss G., who tells H., who tells the Duchess of F. Some weeks later Mr. S., on the strength of these facts, purchases a new bicycle with a defective brake. Suggest the best course of conduct for Mrs. C. and Mr. H. to pursue under these circumstances, and then retire to bed with brain-fever.

3. Mrs. X., meeting a stranger in an hotel, talks to her of her aristocratic acquaintance. The stranger, apparently impressed, inquires casually whether she knows the Countess of Y. Mrs. X. replies, untruthfully, that the Countess of Y. is her dearest friend. Whereupon the stranger remarks, "But I am the Countess of Y.!" What should Mrs. X. say?

4. Mr. A. is travelling from London to Bournemouth in an express train. He is talking to the only other occupant of the compartment, when the latter suddenly remarks that A. is wearing a blue tie, adding that he can't stand blue ties. As he speaks, he produces a revolver. How is A. to prove that his tie is in reality green? It is to be remembered that during his remarks the loaded revolver is being held within an inch of his nose.

5. Mr. B., meeting the eminent novelist, Miss C., at dinner, compliments her warmly on her last book, *The Bumble-Bee*, declaring it to be her finest production. Miss C. seems displeased, and Mr. B. suddenly recollects that the work in question is written by Miss D., whom Miss C. notoriously hates. What should be Mr. B.'s next remark?

ANACREONTIC.

I LONG to tell of METHUEN,
 'I long to sing B.-P.,
 And chant to highest heaven
 The gallant C.I.V.;
 But when I woo the Muses
 Each one of them refuses
 The martial theme; and chooses
 To sing, sweetheart, of thee.

They tell heroic stories
 Of valorous V. C.;
 seek amid their glories
 A theme of song for me;
 I seek, but cannot find it,
 For Love, the rogue, has blinded
 This beggar absent-minded
 To all the world but thee.

I long with lyre Tyrtsean
 To sing the battle red,
 Or chant a mighty pæan
 Upon our noble dead;
 But when I would be graver,
 Young Love, the saucy shaver,
 Constrains my reed to quaver
 Anacreon instead.

THE GOLDSMITH'S COMPANY.

MY DEAR MISTER,—I red what you rote about the peice at the Hamarkt last weke. Heres my drorins of it. HARRY'S SON.



Squire Cyril Maude Harcastle.



Miss Winifred Harcastle.



A Curious Experience of the late Miss Dangerfield.

HE was exceedingly pretty. Her great feature was her eyes, tender, lov-

ing, trusting blue eyes, the soft blue of the fairy

flax, sad eyes that told you that she was a woman with a history.

Women with a history are dangerous people as a rule. Not that I am afraid of them—there is nothing of the philanderer about me, and I should never lose my heart to that heroine of romance, the undetected lady-poisoner, because, you see, Mrs. NIBBS is of a jealous nature, and keeps that organ, figuratively speaking, under lock and key, and Mrs. NIBBS is not the person an ordinary man would dare to deceive—besides, she is the mother of five. I acknowledge to being gifted with an almost superhuman curiosity. I have a wonderful nose for romantic incidents; I am a very bloodhound—no, sleuth-hound (that is the exact word, though I don't quite know what it means, I know it is right)—for the harrowing incidents of modern domestic melodrama. I am justified, I am perfectly justified, because I turn them by a magic process into beef, and clothes, and books, for the mother of five and her interesting offspring, and they are interesting—to me, as every man's children are—to him, and if any man who is the father of a family says he admires any children except his own, he's a— Well, you can fill in the word for yourself.

If I hadn't admired the little woman with the pretty blue eyes so much, I should have been off to the smoking-compartment and have got through the journey as best I could by means of strong tobacco, whiskies and sodas, and sleep. I never suffer from insomnia. I always carry one of a certain popular lady's works when travelling—it's infallible. I won't mention her name, because I hate advertising other people; but the blue eyes had bewitched me strangely, so I had half-a-pint of dry champagne and a light lunch in the dining-saloon. When I genuinely admire a woman it always takes away my appetite. I had asked my travelling companion if she would lunch, for I knew well enough that there is nothing that brings two people together like a *tête-à-tête* lunch. But the blue-eyed goddess

would not listen to my suggestion. A really pretty woman dare not have a good appetite in public. If she has, it takes away half the poetry, and she ceases to be an angel. All women know this. I believe it is instilled into their minds at their boarding-schools, and, as I ate my bit of salmon and trifled with my cutlet, I was filled with suspicions. That little thing has probably got a good meal of sandwiches in her hand-bag. Beef sandwiches with lots of mustard! It's a curious psychological fact that little blonde women of the type of my travelling companion always adore beef sandwiches with lots of mustard. They eat them in secret whenever they have an opportunity. It is only after marriage that they devour them openly. Beef sandwiches are one of the things that destroy the poetry of married life. Whenever I travel with BELINDA—I mean Mrs. NIBBS—I always have to carry a large packet of them.

I didn't dare to smoke after my lunch, for many women hate tobacco, and loathe the man who smells of it, and I wanted to be a *persona grata*—which was a very natural feeling, considering how very pretty my fellow traveller was.

When I re-entered our compartment she was asleep. I looked on the floor for crumbs. Not a sign of one.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that I sat down very quietly in order not to wake her. Then I did exactly what any other man would have done under the circumstances. I took stock. A sweet, girlish, guileless face. I adore innocence—here was innocence personified. There wasn't a wrinkle on the little forehead, which was crowned by tiny curls of fair hair, of a blonde *cendrée* tint, a tint I specially admire. It is impossible to produce it artificially. GREUZE admired it too. He was a connoisseur—so am I. I love a low forehead—so did HORACE: "*tenui fronte*," you know. The lovely blue eyes were hidden by long dark lashes, the little nose was slightly aquiline, and there was a peach-like bloom upon the cheeks, the rosy lips, which were arched like Cupid's bow, surmounted a rounded chin, on which was a dear delicious little dimple, and—

Here my careful stock-taking came to a sudden end, for the ivory lids were lifted, disclosing the miraculous blue eyes.

Of course I seized the opening at once. "I hope I haven't disturbed you," I said.

"Not in the least," replied the little lady. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for dropping off; for the scenery is perfectly

charming here, and I do so love Scotland." The ice was broken. The owner of that beautiful face *must* have had a history. If she would only confide it to me—I was an old hand. Why shouldn't I get it out of her? I determined to make the attempt.

It is rather difficult for a man to extract from a lady who is a mere acquaintance, unless he be her spiritual adviser, the secret history of what the Germans call her "life-romance," but I have an infallible recipe for this. It never fails. I tell them one of my best short stories—one I have sold. I tell it in the first person singular. Then they invariably confide in me, and I always get at them and their "life-romance" in that way. Then, being a man of no imagination, I just go home and typewrite their plain, unvarnished tales. That is what makes my short stories so very interesting, because every word of every one of them is absolutely true; and it is for this reason, because I am a man of no imagination but of unimpeachable veracity, and not, as my friends suppose, from the tyranny of editors, that I prefer as a rule to remain anonymous. Why, if I signed my work, indignant fathers, husbands, and elder brothers would be down on me in their thousands. I'll give you an instance. I once did a little thing about a Ward in Chancery. If I had signed that little thing it would have been a contempt of court, and the Lord Chancellor himself would have been down upon me, and his gentlemanly tipstaff would have called for me in a four-wheeled cab.

I tried my infallible recipe on the lady with the soft blue eyes, and of course I got it out of her, that very peculiar story of hers. It bears the unmistakable stamp of truth. No fictionist could have invented such a story, not even—no, that might be taken for self-advertisement—let us say, ANANIAS himself.

We were leaving Perth. People generally get very confidential at this stage of the journey due north. Then she began, clasping her little gloved hands upon her lap, and gazing into the *Twilight* (or, to speak by the card, the luggage-rack—happy luggage-rack!) with those tender blue eyes of hers.

"Mother and I were very poor, you know, and the wolf had been at the door for a long, long time. None of the numerous advertisements I had answered had ever led to anything, although I had paid countless half-crowns to be 'put on the books,' as they invariably called it. I am not accomplished, you know. I was not even certificated, and there were always so many applicants for those engagements which a young gentleman in reduced circumstances was capable of undertaking. But I was successful at last. I answered an advertisement in the *Times*. It ran as follows:—

COMPANION TO AN INVALID.—The services of a lady by birth are required as reader to a chronic invalid. The applicant should be able to play from memory. From three to four hours of her time will be required daily.—Address Mrs. HERBERT, No. — Nexham Gardens, W.

"I applied for the situation; and I received an appointment to call upon Mrs. HERBERT at eleven the next day. When I reached the house at Nexham Gardens, my soul died within me, for there were unmistakable signs of wealth about the place. The very flowers in the window-boxes were choice and expensive; the trim parlour-maid who opened the door was better dressed than I was; the furniture of the morning-room into which I was shown, though severely simple, was superlatively excellent. 'What chance have I?' I thought. 'There will be hundreds of applicants,' and then I sat down feeling ready to cry. I was not kept long in suspense, for almost immediately a dear little old lady with hair as white as snow and dressed in widow's weeds entered the room. She was evidently very nervous.

"'It was your name that struck me, Miss DANGERFIELD,' she said, as I handed her my few testimonials. 'Is it possible that you are in any way related to the Reverend JOHN DANGERFIELD, the rector of Hatton?'

"'He was my father, Madam,' I said. 'I was born at Hatton.'

"Mrs. HERBERT seemed at her ease at once. She asked me one or two questions about Hatton, evidently to test my veracity.

"'You have a soft voice,' she said suddenly. 'Are you at all

accustomed to reading aloud, child? And can you play from memory—without your notes, I mean?'

"I assured her that both these things were within my powers, but she put my music to the test. She made me accompany her to the drawing-room, and I sat down to the Erard grand in fear and trembling.

"'Play something simple, dear,' she said; 'anything you like, anything; and if it is a little old-fashioned I shall like it all the better.'

"I played 'Pestal's Death Song' as being the most old-fashioned thing I could think of.

"'My dear, that is exactly what we want,' said Mrs. HERBERT. 'Other ladies have been here, and they have played WAGNER to me, and what is called modern music, and they made a great deal of noise, and noise is not suited to an invalid, you know. I know all about your father, Miss DANGERFIELD,' and thereupon she offered me a salary of a hundred a year. Of course I accepted it with gratitude.

"'My son,' said Mrs. HERBERT, 'cannot bear the light of day; he lives habitually in a darkened room, poor fellow, on account of his affliction, and he has no friends, no acquaintances. Think of that, my dear, and try to pity him.'

"Then it was arranged that I should commence my duties on the day following at two o'clock. The next day I was once more shown into the morning-room. Mrs. HERBERT came down almost immediately, and after the usual greetings she said, 'Try to put him at his ease, poor fellow, he is dreadfully nervous, and you must make allowances for him; he knows nothing of the world; he has never been into society on account of his affliction.'

"Then she bade me follow her. I did so. When we reached a door upon the second floor, she tapped gently. 'May we come in, FRANK?' she said.

"There was a loud metallic click, and the door opened.

"'Don't be afraid, child,' Mrs. HERBERT whispered in my ear, as she grasped my hand and led me in.

"The room was pitch dark, save for a strong ray of light which was thrown from a reading-lamp upon an open book lying upon a table. The lamp itself was hidden by a large black cone, in the side of which was a round aperture by means of which the concentrated light illuminated the book, leaving the rest of the place in absolute darkness; it was just the same sort of apparatus, in fact, as that used by persons who lecture with a lime-light.

"'I hope these strange arrangements do not alarm you, Miss DANGERFIELD,' said a gentle voice. 'My misfortune—my illness unhappily necessitates them.'

"The voice was so kind, so sympathetic, that I ceased to fear, and seated myself at the table ready to commence my duties. We three talked a little, and then, my eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the weird darkness of the place, I could see, though with some difficulty, that the invalid was seated in an easy-chair with his back to me, that the heavy window-curtains were tightly drawn, and that an open cottage piano stood close to the table upon which was the lamp.

"Then I commenced my duties. The open volume was *Paradise Lost*.

"For a couple of hours I read aloud, then Mrs. HERBERT and I adjourned to the drawing-room where tea was served to us; then we went back to the darkened room, and I played for an hour to the mysterious invalid. We three chatted merrily enough during the intervals between my humble performances. As I took my departure, I saw that the metallic click when the door was opened to admit us had been caused by a lazy-bolt.

"For a whole year on every week day for four hours I performed my duties at Nexham Gardens. Then mother died, and I was left alone in the world; but Mrs. HERBERT was very good to me. I went to live with her in Nexham Gardens, and for four hours every day I played and read and talked to FRANK HERBERT; and gradually I began to feel that I was no longer

friendless and alone. I liked them both very much indeed. Three more uneventful years passed by, and yet I had never looked upon FRANK HERBERT'S face, I had never been alone with him for a single instant.

"It was not only reading aloud and playing old-world music now to the mysterious man, whose life was passed in the darkened room. We were often alone together, for Mrs. HERBERT evidently felt that she could trust us both. She understood by this time that I was not an adventuress, likely to set my cap (hateful phrase) at her afflicted son. I often used to wonder what the nature of the affliction might be that necessitated the poor fellow's perpetual seclusion, and made him fear the light of day. He was a prisoner—just as much a prisoner as the Man in the Iron Mask. There was no mental trouble. His mind was as clear as my own, and he took the greatest interest in what was going on outside the darkened room. It was not that his eyes could not bear the light of day, for many a time and oft I had looked up at his windows from the street with pardonable curiosity, and noted that the blinds were raised and the curtains undrawn. I had noticed too at times, when I had tapped for admission that I heard the sounds of the hurried lowering of the blinds and drawing of the curtains ere the bolt was drawn, and I was bidden to enter. I needn't tell you that my curiosity was aroused to the very highest pitch, but I never attempted to pry into his mysterious secret. Summer and Winter our places were always the same. FRANK (I had got to think of him as FRANK by this time) invariably sat in an easy-chair by the fireplace with his back to me. I, as a matter of course, took my seat at the table where the hooded lamp threw its little circle of strong light upon the book which I invariably found lying open there.

"Since I had come to live with Mrs. HERBERT, the time I passed in her son's room had ceased to be a measured task. The hours spent in the darkened room had ceased to be a toil to me now. I actually looked forward to them, and the darkened room had come to have a strange fascination for me. We even took tea there sometimes, for I had become almost one of the family, and we three used to chat there upon all conceivable topics merrily enough. But at times FRANK HERBERT would have fits of depression, against which the poor fellow strove in vain.

"He never dropped the slightest hint to me of the reason of his seclusion. I never alluded to it in any way. Once his mother told me that her poor boy, as she called him, had never left his rooms since he was a little child. 'His affliction came upon him,' she said sadly, 'when he was but two years old;' and then she stopped suddenly, as though she had said too much. She made me no further confidence, changing the subject nervously.

"I was not without amusement. I accompanied Mrs. HERBERT in her daily drive; she even sent me, chaperoned by her maid, to concerts and *matinées*, and my innocent dissipations always greatly interested young Mr. HERBERT, and invariably were the topics of our conversation the next day.

"FRANK was a well-read man, and highly educated; but though at first much of my reading aloud to him consisted of rather ponderous literature, latterly it became almost altogether

confined to the last new novel or poetry. I fancy that this change was made for my sake. It's much nicer,' he would say, 'when you are reading something in which you take an interest.'

"At times too I used to sing for him, but my songs, which were invariably simple ballads, had a distressing effect upon poor FRANK, and almost always brought on one of those painful fits of depression to which I have before alluded.

"It is a strange confession to make. I had begun by pitying FRANK HERBERT—I had ended by well-nigh loving him. I felt a real affection for the solitary man whose face I had never seen.

"I can own it now, and I am not ashamed to own it, though it may seem to you a strange confession."

Here the little woman buried her face in her hands and gave a sort of hysterical little laugh.

"I can understand your feelings," I said, anxious to get at the climax, for my professional *flair* told me that the strange experiences of Miss DANGERFIELD would make good reading, an excellent short story; and in my mind's eye I was already

calculating how many thousand words it would run to. In a short story terseness is everything. As the late Mr. DUCROW said, "Let's cut the cackle and come to the horses."

"Pray go on," I said, when she had sufficiently recovered.

"It was the happiest day of my life," said Miss DANGERFIELD simply, with a smile and a little gentle sigh.

"Suddenly poor Mrs. HERBERT was stricken down with inflammation of the lungs. I did my best to help in nursing her.

"'FLORENCE,' she said to me on the second day of her illness, as the clock struck two, 'I think you had better go down to FRANK as usual; he'll be dreadfully dull, poor fellow.'

"I didn't play or read to him that day. We sat there in the darkness and talked about his mother.

"Within the week Mrs. HERBERT died. On her death-bed her last words to me were, 'FLORRIE, my child, try to be kind to poor FRANK for my sake. Don't desert him;' and then she sighed and took my hand in hers—and so she died.

"It nearly killed my poor invalid. He would sob silently by the hour together. How I pitied him.

"It must have been about six months after his mother's death that he spoke to me a little seriously. 'I have something to tell you, Miss DANGERFIELD,' he said. 'I don't think it's fair on you, you know, that I should spoil your life. It was my mother's wish that you should be provided for. I have settled two hundred a year upon you, FLORENCE—I beg your pardon, Miss DANGERFIELD,' he added hurriedly, 'it slipped out. Latterly poor mother and I always used to speak of you as FLORENCE—that must be my excuse. What I wanted to say to you is this. It isn't right that you should be imprisoned here that you may minister to the whims of—of a miserable man. I hope that you'll come and see me sometimes,—no not that, God forbid that you should see me—and brighten, as you have brightened, the darkness of my living tomb;' and then he sighed.

"There was a silence, and then his mother's dying words seemed to come back to me, 'My child, try to be kind to poor FRANK for my sake. Do not desert him.'

"I thanked him for his munificence, and I told him that I too was quite alone in the world, and that if he thought well, and



"Then I commenced my duties."

if it would be a comfort to him—and I felt my cheeks glow with hot blushes as I said the words—I would still remain in Nexham Gardens. Then he laughed a bitter laugh. 'What would the world say, Miss DANGERFIELD?'

"'I am a person of too little importance,' I replied, 'for the world to concern itself with my doings. I should consider the world well lost if I could alleviate your sorrows, Mr. HERBERT.'

"And then I felt for the first time that I loved the man whose face I had never looked upon.

"'Do as you will, little FLORENCE,' he said, 'but do it in cold blood. Take twenty-four hours to think it over.'

"And so I stayed on in Nexham Gardens on the same footing as before, and I was very, very happy. We drifted into it.

"In that dark room in which I had passed so many happy hours we two lived on, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' At first I felt for FRANK (we were always FRANK and FLORENCE now) a genuine pity; it gradually grew perilously akin to love; I felt that it was so; I knew that I was a necessity of his existence; and latterly something in the tones of FRANK'S voice told me in unmistakable language that he more than liked me. Could it be my foolish vanity? I sometimes asked myself. At least I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had no mercenary motive. Should FRANK declare his love and ask me to be his wife I should, in accepting him, be to a certain extent making a sacrifice—even my severest critics would acknowledge that. I was no adventuress. I had not angled for the poor fellow's heart. I knew that I honestly loved him; gratitude and pity had developed into a something which it was a misnomer to term a liking; I loved the man, though I had never seen his face; I gloried in my honest love, and I was not ashamed to own it to my sternest judge—myself.

"One day we were talking about that mysterious being, *the Man in the Iron Mask*. 'One can't help pitying him,' I said, in a momentary forgetfulness of FRANK'S affliction.

"'I don't pity him, I envy him his great good luck, that is to say if the legend we have been reading has a grain of truth in it, for there was one woman in the world who really loved MATTHIOLI; though she had never looked upon his face, his jailer's daughter loved and pitied him. I think he was a lucky dog,' he added, and then he laughed, but there was a hollow, nervous ring about that laugh of his. Then it came all of a sudden.

"'I can bear it no longer, dear,' cried FRANK. 'I feel that we must part, FLORENCE, now and for ever. It will be some small relief to me to confess to you my wicked folly. I have loved you, dear, and I am a wretch who has no right to love, because I am without the pale of humanity. Why should the family curse have descended upon me?' he moaned out. 'Oh, my darling, I will confess my shame, and then we will part, never, never to meet again.'

"'FRANK,' I cried, 'why should you be ashamed to confess a love for me? We are both of us alone in the world, and I should be a penniless girl were it not for your generous bounty. You are wealthy, FRANK, and—and I love you; but, believe me, not for your wealth, dear. My people are gentle-folks,' I added, a little haughtily. 'I can see the folly of your loving me, FRANK, but not—not the shame,' and then I burst into tears.

"Sitting there in the dim shadows of the darkened room, where the man who had just confessed his love for me, and whose face was as ever hidden from my sight, sat sobbing silently, I trembled, I trembled at the terror of the thing. What did he mean by the curse that had fallen upon him, and the shame? What could he mean? There was evidently some dreadful horror in the background. Why should the man I loved, the noble-hearted man with the tender voice, be without the pale of humanity? I had grown so accustomed to the darkened room that long, long ago it had ceased to have any terrors for me; but now my mind was suddenly filled with an abject dread of some unknown horror.

"Why did FRANK never dare to face the light of day?

"But my curiosity was not to be satisfied.

"'Leave me, FLORENCE,' said FRANK. 'Try to forget my folly; let things be between us as though I had never spoken. It will be best for both of us.'

"There was no other course open to me. I did as I was bid by my—my employer. I rose and left the room without a word.

"The excitement proved too much for me. I had a severe attack of brain-fever, and when I became convalescent I learned with horror that my lover—for he was my lover, though I had never seen his face—was dead. The news caused an instant relapse, and when I at length recovered I looked so thin and worn and wan, that my own reflection, as I first saw it by accident in a mirror, frightened me.

"FRANK HERBERT had left me everything he possessed in the world; the house in Nexham Gardens, where I still live, and a great estate in ready money. Under the terms of the will I took the name of HERBERT. Poor FRANK! she added with a sigh.

I looked at the late Miss DANGERFIELD, and for the thousandth time I admired those guileless blue eyes of hers. What a lot of trouble that dear little thing had gone through. Anyhow, I had got her "life-romance" out of her, that was one comfort.

"He died of a broken heart, I suppose?" I said, in what I consider my most tearfully sympathetic tone.

"FRANK HERBERT shot himself," said Miss DANGERFIELD, drawing a lace handkerchief across her pretty eyes; "the family solicitor gave me the details, which, with a woman's curiosity, I insisted on having. For several generations in the HERBERT family one of the children had suffered from an obscure affection called *Hirsuties*, which means, as you will guess, an abnormal growth of hair. These unfortunate beings had, happily for themselves, all died in infancy; but my poor FRANK, the last of the line, lived till he was four-and-twenty. He died for me," she added simply, and again she applied the little handkerchief to the pretty eyes.

"It is a sad story," I said.

"It has helped to pass the time," said the late Miss DANGERFIELD. "And here we are at Aberdeen," she added.

And then the train drew up, and a tall, red-bearded man flung the door of the carriage wide open, jumped Miss DANGERFIELD out on to the platform, having seized her tiny hands in his huge paws, and crying in a broad Scotch accent, "Eh, my winsome wee thing, ye're a gude sight for sair een;" and then the bearded man proceeded to kiss her violently. I hate a broad Scotch accent, and the rest of the performance made my flesh creep. I felt—I felt as though a goose were walking over my grave. As he marched the late Miss DANGERFIELD off, I noticed that all the porters touched their caps to the big, bearded man.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked one of them. The big man was evidently suffering from *Hirsuties*—it couldn't be the late FRANK HERBERT come to life again!

"That," said the porter, "is Professor MCCACKLEBURY of Marischal College; the leddy is his wife, the writer body, ye'll ken." The writer body! *Works of Imagination and Fancy*, by FLORENCE MCCACKLEBURY, as I well knew had gone through several editions. Perhaps, I do not say it for certain, but perhaps I had been deceived, and by the wife of a Scotch professor, and a lady novelist too. There lay the sting of it.

Blue eyes—I hate blue eyes—the blue-eyed goddess Minerva, too. There is at times something very treacherous about a pair of blue eyes. The lady had evidently taken a sort of preliminary canter over me, with her last original bit of new and realistic fiction. I thanked my stars that she had not bound me over to secrecy. I hurried to my hotel, and I had my revenge—by sending it that evening to Mr. Punch.

C. J. Collins

Next week, "Cupid and the Vicar of Swale," by W. S. MAUGHAM.



P. H. M. 1900.

Snobson (to inhabitant of out-of-way seaside resort). "WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE DO YOU GET DOWN HERE IN THE SUMMER?"

Inhabitant. "OH, ALL SORTS, ZUR. THERE BE FINE PEOPLE AN' COMMON PEOPLE, AN' SOME JUST HALF-AN'-HALF, LIKE YOURSELF, ZUR."

OVER EDUCATION.

["The Matrimonial School at Chicago has turned out an awful failure. A result of a visit to the school was, that both men and women looked for a higher standard in each other." — *Westminster Gazette*]

ONCE PENELOPE was kind,

Gentle, loving and forgiving—
She and I both of one mind;

And in peace and concord living,
Each the other's comfort sought,
As a wife and husband ought.

But, in hopes to add thereby
Sweeter syrup to our honey,
We a course resolved to try
At the School of Matrimony—
Now each other's faults in turn
Without pity we discern.

If you ask me what has stirred
Thus fond love to bitter strife,
'Tis the lectures that I heard
On the "duties of a wife"—
While PENELOPE, alas!
Studied in the husband's class.

THE NEW SHOP.

THAT "khaki" is "the only wear"
Of late has freely been asserted,
Some dastards e'en to *khaking* care
Behind the yeoman have adverted.

From "Kensingdorp" now slowly "trek"
Up Ludgate "Kop" the wonted busses,
While over "spruit" and "kloof" and
"nek"

The military expert fusses.

The streams of talk have all one "drift,"
A huntsman calls his double thong a
"Sjambok," while jockeys try to lift
Their mounts safe o'er the "open-
donga."

When SIKES, who's pinched a watch and
chain,
For theft once more has to appear, it
Gives him unjust and needless pain—
He merely sought to "commandeer" it.

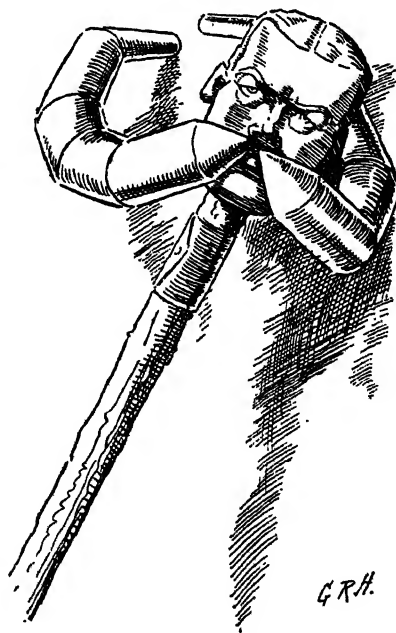
While boys cut up the good old plays,
And mellow dramas term transpontine,
With half-unconscious paraphrase
The greybeards yarn of SADLER'S
"Fontein."

Plain English words have even grown
Obscured in Darkest-Afric dimness,
For now a man of twenty stone,
If 'cute, may prove his claim to "slim"-
ness.

These thoughts, my Muse, have made us
seek,

Although we are and must be shoppy,
To gain if not Parnassus' Peak
At any rate a little "kopje!"

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



G. R. H.

THE HEAD OF A STAFF.

Modern Egyptian Manufacture.

[Presented to His Highness the Khedive.]



HERO WORSHIP DEFUNCT.

Governess. "NOW, IRENE, I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO LOLL ABOUT LIKE THIS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT THE GREAT NAPOLEON, ON ONE OCCASION, ALTHOUGH VERY ILL, SAT UPRIGHT ON HIS HORSE FOR FIFTEEN HOURS!"

Irene. "POOR LITTLE CHAP!"

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

CHER MONSIEUR,—Voici les premières pages de notre Manuel. Jusqu'ici tous les manuels ont eu un grand défaut; ils ont manqué d'actualité. On y trouvait des conversations dans la diligence ou sur un navire à voiles. Les auteurs aussi ne faisaient aucune attention au caractère de la nation. M. LUDWIG MÜLLER et moi nous avons changé tout cela. Les Anglais sont un peu insulaires, et il faut traduire les phrases dont ils se servent le plus souvent.

La partie anglaise est presque sans faute, car nous l'avons rédigée ensemble, en cherchant soigneusement l'orthographe de tous les mots. Dans la partie française il y a peut-être quelques erreurs. Je suis toujours souffrant après avoir été fort enrhumé, et par conséquent j'ai dicté toute cette partie à M. MÜLLER, qui écrit l'anglais étonnamment bien, mais le français avec beaucoup moins de facilité.

Agreez, &c.

AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE.

THE PACKBOAT.

LE PAQUEBOT.

Is this that this boat is french or english? Est-ce que ce bateau est français ou anglais?

One french boat, you say? One french boat, you say? Un bateau français, vous l'avez été believing him. What dîtes? Je le croyais. Quel bateau!

One dye of cold. One stuff. On meurt de froid. On étouffe.

What kitchen! Nothing that Quel cuisine! Rien que des of the french plates. Always plats [français. Toujours des of the hashes. One has beautiful ragoûts. On a beau demander

to demand of the boiled mutton, du mouton bouilli, du chou à of the cabbage to the water, of l'eau, du pudding de riz. Aucun the pudding of rice. Any plat anglais. english plate.

I not shall can nothing to eat.

Je ne pourrai rien manger.

I burst of hunger.

Je crève de faim.

He go to rain. It is a veritable hurricane. What fog!

Il va pleuvoir. C'est un véritable ouragan. Quel brouillard!

Never of the chance on one french boat.

Jamais de la chance sur un bateau français.

The marines have they the stupid air!

Les marins ont-ils l'air stupide!

What robber of buffoon opera that this captain!

Quel bandit d'opéra bouffe que ce capitaine!

I not have caned to find of chair. Hast-one ever seed of the banks also bad-arranged?

Je n'ai pu trouver de chaise. A-t-on jamais vu des bancs aussi mal-arrangés?

What current of air on the bridge!

Quel courant d'air sur le pont!

He there has of the womans in the smoking.

Il y a des femmes dans le fumer.

The manners of the female French are abominables.

Les mœurs des Françaises sont abominables.

The next time I shall attend one english boat.

La prochaine fois j'attendrai un bateau anglais.

This here is one english boat?

Celui-ci est un bateau anglais?

You are sure of him?

Vous en êtes sûr?

This is this that I have always said, the English are to the first rank as marines.

C'est ce que j'ai toujours dit, les Anglais sont au premier rang comme marins.

What magnificent boat! So well installed! The cabins are superb. All there is of one luxury!

Quel magnifique bateau! Si bien installé! Les cabines sont superbes. Tout y est d'un luxe!

And the captain, what beautiful type of english marine! And all the equipage! Are they of braves peoples!

Et le capitaine, quel beau type du marin anglais! Et tout l'équipage! Sont-ils de braves gens!

This wind of the sea is fortifying, that you do of the well, is it not?

Ce vent de la mer est fortifiant, ça vous fait du bien, n'est-ce pas?

That the sea is calm, one should say one lake!

Que la mer est calme, on dirait un lac!

From the moment that we us approach from the France he commence to fall from the rain.

Du moment que nous nous approchons de la France il commence à tomber de la pluie.

Go us to put to the shelter. He there has two female English in the smoking, and I think that the one of shes go to smoke one cigarette. What delicious indiscretion! Go there!

Allons nous mettre à l'abri. Il y a deux Anglaises dans le fumer, et je crois que l'une d'elles va fumer une cigarette. Quelle délicieuse indiscretion! Allons-y!

Wish you to take something?

Voulez-vous prendre quelque chose?

Boy! One glass beer. One scotch. One lemon squashed.

Garçon! Un bock. Un whisky. Un citron pressé.

As I you have said I prefer always one english boat.

Comme je vous ai dit je préfère toujours un bateau anglais.

Roll, Britannia!

Roule, Britannia! H. D. B.

LITERARY.

Reader. Rather severe notice upon JIMPKIN'S latest work in this review.

Critic. Think so? I wrote it.

Reader. Did you? Do you know the book?

Critic. Not much, but I know the author.

A FEW W-A-N-T-S.

(After a Recent Journalistic Model.)

WHAT the Nation wants is a serviceable A-R-M-Y of at least a million trained men.

An A-R-M-Y equal to the tasks which are likely to be imposed upon it in the near future.

An A-R-M-Y with a force behind it of half-a-million militia-men, enrolled by the application of the Ballot Act.

An A-R-M-Y which will substitute the wholesome tonic of discipline for the irresponsible delights of street-loading and looking on at football matches.

Remember that

A-R-M-Y spells Army. You want an "Army." Insist upon having it. You may be offered something else which you don't want instead.

What the War Office wants is

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of Red Tape.

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of Old Fogeyism and Antiquated Methods.

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of its Contempt for, and Mis-handling of, the Volunteer Force.

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of the Genius in the Ordnance Department who is responsible for the defective sighting of the Lee-Enfield rifles supplied to the C.I.V.

Clean Sweep is spelt C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P. Insist upon having it. You will most probably be offered something else which you don't want instead.

What Parliament wants is

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can rise above Opportunism, jocularly, and party evasion.

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can keep the Committee of National Defence up to its mark.

A L-E-A-D-E-R who knows a little better than the Man in the Street how to conduct the business of an Empire on Business Principles.

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can put an end to "the irritating and offensive chatter of the House of Commons." (See the Times, Feb. 1.)

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can lead.

Insist upon having him. You may be offered C-B., or something else that you don't want instead, but don't swap horses when crossing a stream. Better give the leader a good feed and plenty of whip, and then the rest of the team will pull through the Drift all right. A. A. S.

PAGE FROM A CELESTIAL DIARY.

Monday.—Wrote to the Viceroy of Wongho to insist upon his declaring war with the French Demons. I will teach the bonnet women of Paris to introduce a colour that does not suit my complexion!

Tuesday.—Wired to the Governor of Bang Wang Woo to attack the Tsar. Hear



Riding Master. "I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD RIDE!"
Candidate for the Imperial Yeomanry. "YE-YES. BUT YOU DON'T GET 'ARF A CHANCE 'ERE, THE CORNERS ARE SO BLOOMIN' SHARP!"

that the Emperor of Russia inaugurated a Council of Peace. As if women could ever be at peace! A direct insult to the sex.

Wednesday.—Deposed my grandson and upset for the fifth time the Chinese Constitution.

Thursday.—Ordered everything foreign to be excluded from my dominions, with the exception of *poudre de roi*.

Friday.—Telephoned in all directions to proclaim war against the world. I will let them know what it is for an Empress to be in a bad temper!

Saturday.—Why don't I order the Viceroy of Wongho to be boiled in oil, the Governor of Bang Wang Woo to be cut into cubes, and my grandson to be con-

verted into human mince-meat? Why don't I do all this? The answer is simple enough. I feel that I am too much the Chinese lady!

IN WAITING.

Germany.—For a great fleet.

France.—For a successful exhibition.

Russia.—For compensation in Persia.

Italy.—For a balanced budget.

Austria.—For Panslavonic harmony.

Turkey.—For the smallest contributions.

China.—For another Emperor.

America.—For good news from the old country.

John Bull.—For the war to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.



WATERING IT DOWN.

"AH! WHAT I LIKE ABOUT A BIT OF FISHING THIS TIME O' YEAR IS THE GLORIOUS APPETITE IT GIVES ONE FOR—ER—ONE'S LUNCH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

YET one more writer of note, Mr. A. E. W. MASON, has deserted the gradually dwindling ranks of those who have never collaborated with Mr. ANDREW LANG. *Parson Kelly* (LONGMANS) is, in the opinion of my Nautical Retainer, a very captivating Jacobite novel, full of entertainment and instruction. It would be rash to hazard an invidious distinction, but it looks as if the instruction had been provided by the Senior Partner. Perhaps the combination is responsible for a certain want of balance in the general scheme. The first two hundred pages of the delightful adventures of the Reverend Nonjuror and his soldier-of-fortune friend, *Nick Wogan*, cover a period of some three years, yet they are little more than a preface to the next two hundred, which deal with the events of just four-and-twenty hours. The great scene of the book, that of the rout at *Lady Oxford's*, is very cleverly designed, though the attitude of the ordinary guests towards the chief actors is faintly suggestive of an operatic chorus. On a point of detail there is too much dialogue and business between the first announcement of *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's* name and her appearance at the door, unless the stairs were very steep and the lady scant of breath. Much more rapid was Mr. *Nicholson Wogan's* progress, presumably on horseback, from Corunna to Paris, by way of Avignon, "*which lay directly in his path!*" To this trifling tour he devoted "half a week or so of leisure." Mr. LANG must really collaborate in the next new atlas!

Another magnificent volume, making No. 3 of *The Anglo-Saxon Review*, edited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, is just out. How her ladyship manages to be in the Transvaal as head of a Nursing Sisterhood and to edit this work, which is published by JOHN LANE in London and New York, puzzles the Baron.

However, so it is, and a very good specimen of the A.-S. R. it is. The photographic reproduction of pictures is excellent, that of NAPOLEON as a young lieutenant being admirable, and at the same time, the Baron would be inclined to think, uncommonly flattering. It was taken about 1798, and is supposed to be a living presentment of "the young Corsican" who had such grand ideas as to Egypt. On "The Binding of this Volume," Mr. CYRIL DAVENPORT's article is very interesting. Among the many well-considered and well-written contributions, H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's "The Outcasts" is most original in conception, though somewhat laboured and overcoloured in the word-painting. There is so much to be read and studied in this Review, that it is better for the Baron to refer his readers to the volume itself, whose contents will give them occupation for some considerable time.

In reading *The Backwater of Life* (SMITH, ELDER), my Baronito turns with feeling of relief from Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN's somewhat chilly biographical note about JAMES PAYN to the essays that form the volume. Mr. STEPHEN's constitutional literary manner may have been cunningly designed to accomplish the certain effect of contrast with that of the friend he really loved. With pen in hand he never gives himself away. PAYN spreads himself out on every page, flavours every sentence with something of his inner self, and, being of a beautiful nature, the charm is irresistible. The paper which gives its name to the collection of essays is perhaps one of the most beautiful, certainly one of the most pathetic, in the language. It tells how one who has been immersed in affairs, as it were in the mid-stream of what we call Life, finds himself in this backwater, "crippled and helpless, but still able to see through the osiers on the island between us what is passing along the river—the passenger vessels and the pleasure boats—and to hear faintly the voices and the laughter." Some of us who, in days already distant, have sat with this brave heart on Summer afternoons in the ground-floor room where he was imprisoned, read with sad interest all he was thinking about whilst we tried to talk.

Marget at the Manse (GARDNER, DARTON & Co.) is by ETHEL F. HEDDLE, whose *Haunted Town*, says one of my Retainers-in-chief, I still remember with the utmost pleasure. Her new book is a collection of delightful sketches of Scottish life and character. Miss HEDDLE has an exceptionally delicate and refined method of telling her stories, which deal with Pitcurlie, a fishing village on the east coast of Scotland. Dr. Gordon, the minister, and *Marget*, his housekeeper at the Manse, who is the heart of the book, are admirably-drawn characters. There is humour in these stories, and there is pathos, and both qualities are secured without the least strain.

In *Temple Bar* for this month there is an excellent article on "Parodies," by Mr. HERBERT M. SANDERS, with whom the Baron is delighted to find himself, not inexperienced in such matters, in perfect accord, except as to the old-world parodies *Tom Thumb* and *Chrononhotonthologos*, which at the present day are hopeless for acting and dull for reading. THE B. DE B.-W.

SOMETHING IN A NAME:

Brown (throwing down paper in disgust). Why the dickens don't these Boers give some sensible names to their towns, such as Brixton, Hampstead, or Peckham Rye?

AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.—No; we have not heard confirmation of the rumour to which you allude, that the member for the Scotland Division of Liverpool desires now to be known as TAY PAY, PAY, PAY. We can have enough even of a good thing, and we already have that in TAY PAY.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.—In his speech at Birmingham defending Ministerial conduct of the war, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS emphatically declared there had been "no muddle." There are few men in public life qualified to speak with higher authority on the topic.

**THE INNOCENT ABROAD.**

Imperial Russian Frontier Official (inspecting passport). "ON DIPLOMATIC BUSINESS?"
Dr. Leyds. "OH, NO! MERELY TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE."



ON THE GOLF LINKS—THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

The Major-General (waiting to drive, to girl carrying baby, who blocks the way). "NOW THEN, HURRY ON PLEASE WITH THAT BABY." Girl. "GARN! BABY YERSELF, PLAYING AT BALL THERE IN YOUR KNOTTERBOCKERS AN' ALL!"

DRAMA WITH A PURPOSE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It has not, of course, escaped your eagle eye that Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES, acting as chairman at The Playgoers' Club dinner last Sunday week, and speaking as a Dramatist, observed, "We must educate our master, the Public, to perceive the distinction between dramatic art and popular amusement." To which, as one of the public, I reply to Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES,—Sir, we go to Church, we who are Church-goers, or to cognate places of worship, where qualified preachers give us religious instruction; we go to lecture-rooms, museums, libraries, and so forth, for the acquisition of secular knowledge of various kinds; to offices, law courts, markets, and a hundred other places, for business; and, work being over for the day, we go to the theatre for relaxation, i.e., for amusement. If a performance at a theatre does not succeed in distracting us from our ordinary cares and worries, then such performance has failed in its primary object. If thus failing to amuse, it attempts to instruct, then the theatre no longer offends negatively, but has constituted itself a nuisance, a head-ache-giving, wearisome nuisance, and the theatre-goer, with respect to such performance, will be a theatre-abstainer. Imagine an Instructive Opera with mathematical songs, historical duetts, moral quartetts, and geographical choruses! "The tag," when not apologetic, was supposed to point a moral: but this has been for many years suppressed as superfluous. Let it be the object of every dramatist to interest and amuse, and let the deduction of a moral be left to the conscience of the spectator. ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

WAR "NEWS."

(Of which some people are getting a little tired.)

THAT "President STEYN is said to be much depressed."

That "President STEYN visited the Boer trenches and addressed the Free State Commandos. The President is stated to be in high spirits at the enthusiasm displayed by the men."

That "the Free Staters are heartily tired of the war."

That "the Boers are running very short of supplies and ammunition, and must soon abandon the campaign."

That "the Boers are stated upon good authority"—(the office boy)—"to have ammunition and stores for at least two years."

That "Dr. LEYDS has been horsewhipped by an Englishman." (The inevitable contradiction is in this case peculiarly disappointing.)

That "the Boers fully expect that after the war KRÜGER will be crowned at Westminster."

That "President STEYN has removed his furniture to Pretoria." (Presumably to succeed KRÜGER, promoted. See last item of news.)

That "the Boer losses in the war up-to-date are computed"—(also by the office boy)—to amount to —" (or any other imaginary figure whatsoever).

That "President KRÜGER, in reply to congratulations on Boer successes, is reported to have quoted Psalm —" (or any other Biblical quotation whatsoever).

That "Sir E. A—D B—T is said to have expressed warm approval"—(or disapproval)—"of General —'s tactics." (And similar thrilling announcements.)

SOBER SCOTS.

[‘The ‘Sober Scot Society’ has just been formed in Edinburgh. Its members bind themselves not to drink liquor before noon.”—*Daily Paper*.]

WILLIE brewed a peck o’ maut,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

TAMMAS cam’ a-findin’ faut,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

“What’s this poison ye wad pree?

Put awa’ the barley-bree!

Be a Sober Scot like me!”

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

WILLIE gied a fearsome froun,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

Looked as he wad knock him down,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

“Shober? Dinna gie me sic

Inshults! Gin I’m speakin’ thick

Lemme gang tae Jerich—hic!”

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

TAM turned up a yellow ee,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

“Man, ye’re fou as fou can be;”

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

“Weel, an’, laddie, gin I am,

Div ye think I care a——TAM!

I am nae teetotal lamb!”

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

“Haud yer havers! Wha’s T. T.?

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

What! A Sober Scot like me?

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

I, my lad, like ither men,

Lo’e a drapple noo and then;

I am free at noon, ye ken.”

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

Hoo it cam’ let wise men tell,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

While they cracked the clock struck twal’,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t!

WILL filled up a glass an’, faith,

TAMMAS took it, naethin’ laith,

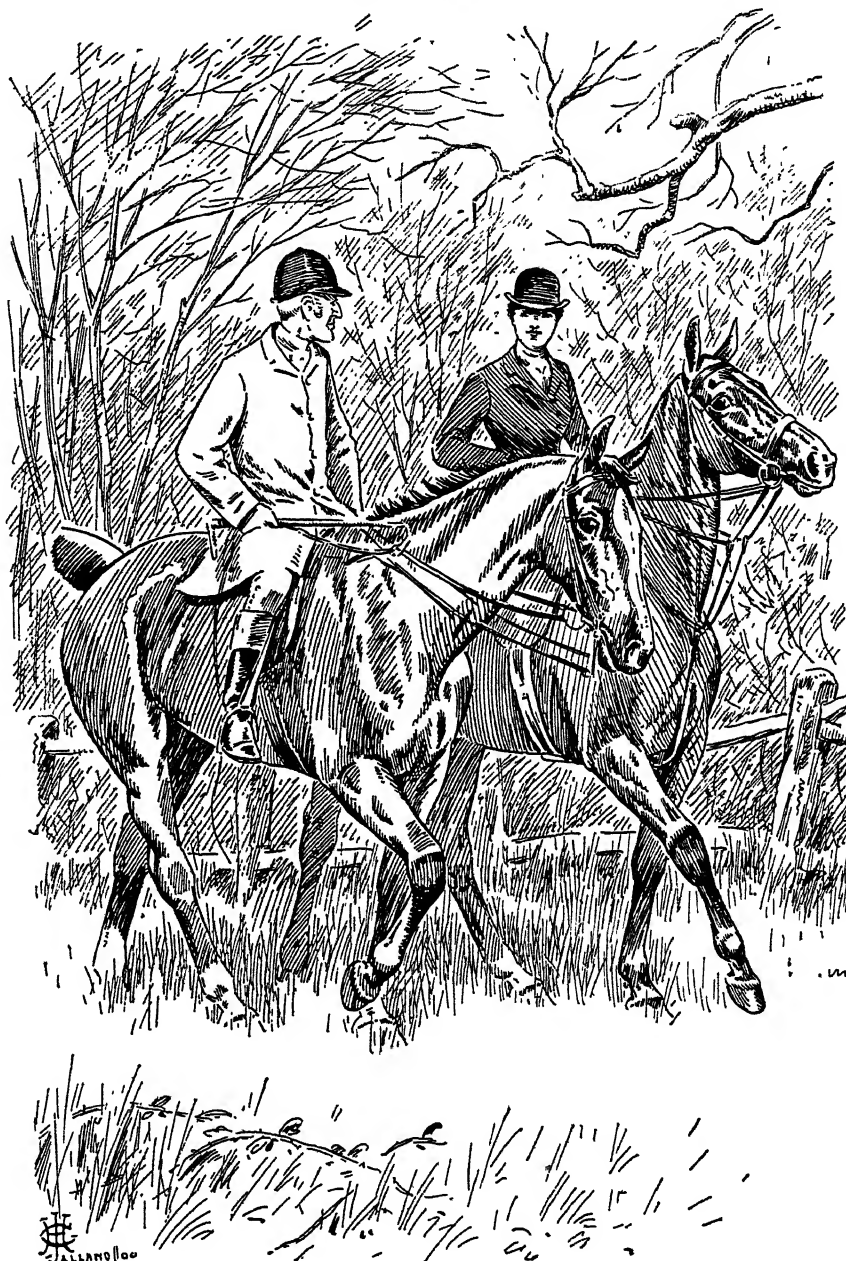
Noo they’re fou an’ canty baith,

Ha, ha, the brewin’ o’t.

THE SARDINE-BOX RAILWAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As your columns are, I know, always open to stories of thrilling adventures by land or sea, I venture to send you a short account of a journey which I made on Tuesday last by the Sardine-Box Railway, running from the Monument in the City to the hamlet of Stockwell. By the way, fancy “running from the Monument!” as if that “tall bully” could run after anybody or anything! But to continue. On arrival at the station, in company with several hundreds of *voyageurs*, we were merely requested to hand over twopence apiece to an official, who had no further trouble but to pass us, like lambs, through a turnstile.

After some fine healthy scrimmages, which showed that many of the voyagers had not forgotten the old Rugby tactics of the Richmond and Blackheath football grounds,



A GEOGRAPHICAL DIFFICULTY.

“YOUR SON HAS GONE OUT, HASN’T HE, JONES?”

“YES, MISS. I SEE FROM THE NEWSPAPER HIS REGIMENT IS IN KHAKI; BUT I CAN’T FIND IT ON THE MAP. MAYBE YOU’VE HEARD TELL OF THE PLACE?”

we managed in dribblets to reach an iron cage, which descended rapidly and deposited us alongside a platform, the birds inside the cage, closed by gates, which by a skillful manœuvre on the part of those in authority were opened on both sides of the station just as an unloaded train entered the station. Then after a cheerful hand-to-hand struggle the strongest or perhaps the craftiest of the combatants managed to enter the sardine-boxes.

Directly we started the electric lights, which are supposed to illumine the sardine-boxes, dimmed to an opalescent red, the

boxes themselves swayed from side to side like colliers in a chopping sea (personally I am very fond of a choppy sea), and very speedily I arrived, just as if I had awoke from a strange dream, at Stockwell.

The Sardine-Box Company advertises its line as the “warmest” in London. I can cordially endorse this statement. Trusting that the adventurous spirit of other explorers will be encouraged by my experiences,

I am your obedient servant,
PEREGRINE PINCHER.

Angel Court, E.C.



WAR IN EARNEST.

"THE BOERS 'LL COP IT NOW!" "WOT'S UP?"
 "FARFER'S GONE TO SOUF AFRICA, AN' TOOKEN 'IS STRAP!"

A NOTE TO MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

SIR,—It has not at all times been my good fortune to find myself in agreement with the sentiments which you have from time to time expressed on matters of public concern. Of the difference between us, as, indeed, of my existence, you have in all probability been unconscious. To those serene and lofty peaks on which you commune with Apollo and the Muses no rumour of any jarring difference between yourself and me has, I suppose, found its way. No matter. I know what I have done and am content to bear the responsibility for my action. All the more necessary is it that I should assure you of my sympathy and good will, however little you may value this expression of feeling on my part, when I find you declaring in the language of true patriotism what I conceive to be the right view of at least one phase of our present troubles.

In the *Times* of February 1 there appears under the title "*Imperium et Libertas*," a letter, signed by you, which to my mind outweighs all the piled stanzas of the poets, and all the loaded columns of the leader-writers devoted to the same subject. The language in which you state your opinions may not, perhaps, immediately convey your undoubted meaning to our latest arbiter, the Man in the Street. But in the ear of reason and good sense no doubt can exist. You desire, you say, "to deprecate the tendency, of which no one can have failed to observe several symptoms of late, to persuade the British people to distrust, if not to disbelieve in, the political liberty they have so long practised, and of which hitherto they have shown themselves so proud, and even to listen to certain Continental foxes, who, in the language of the old fable, having lost their own tails, or perhaps had the misfortune to be born without any, are self-complacently suggesting that we should get rid of our own."

You go on to extol liberty, which, as you rightly declare, is not to be had in this complex and jarring world without some corresponding sacrifice; and you beg your fellow-countrymen not to allow themselves to be dislodged from their faith that this self-same liberty, with its necessary accompaniment, the courage not only to speak and hear the truth, but likewise to endure with equanimity the propagation of that which is not the truth, will enable us with due patience and energy to overcome our difficulties—together with much else that is well said to the same effect.

Sir, I applaud your courage. It might seem to be a small thing to ask that your fellow-countrymen should, without distinction of party, have liberty to express what they hold to be the truth on questions of grave public concern. But in the present temper of able and distinguished men, speaking in Parliament or writing in the newspapers, such a request shows no common measure of public spirit and right feeling. We are to be baffled in our inquiries because, forsooth, "the time has not yet come for inquiry and criticism." No comments on the fatuous actions or speeches of Ministers are to be allowed because we must not weaken the Government by showing that its members have more than justified their human nature by a pronounced liability to error. Mistakes are to be concealed, folly and rashness and presumptuous ignorance are to be buried in oblivion—in a word, truth, the truth for which you and I and all who value the honour of their country ask, is to be hidden away in order that men in high place may escape the consequences of what they have done and may continue to mislead a blinded nation. For Heaven's sake, I say, let us have the truth. Let there be no more concealments of letters and telegrams; let an end be made of mystery and appeals to the *chose jugée*. Facts, we know, are hard things and winna ding. We ask for nothing but facts. The humiliation into which our country has been led is evident. Let us know why and through whom we are in so deplorable a situation.

And in the meantime, until these facts are discovered, let those who value their country and their birthright have the liberty to express their honest opinions, even though Mr. Justice GRANTHAM may divert the attention of a grand jury from their proper business to his own misguided effort to impose silence upon a Dean.

For your help in this direction the thanks of all who love liberty are due to you.

I am, Sir, yours with great respect,
 THE VAGRANT.

LITTLE ENGLANDER.

["I have been called a Little Englander."—John Morley.]

I'm called Little Englander—poor Little Englander,
 Though I could never tell why,
 Still I'm called Little Englander—mad Little Englander,
 Bad Little Englander I!

When Jingoës are scheming, and JOSEPH is dreaming
 Of painting the universe red,
 I wonder if others, say, Mr. STEAD's brothers,
 Prefer their own colour instead.

I hate guns and rifles, but there are some trifles
 To which some attention I'd give,
 For instance, those pensions which JOE never mentions,
 And room for the people to live.

Then if Little Englanders, poor Little Englanders,
 Think of home duties and try
 To better the nation by wise legislation,
 Why then Little Englander I!

SUGGESTION for an advertisement as simple as effective for SELL's most useful *Dictionary of the World's Press*.—"Buy SELL."



A POSER.

The eldest Miss Elderby (to Jones, who has been mentioning his desire to get lady friends to sit to him in evening dress ("Ordinary models are so commonplace, doncher know"), having in his mind the piquant younger sister). "BUT THERE NEED BE NO DIFFICULTY ABOUT THAT, MR. JONES, SURELY. I WILL SIT TO YOU AT ANY TIME, WITH PLEASURE!"

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

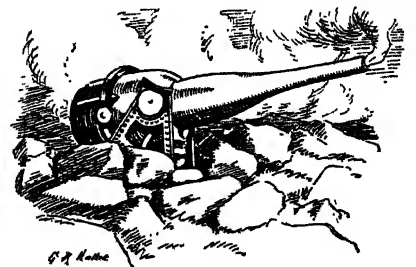
IV.—PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

(Revised by R. S. H-CH-NS. Author of "The Slave," etc.)

It was the evening of the Netherfield ball. The majority of the male guests had carefully woven inverted commonplaces into embroidered epigrams. However, they looked pretty enough at a distance: the truisms of life alone bear close scrutiny. Mrs. BENNETT was in her element: in searching for eligible partis, her fondness for high game was as well

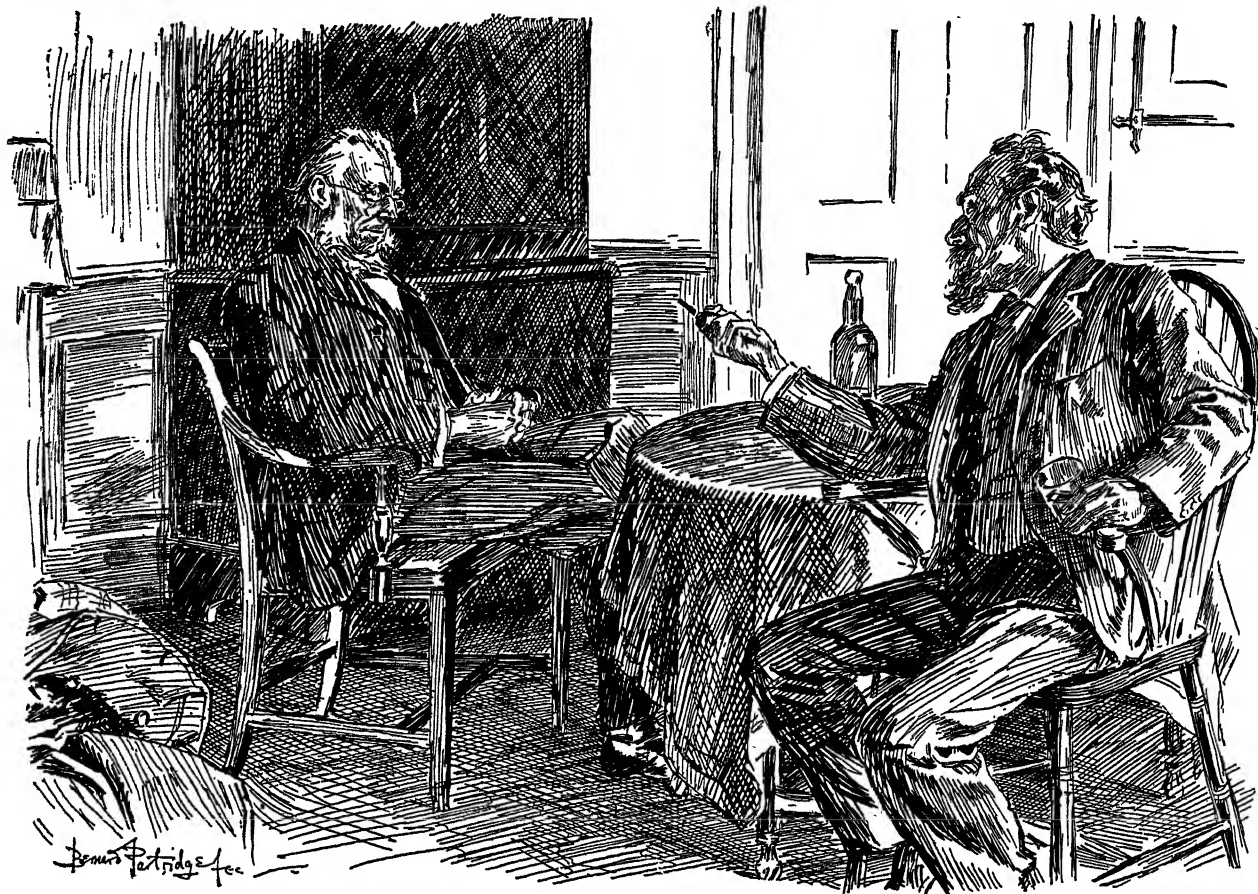
known as her partiality for low dress. Her appearance bespoke a massive impropriety; but she was, in reality, hopelessly respectable. Rumour had even hinted that she and her husband were vulgar enough to "make it up" after a quarrel. His adherence to domestic virtues had long since placed him beyond the pale of social toleration. A man who loved his home was clearly capable of any crime. As evening wore on, the brilliant paradoxes flagged. One youth had been so overcome in concocting a *bon mot* during the Barn dance, that for the next half hour

he was quite unaffected, greatly to the alarm of his friends. Two men were conversing earnestly at the far end of the ball-room. "The flow of wit is ebbing," muttered DARCY, raising his shaggy eyebrows. "Wit cannot survive lobster mayonnaise," replied BINGLEY. "But hang it, man, why aren't you dancing? Look at that charming girl, Miss ELIZABETH BENNETT!" Both men gazed in the direction of the girl. She was watching the entrance door: her eyes glittered brightly, and upon her parted red lips trembled the faint, mysterious moisture of some secret expectation. "Can you read her face?" said DARCY, hoarsely. "She's dreaming of supper: her soul is communing with the spirit of GUNTER'S. You thought it idealism—wait!" "Better cut in with your show now," said BINGLEY coldly. "The supper interval affords opportunity for your mystic *séance*." DARCY stepped forward. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "please attend!" Whilst speaking he kept his eye upon ELIZABETH BENNETT, who, at first resentful, was gradually fascinated by his odd demeanour. "I have," continued DARCY, with a nondescript foreign accent, such as popular illusionists affect, "spent many years in Eastern travel with the famous CHARLIZ BERTRAMÜZ . . . BINGLEY, a little music please . . . and during this time have made the acquaintance of many wild, esoteric mysteries. Of late, I have penetrated the inmost recesses of the Mystic Hall of Egypt, where the High Pontiff offered me many shekels of gold, could I but fathom his rites!" Whilst speaking, DARCY turned up his cuffs with a graceful, sinuous movement. Then he advanced towards ELIZABETH BENNETT and dexterously produced a *pâté de foie gras* from the flowers at her bosom. "Near your heart, Madam," said DARCY, looking hard at her. Meanwhile, BINGLEY had merged from "The Rose of Persia" into a modern *chansonnette* by that virtuoso CHEVALIER, where the beguiling effect upon the organ of sight exercised by manual celerity is touchingly described. "What with drawing-room *diablerie* and epigram-mania," said DARCY, producing a rabbit from Mrs. BENNETT's fan, "we will make an impression in the neighbourhood." A. R.



"JOE CHAMBERLAIN"—THE BIG GUN.

(As he is depicted in the Boer nurseries.)



A DISAPPOINTING HOST.

Sandy. "A 'M TELLT YE HEV A NEW NEEBUR, DONAL'."

Donald. "AYE."

Sandy. "AN' WHAT LIKE IS HE?"

Donald. "WEEL, HE'S A CURIOUS LADDIE. A WENT TO HEV A BIT TALK W' HIM TH' IITHER EVENIN', AN' HE OFFERED ME A GLASS O' WHUSKEY, D'YE SEE? WEEL, HE WAS POORIN' IT OOT, AN' A SAID TO HIM 'STOP!'—AN' HE STOPPIT! THAT'S THE SOORT O' MON HE IS."

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

III.—THE L-BB-CK SECTION.

(For February.)

1ST.—Originality is the mark of genius; but a love of commonplace, or "a firm grasp of the obvious," may be acquired by the humblest among us.

2ND.—Poverty is not necessarily shameful. It was once remarked of a great man that "he came of poor but honest parents." As BURNS so beautifully said: "For a' that and a' that!"

3RD.—Childhood, both in man and beast, is the period of innocence. Of *Mary's* "little lamb" it was said that "its fleece was white as snow."

4TH.—How interesting is the present century! A hundred years ago there were fewer books. The population has also increased.

5TH.—It is best not to follow two points of the compass at the same time. The pilot that steers both for Scylla and Charybdis is in danger of missing them both (HOMER).

6TH.—A man's work will often outlive him. Thus, SHAKESPEARE and WATT are dead; but *Hamlet* and the steam-engine survive.

7TH.—It is generally recognised that in great danger you may show presence of mind, even though you are absent in body.

Some of our best military criticisms are produced in Fleet Street.

8TH.—Botany brings us into relationship with flowers. Many people consider that the study of Nature is best pursued in the open air. This view applies also to hunting, shooting and fishing.

9TH.—Water is recognised as a necessity to ships. What should we do if anything went wrong with the ocean? Suppose "the deep did rot!" (COLERIDGE).

10TH.—Pleasure fades like a fresh herring; but the salt of virtue may turn it into an enduring bloater.

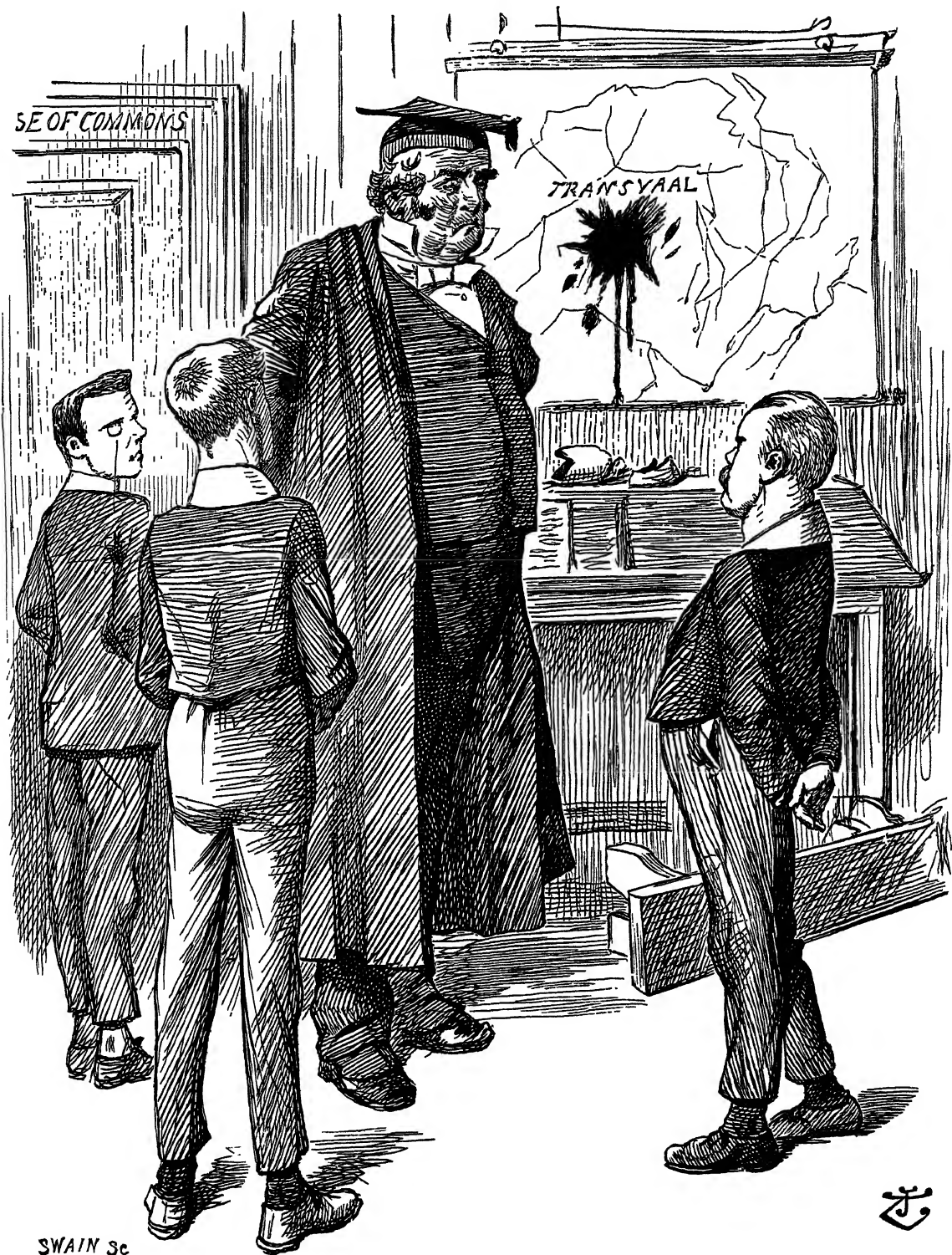
11TH.—In Art it is not enough to copy Nature: the Ideal should come from within. That is why models are so unimportant. There was once a great painter who always had the hangman to sit for his pictures of Venus.

12TH.—The power of Music is proverbial. It "soothes the savage breast" (CONGREVE), including snakes. It was CLEOPATRA who said, "Give me some music;" on which her attendant remarked as follows: "The music, ho!" Both these last passages may be found in SHAKESPEARE.

13TH.—"Home, sweet home!" I forget who said this.

14TH (*St. Valentine's Day*).—It would be difficult to name a single truly great poet who has not, at one time or another, referred to Love. It is Love that gives pinions even to the caterpillar. But we must beware of Sirens (HOMER). O. S.

(To be continued.)



“LEAST SAID SOONEST MENDED.”

MASTER CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. “PLEASE, SIR, I KNOW WHO DID IT.”
DR. BULL (*severely*). “NEVER MIND WHO DID IT. GET TO WORK AND WIPE IT OFF BETWEEN YOU.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, January 30.

—House deeply grateful to DICKENSON, new member for Wells. Met to-day for



A MISINTERPRETED GESTURE.

Unexpectedly warm reception for a new member from Mr. Milman, the new Chief Clerk at the Table.

opening Session under a cloud, the like of which has not loomed over the Empire since days of Indian Mutiny. Like the nation at large, its representatives at Westminster not disposed to go about whining. Still, disappointment and sorrow weigh down the heart. Welcome the man who shall lift the load, even for a moment.

Behold the man in DICKENSON, just emerged from the Wells of Somerset. Called to Table to take the oath, he advanced with jaunty step, staying here and there to make obeisance to the Chair. Arrived at the Table, he found standing at corner a gentleman the benevolence of whose visage no wig can hide. As the new member came within hail, the figure in wig and gown held forth a generously opened right hand.

"How nice," thought DICKENSON OF

WELLS. "How friendly! Don't know the gentleman, but he is evidently some one in high official position sent out, probably by the SPEAKER himself, to welcome me."

For a moment there flashed over new member's mind the idea that a little music might be suitable to the occasion. A well-known duet seemed specially written for it. Suppose the gentleman in wig and gown (who looked as if he had a baritone voice) were to begin, "Who goes there?" Then the new member, in fine tenor, would follow with "A friend; all's WELLS."

Perhaps, on the whole, that would be unusual. At present gentleman in wig and gown did not seem disposed to do more than shake hands. DICKENSON OF WELLS cordially responded, reaching forth his fist with friendliest gesture.

In ordinary time Mr. MILMAN (for it was he who stood in wig and gown) might have entered into the spirit of the joke, shaken hands with the new member and asked after his wife and family. But a crisis broods over the Table of the House. Sir REGINALD PALGRAVE, after serving through eleven Parliaments, finds he really cannot stand the prospect of a twelfth. About to retire; there will be vacancy in the Chair of the Chief Clerk; Mr. MILMAN of course expected to fill it. Must live up to dignity of position.

Accordingly, when DICKENSON OF WELLS held out his hand, humming the air of his part in the cheerful duet, the Clerk hastily withdrew his, and by sharp gesture secured delivery of the Return to the Writ, which he must hold in possession before administering the oath.

A trifling incident, but members gratefully laughed. New member for Wells, having signed Roll of Parliament, withdrew into obscurity, conscious he had made a favourable first impression.

Business done.—Address moved. In the Lords the MARKISS explained everything in answer to accusation of maladministration by Her Majesty's Government. It was all the British Constitution. If not

quite all, then there was the Treasury. Finally the MARKISS, looking across Table threateningly at KIMBERLEY, observed, "You can't see through a brick wall." That clinched the matter. Noble Lords felt there was nothing more to be said. Debate over, Address agreed to, conduct of the war by the Government thereby approved, all within the space of two hours.

House of Lords, Thursday.—How fitful is life! How brief its triumphs! How certain its shadows! On Tuesday the MARKISS went home soothed by consciousness of a great success. When House met for new Session, even a Government with majority of over a hundred seemed in a shaky state. In South Africa matters had muddled along with reiterated disaster, relieved only by the bravery of the British soldier. At critical moments, the work of

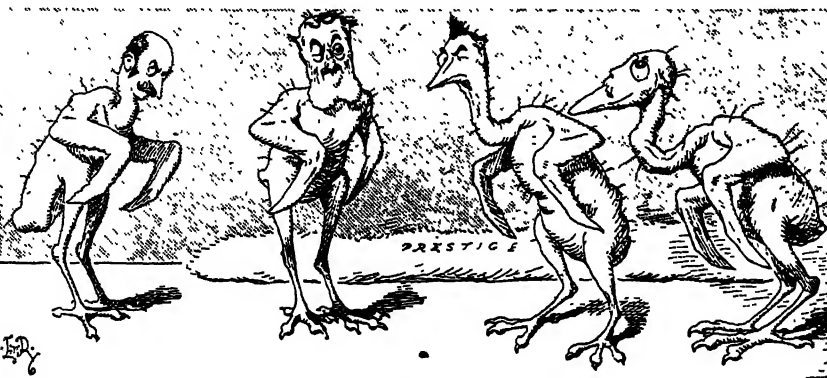


THE INCORRIGIBLE AND UNTIMELY JESTER.

"I venture to think that the country will have to be inspired by a loftier tone and a truer patriotism than we have heard from the Prime Minister to-night."—Lord Rosebery in the Lords.

the home administration being tried, was invariably found wanting. There were ominous references to the Crimean War, suggestions of reappointment of its famous Committee of Enquiry. Mutiny broke out in the Ministerial Press. Would the oft-tried fealty of the majority, even in the House of Lords, stand by a discredited Ministry?

The MARKISS faced the gathering foe with characteristic courage. There flashed upon him that brilliant idea of laying the blame on the British Constitution. The B. C. could make no retort; the splendid audacity of the suggestion surprised ordinary critics into silence. If



A REAL BRITISH PLUCK; OR, "WE'VE HAD A DEUCE OF A TIME!"

"He," Mr. Wyndham, "would not be a party to taking off one feather's weight of the responsibility of the Cabinet."



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," &C.

Monsieur (to Marquis). "HÉ BIEN, MON CHER! WHAT CHANCE? HOW MANY BRACES HAVE YOU TO YOUR BAGS?"

only he had stopped there all would have been well. In an evil moment for himself the MARKISS, descending from magnificent generalities, touched sordid particulars. As if the British Constitution was not big enough and nebulous enough to cover everything, he laid the blame of inadequate preparation for war at the door of the Treasury.

Mighty hubbub followed. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, after private rehearsal of contradiction in his own office, seized opportunity in House of publicly refuting imputation of the MARKISS. The two ways of putting same thing differed in con-

struction and choice of language; but though unequal in verbal emphasis, they were uniformly effective. Worse still, the Permanent Secretary, taking the affront to himself, talked of resignation. Never saw the MARKISS so genuinely surprised, so deeply pained.

"Can't understand it, TOBY," he said, when I tried to comfort him with assurance that the affair would blow over, as others had done. "Most vexatious of people insisting on thinking I mean exactly what I say."

Something had to be done to counteract the influence of the fat in the fire. Accordingly, when House met this afternoon, the MARKISS appeared at the Table and explained that when on Tuesday he had traced national disaster to the action of the Treasury, supplementary to the malign influence of the British Constitution, and to human inability to see through a brick wall, he had not had in his mind either the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Permanent Secretary. He was going on to say that he suspected the office-boy, but, warned by recent experience, and careful to avoid fresh complications, he pulled up short.

Business done.—Debate on Address continued in Commons.

House of Commons, Friday.—EVELYN CECIL happily spared from being shut up in Ladysmith, so that he might bring home a rare flower of speech to entwine in the chaplet of debate on the Address. Speaking of the embarrassment that besets the Ministry, he besought the House to be tender with their shortcomings, since at a particular crisis "they were crucified on the horns of a dilemma." The position indicated implies some physical difficulties; the imagery is grand.

REDMOND *cadet* not to be behind a bloated aristocracy. Ran the Premier's nephew pretty close in prize-bull yard. SAUNDERSON speaking just now observed in his genial manner that Irish Nationalists never attack in front, always in the rear. Instantly Irish camp in commotion. Accustomed to pour contumely and scorn on others, properly indignant if stream turned on them, even by a fellow-countryman. Amid roar of remonstrance stentorian voice of REDMOND *cadet* heard observing more in sorrow than in anger, "If I had said anything of the kind I would not have been permitted."

Business done.—More about mismanagement by the best of all Ministries.

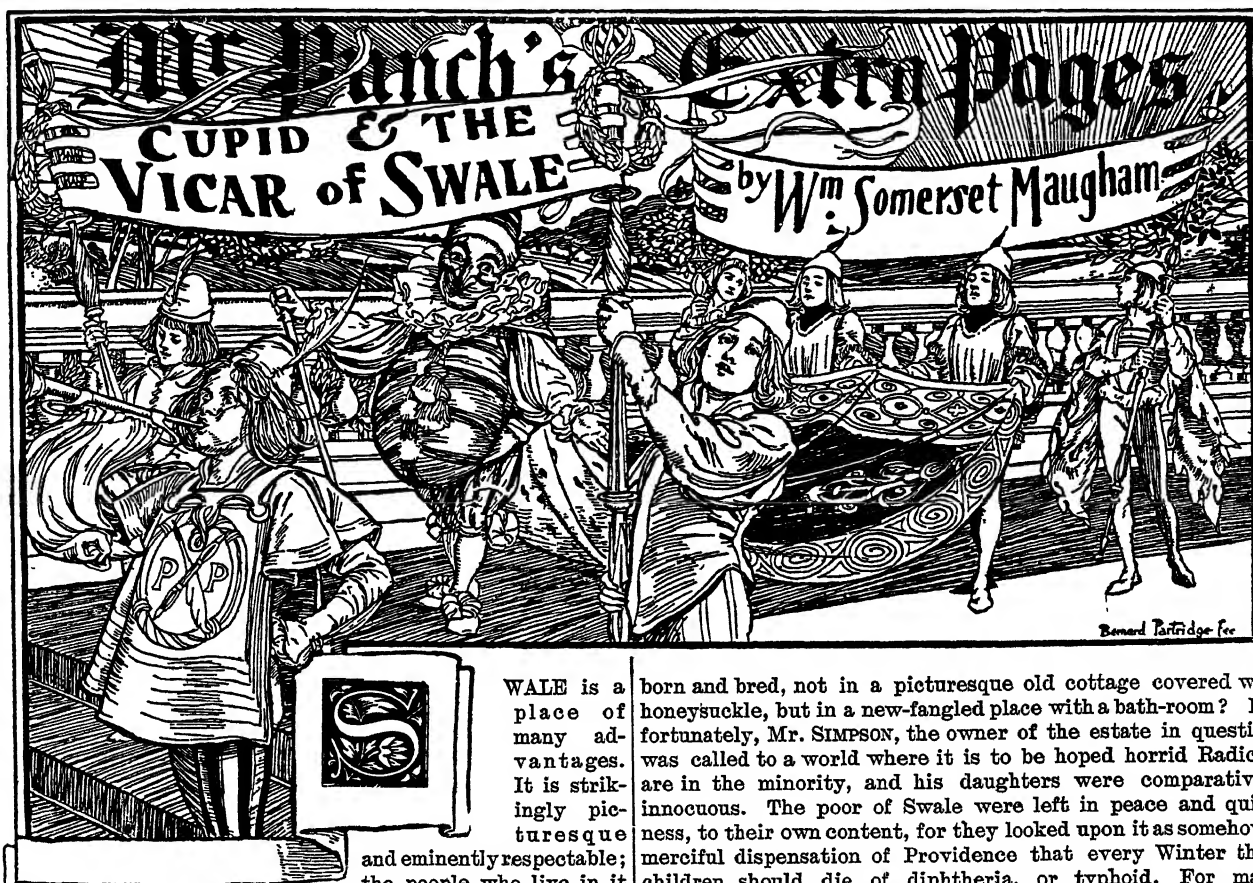
HOW TO OBTAIN AN INCOME.—By marrying Miss ANN DOLLARY, the million-heiress. You will then have ten "thou." per ann.

FIELD RATIONS.—The only known equivalent to bully beef. Cow-hard.



["The work of the 'boy-washerwomen' at the Church Army Boys' Home has proved very satisfactory."—*Daily Paper.*]

BUT WON'T THE REAL WASHERWOMEN RESENT THIS INTRUSION INTO THEIR RANKS? IT MAY CAUSE A STRIKE, AND WHAT COULD A POOR LITTLE "BOY-WASHERWOMAN" DO WITH SUCH PICKETS AS ABOVE?



SWALE is a place of many advantages. It is strikingly picturesque and eminently respectable; the people who live in it excite the admiration of the world in general, not only by their affluence, but by their gentility also, and in these degenerate days the one does not always accompany the other. They inhabit mansions overgrown with creepers, and they all keep a carriage. Here and there a few poor people live in artistic cottages for the special conveniences of the young ladies, who paint in water-colours. But the poor people, even, are of the nicest class, the class that looks so pleasant in Academy pictures. Alas! it is a type that is fast disappearing in England. Now the labourer is an independent creature with no feelings of gratitude; he does not touch his hat to the Parson, and his wife drops no curtsy to the Squire; he is full of new-fangled Radical notions, and neither looks nice in pictures nor in reality. He has become distinctly vulgar. But Swale is still different, and long may it keep free from the corruption of external influence! As I said, the cottages are delightful, with little leaded windows admitting neither light nor air—but that is a detail; they are most pleasing to the fair sketcher; honeysuckle and roses climb about the doorway, many of the roofs are thatched, and the whole appearance is exquisitely dilapidated.

One landlord, in a thoughtless moment, decided to pull down those on his own estate, and erect new ones with sanitary conveniences, and all kinds of modern improvements; but an indignation meeting was held, and a deputation of ladies called upon him to protest against the desecration. Being quite a plebeian creature, the only person in Swale history whose breeding was not irreproachable, he would not listen to their arguments on abstract beauty, and they did not even convince him by showing that he would utterly ruin the type of good honest English peasant. They appealed to his patriotism: the English countryman was the backbone of the British Army, and how could he be expected to retain his native candour, his obedience and deference to his betters, if he were

born and bred, not in a picturesque old cottage covered with honeysuckle, but in a new-fangled place with a bath-room? But fortunately, Mr. SIMPSON, the owner of the estate in question, was called to a world where it is to be hoped horrid Radicals are in the minority, and his daughters were comparatively innocuous. The poor of Swale were left in peace and quietness, to their own content, for they looked upon it as somehow a merciful dispensation of Providence that every Winter their children should die of diphtheria, or typhoid. For many centuries they had been used to look upon themselves as different beings from the gentry, and they were not going to begin now to give themselves airs. The gentry were the gentry: they were only common people whose part in life it was to minister to their betters' needs, and there was an end of it. It must be said that the richer inhabitants of Swale behaved very well in any calamity. They showered jellies and port-wine and coals upon the indigent, and read the Bible to them for hours.

Now, when the old Vicar of Swale departed the life which he had thoroughly enjoyed for hard upon eighty years; there was much perturbation in the parish over the choice of his successor.

"We don't want somebody too strenuous," said Lady PROUDFOOT, the widow of Sir GEORGE PROUDFOOT, who had been given his K.C.B. after bungling some important affair in the Colonies.

Mrs. STRONG was taking a cup of tea with Lady PROUDFOOT, while the latter's daughters were playing tennis. Mrs. STRONG, having arrived perilously near the age of forty, had given up violent exercise; she thought it ugly enough for a young girl to get red in the face, but for a woman of her years, unpardonable. Besides, she did not take heat becomingly. In her youth Mrs. STRONG had been rather overpowering. Her six feet of height and her generally massive proportions made her seem almost mountainous, and when she gambolled, she reminded one of a young elephant. But years had brought their chastening influence. She was still massive, but the effect now was magnificent. She was sedate, admirably self-possessed, a type of the British matron. The literary young ladies of Swale said she reminded them of BOADICEA. She was undoubtedly a very fine woman, with well-cut features and clear steady eyes. The only fault to be found with her was that though her teeth were obviously perfect, she need not have shown them quite so much; but as she was a very good-natured creature, with an

uncommon sense of humour, her constant smiles may have been due to a cause other than vanity.

"Of course," said Lady PROUDFOOT, "there are so many different sorts of clergymen."

"Yes," replied Mrs. STRONG, smiling, "there are the parsons who are Christians, the parsons who are gentlemen, and the parsons who are neither."

"Well, the chief thing is that he should be a gentleman," said Lady PROUDFOOT. "If he's been to Oxford and taken his degree he'll be quite Christian enough for us."

"It would certainly be terrible if we had an eager little man with a wife and a red nose."

"To say nothing of fifteen children, my dear," cried Lady PROUDFOOT. "And the wives that those sort of clergymen choose are too impossible; Heaven only knows where they find them! No, the fact is, EDITH, that if we have a horrid creature who wants to reform everything, it will simply be the ruin of Swale. We get along very well as we are, and I'm certain that no one could find anything seriously wrong with us."

"We go to church regularly in the newest of bonnets," interrupted Mrs. STRONG, "and when we call ourselves miserable sinners we know it's merely a *façon de parler*."

"If we have a Vicar who wants to have Mothers' Meetings and Bands of Hope and all that rubbish, I really don't know what will become of us."

"Yes," replied Mrs. STRONG, with a drawl which might have been sarcastic, "as long as he can play tennis and behave decently at a dinner-party, our souls can take care of themselves."

"Well, the living's worth six hundred a year and the house is in excellent condition, so I really think we ought to get some one nice."

Lady PROUDFOOT, and the inhabitants of Swale in general, had every reason to be pleased with the Bishop's choice. The Rev. ROBERT BRANSCOMBE was evidently a gentleman—he was, indeed, second cousin to a peer, which necessarily inspired his parishioners with confidence. He was a bachelor, and forty years of age, tall, good-looking, with a fine presence: In ten years his presence would perhaps be a little too fine, already he gave signs of future corpulence; but at the period of which I write it was most striking. He was clean-shaven, and dressed in the latest clerical fashion. I need only add that he was high church, as befitted so respectable a place as Swale, and had charming manners. He talked a great deal, in a loud voice and in a slightly magisterial manner. His conversation was easy, and could be understood by a child. The latest novel, the local rose-show, dances and dinner-parties, formed sufficient ground for the display of his powers. He rarely spoke of parish matters, considering it bad form to talk shop. Finally, he had a passion for TENNYSON, which in a person of his cloth is a proof of much candour and purity of soul. The ladies pronounced him charming, and when an unsympathetic man suggested that his conceit was phenomenal, waxed mighty wroth in the Vicar's defence.

"What I like in him," said Lady PROUDFOOT, "is that except for the clothes he wears, you'd never think he was a clergyman."

It was obvious that the Vicar of Swale ought to marry, and during the two years of his incumbency, the parishioners had done nothing but concoct schemes to that end. Mr. BRANSCOMBE was to the tips of his fingers a marrying man. But the choice in Swale was limited, and lay, in fact, between Mrs. STRONG and JANE SIMPSON. The latter was the eldest daughter of the horrid Radical whom death only had prevented from disfiguring the landscape in the manner I have related. She was a rather homely young woman of nine and twenty, and harmless enough to have gained the sufferance of the other inhabitants of Swale, though they could not be expected to forget that her father had made his money in the city. Her matrimonial desires were obvious, and Lady PROUDFOOT was disgusted at the way in which she behaved with Mr.

BRANSCOMBE. Of course she did nothing indecorous—she was the quietest and most modest of young persons—but she turned pale at his approach, and blushed at every word he said to her. She was evidently dying of love, and every one knew that he need only ask to be accorded her hand and fortune, which was at least one hundred thousand pounds in solid securities.

But the match was looked upon with disfavour, and his parishioners found much comfort in the thought that Mr. BRANSCOMBE was not mercenary. Yet though he would not marry JANE SIMPSON for her money, he was, after all, only human, and could not be expected to remain insensible to her evident adoration. The hopes of the ladies of Swale were centred entirely upon Mrs. STRONG, whom the Fates had not favoured only in looks. Mrs. STRONG was not only handsome, but a widow with fifteen hundred a year as well. Her age, appearance, and station made her appear designed by higher powers to share with Mr. BRANSCOMBE this life of woe. She was a fascinating woman, and the Vicar harboured for her the sincerest admiration. The matter would doubtless have been settled in the first year of his residence at Swale, if Miss SIMPSON, by her sighs and blushes, had not a little disconcerted him. He was really a kind man, and did not wish to break the poor thing's heart. And the attitude of Mrs. STRONG was a little embarrassing. She smiled at him, asked him to dinner, and callers found him constantly taking a cup of tea with her. She seemed to think it quite natural that amiable hostesses at luncheon parties should always pair them off together. The difficulty was that Mrs. STRONG was equally amiable with every one she met, and though she evidently liked the Vicar of Swale, she had given no particular signs of desiring him to be her husband. The Reverend ROBERT BRANSCOMBE had too much dignity and too fine a presence to undergo the humiliation of a refusal—so he hesitated. Of course the ladies of Swale saw how things were, and they did everything to help him—but still he hesitated.

"Upon my word," said Lady PROUDFOOT, "I don't know what more encouragement he can want. He can't expect EDITH to propose to him herself."

Lady PROUDFOOT, more than any one else in Swale, was concerned with the matrimonial affairs of ROBERT BRANSCOMBE. She was of opinion that it was as improper for a clergyman to be unmarried as for a doctor, and besides that, Mrs. STRONG was her bosom friend. She knew very well in what state of mind the Vicar was, and decided at length to speak with Mrs. STRONG on the subject. One day she attacked her by leading the conversation to JANE SIMPSON.

"I really don't see why she shouldn't marry Mr. BRANSCOMBE if she wants to, poor thing," said Mrs. STRONG. "She's a nice quiet girl, and she'd make an admirable wife for a clergyman."

"My dear EDITH," rejoined Lady PROUDFOOT, "I think it would be most disagreeable for all of us. You know she's inclined to be frightfully religious already."

"Oh, six months of marriage with the Vicar would quite cure her of that."

"Besides, I don't think she's the sort of wife for Mr. BRANSCOMBE. He likes to have everything so nice, and she's terribly homely. I noticed last time I called there that she—that she wore knitted stockings, my dear."

Mrs. STRONG laughed, showing her beautiful teeth. "I daresay the poor girl's circulation is bad and she has cold feet."

"I have no patience with you, EDITH," said Lady PROUDFOOT, abruptly coming to the point. "Can't you see that he wants to marry you?"

Mrs. STRONG was not at all disconcerted. "He has never said so."

"I wish you would make up your mind. I think it's absurd for a woman like you, without any encumbrances, to remain unmarried." Mrs. STRONG made no answer, and Lady PROUDFOOT added, "I wonder if you'd accept him if he proposed?"

"Has he commissioned you to find out?"

"Not directly," said Lady PROUDFOOT; "I know he thinks you very charming."

"I'm afraid I don't think him very courageous."

"That sounds like encouragement."

"It does a little," agreed Mrs. STRONG, smiling.

Lady PROUDFOOT rose to go, and kissed her friend.

"I daresay he'll come and see you to-morrow," she added.

Mrs. STRONG was not particularly anxious to get married. The Vicar of Swale was rather a pleasant man, and it was flattering to know that he wished to make her his wife. She wondered that he had not already become engaged to JANE SIMPSON. Anyhow, he might come; she had committed herself to nothing, and would listen to what he had to say.

Next day at three o'clock the Rev. ROBERT BRANSCOMBE was shown into her boudoir. Mrs. STRONG received him with her usual easy amiability, and his self-assurance did not desert him. There was nothing in their behaviour to show that either was love-sick; so far as concerned the man, his presence was the only sign that Lady PROUDFOOT had delivered any message. His confidence slightly irritated Mrs. STRONG. She wished he were a little less at ease. She offered him some tea, which he refused.

"Of course," she thought, "he has too much humour to be sentimental with a cup of tea in his hand."

Meanwhile Mr. BRANSCOMBE talked of the weather.

"It really is very hot," he said. "Everything in the Vicarage garden is quite parched. You've not seen it since I altered the path on the West side, have you?"

Mrs. STRONG divined at once that he was leading the conversation to the Vicarage in order to suggest that she should become its mistress. She took a malicious pleasure in veering away. Mr. BRANSCOMBE was very self-assured, and she felt it her duty to show him it was not so easy as he thought to win such a charming woman as herself.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Miss SIMPSON told me you'd been making alterations. I see they're rebuilding the lodge at Manor House." She plunged into a description of the operations.

But Mr. BRANSCOMBE did not lose his self-possession. He conversed fluently of the lodge at Manor House.

"It's a charming old place," he said, when the conversation of itself gave him the opportunity. "But of course I like nothing better than my own Vicarage."

He had brought his own house up again. Mrs. STRONG commented upon the unoriginality of man; but with a beautiful smile, like a hare doubling, broke into an account of a delightful Vicarage she had taken one Summer at Blackstable. It was rather exciting to see Mr. BRANSCOMBE driving steadfastly to one point, while she did her best to keep away from it. But at last she was cornered.

"Are you fond of Vicarages?" he asked.

The question was inane, but required an answer.

"Passably."

"How do you like mine?" he asked.

Such an inquiry insisted on a civil answer. "Of course it's charming." It amused her to know herself caught.

"It would be ten times more charming if—if you adorned it." He was distinctly clumsy. Mrs. STRONG expected better things of clerical gentlemen of forty.

"Would you put me in a niche in the wall like an Italian saint?"

"You wilfully misunderstand me," he replied with a gently patronising smile.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured.

He looked at her for one moment, and Mrs. STRONG thought that his appearance was too impressive for any one less than an Archdeacon.

"Lady PROUDFOOT sent for me yesterday," he said. "And—she told me I might call upon you."

"I didn't know you required permission to do that," she said with her frank smile, looking steadily at him without the least embarrassment. He was not embarrassed either. He smiled back upon her benignly.

"Will you share my Vicarage with me, Mrs. STRONG?"

He had evidently made up his mind beforehand how to express himself, and he could not allow the accidents of social chatter to disturb his ordered course. "I've come here to-day," he added, raising his voice a little and speaking with the same solemnity as he used in church on Sundays—"I have come here to-day to ask you to become my wife."

Mrs. STRONG looked down. After what Lady PROUDFOOT had told him it would be ridiculous to seem surprised. She was not certain that so matter-of-fact a proposal pleased her. Notwithstanding her massive proportions, she had a certain tenderness for sentiment, and she would have liked him to hesitate bashfully. A spark of poetry would not have been out of place, nor even some indication of suppressed passion. His certainty of success in the suit was irritating. She felt inclined to refuse him to see how he would take it.

"I feel very much flattered, Mr. BRANSCOMBE," she said slowly, to gain time.

"I feel very much flattered, Mr. BRANSCOMBE," she said slowly, to gain time.

"Won't you call me ROBERT?" he said, patting her hand.

Mrs. STRONG looked up quickly, and bending over, the clergyman kissed her on the cheek.

"I thank you with all my heart," he said. "I will endeavour to perform my duty to you as a Christian husband."

Mrs. STRONG was surprised. He evidently was under the impression that she had accepted him, and she was still considering whether she should or not. Surely when you tell a man that his offer flatters you, it is not equivalent to an acceptance? But there was no doubt in Mr. BRANSCOMBE'S mind. He even asked her to name the day upon which he would become the happiest of men. He vowed he must immediately impart the good news to Lady PROUDFOOT.

"What an excitement it will cause in the parish," he said, laughing. When he was going away he urged her again to fix a day for the ceremony.



"I wonder," said Mrs. Strong, "how he'll get out of it?"

"Till then," he said, "you will find me a most impatient man."

"It's nice of you to be so eager," she said, showing her beautiful teeth. "But you know there are no end of legal things which will want settling." It seemed as if she had definitely surrendered.

"If there is anything I can do to help you," he replied gallantly, "command me."

"How kind you are! You know I have an income of fifteen hundred a year."

"My dear EDITH!" He waved his hand in deprecation. He was not the man to listen to gross monetary details.

"I think it right to tell you at once," she said, in answer to his gesture. "My income—is contingent on my widowhood."

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

She smiled. "It ceases on my marrying again."

She watched him closely as she made the statement. Mr. BRANSCOMBE started; but his discomposure was momentary.

"My dear EDITH," he said, "you will be more precious to me with the thought that I alone am providing for you. If I have hesitated to ask you to become my wife, it was because your greater income might have—cast suspicion on the purity of my motives."

He kissed her gravely on the forehead and went away.

"I wonder," said Mrs. STRONG, "how he'll get out of it?"

Next day Mr. BRANSCOMBE came to luncheon. He advanced to Mrs. STRONG solemnly and kissed her forehead. He was not a very ardent lover.

"Did you pass a good night?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, smiling. "I always do."

"Ah!" He paused, and then with a slight effort broke into ecstasies with the view from Mrs. STRONG'S windows.

"I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for abandoning all this for my humble Vicarage."

"I'm not cynical," said Mrs. STRONG. "I believe in love in a cottage."

"Ah, well, it has its disadvantages."

Mrs. STRONG had never realised before that her *fiancé's* conversation was sometimes painfully obvious. They went in to luncheon, and the presence of the butler confined them to commonplaces. But Mrs. STRONG was in high spirits. She saw that Mr. BRANSCOMBE was somewhat embarrassed. She had never seen him in such a condition before, and it delighted her.

"You know," he said, when they returned to the drawing-room, "life will be very different for you as *châtelaine* of Swale Vicarage. I'm afraid we shall not be able to afford a carriage."

"Oh, a pony-cart fulfils all my aspirations."

"What a charming character you have," he said.

He was becoming more and more ill at ease. Mrs. STRONG'S humorous eyes were upon him, and he was afraid of looking foolish. He made an effort to be gallant.

"I've never seen any one with such beautiful hair as you have," he said.

She laughed, and he felt his remark absurd.

"Have you told Lady PROUDFOOT of our engagement?" she asked.

At last he positively blushed. "No. On second thoughts I fancied I had better not. After all, it's no business of hers. And besides, the date of our marriage is so very uncertain, isn't it?" Mrs. STRONG had the charity not to look at him. But he took his courage in both hands. "I won't conceal from you that what you told me yesterday has made some alteration in the matter—not in my feelings, of course; your poverty can only make my love the greater."

Now Mrs. STRONG looked at him, and he faltered. She at least had seen the Reverend ROBERT BRANSCOMBE lose his self-assurance.

"Of course," he said, "I know my behaviour is liable to misconception. It looks as if—as if I were mercenary."

Yesterday I asked you to marry me as quickly as possible. I know it sounds funny when I ask you to-day to wait."

"Oh, not at all," said Mrs. STRONG, encouragingly.

He took her hands, but Mrs. STRONG gently withdrew them. He was talking very quickly, nervously.

"I feel," he said, "that my duty to you counterbalances everything. I hope you understand that it's entirely for your sake that I want you to wait."

"Oh, you want me to wait?"

"In three or four years all sorts of things may happen. I have a good deal of influence in clerical quarters, and I have been given to understand that I'm my Uncle GEORGE'S sole heir. Of course he's only sixty-five. He may live another ten years; but even then I should only be fifty." He took her hand again. "I know I'm asking a great deal; but will you wait for me, EDITH, say, five years? I'm certain to get a better living by then."

"Are you sure," she asked quietly, "that you wouldn't prefer not to be bound by an engagement? As you suggest, so much may happen in five years."

"Oh, EDITH, surely you have not so poor an opinion of me as to suppose me capable of breaking off our engagement because—because—"

"You know, ROBERT, you are a young man, and in ten years you'll only be fifty; but I shall be fifty, too! And you have a great future before you. I'm sure you'll end up as a bishop. A man of your calibre is wasted on a little country parish. I don't feel myself justified in hampering you."

"I should be contemptible if I asked you to give me back my word." The Vicar of Swale was genuinely disturbed; he was a gentleman, and he could not stoop to a discreditable action.

"But it is I who ask you, ROBERT. I do not feel myself justified in standing in your way. It is no sacrifice to me when I think of your future."

"I can't accept your sacrifice," he said solemnly. "I should feel such a—such a cad."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. STRONG, changing her tone. "We will forget our interview of yesterday. You may be quite certain that I will say nothing about it."

"Ah, Mrs. STRONG, you are a truly Christian woman."

The Vicar of Swale was humbled, but Mrs. STRONG was a woman, and she could not let him go without a small revenge.

"I hope," she murmured with a smile, as she shook his hand, "I hope I haven't made you feel very ridiculous? I really haven't tried to."

Next morning Lady PROUDFOOT rushed into Mrs. STRONG'S drawing-room.

"Oh, EDITH, what have you done?"

"Good Heavens! what's the matter?"

"I've just had a letter from Mr. BRANSCOMBE, and he tells me—"

"What?" Surely the Vicar of Swale had not betrayed their secret.

"He tells me that he's engaged to JANE SIMPSON."

Mrs. STRONG did not move a muscle.

"Oh, is that all?" she said. "I knew he meant to propose to her. He came to see me two days ago, and I told him she'd make a pattern wife."

"But he wanted to propose to you."

"Oh, dear no. You're completely mistaken," she replied, calmly. "He thinks I'm really too low church."

She smiled her most fascinating smile.

"You certainly have got beautiful teeth," said Lady PROUDFOOT, rather sourly.

W. Somerset Maugham

Next week, "Ormsby St. John's Heir," by Major A. GRIFFITHS.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.



IN our issue dated January 31, a fortnight ago, appeared an article (now republished separately) entitled *Two Visits*, wherein Mr. Punch informed the public how "it is literally true that the oldest and largest Children's Hospital in London, i.e., the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, is in urgent need of funds at this moment, and must inevitably close its doors very soon indeed unless something is done."

To this appeal there was a ready response, a ready-money response, amounting to over a thousand pounds sent to the Secretary of the hospital, ADRIAN HOPE, Esq., Great Ormond Street.

So far so good; but that it is not near far enough will be seen from the statement we place before the generous and large-hearted British public, as, in so urgent a case as this, although the hospital is a London one, yet charity knows no bounds, territorial or otherwise.

Here is the "Financial Statement" of this Hospital:—

Ordinary Expenditure	£16,000
" Income	£9,000
Annual Deficit	£7,000

With this eloquent text before us, we cannot but call to mind the admirable advice given by Mr. Micawber to little David Copperfield, thus epigrammatically expressed: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

This dictum of Mr. Micawber's, which is true as applied to the temporal difficulties of the individual who, if hale, hearty, and capable of work, has opportunities before him of retrieving the past and providing for the present and the future, applies with overwhelming force to the case of sick children dependent upon the generosity of friends, the watchful care of physicians, and the constant, kindly attention of trained nurses.

"The income which can be relied upon"—we quote from the report with which the Secretary has provided us—"is £9,000, made up by annual subscriptions, ordinary donations, Hospital Sunday and Saturday, and Prince of Wales's Funds,

dividends from investments," and so forth. "The deficit of £7,000 per annum is usually met by spending all legacies received, say £5,000, and from proceeds of a dinner, say £2,000. The cost of running this Hospital we may put at £44 per diem, and," says the Secretary, "we can only count on getting £24 per diem, i.e., a daily deficit of £20. The legacies diminished last year, and this year nothing is expected from this source of income. It is hopeless in this war time to get money from a dinner." And he sums up by adding, sadly enough: "It seems, therefore, that we shall have to close the Hospital until funds come in again, for the combination of no legacies plus this war is too strong for us."

Be it remembered that this is the largest and oldest "Children's Hospital." It was founded in 1852, because there was no *Children's Hospital in the Kingdom*; and now, in London alone, there are fourteen Children's Hospitals. Shall the Mother of all these charitable establishments be allowed to starve because she has raised so many competitors for public support? And the response from the benevolent public comes back heartily and unitedly, "No! she shall not! Even in these trying times of war in the Transvaal and of famine in India, we will, all of us, in some way or other, according to the means at our disposal, by a little extra economy here, and some self-denial there, do our best to come to the immediate aid of this deserving charity in its present distress, while, for the future, we will try to insure ample means of existence to the Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children."

N.B.—Donations, small or large—but the larger the better—in cash, in notes, in cheques, in postal and P.O. orders, will be thankfully received on behalf of the "Ormond Street Hospital Fund" by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.,
10, Boulevard Street,
Fleet Street, E.C.

P.S.—"Bis dat qui cito dat." "No time like the present," and no present so acceptable as the one arriving at the right time. Mr. Punch does not quote "Pay, pay, pay," but urges everybody, everywhere, to "Give! Give! Give!"



Little Girl (to Mother, who has just read notice). "I SUPPOSE, MOTHER, IT DOESN'T MENTION WHICH HALF OF THE POOR THING WE ARE TO LOOK FOR?"

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Custom and the Train.

La Douane et le Train.

In fine we arrive. What odour! In the french ports the water is always illhealthy.

Enfin nous arrivons. Quelle odeur! Dans les ports français l'eau est toujours malsaine.

We go to pass the custom.

Nous allons passer la douane.

One examine the greats baggages to Paris.

On examine les grands bagages à Paris.

Factor! I have two umbrellas, three covers of voyage, four sacks, tw cartoons, one cane, one hat of straw, one melon, two by aboves, and one tenner of littles packets.

Facteur! J'ai deux parapluies, trois couvertures de voyage, quatre sacs, deux cartons, une canne, un chapeau de paille, un melon, deux par-dessus, et une dizaine de petits paquets.

I not have nothing to declare.

Je n'ai rien à déclarer.

You demand if all these objects are to me?

Vous demandez si tous ces objets sont à moi?

For what not? I am English.

Pourquoi pas? Je suis Anglais.

To the good hour! The customer has the air so

A la bonne heure! Le douanier a l'air si ahuri qu'il

staggered that he me leave to pass without nothing to open.

Fast, factor! Put all these objects in one compartment of first class, for me to reserve all the places to me sole.

Yes, Mrs., all these places are taked.

No, Mr., you not can to enter. All the compartment is retained.

You are the chief of station? Eh well, that is this that that me do?

How therefore? You exact that I leave to enter these voyagers? Impossible! Shut up the porterness, if he you please.

You go to do to carry off all my baggages for them to throw in the van of the conductor?

I there oppose one defence absolute.

Then you me menace of the intervention of the agents of police?

Be! I not resist more. But I shall address of the reclamations to the administration and to the Ambassador of England.

No, I not wish that the one carry off my cartoons, my sacks, my covers, and my others packets. I them shall guard in me sitting above, or I them shall put in the fillet.

me laisse passer sans rien ouvrir.

Vite, facteur! Mettez tous ces objets dans un compartiment de première classe pour me réserver toutes les places à moi seul.

Oui, madame, toutes ces places sont prises.

Non, monsieur, vous ne pouvez pas entrer. Tout le compartiment est retenu.

Vous êtes le chef de gare? Eh bien, qu'est-ce que ça me fait?

Comment donc? Vous exigez que je laisse entrer ces voyageurs? Impossible! Fermez la portière, s'il vous plaît.

Vous allez faire emporter tous mes bagages pour les jeter dans le fourgon du conducteur?

J'y oppose une défense absolue.

Alors vous me menacez de l'intervention des agents de police?

Soit! Je ne résiste plus. Mais j'adresserai des réclamations à l'administration et à l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre.

Non, je ne veux pas que l'on emporte mes cartons, mes sacs, mes couvertures et mes autres paquets. Je les garderai en m'asseyant dessus, ou je les mettrai dans le filet. H. D. B.

THE BLESSED HERITAGE.

["Poverty is a blessed heritage."—*Mr. Carnegie.*]

'ERE, LIZER, wheer's yer gratitood? 'E ses, ses Mr. C.,

As it's a blessed 'eritage, is poverty, ses 'e.

Then think 'ow thankful an' 'ow blest we oughter feel, us two, But yet yer that contrairy that I'm blest, LIZ, if yer do.

Wot? 'Ungry? Wot is 'unger. Don't it vary the monotony An' Wooster sorce yer vittles, that 's supposin' as yer 've got any?

Then think of them pore millionaires wot misses the delight Of 'avin' 'ad no breakfast on a roarin' happytite.

Then money! Think, ELIZER, of them cruel stocks an' shares Wot makes their lives a torter to them martyred millionaires! Oh, ain't we much more 'appy when the sticks is up the spout An' the kids is wantin' dinner and 'as got ter go without?

And don't it make yer 'eart bleed, too, ter think of horl the care

Of mansions in the country and an 'ouse in Grosvenor Square? Ah, wot would them pore fellers give if honly they could come An' live with all their fam'ly in our garret hup the slum?

Wot, LIZ? Yer'd like ter sée 'em come? 'Ere, none o' that theer charf!

Yer'd sell yer bloomin' birthright for a pot of 'arf-an-'arf? Lor, LIZ! Ter think as you should be in sich a thankless mood Yer 've got a "blessed 'eritage," an' 'ere's yer gratitood!

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

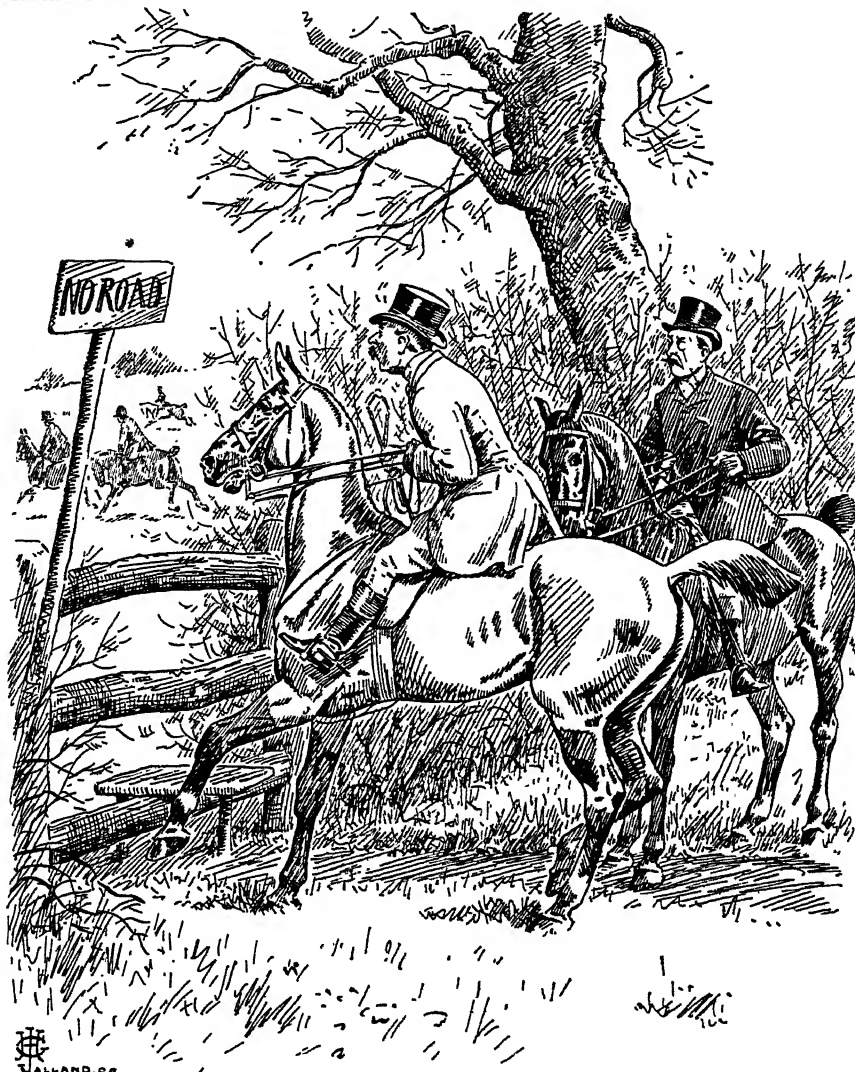
February.

THOROUGHLY dig all the beds at the beginning of this month. All the standard books on gardening recommend this, and seem to imply that the work is to be done with a spade. The amateur probably will find dynamite much more serviceable in the present year. Snowdrops, however, are doing well; a fine show of them may be found already on many ceilings; they are quite easy to cultivate. Some people depend upon the plumber for their supply of this "dainty harbinger of Spring."

Sow early peas. A variety of kinds can be obtained from any seedsmen; but it is really immaterial which you select. The sparrows are not so hard to please as people fancy, though the more expensive the seed, the more certain is it that the birds will take it all. Four or five rows probably will be sufficient, but do not sow less. One should not miss such a chance of providing the nice little sparrows with food. Always be kind to dumb creatures.

Cats are a prolific crop in this (or any other) month. To raise them to perfection, plant a small bed with cuttings at a guinea apiece. An hour later return to the bed, and you will find at least three cats scratching it up. They can be treated with an air-gun, and planted out in any soil you choose.

(To be continued.)



SUPERFLUOUS INFORMATION.

MY VALENTINE.

STILL in yonder battered desk you lie
With affection's well-known emblems
garnished,
Faded is each rosy satin tie,
And your silver paper sadly tarnished—
That for pretty KATE in '79
Lovingly I bought—my Valentine.
Painted there are hearts that arrows
pierce,
Shot by the inevitable Cupid;
Feeble verses breathing passion fierce
(Even then I thought that they were
stupid),
Calling little KATE a "maid divine"—
Asking her to be—my Valentine.

Rudely were the rapid verses wrought,
Puerile was the passion (but I meant it),
Yet I paused awhile for second thought,
And the upshot was—I never sent it.
So (while KATE alas! was never mine)
There you still remain—my Valentine.

PRECIOUS POEMS—No. IV.

LE PARAPLUIE DE MA TANTE.

My Aunt's umbrella, dainty toy,
The source of a seraphic joy,
Above my mantel-piece unfurled,
The wonder of an envious world! [tell
What pen can paint, what tongue can
Poor quarter of the radiant dreams
With which imagination teems
When cherishing the thoughts that glow,
And circle through my brain, below
My Aunt's umbrella!

My Aunt's goloshes, worn and old,
I fill with vegetable mould,
And stand them in my study, where
The choicest flowers adorn the pair.

Pray do not think this *cultus* bosh is.
She is not beautiful, but rich
In stocks and shares, etc., which
Her bounteous care intends for me—
Which I remember when I see
My Aunt's goloshes!



G. R. Halkett

"TAPPING" THE WIRES.

The Leyds Woodpecker and the War News.

["There is no doubt that upon several occasions recently Dr. LEYDS was in possession of news from the seat of war before it reached our own War Office. Where does he tap the telegrams?"
Daily Paper.]



Extract from a private letter, the Writer having, in the hope of advancing tender and personal interests, accepted an invitation to stay a few days at a Country House.

"NO, MY DEAR FRED, THE VISIT HAS NOT BEEN SO FAR AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS. THAT REASTLY BENSON IS HERE AND IS RUNNING ME VERY CLOSE. THE OTHER MORNING I WAS SHEWING HER AND HER SISTER HOW TO CUT A FIGURE ON THE ICE, AND—WELL, I DID IT TOO LITERALLY! OF COURSE, JUST AT THAT MOMENT BENSON CAME ALONG! I'M AFRAID THE IMPRESSION I CREATED WAS MAINLY ON THE ICE!"

OSYMANDYAS.

(Not Shelley's but another.)

["The chief objects of interest at Sakkarah are the two fallen colossal figures of RAMESSES II. The first one reached by the traveller is of granite, and in order to see the face it is necessary to climb on the breast of the figure."—MURRAY'S *Egypt*.]

I WAS a traveller in an antique land
And saw a granite statue, sombre, vast,
Lie at Sakkarah. Tourists took their
stand

In boots of useful thickness on its breast,
Debated how much ground its figure
spanned,

Tapped with a walking-stick familiarly
Its mighty brow, then talked of other
things,

Of donkeys, dinners, steamers, and the
rest.

Then from its lips these words I seemed to
hear,

"My name was OSYMANDYAS, King of
Kings,

Look at my fate, ye mighty, and despair!"

Nothing remains to add, for in dismay
At this colossal outrage, or in fear
Lest worse might follow yet, I turned
away.

TO AUTHORS.

["Well-known author revises declined and other
MSS., generally ensuring their after-acceptance.
Terms moderate."—*Adv.* in "*Daily News*."]]

YE mute, inglorious MILTONS, come!

Ye silent SHAKESPEARES, SHELLEYS fame-
less,

Ye KIPLINGS, all unboomed and dumb,
Ye AUSTINS, laurelless and nameless;

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IS SIR LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, R.A., also among the novelists? My Baronite, picking up *The Fate-Spinner* (MORTLOCK), by LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA, was for the moment led astray. On reflection he remembered that only the difference between a *w* and a *u* separates, in the matter of Christian name, distinguished father and gifted daughter. It is Miss ALMA TADEMA who tells again, with charming freshness, the old old story of man's love going astray from his wedded wife. It is powerfully written, with background of scenery and surrounding worked in with hereditary skill. The *dramatis personæ* are three in number, each a live person. The last scene of the tragedy, a difficult one to manage, is very fine. The little volume is specially recommended to Members of Parliament, inasmuch as it is cunningly fashioned in the form and colour of an undersized Blue Book. Through a dull debate in the House of Commons it might be safely read without suspicion on the part of the Sergeant-at-Arms, or wrathful flash from the gleaming eye of the Speaker.

To the catalogue of British Anthologies already issued from the Oxford University Press, Mr. HENRY FROWDE has added the Dryden and the Pope. Like their predecessors, they are edited by Professor ARBER, and are fountains of ever fresh delight. There is nothing new to be said of the old familiar friends, but a tribute of praise is due to the publisher for the loving manner in which he has set the gems.

The Baron has recently received a volume containing "the complete works of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," illustrated, with a "biographical introduction by HENRY GLASSFORD BELL" (COLLINS, SONS & Co.), and a dedication from some one or other, it may be from Mr. BELL or from the publishers, to Sir HENRY IRVING. The type is clear, and as the sonnets are included, it is useful in any library as a handy and compact book of reference. Of the illustrations, rather indifferently representing more or less well-known actors and actresses in Shakspearian characters, the best is that of Mr. ALEXANDER as Orlando, and the second best is one of Mrs. F. R. BENSON (whose name and personality are unfamiliar to the Baron) as Doll Tear-sheet. Very flattering is it to such a worthless character as Doll that she should be thus handsomely impersonated. Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON has evidently found the arrangement of these photographic specimens a somewhat difficult task, and may be fairly congratulated on his success. THE BARON DE B.-W.

TOO MUCH OF A TESTIMONIAL.—Master Gripper (to Tonsorial Artist). Wonderful stuff that Patagonian Hair Restorer of yours, Mr. SNIP. I rubbed some on my fox terrier, and took first prize with him as a poodle at the Dog Show.

Poetic souls, that fain would soar,
Save that some publisher represses
Your noble rage, come, send me your
MSS.

Who knows what trifling faults may bar
Your way to wealth and reputation?
Peculiarities may mar

Your spelling or your punctuation;
The Epic that you've on the stocks
Some halting lines, perhaps, may damn, or
Your views may be unorthodox
On grammar.

The great unhatched to life I bring;
No hen's more careful of her chickens;
Each fledgeling author leaves my wing
A SCOTT, a THACKERAY, or DICKENS.

To all success I guarantee
Who in obscurity are stifling,
And kindly note the fact, my fee
Is trifling.



THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

"AND YOU, GOOD YEOMEN,
WHOSE LIMBS WERE MADE IN ENGLAND, SHOW US HERE
THE METTLE OF YOUR PASTURE; LET US SWEAR
THAT YOU ARE WORTH YOUR BREEDING."
*

"I SEE YOU STAND LIKE GREYHOUNDS IN THE SLIPS,
STRAINING UPON THE START. THE GAME'S AFOOT;
FOLLOW YOUR SPIRIT; AND, UPON THIS CHARGE,
CRY, GOD FOR ENGLAND! ENGLAND AND SAINT GEORGE!"
King Henry the Fifth, Act III., Scene 1.



WHAT'S IN A NAME!

Father (entering). "HULLO! TEARS? IS IT A FUNERAL MARCH?"
Professor. "AH! NO, SIR; A LITTLE COMPOSITION OF MY OWN
 CALLED 'JOFOUS MOMENTS.'"

"HOPE" FOR THE BEST.

THE St. James's is now an entirely new theatre, artistically decorated, and every attention paid to the comfort of the audience. All private boxes, save two (one of these being for royalty, and the



Lieutenant Brough Bernstein and Colonel
 Vernon Sapt.

other facing it, for anybody), have been banished, to the advantage of the look of the house, and to the look of the lessee when he hits upon a big success, since in every case there is a gain of certainly

four seats to whatever Government is "in" at the St. James's. The bill which has been brought in this session, taking the precedence of all other bills, is Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S *Rupert of Hentzau*. Now, up to a certain point *Rupert of Hentzau* is a fresh, strong, and stirring play, and the interest it excites is in no sort of way dependent upon the spectator's previous acquaintance either with the same author's romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, or with the drama, founded upon it, which was produced with marked success at this theatre. And though a sequel rarely obtains a success equal to that won by its predecessor, yet *Rupert of Hentzau* has so much in it to attract, is so excellently played by a first-rate company, that a sufficiently good run for it is fairly on the cards. Three-fourths of it are admirable; the excitement is kept up and increased from act to act, and not until we arrive at Act. IV. is it allowed to drop. But a novelist who is his own dramatist is in much the same category as the client who is his own lawyer.

That *Rudolf Rassendyll* should be assassinated in order that he may not "live a lie" as King of Ruritania, is most unsatisfactory to the audience, who are as devoted to him as are *Colonel Sapt*, *Fritz*, and *Bernstein*. And his death is dramatically quite unnecessary. Why? Because, although it is good in the novel,

it is bad in the play. The construction should have given us, in Act III., Sc. 1 (after the exit of *Rudolf* to meet *Count Rupert*), *Sapt's* account of the burning of the Hunting Lodge and his evidence to the fact that the man who therein perished



ACT III., SCENE 2.

Rudolf Alexander Rassendyll and *Count Irving Rupert*.

Rudolf and *Rupert* were two pretty men, *Rupert's* on table near half-past ten. What happens next you will see somewhat later, if you will seek the St. James's Theatre.

was not *Rudolf Rassendyll*; and thereupon *Sapt* and Co., in the interests of their beloved Queen, should have started to find

SORTES SHAKSPEARIANÆ.

To the War Office Deficiency Department.

"COME ON! Come on! Where is your Boer spear, man? Fear you the Boer, and go so unprovided?"

Richard the Third, Act III., Sc. 2.

AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

SIR,—The other day I met Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who reproached me with not having visited his entertainment. How quick was my *réplique*! "Mons. ALBERT," says I, "you are no longer the '*Chevalier sans reproche*!'" Not bad that; at all events, it shows I am as good a French scholar as the erudite critic who wrote "*de la Theatre*" in his timely notice of *Dandy Dick's* revival. However, that's not my immediate point in writing. Sir, I went to see CHEVALIER. Let me advise all who would obtain a two hours' genuine recreation to do as I did. His songs and impersonations are admirable and in excellent taste. His coster is as perfect as ever, and his conjuring in the "Anky Panky" song (by A. H. WEST) is as neat as though he were a professional wizard. Then there's his performance on a strange instrument, of his own manufacture I should think. And in addition to this is a pleasant variety by Signorina CRISPI on the harp, and by Mr. NELSON HARDY (two good naval names for patriotic times), the ventriloquist. Hurry up and see A. C.

Yours, "PUFFING BILLY."

SEASONABLE VOLUMES FOR THE CABINET.—For Lord S-l-sb-ry. —"The New Jest Book." Mr. Arth-r B-l-f-r.—"The Guide to Knowledge." Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n.—"A Little Modest Flower." Lord L-nsd-wne.—"How Things are Done." The Lord Ch-n-c-ll-r.—"Self-Help." The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.—"At Rest." Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch.—"The Lightning Calculator." Mr. G-sch-n.—"Tales for the Marines."

their friend. They would have arrived, in the next scene, just when the crowd has broken into the cellar, immediately after the duel, and when all the people shout "God save the King!" and the Queen and *Rudolf* together accept the situation. This is a fine tableau on which the curtain falls to loudest plaudits, and with this the piece should have ended.

Who cares what happens afterwards? Sufficient to the night is the final triumph of the popular hero, *Rudolf Rassendyll*, and of the sweet heroine, so charmingly impersonated by Miss FAY DAVIS.

Mr. GEO. ALEXANDER is excellent in the dual part of *Rudolf* the King, and *Rudolf* the Adventurer, both he and the wicked *Rupert*, forcibly played by Mr. H. B. IRVING, acquitting themselves to admiration as masters of fence. It has been objected that the two *Rudolfs* do not resemble one another. There is no force in this objection. Both parts are played by Mr. ALEXANDER, only that, as the King, he wears beard and moustache, and assumes a slouching gait; while as *Rassendyll*, he is clean shaven, and stands erect. There is no other "make-up": it is simply Mr. ALEXANDER's face shorn or unshorn. *Voilà tout*.

Mr. VERNON is perfect as our old friend Colonel Sapt, and both Mr. ESMOND as *Tarlenheim* and Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH as *Bernstein* couldn't be bettered. Mr. GEORGE P. HAWTREY, as the old Baron, is dodderingly funny, and every one of the others is simply a small character perfectly rendered. And the same may be said of the ladies, among whom Miss JULIE OPP stands picturesquely prominent, and Miss ESMÉ BERINGER plays with distinction the part of *Helga von Tarlenheim*. Mr. ALEXANDER has shown a wise discretion in omitting the final scene representing "the lying-in-state" of the deceased King: such a decision on the part of the manager was in keeping with the character of the veracious *Rudolf*, who energetically objects to all kinds of lying, and therefore, logically, to "lying-in-state."

PAUPER OR PATRIOT.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,—I address you for an obvious reason. You are the conductor of a paper claiming, and justly claiming, to represent the comedy of the earth. Here is a story that has reached me. Will you kindly say if it is comic or the reverse?

A vast sum subscribed by the Public to the Mansion House Fund for the wives and children of your soldiers now engaged in defending your flag in South Africa is intrusted for distribution to the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. A lady, the widow of a journalist who was killed at Ladysmith while gallantly fighting as a volunteer in the Imperial Light Horse, wrote to these gentlemen asking if



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

"DOES MISS CHARMING LIVE HERE?"

she and her four year old son might hope to benefit from the fund.

She received a letter enclosing an order for six pounds, which she was invited to take to the Post Office and answer a great many questions, apparently to satisfy the Post Master as to her identity, and the fact of her being extremely poor. There was another form containing a further set of questions, one of which inquired if she had lately been in the receipt of Parochial relief. The form, which was folded and addressed to the Commissioners, bore a half-penny stamp and a printed injunction, "Not to be sealed or fastened." She was invited, in short, to set forth all the details of her poverty, and to entrust them to the world at large through the medium of the Post Office in a country village where she was well known. On remonstrance being made when it was suggested that

the Commissioners, in administering monies subscribed for the benefit of people whom the public holds in high honour, should not behave as if they were dealing with professional paupers, an answer was given which seems scarcely satisfactory. The officials of the Patriotic Fund explained that they had an arrangement of long standing with the Post Office, and that the offensive queries accompanying the money-order were intended for "the widows of common soldiers."

This is the story anent which I ask your opinion as an expert. In my planet we have no sense of humour.

Yours very truly,

"A MESSENGER FROM MARS."

[Mr. *Punch* will feel obliged if the question of his respected correspondent is repeated by some patriotic representative of the people in Parliament. —EDITOR.]



He (with pride). "YES, DEAR, MY FATHER AND MOTHER LIVED TOGETHER FOR FORTY WHOLE YEARS, AND NEVER HAD A SINGLE QUARREL!"
His Bride. "HOW TERRIBLY MONOTONOUS, DARLING!"

THE MAN IN THE STREET AND THE NOISY NEWSVENDOR.

(With apologies to the shades of Canning and Frere.)

Man in the Street speaks:

NOISY Newsvendor, whither are you rushing?
 Rough is your voice; it must have taken lots of
 Gin to destroy its softness, and your face needs
 Pears' or Vinolia.

Noisy Newsvendor, little think the rich ones
 Who sit in clubs provided with the newspa-
 pers what it means to yell for twenty-four hours
 "Speshal edeeshun!"

Tell me, Newsvendor, do you love to tell the
 Truth when at morn you dash into the highways,
 Or when at night you make the streets resound with
 "'Orrible slaughter"?

Tell me the latest news you have of ROBERTS.
 Nay, do not bellow: I'm not hard of hearing.
 Tell me of battles, tell me of the crossing
 Of the Tugela.

WAR AND PEACE.

BY A. A. Z. Y. X.

[German bands are complaining that, owing to the war, they cannot make a living, and that many of their regular patrons visit the misdoings of the Boers upon their heads.]

It may be unkind, but I can't help rejoicing—

This morning I read in the papers a "par,"

That the Teuton itinerant tootlers are voicing

A wail that the war to their trade is a bar.

Their street caterwauling's as dire as the mausers,

"Long Tom" isn't worse than their wheezy bassoons;

Though their discords to vengeance and murder are rousers,

They pose as the best of the Londoner's boons!

Their "regulars" now in the suburbs (they tell us)

Confound them—with Boers of a psalm-singing kind;

And ladies are so patriotic and zealous,

They give, not a d., but a piece of their mind.

'Tis one good result of Oom PAUL's ultimatum,

Declaring a peace for my long-suff'ring ear;

I wish he'd correct yet one little erratum,
 And bawling newsvendors straightway commandeered!

FOR THE DEFENCE.

Not wanted.—Talk, fuss, red tape, gush, advertisement, treason and folly.

Wanted.—Statesmanship, activity, patriotism and common sense.

What of the Modder? What of Lord DUNDONALD?
 Tell me the truth, man; I have got a halfpenny.
 Truth's what I want, and therefore I will buy your
 Halfpenny paper.

The Noisy Newsvendor shouts confidentially:
 "Truth," Sir, God bless you, I have none to sell you.
 LABBY's no friend to such as you and me, but
 Hand over twopence, if you want to read of
 Desperate fighting.

(Crescendo.)

"Ten thousand Dutchmen blown to bits by lyddite!!
 METHUEN captured, KITCHENER in pieces!!!
 ROBERTS defeated!!!! Shocking suicide of
 (Fortissimo) KRÜGER and JOUBERT!!!!!"

[Man in the Street buys. Newsvendor departs yelling.]

Man in the Street, after reading:
 Hi! where's my twopence? I'll be even with you!
 Wretch whose mendacious yells excite my vengeance!
 Destined to fourteen days without an option—

If I can catch you! *[Exit, trying to.]*
 R. C. L.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

IN MOUNTING YOUR HORSE, ALWAYS STAND FACING HIS TAIL.

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

V.—TOM JONES.

(Revised by S-LAS H-CK-NG, Author of
"Such is Life," etc.)

BOOK I.—Infancy.

O, that, like honey laden bees,
We human creatures spent our days
In deeds mellifuous. *Watts-on.*

CHAPTER I.—"First the Babe."

MR. ALLWORTHY walked back from the lecture wrapt in thought. This frame of mind was partly the result of a hearty dinner, partly due, also, to the lecturer's references to the poet LONGFELLOW. How true it was that we also "can make our lives sublime." Was his life sublime? He had doubts. On reaching home he discovered a baby sleeping peacefully in the umbrella stand. Mr. ALLWORTHY smiled. Here was a distinct chance of proving sublime. Everything has its small beginnings. "DEBORAH," he said to his Cornish housekeeper, "I will adopt this child." "Lor 'a mercy," cried she in unexceptional dialect. "Ef we doo—" Then seeing the heroic expression on Mr. ALLWORTHY'S face, she relapsed into silence.

BOOK II.—Youth.

All who live to be old have, perforce, once been young.—*Plut-y-Tud.*

CHAPTER I.—Can it be Fate?

TOM JONES used to lunch at an A.B.C. with his friend BLIFIL. But lately, alas,

he had frequented places where smarter-looking waitresses served. "I," said BLIFIL, "prefer the coffee and scone obtainable at the A.B.C. Moreover, it's cheaper." "Oh, hang the expense!" cried TOM. The fever of the spendthrift had possessed him. One day, passing along the Strand he smelt Irish stew. It came from a restaurant where he had often foolishly dallied with a waitress called MOLLY. So instead of reading *Self-Help* at lunch, he went in for smiles of another kind. And now the strength of the onions mastered him. On the stormy sea of life our little crafts are often upset by the existence of leaks. Suddenly a man close by said to his companion, "Why not stop the war?" It came upon TOM like a mighty inspiration, suggesting such possibilities of debating society speeches, that the memory of MOLLY became faint. It is better to teach—not the young eye but—the young idea how to shoot.

BOOK III.—Manhood.

The margarine of mild romance.—*Centy Mentall.*

CHAPTER I.—The A B C of Love.

TOM JONES was in love with SOPHIA WESTERN, daughter of the Rev. TREFUSA WESTERN, a country parson of quiet and simple habits. He had loved her through many chapters, but as he had a habit of seeming to prefer some one else, nothing had, as yet, come of it. But towards the end of the novel a big love scene was

inevitable. He met her near the Law Courts. "SOPHY," he cried. "You!" "Yes," she said, "I love to hear the pigeons cooing of peace." "Always poetical," he said, tenderly. "But come and have lunch at the A.B.C.!" So they went in and he ordered eggs and cut bread and butter for two. "SOPHY," he murmured, "I have loved you for years. Be mine." Affected by his manly simplicity she blushing faltered, "Yes, Tom, I will." So they were very happy, and the author was happy, and the publishers and public, also, were happy. Such is Life! A. R.

KITCHIN-STUFF.

AN injudicious Dean,
A scarce judicial Judge;
A sermon, and a scene,
Both fudge.

A letter from a bore,
A Chancellor's response;
A cleric settled for
The nonce.

The Pulpit, and the Bench,
The Woolsack, and the Press—
And so we teach the French
Sagesse.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—
The Military Bands of the Boers seem to
be entirely composed of Field-Cornets.



"OH, JACK, YOU ARE LIKE YOUR FATHER!"

"OH, COME, I SAY, MATE, WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG NOW?"

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

III.—THE L-BB-OK SECTION.

(For February, continued.)

15TH.—What would Poetry be without imagination? It beautifies even ugly things.

"I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!"

I am where I would ever be!"

So sang BARRY CORNWALL, though he could never be persuaded to cross the English Channel.

16TH.—In reading we ought to employ selection. It is almost impossible to read every book that has been written. SCOTT'S Novels is one of the Hundred Best Books.

17TH.—What a wonderful quality is tact. If it cannot, like faith, "remove mountains," it can sometimes circumvent a mole-hill.

18TH.—Birds are meant to be our companions. There is something very human in the parrot's voice. And how superb is the plumage of the peacock!

19TH.—It has been noticed that ancient cities often teem with historical associations. Yet the earliest stages of the human race are wrapped in obscurity.

20TH.—A Frenchman has said that "to know all is to pardon all" (this is the English version). It shows that we ought not to judge hastily. The story is told of a short-sighted person

that he once saw in the distance what he took to be a man, but when he came closer it turned out to be his own brother.

21ST.—Virtue is the happy mean (ARISTOTLE). Thus, there is the highest authority for marriage. But with SOLOMON, and, in a less degree, with HENRY THE EIGHTH, it degenerated into a habit.

22ND.—Friends are a great blessing. CICERO wrote an entire essay "concerning friendship."

23RD.—Who can foretell the Future with any degree of accuracy? "To be or not to be," as SHAKESPEARE said.

24TH.—"By that sin fell the angels," was said of Ambition. Yet a moderate ambition is commendable. Every private soldier was at one time understood to "carry a Field-Marshal's bâton in his knapsack," but this is now forbidden in the regulations for field-service.

25TH.—Many things can be bought with money. This is one reason why the possession of wealth adds to the comfort of life. EURIPIDES said something cynical about riches.

26TH.—Much has been written about the "uses of adversity." Let us hope it is true.

27TH.—There is a saying (based upon the Copernican theory) that Love "makes the world go round." It was for Love that LEANDER swam across the Hellespont, which is wider than the Serpentine.

28TH.—Nature is governed by unvarying laws. Every day the sun rises; every evening it sets. The only local exception to this last rule is the British Empire.

O. S.



HOME DEFENCE.

COLONEL BULL (*of the Queen's Own Volunteers*). "I AND MY BOYS ARE READY TO DEFEND THE COUNTRY—
BUT WE LOOK TO YOU TO SEE WE HAVE THE BEST OF WEAPONS AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION."



Little Girl (to News vendor, from whom she has just purchased the latest War Special). 'ERE'S YOUR PAPER! FATHER SAYS, IF YOU DON'T MIND 'E'D RATHER 'AVE THE BILL, 'COS THERE'S MORE NEWS IN IT.'

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 5.—DON JOSÉ had a big audience to-night, and made a great speech. A master of debate, full of fight, he finds it hard to resist the passing triumph of dealing out chance digs in the chest at miscellaneous people. A very dangerous man to interrupt in the course of an ordered speech. Sometimes not above suspicion of laying traps, inviting interruption from hon. gentlemen opposite, particularly the guileless, now united, Irishmen.

To-night, impressed with the gravity of the crisis, the solemnity of his mission as spokesman of a Government confronting a national crisis, he avoided the ordinarily irresistible attraction of personal attack. Even the meek presence of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reposing on the bench opposite after railing for an hour and twenty minutes against the war and the Ministry responsible for it, did not lure him from his selected track. He merely accused the SQUIRE of "finding arguments for those who gloat over the misfortunes of our country." Only that.

The Irish members mocked his insistence

on the justice and the necessity of the war. They jeered at his protestation that the Government had been anxious for peace. On ordinary occasions when they thus trail their coats DON JOSÉ gleefully jumps upon them. To-night he turned a deaf ear to their invitation to a little squabble. From first to last he maintained the lofty note of a speech worthy a memorable occasion.

What PRINCE ARTHUR, sitting attentive on Treasury Bench, thought of it, is another matter. When he first opened his mouth to discuss the situation, he ingenuously protested against the indictment of blundering brought against Ministers. DON JOSÉ, on the contrary, almost gloried in the initial mistakes of the campaign. Mistakes? Why, cert'nly. But then see how, as one by one they were detected, the Government had more than rectified them, till upon every point—insufficient forces, inadequate number of guns, disproportionate cavalry, under-estimation of the Boer forces—the country to-day stood in a better position than it would have occupied had everything prospered from the first on the original plan. "The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything," said the American Minister, Mr. PHELPS, in a farewell speech at the Mansion House. Never was so eloquent and forcible a sermon preached from the text as was unfolded in DON JOSÉ's speech, followed through what seemed a short hour with breathless attention by House crowded from floor to topmost row of the Strangers' Gallery.

It is true that, by odd chance, the errors frankly admitted had been committed at the Foreign Office, at the War Office, anywhere, save at the Colonial Office. That, however, a mere accident. Did not spoil effect frank admission of error ever has upon a generous House of Commons.

Business done.—Fifth night debate on Address.

Tuesday, 10.45 P.M.—CAWMELL-BANNERMAN on his legs; a good man struggling with adversity. The long-drawn-out dullness of debate feebly faltering to appointed end. Duty of Leader of Opposition to do what is called wind it up, a phrase obviously derived from mental association with a winding sheet and funeral customs generally. When C.-B. rose, House still nearly empty, as it had been since, six hours earlier, ASQUITH concluded one of his perfectly-fashioned sledge-hammer speeches. The crowd quickly gathered when word went round that C.-B. was up; not that members particularly cared to hear C.-B. or any one else on a worn-out theme now happily in sight of foregone conclusion. But his appearance on scene meant near approach to division.

Shifting scene of members moving to their places, and the hum of voices em-

barrassing even to so old a Parliamentary Hand as C.-B., one withal gifted with almost impregnable serenity. Suddenly



SOLOMON EAGLE COURTNEY.
(In front of old Oom Paul's Cathedral.)
"Woe unto thee, whoa! whoa!"

the undertone of conversation on rapidly crowding Ministerial benches burst forth in rapturous cheer. C.-B. looked round with startled gaze. What had he said to earn this unexpected tribute of applause? He had not seen what the watchful Ministerialists seated in serried ranks behind their esteemed leaders had observed. A scrap of paper, hurriedly brought in by one of the Whips entering from behind the Speaker's chair, passed along the Treasury Bench, its progress marked by joyous smiles irradiating right hon. countenances. Its progress was stayed when it reached the hand of DON JOSÉ. He held it, literally gloating over its contents, heedless of Attorney-General's entreaty for a glimpse of the missive. For



"Conscious as we are of one another's defects—"

him it was a signal of personal victory, its value enhanced by the dramatic moment of its arrival.

For six days the storm of debate, nominally dealing with FITZMAURICE'S Amendment to the Address, had raged round him. Last night COURTNEY, bluntly phrasing what many thought, fastened on him the direct responsibility for the war. "Be it for glory or for condemnation," he said, "this is his war." To-day an important constituency was polled on the question; by a startling majority it had plumped for the war.

After this what was the use of talking? C.-B. gallantly struggled on to the end of his appointed task. PRINCE ARTHUR spoke some buoyant words; then the

seasonable demand. Amongst business men might be settled in half-an-hour's talk at a table, round or square. Members make speeches for space of three hours, reluctantly dropping subject only when PRINCE ARTHUR points out that there are many others to follow.

Then the WEARISOME WEIR takes the floor; draws up from recesses of his boots that old old speech about the crowded crofters and the roomy deer forest. When his first chest-notes are heard members rise with anguished groan and leave the House to solitude and the Lord Advocate. Undaunted, undeterred, the WEARISOME ONE plods along. Presently Lord Advocate falls asleep, dreams he had accepted the seat of the Lord Justice



"A MHIDSUMMER NOIGHT'S DHRAME."

Oom Bottom and the roival Toitanias—united at last. (How long will it last?)

House divided. Deep answered unto deep. Westminster responded to York, and the Ministerial majority ran up from a possible 130 to an unexpected 213.

Business done.—FITZMAURICE'S Amendment to Address negatived by 352 votes against 139.

Thursday.—No one looking in on House to-night would imagine that it meets amid throes of life-and-death struggle on the South African veldt; that talk on the motion for the Address has been nightly rolling forth since Tuesday in last week; and that before Parliament lies the whole work of the Session, in its forefront far-reaching proposals for establishing home defence.

Something between thirty and forty members scattered over benches: KEARLEY gets on first with new amendment to Address, raising question of administration of Patriotic Fund. A reasonable, a

General, and had flitted northward to a region where the CALDWELLS cease from troubling, and the WEIRY are at rest.

Another three hours thus appropriated left one remaining of the precious sitting. CLANCY took every moment of it for *rechauffé* of a long series of earlier speeches delivered on question of over-taxation of Ireland. Finished just on the stroke of midnight; and so home to bed after a profitable and pleasant evening.

Business done.—None.

Saturday, 12.45 A.M.—Debate on Address resumed. More than a score of amendments still on paper. If they were dealt with on same scale as those already disposed of, Session would be comfortably carried over Easter. As it is PRINCE ARTHUR swoops down with the beneficent Closure and Address voted.

Business done.—Will positively begin on Monday. Been here only nine working days.



T

It was generally understood that old ORMSBY ST. JOHN would make his grand-

nephew, OWEN ST. JOHN, his heir. As both were

members of our Club we took a benevolent interest in the affair. Yet one day, to our astonishment, OWEN was ousted and another grand-nephew, ENRIQUE WARD, installed in his place. This last had come from beyond the seas, from Mexico, where his father had been engaged in commerce and had married a native. Possibly he in his turn might have got into his uncle's black books, and OWEN would be reinstated. But there was no time for a further change. The old man, who was really a great age, went off suddenly, and ENRIQUE retained his favour to the last. The inheritance was worth something over two millions sterling.

ORMSBY ST. JOHN had long been a strange figure in the Club, and an unfailing subject for speculation. Opinions had been much divided as to his means. Many believed him to be rich, very rich; others thought him really the pauper he made himself out. He was, in truth, a miser. For years, for almost half a century, having far more than a comfortable competence, he had lived on next to nothing; on what is technically called a red herring. He screwed and scraped and saved everything that he could; he had never been known to give bite or sup to a soul; his meals were meagre; he drank no wine; he practised all kinds of tricks for getting the better of the Club; little meannesses, such as the ordering of half portions, the eating late luncheons so as to save the higher rate of table-money for dinner. No one else got so much value out of the establishment. He lived hard by in lodgings, occupying a single back bed-room, from which he issued punctually every morning, five minutes before the Club opened, to stay there, generally, till the small hours. He did all his business, everything at the Club. He even slept there, not the night through, of course, but in his advancing years he was continually to be found dozing before the library fire.

His miserliness was of a somewhat rare order. He did not

hesitate to risk his store in order to increase it. He was extraordinarily keen about money-making. Money, money, money, he thought of nothing else; how to get it, how to save it or make it, what to do with it, anything but spend it; money exercised him perpetually. If he lost any of it, even on paper; if his stocks and shares went down the smallest fraction, he was abjectly wretched. If he was done out of sixpence he raged and thirsted for the blood of the man who had swindled him. He had never forgiven a debtor; but, indeed, he had none, for no one had succeeded in borrowing from him. As for the swindlers and sharpers, names he was fond of using, it was *anathema maranatha*, he would vent upon them the deepest curse with all the pains and penalties of heinous crime. These views and opinions coloured all his life, and after his death, still grievously affected one person—OWEN ST. JOHN.

Unable to take his money out of the world, the old miser yet contrived that no one else should have complete enjoyment of it, at least for years to come. When ENRIQUE WARD succeeded, he found by the terms of the will that he was to have a five years' minority; he could not come of age until he was thirty. During his long probation he was to receive only a modest allowance, £5,000 a year; and, moreover, he was forbidden to anticipate his fortune, for he had no more than a prospective right to it. If he died before he was thirty, everything went to OWEN ST. JOHN, absolutely. If OWEN pre-deceased him, or if he himself no more than lived out the appointed time, then the whole capital sum was to pass to the Trustees for the Liquidation of the National Debt.

ENRIQUE WARD had been brought into our Club a little before his uncle's death, and we were able to compare him with OWEN ST. JOHN, the cousin he had dispossessed. We could not endorse the old man's choice, for Owen was, in our opinion, by far the better chap of the two. He was a square-built, strong-faced, substantial-looking man, of about thirty; of gentlemanly appearance, with a clean-shaven, honest face, and self-possessed, easy manners. A man likely to take the rough with the smooth, good-humouredly; to fight for his own hand, as had now become imperative, or had luck smiled on him, to accept the duties without running riot in the pleasures of a high station and great wealth. Since his disappointment, he had put his shoulder bravely to the wheel, and was already earning a decent income as a land agent on a large estate in Lincolnshire.

The heir, the prospective millionaire, was altogether a different person, an inferior creature in every respect. He was cross-bred, that was clear; he had the pale, steely blue eyes of his English father, the dark olive skin of his mother's race. In person he was insignificant, undersized, almost abject-looking, and with his perfectly straight coarse hair, large ears, thick lips, he might have been a "throw back" to some Aztec or Central American Indian ancestor. He talked little, but he was for ever on the watch, seemingly out of his element, like a wild thing just caught, nervous, apprehensive, frightened at being brought into contact with modern civilized ways. He had a curious startled manner, a trick of ever looking to right or left or over his shoulder, as though an enemy was after him, or he had done something wrong. It was a joke amongst us that he was afraid of his life with OWEN ST. JOHN.

"Faith, no wonder," said old BURTON, with a saturnine laugh. "I should do for him myself. He'd have little chance if he stood between me and a couple of millions, more particularly if I believed I had a better right to them."

The two cousins were, nevertheless, excellent friends, at any rate, on the surface, and were often to be seen together. ST. JOHN, indeed, seemed to be behaving admirably to the man who had supplanted him in his uncle's good graces; he never openly grumbled or grudged his cousin his good fortune; nay, had done all in his power to help him, to introduce him, dry-nurse him, and keep him straight. It was no easy task, for the "half-breed," as we called him, was a weak vessel, inclined to be vicious and self-indulgent. He was a gambler, heart and soul, prepared to play with any one for anything, and it might safely be predicted that he would make ducks and drakes of his millions, if ever they came to him. But that was quite doubtful. Having never controlled a tithe of his present income, he wasted it in riotous living; he was given over to secret excesses; did himself well, sometimes too well, as his blood-shot eyes and trembling hands bore witness, and it was highly improbable that he would last out the five years to elapse before he came of age.

None of us, I think, would have been sorry to see ORMSBY ST. JOHN's money revert to the rightful heir, as we always styled OWEN. Yet never in our wildest dreams did we imagine that it would come to him so soon and in such a way; that old BURTON's grim forecast would be so speedily verified. ENRIQUE was doomed to die a violent death. Still, when the terrible catastrophe that so horrified the Club was sprung upon them, few could bring themselves to believe, and I was one of the number, in OWEN ST. JOHN's guilt.

One Summer's morning, early, the housemaid who was "doing" the card-room on an upper floor, looked out, and saw the body of a man spread out and lying motionless upon the low roof of a building some three stories beneath. Her shrieks soon brought other servants to the spot; the police were called in, and a messenger came to me in my lodgings hard by as one of the Committee nearest at hand. It was about 7 A.M. I hurriedly dressed and went round to the Club. They told me when I arrived that the body had been identified as that of ENRIQUE WARD, and that it had been removed to the mortuary at the police station. By this time the subdivisional detective had come upon the scene with an Inspector, and seeing that I was a member and of some importance, they took me aside.

"We fear there has been foul play," began one.

"It's been no accident," added the other.

"We thought at first that he might have fallen over. But that could not be, the railing is too high."

"Besides, a man in dress clothes don't tumble down from the third floor with a handful of another man's covert coat in his hand."

"You imply that this unfortunate gentleman, Mr. WARD, was thrown over?"

"Precisely; thrown over; done for; put away. In plain English, murdered."

"But who—?" A horrible suspicion crossed my mind, but I would not have given it voice for worlds.

"That's what we have got to find out," went on the Inspector, "some of us, but I suppose one of the clever ones (as they think themselves) from the Yard will take it out of our hands."

He was right, for shortly afterwards, Sergeant TYARS, of the C. I. D., appeared upon the scene.

He joined us in the card-room upstairs, and took in the situation at almost a glance, giving his orders clearly and concisely after looking round and listening to a few facts.

"One of you," he said, speaking to his colleagues, "step up to the station and hear what the doctor says about it. I want to know most particularly how long, exactly how long life has been extinct; also, if possible, the cause of death. That will help us to fix the time of the occurrence, and perhaps how it happened. Then, Sir," he now addressed me, "the Club servants must be questioned. I must hear what the deceased was doing last evening, who his associates were, who was with him when he was last seen. How shall I get at these things best?"

"The coffee-room superintendent, the smoking-room waiters, the hall-porter and his assistants will no doubt tell you what you want to know," I replied.

I could have given the information myself, but realising its nature I shrank from being a witness against OWEN ST. JOHN.

While the servants were being fetched, Mr. TYARS had made a careful inspection of a little balcony upon which the windows of the card-room gave. I followed him with my eyes as he tried the iron stanchions, gauged their strength and examined the floor. Suddenly, he stooped down and pounced upon a tiny piece of card or paper in a corner, the half of a railway ticket.

"There are signs of a struggle," he said, coming back to me. "One of the supports is sprung. I make out scratches on the top rail. Couldn't have been suicide, you see. A man don't fight alone. And then, this ticket, whose was it?"

I took it into my hand and was seized with an irrepressible shudder, as I saw it was a half return issued the day previous from Brough in Lincolnshire. The estates now managed by OWEN ST. JOHN lay at no great distance from Brough.

Then the coffee-room superintendent came in, and told us that Mr. WARD had dined the previous evening in the strangers' room. He had a guest, but Mr. ST. JOHN also dined with them. The waiters in the smoking-room had seen the three together later, till quite eleven. "Did any one recognize the third person? The guest, who was he?" asked the detective. Some sort of a foreigner, all agreed, but no one knew his name. He had never dined in the Club before, but had come several times to enquire for Mr. WARD. The hall-porter remembered his broken English, but the caller had left no name.

About this time a police officer brought down a bulky envelope addressed to Sergeant TYARS. Inside was a letter and a scrap of light brown cloth with jagged edges, obviously torn from a covert coat, the piece of which I had already heard. I read the letter after the detective, and found it was a certificate from the Divisional Surgeon of Metropolitan Police, to the effect that the body had been dead about eight hours, and the cause of death was strangulation effected before the fall. There were several severe incised wounds upon the head, but no blood had flowed. The deceased had been drinking previously, and to excess.

"Eight hours!" said the detective, "and it is now getting on for nine o'clock. That fixes the time of the—murder." He looked at me and nodded his head, showing he had no longer any hesitation in pronouncing his opinion. "The murder must have been committed between 12 midnight and 1 A.M."

"Now let us narrow the enquiry a little. The deceased was in the smoking-room, we know that, about 11 P.M., and the two others, Mr. ST. JOHN and the person still unknown, were still with him. When did he come up to this room, near the terrace? And with whom? With one or both of his companions, or with any one else? The point is of the utmost importance,"

On this there was no positive evidence, however. The party had been lost sight of in the lower smoking-room a little after eleven. One of the waiters had an idea that the three had gone out together, but he could not speak with confidence. Some of the gentlemen, the members, might be able to say. There was a diffidence about the servant's manner, and I guessed that he had noticed WARD's unsteadiness, and was afraid he might be called to speak ill of him, a member of the Club.

"I'll follow that up later. What I wish to know now, is the time these two, Mr. ST. JOHN and the stranger, left the Club. Can any one say?"

"Yes, I can. I saw Mr. ST. JOHN go out," said the assistant hall-porter at once and confidently. "He came and spoke to me at the window of my box. He had lost his overcoat, he said. Some one had taken it, and he seemed much put out. That was about 1 A.M., or even later."

While I was telling myself that this was greatly in ST. JOHN's favour, the detective brushed it aside.

"A man might like to explain the loss of a coat he was anxious to get rid of. Whoever wore it when this was torn off"—he touched the scrap of cloth on the table—"wouldn't care to keep it. We must hunt for that coat. I dare swear this ticket fell out of its pocket. That ticket will be of use. It will be easy enough to trace it back to the man who booked at Brough."

I was unable to follow Sergeant TYARS' proceedings further at that time, for the coffee-room superintendent, a very confidential old servant, came to me, and whispered that Mr. ST. JOHN had just entered the Club. Did this mean the most bare-faced effrontery, or perfect innocence? Either hypothesis would have been justified from his calm, self-contained manner as I went up to him in the morning-room, where he was quietly reading the paper, awaiting a summons to breakfast.

"You have heard—?" I began.

"No. The Club seems turned upside down. What is it? A burglary? Or has the Secretary bolted?"

He played his part well, if he really knew, but I took the more charitable construction when I saw his terrible distress at the dread news. That surely was not acting.

"My God! ENRIQUE murdered! How, what, where—" And when I told him the whole story so far as it was known, even to the picking up of the half return ticket and the details of the covert coat, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Surely that could not be acting!

"Come away out of this," he cried, taking a pull on himself. "To my rooms—yours, anywhere. I must talk to you, in private, at once. You see what this means to me."

"I hope I need not tell you that I have no share in this," he began, after he had seated me in an arm-chair, while he paced the room with agitated strides. "However the facts—circumstances—may be twisted, however much appearances may be against me, I solemnly swear to you, Captain MACGREGOR, that I am absolutely and entirely innocent."

"Is it necessary, Mr. ST. JOHN, to say this to me? I have never thought to accuse you. But—others may. The police already do so, I believe. See!"

I rose and, approaching the window, pointed to a man on the pavement opposite, idling too ostentatiously, too obviously anxious to show he had no object in being there to be any one but a police officer. It was in fact the subdivisional detective whom I had already seen at the Club.

"What am I to do? How shall I clear myself?" Poor ST. JOHN stretched out his hands helplessly.

"At any rate, tell me what you know. Who was this third person who dined with WARD and you last night?"

"A Mexican—CARRATELA, I think he called him, or some such name. I had never seen the man before. But ENRIQUE telegraphed to me at Brough to come up and dine, as he wanted me to help him to entertain a friend. No great friend as I thought. I believe that he only wished for my presence as a protection.

There was a good deal of snarling and scuffling between them all through dinner. It was in Spanish, of which I understand very little. I confess I was greatly bored. I was one too many in a party not at all to my liking."

"Did WARD indulge much?"

"More than usual, and that means a great deal. The habit had grown on him of late, in spite of all I could say. I was so thoroughly disgusted last night that I left him. I thought his condition would be noticed, and that there would be a scandal."

"And the other, the Mexican—CARRATELA—what did he do? Drink?"

"Not much. He seemed to be keeping a watch on himself, on his temper, which broke out sometimes, and he was very fierce with ENRIQUE, always about something I did not understand. There was something behind. He was a big chap, about my size, a dark, heavy, stupid-looking chap with a shiny black beard, which he was fond of stroking slowly, after which he twirled his moustachios and showed his gleaming teeth."

"Where did you go after you left them?"

"To the library; and fell asleep over a book. When I awoke it was close on one in the morning, and I made up my mind to go home. Then it was I missed my coat—a short covert coat. I had hung it up in the corridor inside, you know, where there are pegs reserved for members. If I recollect right, ENRIQUE used a peg close to mine. His friend would naturally deposit his with the page-boy on the basement floor, taking a ticket for it. We kept our hats, all of us; they were crush hats. All that is plain enough, but for the life of me I cannot make out why the man should annex my coat on leaving the Club. You see, they had his own in the cloak-room."

"Some underhand reason, of course."

"Not theft—it was not worth it."

"Disguise, perhaps. We know from what has happened that he had evil designs on WARD. He wished, perhaps, to shift the responsibility on to you."

"That would not have led him to take my coat instead of his own. He could not foresee that his victim would tear a piece off the tail. I cannot accept that explanation. A more plausible one is that it was all a mistake. When ENRIQUE put on his coat the other fellow took down the nearest, without thinking what he was doing."

"Let us admit that much," I said. "Now will you tell me why the two, instead of leaving the house, went upstairs?"

"That beats me, I confess. Some sudden impulse. Perhaps ENRIQUE wanted to show his friend over the Club."

"Not at that time of night, surely."

"Stay; you know how the gallery is reached? Through a card-room. They went up under some sudden impulse to play."

"With their hats and coats on! Absurd!"

"Not at all. ENRIQUE was, I know, a mad gambler, and the other fellow was just as bad. All through dinner they were betting, and talking of various games."

"If that was so the servants would remember. They must have given out a pack of cards."

"A chap like that CARRATELA would have a pack in his pocket. Especially when he knew he was going to meet a rich man and there would be a hope of making a bit. Quite as likely ENRIQUE would carry a pack of cards about him too."

"It is all too far-fetched," I protested. "I cannot follow your reasoning; it's not even plausible. And it does not help you in the very least that I see."

"No. Perhaps I am past help. I have been the plaything of chance, my dear MACGREGOR. This is the second buffet of ill-luck, and it will land me—on the gallows, perhaps. I lost my uncle's fortune through some incomprehensible and unexplained accident. He changed to me all in a day. One moment he was full of kindness; the next he never wanted to see my face again. It was as though a screen—a wall—had suddenly been raised between us."

"You had trodden on his corns—had done something—"

"Or some one else had, to my discredit. I always had a suspicion of the sort, and thought I might some day find it out. Now—I suppose it is all over; everything is, perhaps. I seem to have no sort of luck."

"Nonsense. You'll come through this all right. I'll stand by you. Don't despond. You must act in your own defence. Let us consider what had better be done. This other man, CARRATELA, you said? We must have him hunted up. He cannot escape the police—our police—for you must employ your own detectives. Put yourself in HIRAM EMMANUEL's hands. Send for them, or I'll go. You had better not show much, just at present."

I left him, cutting short his grateful thanks, and went back to the Club *en route* to the lawyers, so as to take on any latest news. The house was besieged. A crowd of *gobe-mouches* on the steps; hungry reporters with their note-books, waylaying every member who went in or out. Inside the excitement was intense. OWEN ST. JOHN's name was on every tongue. Most men already condemned it. "I always said he would do it," chuckled old BURTON; "the temptation was tremendous." "He might have done it somewhere else," another grumbled. "We shall be known as the Assassins' Club," said a third.

Sergeant TYARS, from Scotland Yard, was still upstairs in the card-room, and I was on the point of rejoining him, when I thought I would make a few enquiries on my own account, guided by the light of my talk with OWEN ST. JOHN.

I found the page-boy who attended to the basement floor at his duty, in the little dark corner where he cleaned boots or answered the telephone call. The lad remembered Mr. WARD's friend perfectly. They had come together to the top of the stairs, and Mr. WARD had taken his ticket for the other gentleman's coat.

"Did he hand it to his friend?" I asked.

"Could not see, Sir," answered the boy. "Don't think he did, Sir. Anyway the coat was never called for, not before I went off at 11 P.M. Nor afterward, Sir."

"How do you know that?"

"'Cos it's here still. No. 279, Sir. Never was fetched, Sir."

I seized the coat, a light brown overcoat of much the same pattern as that which ST. JOHN, indeed most of us, wore, on these warm Summer nights, and I began to believe that the notion of mistake was justified. A good deal evidently centred in this coat. I saw, or fancied I saw, why it had not been called for; the ticket was not forthcoming. It was in the pocket of the murdered man. ENRIQUE, as the boy had told me, took it, and CARRATELA, when he threw his victim over the railings, had forgotten the fact. So he could not recover his coat, or at least he did not care to call attention to himself after what had happened, by claiming it without a ticket, and he must have left the Club in his evening clothes.

While these thoughts passed quickly through my mind, I was fingering the coat, feeling the pockets, turning it inside out in fact, and to good purpose, for I came upon a letter-case full of papers and envelopes, many of which bore the owner's name and address, — Senor DON LUCAS CARRATELA, 19, Hyacinth Villas, Starch Green, W.

This was a find indeed, and running upstairs three steps at a time, faster than I had done for many a day, I sought out TYARS. He was at a table in the card-room, writing.

"I have taken the liberty to make out my report here," he began apologetically. "It's the first quiet moment I've had."

"Don't close it yet, Mr. TYARS; not at least till you've followed up this clue," and I handed him up the address.

Almost angrily, he asked me how I had got it so soon.

"It was in this coat." "I had it hanging on my arm, and I explained how it had been left in the basement."

"The ticket ought to have been found in the dead man's pocket," I said at the end.

"And it was, with other things, an ace of spades among them. They have been sent on to me here, the whole of them,

but I did not understand their meaning. The card is still a mystery to me. But that does not press for solution. What we want is to lay our hands on this CARRATELA, or to shadow him. The job was done between them, by one or both: your Mr. ST. JOHN and this Mexican man."

An officer was despatched at once to Starch Green to get in touch with CARRATELA, and I went to HIRAM EMMANUEL's to engage them on ST. JOHN's behalf. They also sent to Starch Green, but neither official nor unofficial enquiry bore fruit. The man was known at the address; it was his regular residence; he had lived there very inoffensively for a month or more with a sister, a strikingly handsome specimen of the Spanish Mexican. This girl met all questions fearlessly, artlessly, speaking indifferent English, but without reticence or hesitation. She could give no account of her brother. He had not come home, that was certain. But "it had not distressed her." He was with his friend, Don ENRIQUE, her friend; he was her *novio*, her promised husband, and she had come over from yonder to marry him, presently, when all was ready.

There was nothing to be made out of her, nothing more to be done, except watch the house for the murderer's return.

It was time wasted. CARRATELA never returned to Starch Green; never got far from the scene of his crime. That same afternoon, his body was also found, dead, where he had fallen, underneath the terrace, but in a retired corner, a dark out-of-the-way spot, the end of a little alley or passage, dividing two tall houses; a sort of *cul de sac*, seldom visited by a soul.

CARRATELA, after he had done the deed—no doubt a sudden and unpremeditated outburst of wildest passion, following a fierce quarrel—had only thought how to escape from the Club. He did not dare leave in the ordinary way. Whether or not he had discovered the exchange of coats cannot be said definitely, but the portion torn off in the death struggle may have drawn his attention to it and made him the more anxious to get off without facing the servants or any of us.

So he committed himself to the desperate device of climbing over the railings and sliding down the water-pipe. His progress downward could be traced until the fatal place when, somehow, for some reason that will never be known, he lost hold and was precipitated into space.

When he was picked up eventually, a pack of cards, a *monté* pack, was found in one of his pockets. It was complete, all but the ace of spades. That was the card in ENRIQUE WARD's possession, and he had no doubt secreted it for some dishonest purpose. It was easy enough, therefore, to find the motive for a quarrel which ended in murder.

OWEN ST. JOHN was completely exonerated and rehabilitated, of course. When he became the absolute owner of the estate, a sealed document was handed to him by the family lawyers, addressed to himself, to be opened by him if WARD's five years' minority was completed, or if the inheritance passed to him, OWEN ST. JOHN.

Inside was a cheque, torn in two, purporting to be signed by "ORMSBY ST. JOHN." But the signature was a forgery, and the crime had been fastened upon OWEN by his cousin ENRIQUE WARD. The family solicitor gave OWEN ST. JOHN abundant proof of this dastardly scheme, which had been the sole reason why the old relative had disinherited him.

I always had a strong impression that the possible reversion under ORMSBY ST. JOHN's strange will was in the nature of a posthumous revenge. He had hoped that the temptation offered OWEN would be irresistible.

Next week, "The 'Dook' of Greeneshawes," by G. B. BURGIN.

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

(Vide "Punch," Feb. 14, p. 109.)

IN the number preceding this, to which reference is made above, Mr. Punch appealed to the kind-hearted, open-handed public on behalf of the funds of the oldest and largest Hospital for Children in London, namely, that in Great Ormond Street, "which," as was then pointed out, "but for immediate aid, must inevitably close its doors." It is, therefore, most gratifying to all who have at heart the welfare of this great Charity, that Mr. Punch is able within so short an interval to announce, as the first part of the full answer to his pleading, the receipt of various sums, amounting in the total to just on *three thousand pounds*.

Pleased as Mr. Punch is with the result so far, that is up to the hour of our going to press, yet once again, and again after that, must he urge his plea. Mr. Punch is a beggar to beg, but not at all an "absent-minded" one. What he has begun, he continues; and in so good a cause he is importunate. He is still before you, cap in hand: drop in the coins, and make its bells jingle merrily.

Once more let the facts speak for themselves. *En iterum!*

Hospital's Ordinary Expenditure	£16,000
„ Income	£9,000
„ Deficit	£7,000

There's the point: "deficit." Facts are stubborn things, and you can't get over them. Hearts, thank Heaven, are not. Hearts will be touched, cheques will be drawn, and purses will be opened, to make life sweet, or at least to ameliorate its conditions, for poor sick children, to whom this Hospital, with its kindly doctors and gentle, attentive nurses, will be the realisation of what otherwise they might never know, a bright and Happy Home.

Donations in cash, in notes, in cheques, in postal and P.O. orders, from ever so little up to ever so much, will be gratefully received on behalf of the "Ormond



STOP THIEF!

TAKING AWAY "THE BREATH OF THE EMPIRE."

The Navy League has called the attention of the Admiralty (who themselves want 150,000 tons *immediately*) to the fact that large contracts for Welsh and English coal (400,000 tons in one case) have been accepted from foreign governments.

["The Czar has agreed to permit coal to be imported into Russia *free of customs duties* until September 1."—*Standard*.]

Street Hospital Fund," and thankfully acknowledged by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.,
10, Bouverie Street,
Fleet Street, E.C.

P.S.—This is *not* "the last time of asking."

NOTE FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—We have plenty and to spare of "Reviews of the War," teaching a lesson that ought to have been learnt from "Reviews" *before* the war.

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

February (continued).

WEEDING must be carried on vigorously. The best plan is to invite a London friend to stay with you for a week, and set him to the work. At the end of two days it will be necessary to procure another friend, but in a short time you will have the double satisfaction of knowing that you have entertained quite a number of people who were once your friends, and that at least a part of the garden has been weeded. The disposal of the weeds presents no difficulty. Either make a bonfire when the direction of the wind will cause all the smoke to enter somebody else's house, or—a simpler plan—having collected all the weeds in a bundle, drop them quietly over your neighbour's wall. If he finds them, you can say how glad you were to give him a few hardy roots for his garden.

Many readers write to complain that they are quite unable to provide celery for their dinner-tables. We have never failed to get a good supply, and we recommend our plan to others. Sow the seed beneath a frame in the early Summer, carefully watering, giving air, etc., as wanted. This will not take more than an hour a day. Then in the Autumn plant out in deep trenches, carefully earthing-up the roots from time to time. Manure, hoe, clean, sprinkle with sulphur, and spend as much time and money as possible on the plants. Then await results. By-and-bye, when you need celery for the table, take a well-filled purse and pay a visit to Covent Garden. By this simple method you will be able to enjoy this delicious vegetable as long as it is in season, and your friends will realise what an advantage it is to have a garden of your own. A. C. D.

"PARR'S" EXERCISE—with the "Dumbbells." Excellent for restoring the circulation.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF A LONDON STREET, ANY TIME DURING LAST WEEK.

(Dedicated to nearly all the Metropolitan Vestries.)



"MOTHER, DO OUR HENS HAVE TO COME ALL THIS WAY FOR THEIR EGGS, OR IS THERE A NEARER SHOP?"

DEPRECIATIONS.

XV.

PAUL KRÜGER, TO CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITION.

FRIENDS!—for I knew you such through all disguise
When talk was loudest made of English hearts
White-hot for loyal love of Queen and land,
Waiving, for once, in face of common needs,
What difference held your judgments off at feud—
I have your words to hearten me like wine,
Not such as lures the righteous towards the Pit,
Being a Mockers, but the other kind
Good for the stomach found infirm at core.
For I was scarce so fit as some supposed,
Despite my bruited victories, dearly bought
With blood of precious burghers, seed o' th' Church,
Not counting local aliens forced to fight,
Nor foreign mercenaries paid to bleed,
Nor lives o' th' Free State lost in battle's front,

Good brother STEYN may reckon in; not I.
Candour for candour! See I mete you out
Full measure, overflowing bucket's brim.

Three months we sat and never gained an inch,
Who made our boast to paint the ocean red
With gore of shattered British shoved therein!
Three months in leaguer round three several towns,
Ourselves beleaguered hardly less than they,
These light-heart foes that fight like fiends for choice,
But, business slack, contrive to make the time
(Spared from the dull routine of dodging shells
Deadly as dumplings) pass with sport and song
And suchlike solace o' barrack-squares at home;
Mocking our futile arms. And we the while,
Nature our firm ally, with Art to boot,—
Knowledge of neighbour's country, LEYDS at large

To pour supplies through Delagoa's gate,
With gold o' th' Rand to lubricate the same.

Yes, yes, I know the tales
Designed for press-consumption, how we lose
One life to half a hecatomb of theirs.
I think that none should know them well as I
Who have their spreading laid to my account
By whoso keeps the record-book of lies—
A sin to pardon, let me greatly hope,
Being a naughty means to godly ends.
Nor need I here confess the actual tale
Of bodies hurried o' nights to nameless graves,
Or tossed in river, boulder tied at neck,
To keep the secret safe from curious eyes.

But to my point, how much I owe you thanks
Who spoke the useful word i' th' nick of time,
Perchance for party purpose, yet no less
You certify my faith securely fixed
On that slim rede that never failed us yet—

Trust to the Opposition! good at need.
Nor ever sorer need was ours than then,
Who marked the lazy tide of war at turn;
Dissension rife i' th' camp; the country rent

With questioning of losses long concealed;
Our army sick of doubtful conquests won
By sacrifice not doubtful; hope deferred
Waking the old desire for peaceful days,
The silent hunger of home, the voiceless cry

For leave to labour on the land they love.
We hid our hurt with cloak of triumphs claimed,
Yet knew, past hiding, how the end must
Not far behind the victor's first defeat.

But now I hear report of hopes renewed,
Fresh courage in the ranks, a brighter flame

Fanned by your sympathy sent overseas,
That bids endure the toil a little while,
Until, her weapons turned against herself,
England shall proffer overtures of peace.
Nay, further, since a friend may wound with words

More bad to bear than any foeman's blow,
Doubt not, along your army's fighting lines,

The story, hard to credit, how you strove
To weaken still the hands, not strong before,

That held the nation's fate against the world,
Should do me service breaking sundry hearts.

Once more my gentle thanks, who count you dear
Even beyond the journalists of France;
Hucksters that sell themselves for vulgar pay,
While you are rich in virtue's sole reward.



THE ABOVE IS NOT A WAR PICTURE. IT MERELY REPRESENTS AN INCIDENT IN THE TOO REALISTIC SCOUTING MANŒUVRES OF THE BLANKSHIRE YEOMANRY. POOR MR. AND MRS. TIMMINS THOUGHT AT LEAST THE COUNTRY HAD BEEN INVADED.

CUM GRANO.

[A Frenchman has discovered that men can be made to grow to giants by the stimulating action of salt upon the epiphysis].

SING a song of cubits, -
Stature rectified,
Scores of short men using
Sodium chloride.
When the cure was ended,
And six feet still afar,
They put the salt upon the tale
And caught a French canard.

THE WAY TO THE SERVICE; OR,
THEN, NOW, AND TO-MORROW.

THEN.—A few years ago. EXAMINER and
LEARNED CANDIDATE discovered.

Examiner. I am pleased that you have been able to pass in the various difficult courses prescribed by the regulations. No doubt the training you have undergone has been tedious, but you will find the advantage when you have joined the Service. You will learn in the time to come that a soldier can be of no use to himself or his country unless he possesses an intimate acquaintance with many subjects apparently entirely unconnected with the profession of arms. I sincerely congratulate you upon your admission to the Service. May success attend you if you are ever called upon to meet the enemy.

[Warmly shakes the LEARNED CANDIDATE by the hand, who retires greatly gratified.
NOW.—The Present Moment. EXAMINER and UNLEARNED CANDIDATE discovered.

Examiner. I am pleased that you have been spared passing in the various difficult courses prescribed by the regulations. No doubt the training you have



"Mr. Balfour discussed scientific research at the King's College Festival Dinner."

THE GOLFOUR BACTERIL.
(Recently discovered.)

escaped would have been tedious, and it would not have prepared you to enter the Service. You will learn in the time to come that a soldier to be useful to himself and his country should have a mind free from educational distractions. I sincerely congratulate you upon your admission to the Service. May success attend you if you are ever called upon to meet the enemy.

[Warmly shakes the UNLEARNED CANDIDATE by the hand, who retires greatly gratified.

TO-MORROW.—A few years hence. EX-EXAMINER and EX-CANDIDATES discovered.

Ex-Examiner. Now, my friends, that we have time for a chat, a word with you. Thanks to our united efforts, we have conquered the enemy. My learning has not stood in the way, nor yours either. I am addressing my learned friend. And what I say to him applies equally to you, his unlearned colleague. England does not want book law, but British pluck exhibited in British manhood. So I can congratulate you both, learned and unlearned and myself, upon the happy result. Success has attended upon us when we have been called upon to meet the foe. And now let us return to our professional duties.

[Exeunt with a cheer in pursuit of the enemy.



"OH, GEORGE DEAR, THE LANDLORD HAS RAISED THE RENT!"

"HAS HE? I CAN'T!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A NEW book by the author of *Deborah of Tods* will be opened with pleasurable expectation by any who read that notable novel. My Baronite assures them they will not be disappointed in *Adam Grigson* (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. DE LA PASTURE's latest work. There is, perhaps, an echo of *Major Dobbin* in *Adam*, whilst *Rosamund Evelyn* is a kind of impotent *Becky Sharp*. Apart from these, the book is full of living characters, notably *Lady Mary Evelyn*, who has a life-long quarrel with her best-beloved son, which closes by his bed-side, and is atoned for by patient preparation for the press of the scattered MS. of his book. Another admirable figure, more lightly sketched, is *Francis Evelyn*, the grandson, and heir to the Evelyn estates. Incidentally, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE lifts the veil behind which frivolous and naughty sections of London Society flirt, dance, eat, drink, and make love to other people's husbands and wives.

Historic Parallels to L'Affaire Dreyfus (HUTCHINSON) is a series of old stories re-told, with the effect of showing that in earlier times there was prevalent a good deal of the kind of human nature that made the DREYFUS case possible in modern France. Mr. EDGAR SANDERSON takes the sad fate of JOHN OF BARNEVELDT, done to death by Prince MAURICE of Orange; the Catholic victims of TITUS OATES; the Protestant martyr, JEAN CALAS of Toulouse; and Lord COCHRANE, perhaps better known by his later title, Earl of DUNDONALD. The strange and shameful stories are told with clearness and dramatic force. My Baronite, reading them, is struck by two subsidiary parallels. In the DREYFUS case, as in the tragedy of JEAN CALAS, it was a man of letters who, touched by the iniquity of the attack on an innocent person, gave up his ordinary pursuits and devoted himself, body,

soul and purse, to seeing justice done. As ZOLA was chiefly instrumental in saving DREYFUS, so VOLTAIRE, single-handed, established the innocence of the hapless Toulouse dealer in printed calico. The other parallel is established in the many points of personal resemblance between the gallant sailor Lord DUNDONALD and our dear "CHARLIE" BERESFORD, whose honourable exile on duty in the Mediterranean eclipses the gaiety of the House of Commons.

To those who may be very deeply interested in theatrical matters within the last forty years, *The Kendals* (which, judging from its title, the guileless Baron took to be a novel), by T. EDGAR PEMBERTON (PEARSON), will be found proportionately acceptable, and as a book of reference it will prove of great value to some future annalist of the English stage. The republication of a certain playful speech, which attracted considerable attention at the time of its utterance without contributing to the popularity of its gifted authoress among her Play-fellows, may be even now considered by some as injudicious, seeing that the question concerning the "social" status of the histrion has long ago ceased to be of any general interest. It is not worth while now-a-days reviving the old discussion of the social status of the actor or the artist or the architect, or of the members of any other profession or calling. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus," and there's an end of it. The K.'s seem to have had, in a general way, a rare good time; they came on the stage naturally and easily, and so have continued going on from good to best. The Baron hopes to see them again, ere long, in some strong original play. Mr. EDGAR PEMBERTON has ably done his self-imposed task, and, on occasion, has gone very near to giving his own candid and unbiassed opinion. "Q. E. D."—"Which is Difficult."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

Charity. "THAT WASN'T GIVEN YOU TO HOARD."

Royal Commissioner. "I KNOW, MISS, BUT I CAN'T BEAR TO PART WITH IT."



"FISHING INTERROGATORY."

Seedy Looker-on (seeing a flask somewhere). "POOR THINGS, THEM FISH, SIR! NOTHING BUT COLD WATER FOR 'EM, SIR! MAKES ONE FEEL VERY GREAT SYMPATHY FOR ONE'S FELLOW CRITTERS WHAT'S GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DRINK, SIR: COME T-T-T"—(teeth chatter)—"TO THINK OF IT, IF YER COULD MAKE IT 'ARF A PINT, GUY'NER!"

AT A THEATRE OR TWO.

MR. WYNDHAM is a Revivalist, and a successful one. TOM ROBERTSON'S *David Garrick* is still "all alive, O!" turning up at frequent *matinées* with CHARLES WYNDHAM for hero and Miss MARY MOORE for heroine, as good as ever they were since the days when Prince CHARLES succeeded, and successfully succeeded, King EDWARD, surnamed SOTHERN, in the part of "little Davy." "Little Davy's" stature wasn't much, if anything, over five feet, except "when he was in a passion," and neither WYNDHAM nor SOTHERN could bring themselves down to be such very low comedians. At WYNDHAM'S Theatre, o' nights, is being given PINERO'S merry farce of *Dandy Dick*, of which *laudatores temporis acti* will say 'tis briskly played and sufficiently amusing, although Mrs. WOOD can never be equalled, still less excelled, as *Georgiana Tidman*; nor is even the admirable ALFRED BISHOP quite "in it" with the very saponaceous, plummy-mouthed, portly Dean, as originally represented by JOHN CLAYTON. And then poor ARTHUR CECIL'S *Blore the Butler*! However, these are reminiscences of "their Excellencies" in the past, while hearty laughter is sufficient testimony to the success of the present representation.

Another farcical revival is that of *His Excellency*, by Captain MARSHALL, at the Criterion. These resuscitations are quite in spirit with the feeling of the present time, when we can do with a lot of revival and are really glad of a first-rate pick-me-up, even though its flavour and strength may have been somewhat impaired by keeping and by transference into new bottles. Pantomimic *Puss in Boots* has decided the vexed Shakspearian question of "Tabby or not Tabby," and has gone on a visit to the *Markis o' Carabas* in the provinces.

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION. EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Train.

You you complain of one current of air, Mr.?

Eh well, me I stuff. I not wish to shut the window. The French not can ever to support the grand air.

How, Mr., you insist that she may be shutted? Know you that I am English?

You respond that I am in France? So much badder!

He there has again some one who him complain of the current of air? It is one lady?

Then I shall shut the window, but I shall be very bad to the ease. Are they frilous the female French!

These wagons are frightful. One there is very bad. One is shoved, one is squashed, one is shaken.

This sun is insupportable. I go to pull down the stores.

What voyage! In fine, see there Paris!

Le Train.

Vous vous plaignez d'un courant d'air, monsieur?

Eh bien, moi j'étouffe. Je ne veux pas fermer la fenêtre. Les Français ne peuvent jamais supporter le grand air.

Comment, monsieur, vous insistez qu'elle soit fermée. Savez-vous que je suis Anglais?

Vous répondez que je suis en France? Tant pis!

Il y a encore quelqu'un qui se plaint du courant d'air? C'est une dame?

Alors je fermerai la fenêtre, mais je serai très mal à l'aise. Sont-elles frileuses les Françaises!

Ces wagons sont affreux. On y est très mal. On est bousculé, on est serré, on est secoué.

Ce soleil est insupportable. Je vais baisser les stores.

Quel voyage! Enfin, voilà Paris!

The Arrival.

Factor, take all these objects.

Imbecile, you have crushed my melon!

Ah, no, I me recall, I me am sited above. Happily I have one hat of straw and one casket of voyage.

I desire one carriage discovered. It is that. In road! Coacher, enter in the court.

How, you demand five francs? That is this that you me sing there?

It is one franc fifty the race.

And the baggages, you tell? And the fordrink?

What, farcer, I not have but one twentyer of littles packets!

Porter, how much must he to pay?

Four francs, the fordrink no comprised? Never of the life!

Eh, well, see there four francs and again two halfpennys. Are they all robbers, the coachers of Paris!

L'Arrivée.

Facteur, prenez tous ces objets.

Imbécile, vous avez écrasé mon melon!

Ah, non, je me rappelle, je me suis assis dessus. Heureusement j'ai un chapeau de paille et une casquette de voyage.

Je désire une voiture découverte. C'est ça. En route! Cocher, entrez dans la cour.

Comment, vous demandez cinq francs? Qu'est-ce que vous me chantez-là?

C'est un franc cinquante la course.

Et les bagages, vous dites? Et le pourboire?

Hein, farceur, je n'ai qu'une vingtaine de petits paquets!

Portier, combien faut-il payer?

Quatre francs, le pourboire non compris? Jamais de la vie!

Eh bien, voilà quatre francs, et encore deux sous. Sont-ils tous voleurs, les cochers de Paris!

H. D. B.

DANCE A BABY BIBBY!—It is reported that a new ship on the famous "Bibby Line" is in progress of construction. This is as it may be. The new Bibby we suppose is on view in her own cradle preparatory to going out to be "rock'd in the cradle of the deep." The new Bibby, we trust to hear, is doing well.

THE REAL "RESERVIST."—Military censors of News Telegrams from the seat of war.

PRECIOUS POEMS.—No. V.
THE CHILD AND THE NIGGER, OR
SIMPLE TRUST!

ON a beauteous day in Summer,
In the Park I chanced to meet
Such a new and tiny comer,
Perched alone upon a seat.

And a bitter look of sorrow
Sat upon his baby brow,
All the troubles of to-morrow
Seemed to weigh upon him now.

Very kindly I addressed him:
"Run and play, you tiny boy,"
To be jubilant I pressed him,
As the earth was full of joy.

But he sat there, looking rigid,
With explanatory: "Sir,
Nurse has said, in accents frigid,
I'm on no account to stir.

"If I do, a nasty nigger
Will immediately appear,
Big as you, or rather bigger,
On his face an ugly leer.

"He will pull me all to pieces,
When I probably shall die,
So, till Nurse's word releases
Me, I cannot even cry."

"Is the story true, I wonder?"
I incontinently said,
"Nurses have been known to blunder"—
But the youngster shook his head.

"I believe it—Nurse has said it!"
And he stiffened every joint;
He was wrong to give her credit,
Yet I couldn't press the point.

It was only fancy, maybe—
In my ears there seemed to ring,
That the faith of such a baby
Is a very sacred thing!

What was I that I should shatter
Such a simple, simple trust?
Though a sceptic in the matter,
I was humbled to the dust.

"Oh, how beautiful," I muttered,
"Is his confidence in Nurse!
My philosophies, if uttered,
Would be infinitely worse."

So I left him sitting yonder,
Left him rigid to the last,
And with Ecstasy I Ponder
On the *Æons* of the Past!

F. E.

PLANS FOR THE PERFECT DEFENCE
OF LONDON.

(Under consideration at the War Office.)

THE guard in charge of the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park to be reinforced to the extent of a couple of sentries and an additional police constable.

The cannon in St. James's Park to be replaced by ordnance of a less obsolete fashion.

The Beefeaters at the Tower to be



Hedwin. "HANGELEENER! WON'T YER 'EAR ME? WOT 'UD YER SY IF I TOLD YER AS I'D 'TOOK THE SHILLIN'?"
Hangelinea. "SY? WHY—'HALVES'!"

strengthened by the companionship of a detachment drawn from the garrison of Chelsea Hospital.

An additional padlock to be put upon the door of the armoury of the Inns of Court Volunteers.

The fleet of the Penny Thames Steamboats to receive a coat of paint to fit them for active service.

The trees on Primrose Hill to be cut down with a view to depriving a possible invader of cover.

The ducks on the ornamental water in the parks to be increased by five dozen.

A captive balloon to be permanently tethered over the site of Earl's Court.

The glass of the Crystal Palace to be protected by a coating of tin from shell-fire.

All the military statues to be washed and put in good order.

And finally, the equestrian sentry boxes at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, to be painted with the national colours, surmounted by the Union Jack, and inscribed with the words, "England expects every man to do his duty."



A NICE OUTLOOK.

Mrs. Newlynood (to Cook, whom she has just engaged at Registry Office). "YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND IS SO VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS FOOD."

Cook (sympathetically). "THER ALL ALIKE, MEM. MY OLD MAN WAS JUST THE SIMME. I NEVER COOKED NOTHINK TO PLEASE 'IM IN MY LIFE!"

SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

V.—AT A VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW.

Too bad of the Rector to let me in for this job. . . . Assured me that "the Secretary's duties are almost nominal"—and I've hardly had a moment's peace since I came down here a fortnight ago. . . . Don't even know the people's names, and forget them as fast as I'm told. . . . Just cut Lady HAWTHORN, it seems, who's one of the leading patronesses. . . . Rector quite annoyed; as if it were my fault! . . . Jot down a description of her on back of my catalogue: "Lady HAWTHORN, red nose, permanent simper, slight squint, blue-and-green dress. . . . There, I shall be able to spot her again, anyhow. . . . Better add a few more descriptions of the aristocracy—as for the rustics, quite impossible to

remember them apart. . . . Well, Mrs. BROWN—Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. SMITHERS,—what is it? . . . Did I ever get a viner lot o' 'taties than yours? . . . Worthy old lady seems dreadfully excited. . . . Must hasten to express my firm belief that such potatoes have never previously been seen by mortal eye. . . . Then what do I mean by giving Mrs. Jinks the first prize! . . . Oh,—er, that's the judges' doing. Not my department at all. . . . What a terrible creature! Really thought she was going to assault me with her umbrella. . . . Must avoid her for the rest of the day. . . . Here's another! . . . Am I the secretary of this 'ere show? . . . Yes, Madam, I have that—er, honour. Then you'd like to know why your honey has been 'id away at the back, while Mrs. Barrett's has been stuck in the front? . . . Really, I haven't the least idea. Will enquire into the matter at once.

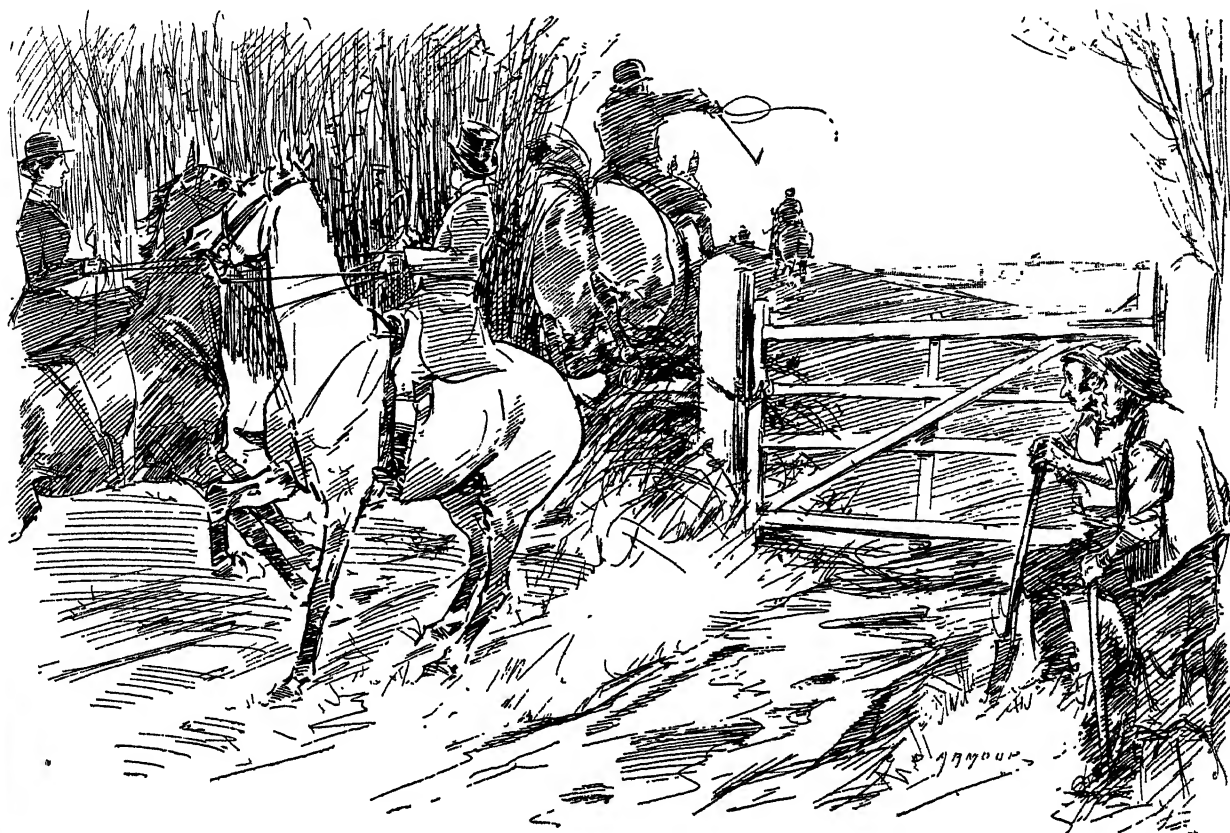
. . . Ah, here's the honey. Will re-arrange it a little. . . . Another angry woman pounces on me, addresses me as "young man," and threatens to give me in charge for attempting to steal her property. . . . Now I wonder who this farmer is who is clutching me by the arm and talking about pigs. . . . What breed do I go in for? . . . Oh, Blue Rocks, chiefly. . . . He seems quite annoyed—wonder why? . . . Dear me, I do believe Blue Rocks are pigeons, not pigs. . . . Both begin with a "p," anyhow. . . . Here's a fashionably-dressed young lady making towards me. . . . Wasn't I introduced to her just now? Where's my catalogue with those descriptions? . . . Good heavens, I've dropped it. . . . Can I give her any advice on growing—what? Oh, yes, *Vallota purpurea*. . . . As secretary of a flower-show, don't like to explain that I live in London, and that my garden consists of a backyard ten feet square. . . . What sort of soil suits them? . . . Well, any ordinary soil. . . . Do they want much water? . . . (This is dreadful!) . . . Oh, not much; say, four times a day. . . . She seems surprised. Add hastily that, of course, they ought to have much more in dry weather. . . . Hullo, here's somebody else looking for me. . . . Well, what is it? Lady HAWTHORN wants to speak to me? Who the dickens is Lady HAWTHORN? . . . Oh, that's her, is it, in the blue-and-green dress. . . . What a squint she's got! . . . Why, of course, I described her on my catalogue. . . . Wish I hadn't lost it. . . . What are you giggling about? . . . Lady HAWTHORN has picked up something with my name on it, and wishes to restore it to me? . . . Good heavens, it's my catalogue! . . . Can anybody oblige me with a time-table of the trains 'up to town?

DAWN!

WHEN the rosy dawn is breaking
Into sweet effulgent light,
And the myriad birds are making
Noises that are hushed at night;
When the sun his aureole tender
First reflects upon my head
From the window or the fender
—How I love to lie in bed!

When I hear the ploughman urging
Voice and whip to drive the share,
Or the housemaid's step emerging
On the yet undusted stair;
When I hear the milkman calling
When the strokes I hate and dread
On the breakfast gong are falling
—How I love to lie in bed!

"THIS FORT OF TILBURY."—The embarkation of the 17th Lancers was somewhat delayed. "Captain COKE," said the *Times*, "was very anxious," and did all he knew. Perhaps "Commodore Coal" was in fault.



Giles (indicating Sportsman on excitable Horse, waiting his turn). "BLESS US ALL, TUMAS, IF THAT UN BEANT A GOIN' TO TRY IT BACK'ARDS!"

AD BACCHUM.

[“A German scientist adduces the physical and mental superiority of the hard-drinking Greeks and Romans over their abstemious descendants in proof of his theory that drunkenness is the inevitable concomitant of vigorous national life.”—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN beyond the starry skies
Rang th' Olympic revelries,
When to Aphrodite's eyes
Zeus would drain the bowl,
What did Ganymedes bear
To the Gods assembled there?
Was it not a vintage rare
Making glad the soul?

Hector, from the battle free,
Drank to fair Andromache
Cups of Chian, blessing thee,
Bacchus, for the wine;
Heracles, his labours o'er,
Cleansed the stable, slain the boar,
Loved the Samian to pour,
Bacchus, on thy shrine.

Then who would be blithe and gay,
Let him at thy altar pay
Once and twice and thrice a day
All the honours due!
Jolly Bacchus, young and free,
Be thou my divinity!
Gods and heroes worshipped thee—
I will worship too.

SOME REASONS WHY

We should not have an Army.

By A. A. Z. Y. X.

BECAUSE M. BLOCH has declared that War is now Impossible.

Because our Fleet is Invincible, Ubiquitous, Unsinkable, Unrammable, Unwreckable, Inexhaustible, dates from the Time of King ALFRED, can be Mobilised in Two Minutes, and can Steam up the Steepest Watershed.

Because it might provoke Foreign Nations to be a little less Friendly than they are at present.

Because a Lot of Old Ladies are dreadfully afraid of anything approaching to Conscription or even the Ballot Act.

Because Conscription is so un-English, and Britons never will be Slaves, and have nothing to learn about the Art of War from the Continent.

Because every Boer can ride and handle a Gun, and Englishmen should therefore retire from an Undignified Competition in such matters.

Because in Future the Guns will Go Off of Themselves.

Because England has hitherto been so Successful in the way of Arbitration—witness the Alabama Claim and the Delagoa Bay Award.

Because We are Always in the Wrong,

and should not be Tempted to uphold our Unjust Claims. Even now we are being very Rude to the Boers.

A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

Addressed to the L. C. C. by one who thinks the recent bye-law suppressing street shouting might go further.

AND indeed it is well to stifle the yell
Of the vendor in the street;
But is there no law to muzzle the jaw
That mouths in the printed sheet?

We are sick of the boys and their hideous noise

Which will scarcely let us think;
But what of the men who shriek with the pen,
And bellow aloud in ink?

If the lying shout of an ignorant lout
Has often our anger stirred,
Yet is it so ill as the contents-bill
That suppresses the tell-tale word?

Tho' invention be poor we can find a cure
For discomforts London feels,
But I see no help for the curs who yelp
Round a distant General's heels.

So all honour be to the L. C. C.
Who have silenced the hoots we hear,
But I keep my growl for the blatant howl
That rings in the reader's ear.



To the simplest of equations
Love can level ranks, you know.

Then, as future may design us
More or less of happiness,
By the signs of + or -
We its buffets can express.

Thus, through calm or stormy weather,
Side by side our path we'll tread,
Till at last we rest together—
Senior Wranglers bracketed.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

(By a Prophetic Pessimist.)

PASSIONATE invective against England explained away by the French Government.

Hostile demonstration of the Press against Albion ignored by the authorities of the Quai d'Orsay.

Street cries of contempt addressed to British tourists compensated for by increased civility at the leading hotels.

Opening of the Exposition under the protection of foot, horse, and artillery.

Five months of suppressed hatred of everything connected with JOHN BULL and his family.

Last moments of the Exposition and carnival of capital.

End of the profit-gathering and exodus of excursionists.

The next day—declaration of war against Great Britain.

SNOWED UP!

(A Wail from West Kensington.)

["Mr. H. P. BOULNOIS, presiding at a lecture given at the Sanitary Institute by Mr. W. NISBET BLAIR, stated that the cost of removing a snow-fall from the whole of the thoroughfares of the metropolis amounts to £300,000 (?). Mr. BLAIR held that the Public Health (London) Act, 1891, relieving householders of the obligation to sweep snow from the footway, was a mistake."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 15.]

BEAUTIFUL snow! it merely costs
Three hundred thou. to remove each fall!
These old-fashioned Winters and Arctic
frosts

Are a dearly-bought blessing after all.

Beautiful snow! it takes a week
Ere the streets are passable, once 'tis
down!

For with half-thawed slush they fairly reek,
The pavements of our Arcadian town.

Beautiful snow! the cause, in fact,
Why its clearing away is lamely done
Is the wonderful Public Health (London)
Act of 1891.

Beautiful snow! nine years ago
Each had to sweep at his own front door;
'Tis the vestry's duty now—and so
The snow remains with us evermore.

Beautiful snow! clause 29
Of the self-same Act bids Bumble pay,
For each street uncleaned, a £20 fine—
Who would bell the cat, has a chance
to-day!

Curate. "OH—ER—BY THE WAY, MR. BLOGGS, I WAS WONDERING WHETHER YOU WOULD GIVE ME A SMALL SUBSCRIPTION FOR A MOST EXCELLENT OBJECT: I MEAN THE REPAIRING OF THE CEMETERY WALL."

Wealthy Parvenu. "NOT ME, SIR. THE CEMETERY WALL DON'T NEED ANY REPAIRING. THEM AS IS INSIDE CAN'T GET OUT, AN' THEM AS IS OUTSIDE DON'T WANT TO GET IN. GOOD MORNIN'!"

SYMBOLISM.

["Speaking of the works of a literary Dean, celebrated for the gorgeousness of his style: 'Rather than write like that,' he said, 'I would express myself in mathematical formulas.'"—*Mr. Gosse on Archbishop Benson in "Literature."*]

PHYLIS, since a strong objection
I to turgid language feel,
Let my passionate affection
Terms of algebra reveal.

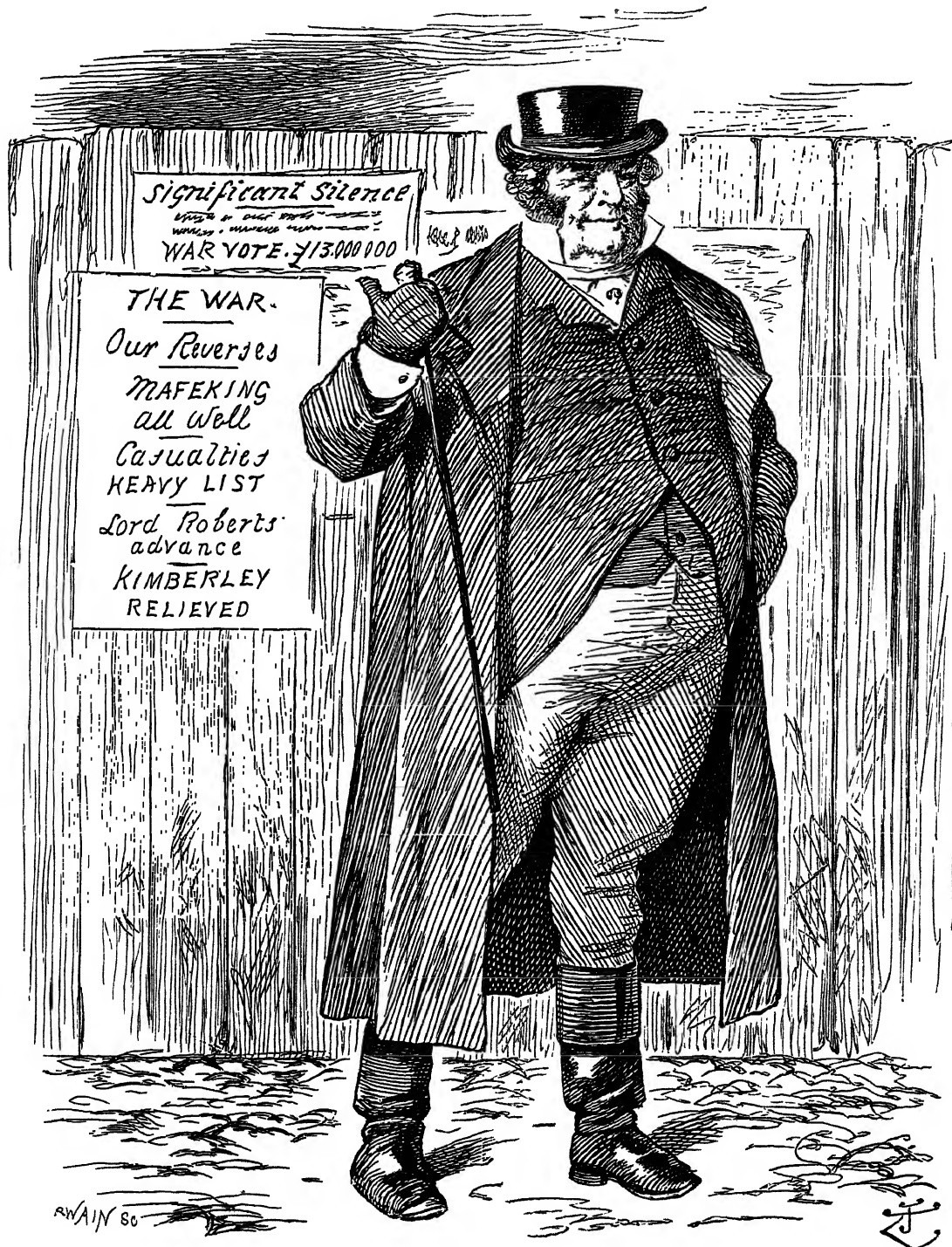
Let me tell my ardour, sparing
Rhetoric's fantastic flower—

Surds its mysteries declaring—
Indices proclaim its power.

Words themselves are but conventions;
If on symbols we agree,
We may write, without pretensions,
Our love-letters, a and b .

Of your love (as yet unspoken)
When dark doubts my mind perplex,
I the unknown to betoken,
Will employ the symbol x .

Though unparallel our stations
(You are high and I am low),



“NEVER SAY DIE!”

JOHN BULL (to himself, in the “Mark Tapley” vein). “NOW, MR. JOHN BULL, JUST YOU ATTEND TO WHAT I’VE GOT TO SAY. THINGS HAVE BEEN LOOKING ABOUT AS BAD AS THEY COULD LOOK, OLD MAN. YOU’LL NOT HAVE SUCH ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR SHOWING YOUR JOLLY DISPOSITION, MY FINE FELLOW, AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. AND, THEREFORE, JOHN B., NOW’S YOUR TIME TO COME OUT STRONG; NOW OR NEVER!” (And J. B. HAS come out strong at Kimberley and after.) *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ch. xxiii.

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1900.

(By a Day-after-the-Fair Poet.)

My love, I fear my verse can hardly glow
With all the warmth it certainly should show
To-day.

How can I write of CUPID and his bow,
When blasts as in the depth of winter blow
Away?

How can I burn amidst such freezing woe,
When, choked with ice, the rivers hardly flow?
Or, pray,

How rave of rosy-tinted joy? You know
The dismal sky, obscured by passing snow,
Is grey.

Such gloom above, such hateful cold below,
Freeze all my fancies. Frost is now my foe;
In May

I might be lively, now I am not so.
This weather only could to Esquimaux
Seem gay.

H. D. B.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 12.—GEORGE WYNDHAM'S speech on introducing military scheme maintains reputation gained in debate on Address. That a difficult task. Its accomplishment finally fixes his position in House. Odd to some lookers-on that success has been so long on its way. Years ago, whilst young WYNDHAM still sat below gangway, occasionally contributing polished periods to debate, the member for Sark spotted his capacity. Many back pages of this diary testify to appreciation of possibilities. But the House would not have him any more than, for a long season, it would have that other brilliant young man of PRINCE ARTHUR'S personal set, the present Viceroy of India.

Possibly for same reason. Their speech too strongly flavoured with particular oratorical condiments that go down only

at the University Debating Club. The unpardonable sin of debate in the House of Commons is artificiality. There was thick veneer of this in the earlier elaborate efforts alike of GEORGE CURZON and GEORGE WYNDHAM. The House impatiently resented this; but easy to see that the faults were those of manner. The air of hardy self assurance was, really, evidence of timidity, proof of wholesome apprehension of the verdict of the most critical assembly in the world. From the moment either stood at the Table, armed with the authority of a Minister, albeit an Under-Secretary, the veneer was rubbed off and the true grit shewed itself.

"There's nothing," says SARK, "like the Treasury Bench for bringing out the best of a really capable man. On the grouse moors they, in due season, burn broad strips of heather, and from under the charred mass sprouts succulent green stuff. So it is with the fierce light that beats upon the Treasury Bench. It scorches up little foibles and mannerisms, and if there is anything good in the soil it comes out fresh and strong. I'm old enough to have had a seat in the House when PRINCE ARTHUR was regarded

as a lackadaisical young man, whose speech was tolerated only because he had a pretty presence, a pleasant manner, and was Lord SALISBURY'S nephew. The moment he was seated on the Treasury Bench he was not less marvellously translated than was that quite other person, Bottom. From his new departure he went on improving till he reached his present incomparable position. So it will be, as it thus far has been, with GEORGE WYNDHAM. Mark my words, TOBY, M.P. There are a good many members of the present House who will live to see him leading it."

Business done.—Plans of enlarged Home defence disclosed in both Houses.

Tuesday.—Since the House of Commons, sitting in King JAMES'S time, was startled with hoarse whisper that something was wrong in the cellars, it has not been so deeply thrilled as befel to-night. Oddly enough it was that grim uncompromising Orangeman, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG who, nearly three hundred years later, revived the tremor of the Gunpowder Plot. His disclosure nothing to do either with Gunpowder or the Pope.

It was another potent influence in civilisation. Whiskey to wit. BALLYKILBEG secretly obtained information that the Excise officers in Belfast, making their rounds, found in bonded store a cask of whiskey thirty per cent. weaker than it ought to be!

Was that true? BALLYKILBEG sternly demanded, and if so when would the gallows be erected?

Question addressed to GERALD BALFOUR. He, to sincere regret of House on both sides, is laid up in sick room. In his absence HANBURY, man-of-all-work in Administration, thrust forth by his colleagues to reply. Timidly admits fact; promises infliction of penalty.

There matter expected to drop. But that old campaigner, BALLYKILBEG, had another shot in his locker. Among his friends in Nationalist camp opposite sat distinguished distiller, who is not only a Papist, but a Home Ruler. With one eye fixed on a member cowering under gallery, the other flaming on HANBURY, BALLYKILBEG trumpeted forth enquiry: "Did the cask belong to Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Member for East Cavan?"



G. G. STAMPA 400

"THE EARLY BIRD," &C.

TIME 4 A.M.

Cheery Youth. "LIKE YOUR DOOR SWEP' AWAY, SIR?"

Roar of anguish burst from Irish camp. "For heaven's sake!" cried REDMOND cadet, white with pained indignation.—



THE NEW "RUPERT OF DEBATE."

George Wyndham up.

"whatever we do, let us preserve decencies of debate."

Amid uproar, the figure under the gallery was seen upright, clinging to the pillar. "I am not the person," shouted SAMUEL YOUNG.

"Withdraw!" "Withdraw!" roared the Irish members.

BALLYKILBEG sat resolutely silent. He would go to the stake, but he could not recant. If it was not SAMUEL YOUNG, it was some other Papist who had watered the whiskey. *Veritas prævalebit.*

Business done.—Debate on War Vote.

Thursday.—"Are you there?" This in a roaring-forty voice that recalled the dulcet tones of old Bill Barley, known to readers of *Great Expectations.*

"Yes." This a faint far-away note which, coming under sea and over land, breathed the sweet accent of Dublin city.

As matter of fact it was REDMOND cadet preparing to use the House of Commons as a telephone station whence to harangue the boys in Dublin. Preliminaries settled, he for a full hour poured turgid talk through the long-suffering tube. A little hard on an inoffensive assembly. If he had all this at heart to say, why not take train and boat for Dublin and pour it direct in ears for which it was designed?

Query only shows opacity of Saxon intellect. House of Commons at once the most comfortable, most effective, safest, and, above all, cheapest medium of advertisement for blatancy of all kinds. Even in Dublin had REDMOND cadet risen in public meeting and shouted forth the

designedly insulting noisy nonsense frothed in House of Commons to-night, some honest Irishman having brother or son in the gallant army defamed in order that the Boer might be extolled, might have put a loose potato to remonstrative use. The House of Commons merely made fresh display of its superhuman patience. True, only a score of members sprinkled over the benches. They showed no sign of resentment whilst the chamber was filled with raving against English honour and justice. If the member for East Clare had been a baboon hissing wrath and grinning hatred at a smiling Sunday crowd gathered round its cage it could not have mattered less.

"Yet," said SARK, always quick to draw a moral, "if our middle-aged young friend had got up in any public place in Pretoria and made this same speech directed against the powers that be, he would within twenty-four hours have found how much better they manage matters in the Transvaal."

Business done.—Vote for men on military estimates.

Friday Night.—When in prime Parnell days money ran low, JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR



"WHO WATERED THE WHISKEY?"

(Mr. William Johnston of Ballykilbeg.)

was wont to remark, "Mr PARNELL, we must have a row in the House to-night." Row came on accordingly, and subscriptions came in.



JOE'S LATEST FANCY YORKID.

(Denisonia Faberia triumphans.)

Irishmen, reunited under REDMOND ainé, promptly send round hat; response not encouraging. Memory of the familiar counsel of the lamented JOSEPH GILLIS surges back over the waste of time. "We must have a row in the House," REDMOND ainé grimly echoed.

Came off to-night accordingly. But a very poor thing; too evidently got up for occasion. Only flash of ancient fires flared by FLAVIN. "Order! Order!" members opposite cried, when, like the London Monument, FLAVIN lifted his tall form and bellowed. "Any gentleman," he replied, "who wants to call me to order can come across the floor of the House."

Excellent. Unobjectionable in Parliamentary form, yet unmistakable in its significance. For the rest, simply noisy and altogether dull.

"Obstruction," says SARK, "is, like architecture, a lost art."

Business done.—Vote for thirteen millions agreed to.

ADVICE GRATIS.

SUB-EDITOR.—Certainly it is most difficult to make an effective contents-bill. Of course, a terrible battle can always be "expected," but the destruction of a cat can scarcely be accurately described as "great loss of life." As you say, "midnight edition" is sufficiently correct, as it "must be midnight somewhere." But is not the suggestion in London at 5 P.M., to put it mildly, just a trifle misleading?

THE CRY OF THE ARMY COACHES (after reading the War Office proposals).—We shall have no work to do!

WHERE SOME MILITARY LESSONS ARE LEARN'T.—In the Boer'd School, S. A.



PROLOGUE.

"I AM not," said Mr. GREENE'S landlady, with stony emphasis,

"in the abut of supplying free board and lodging to—afers!"

"My dear lady," said Mr. GREENE, with a propitiatory smile, although he would very much have liked to tie the landlady to a stake, light a fire, and dance round her with delicately poised tomahawk, singing the while an original war song of his own—"My dear lady, I—"

"I ain't your dear lady, and never was," interrupted the truculent landlady. "Hinglish, I am, and don't you forget it."

"My dear lady," repeated the anguished Mr. GREENE, for the third time, "one could never forget it in any circumstances."

"Then pay up," said the landlady, briefly. "You come loafing around Montreal as if it belonged to you, and then can't pay your board bill. Why, I've half a mind to fire you out myself;" and, with a scientific eye, she surveyed the long-legged Mr. GREENE's somewhat scanty proportions as she rolled up her sleeves and exhibited arms which would have done credit to a prizefighter.

"I can assure you that my ducal income has not been what it was, owing to—"

"Yah! You and your Dooks!" rudely interrupted the landlady. "It's my idea you ain't no more a Dook than I am."

"Of course," said Mr. GREENE, with a sickly smile, "I have been obliged to flee my native land, owing to—political complications."

"And you'll be obliged to flee this 'ouse owing to—personal complications," said the landlady, as she advanced towards her victim.

Mr. GREENE dodged behind the stove-pipe, with an agility altogether unworthy of his patrician ancestors, and extended long-fingered hands in a suppliant manner towards his tyrant. "To think," he mused aloud, "that one so beautiful should be so harsh."

"Look here," said the landlady, "you don't get over me that way;" but she softened visibly.

"And I had said to myself," urged Mr. GREENE, addressing the ceiling with fervour, "I had said to myself, here is one lovely woman who is disinterested, who will take pity on a political refugee, who will shed her winning smiles, the light of her beauty, on him; who will minister to his necessities, who will cheer him with her noble influence, who will—"

He broke off to cast a glance at his landlady.

The landlady began to sniff.

"Who will," continued Mr. GREENE, feeling that he was safe, "some day should—eh—should circumstances permit, share his ducal halls, a coronet upon her lovely brows, a—"

"Well," said the landlady, with another sniff, "you do talk that beautiful, Mr. GREENE, I don't mind if I do wait another week."

"Instead of which," said Mr. GREENE, again addressing the ceiling, "she is as hard-hearted as the—as the Hyrcanean tiger, as remorseless as she is beautiful," (the landlady hastily tidied her hair,) "as stony as she is majestic."

"Say no more about it, Mr. GREENE, and let bygones be bygones. What did you want me to wear upon my nose, Mr. GREENE?"

"On your brows, woman, on your brows," said Mr. GREENE, instantly becoming severe as the danger diminished. "You don't wear a coronet on your nose."

"And you take back what you said just now about my being a herculean tiger?" asked the landlady, coquettishly toying with her apron.

Mr. GREENE shuddered; beads of perspiration bedewed his ducal brow. The tenderness of the landlady was more to be dreaded than her anger. "Of course, of course," he said, hastily. Then he assumed a heart-broken air, detached his chain from his waistcoat, quite forgetting that there was no watch at the end, and handed it to her. "Real gold, hall-marked," he muttered, brokenly. "It is the last bauble left me by—an inquisitive and overbearing Scotland Yard. Take it, woman. Take it, and—begone!"

The landlady sniffed again, and cast an amatory glance at Mr. GREENE's beautiful, but somewhat attenuated, face. From his face, her eyes wandered doubtfully to his legs, which were

of the Chippendale order of architecture. She hesitated. "If you'd like to settle down with me and run the boarding-house," she suggested, with Amazonian skittishness, "I could bring myself in time to overlook those legs. I—"

"Woman, avaunt!" Mr. GREENE strode from behind the stove-pipe, skipped hastily to the door, then turned, thrust one hand in his breast, and surveyed her scornfully. "You have driven me forth penniless into the mercy of a rude world of snow," he cried, bitterly. "Never again, woman, will you see me beneath your roof, never shall the ducal coronet of a GREENE adorn your ignoble brow. I have obtained a temporary situation at the village of Four Corners and will away thither. Seek to stay my departure, utter one word, and the curse of a GREENE of Groeneshawes (my ancestral home," he added, in parenthesis)—"shall be upon you."

The disappointed landlady's reply was searching; but Mr. GREENE did not wait to hear its ripe luxuriance of metaphor. His escape had been narrow; it made him shiver to think how narrow; and his watch-chain represented the last visible token of former splendour. Gone for ever his gorgeous raiment, his purple and fine linen, his fur coat and cap. The fleecy snow fell round him like a winding-sheet as he strode melodramatically towards the railway station. With what theatrical grace had he evaded the enraged landlady! Truly, his genius ought not to be confined to the narrow limits of a printing-office, but should find its proper place on the stage. Then he shivered, for the snow gently but insinuatingly inserted itself in the nape of his neck. He had no overshoes to cover his chilblains. The fare to Four Corners would be about five dollars. He felt hastily in his pockets; but there was a disgraceful unanimity in their emptiness. Alas! that portion of his frame (to which it is impossible to allude publicly) was empty also—very empty! Should he return to the tender embrace of the landlady, or sneak a ride to Four Corners? He could not return after that triumphant exit; it would be such an anti-climax. Then more snow fell down the back of his lean neck as he sneaked into the freight yard, clambered unostentatiously into a car half-filled with flour-sacks, and waved a melodramatic farewell to Montreal. He would have apostrophised the rapidly vanishing city had it not been that the dust from the flour-sacks got into his throat and choked him, and a rude hireling with a big hammer poked his head into the car as he gazed suspiciously at the heap of sacks behind which Mr. GREENE hastily sought refuge. A few hours later, he took advantage of the opening of the car to peep out. He noticed, to his great regret, that the Conductor of the train was an exceedingly muscular person—a man whose health appeared to be as rude as his manners. When the train stopped at a little station, the Conductor went off to get a drink, and Mr. GREENE changed his quarters where he would not run the risk of suffocation from the shifting heaps of sacks. It was a great risk to run, but he gained his new coign of vantage unobserved, and sat down to think over the situation.

I.

It was an ignominious situation, there was no doubt about that; and Mr. GREENE'S language was "painful and frequent and free," as he hid in one corner of the baggage car and wondered how soon the Conductor would discover his whereabouts and proceed to put him off the train with premeditated violence. Would his garments endure the strain of such a proceeding? He feared not, as a long career of usefulness had militated against their resisting power to the rude grasp of worldlings.

The reason for Mr. GREENE'S present discomfort was, that it was impossible to expect sympathy from the Conductor, who was a soulless person with a mission to pulverise "dead-heads" whenever he found them on his train. Mr. GREENE'S proud spirit chafed at the thought of public humiliation, and, as the Conductor stepped jauntily about the cars, looking into dark corners for possible "beats," he tucked up his sleeves, warmed

his courage at the shrine of his imaginary ancestors, and prepared to invite the Conductor to "come on" before he (Mr. GREENE) was put off.

Fortunately for Mr. GREENE, as the train drew up at the Calumet Station two or three persons entered the car in order to remove some sacks of flour from one corner. Mr. GREENE promptly shouldered a sack, carried it to the edge of the car, dropped it on the platform, and then, seeing the Station Master's eye fixed upon him with amused scrutiny, went back for another sack, and thrust it into that worthy's arms with a vigour which brought the Station Master to the ground. Under cover of this incident, he leaped off the train and felt himself safe.

Seeing Mr. GREENE so busily engaged with the Station Master, the Conductor unsuspiciously signalled "all aboard." By this time the Station Master, with a shrewdness born of long experience, realised the situation and ceased to feel for a revolver wherewith to express his sentiments. Leaving the sack of flour on the platform, he walked into his room, with a nod to the stranger to follow. As an official of the line, it was his duty to kick Mr. GREENE; as a man and a brother who had often played the same trick on railway companies in his own unregenerate days, he felt an unfeigned admiration for the stranger's readiness of resource.

Mr. GREENE followed the Station Master into his cosy cabin, not without inward misgivings. These misgivings vanished when the Station Master extended an Esau-like hand and requested him to shake.

"And what might you call yourself when at home, stranger?" asked the Station Master.

Mr. GREENE warmed both hands at the Station Master's stove, and drew himself up haughtily as the Montreal train disappeared round a curve. "I might call myself the Duke of GREENESHAWES—but no matter," he said carelessly. "The GREENES are one of our oldest English houses. With the 'e,' mind you. At present, I am travelling without my title. THOMAS CLAUDE GREENE will serve. I am moving about Canada for—pleasure."

"Old PARKER told me to look out for his new printin' man, so I thought it must be you," said the Station Master, drily. "Most of his hands beat their way up here same as you've done; they'd feel it disgraceful to waste money on a ticket—sorter flyin' in the face of Providence, so to speak. They're short-handed at the *Four Corners Gazette*, and PARKER said as I was to make you hustle for all you're worth."

"I am not accustomed to—to hustle," said the new comer, with hauteur. "These rude provincials must be taught manners. I have accepted this engagement owing to a temporary lack of funds."

"I've bin took that way myself," sympathised the Station Master, "though I ain't a Dook, so to speak."

"But I expect remittances shortly, and—"

"Most printin' chaps do. I've known 'em do it for years and nothin' come of it," retorted the unabashed Station Master. "PARKER'S gone off on a jamboree with JACK MURRAY; but he's left his old box-sleigh for you to drive across the river. The road's marked out on the ice with pine-boughs, so you can't go wrong. Thar's a few holes, here and thar, whar teams 'as gone through; but with luck, maybe, you'll git over all right." "Teams gone through!—holes!—with luck may get over!" In spite of his ducal descent, the handsome young stranger turned pale.

"If you don't git across, I'll let 'em know as you did your best," suggested the Station Master. "You ain't afraid of bears, maybe?"

"Bears!"

"Thar's an old brown bear as comes down from Plantag'net now and agin. They say he allers likes one full meal afore he curls up in a log for the Winter."

The stranger's long thin legs wobbled visibly. "I—I carry

no arms. Would you have me go to certain death, to be mangled by bears?"

"Oh, that old brown bear don't do no manglin'. He's got a way of wipin' out a feller with his paw in no time."

"I—I can't drive," said Mr. GREENE, somewhat feebly for the descendant of a hundred earls.

"Then you can't be an English Dook, for I've never seen one yet as couldn't drive. No, no; if you're a Dook, as you say you are, you'll drive all right."

Mr. GREENE muttered something about his retainers having always driven all the family horses in England.

"Well, come to think of it, it is a pity you didn't bring a crowd of 'em along to help on the printin'," suggested the Station Master, with unabated cheerfulness. "P'raps it's as well as you didn't, though. Old PARKER's ink's pretty sticky; it might git on their plush britches and spoil their looks."

Mr. GREENE pulled himself together with an effort, drew his somewhat ragged overcoat about him, and pointed theatrically to the door. "Lead on, I follow."

"If I was you, your Dookship, I'd lead her myself," said the Station Master, as he untied something which looked like an iced door-mat attached to a small truck on runners. "'La Paresseuse,' Miss PARKER calls her, 'cause she's allers in a hurry. Why, you ain't got no buffler robes. You'll freeze to death afore you know where you are."

Mr. GREENE looked at the box-sleigh with unmitigated disgust, as "La Paresseuse" sleepily winked one eye and took stock of her new driver. The accommodation which the sleigh afforded was of the most primitive description, its runners unevenly balanced, the straw in the bottom ancient and musty.

"I know it ain't like one of your dookal carriages at home, clad in purple and fine linen, as mentioned in the Scriptures. 'La Paresseuse,' too, ain't much to look at, bein' a hoss of disappointed ambitions, so to speak," said the Station Master; "but if any hoss can git through, she will."

"I don't want her to get through," said Mr. GREENE, slowly drawing on his mits. "It's a pity most of her ambition seems to have evaporated in icicles. Is there—is there anything to encourage her to take a fresh interest in existence?"

"Here's a hickory stick," said the Station Master. "I'll lend you some buffler robes and chance 'em goin' under. If the worst comes to the worst, I can allers take out the price of 'em in Gazettes."

He went into the house and returned with an old bell-mouthed blunderbuss and a couple of moth-eaten buffalo robes. "It's only a matter of five miles across to Four Corners," he said, cheerily. "If you meet that bear, he'll be ahind the snow-hummock half-way. He mostly goes down thar when he's hungry, a-lookin' for Miss PARKER, who hurt his feelin's by shootin' at him last Winter. Wait till you see the whites of his eyes afore you fill him up. I've loaded her with two or three bits of old ramrod as'll discourage him."

Mr. GREENE shivered. "How can a man die better than by facing fearful odds!" he murmured, and, seizing "La Paresseuse" by the bridle, endeavoured to drag her down to the river brink.

"La Paresseuse" made a snap at his arm, shook off half-a-dozen icicles, and went to sleep again.

The Station Master brought the hickory sapling down on her shaggy ribs with a resounding thwack. "She allers likes a sort of hint to start," he explained.

"La Paresseuse" went off with a rush, then relapsed into a crawl.

"You'd better climb over the back of the sleigh," suggested the Station Master. "She don't like [bein'] stopped once she's put her hand to the plough, so to speak."

"If I don't see you again," faltered Mr. GREENE, "accept my thanks for your hospitality. I'm sorry I upset you with the flour-sack."

"Oh, that's all right, Dook. If you don't git over the crossin'

now, you're sure to turn up agin in the Spring when the ice melts," said the Station Master, trotting along by the side of the sleigh. "I'll look out for you. So long."

Mr. GREENE felt very sorry for himself as the Station Master disappeared and "La Paresseuse" slowly threaded her way along the ice track. He was alone beneath the midnight Canadian sky—alone upon this snowy waste, a sombre mass of cedars and pines in the distance serving to mark the opposite shore where the tin spire of the Four Corners Catholic Church gleamed like a silver sea. An effete dweller in cities, Mr. GREENE was not prepared to cope with the primeval forces of Nature as exemplified by bears and holes in the river track. Carefully tying the reins to the side of the sleigh, he smote "La Paresseuse" with the hickory sapling, drew the buffalo robes more closely around his shivering form, and prepared to meet his fate. All Summer he had lived a life of butterfly ease, drifting from town to town to increase his knowledge of mankind, and, incidentally, of womenkind also. But with the approach of Winter, he had been forced to fall back upon his plebeian calling of printer, and wrap himself in the haughty reserve of his supposed aristocratic connections. By dint of hinting darkly at his high birth, he had gradually come to believe in it. At any rate, if need be, he could die like a Duke, should the bear prove deaf to moral suasion.

Mr. GREENE's knowledge of firearms was more than elementary, for he knew absolutely nothing about them, except that they were exceedingly unpleasant things with which to have anything to do. He had a vague idea that you carelessly swung up a revolver when you wanted to kill anything, and that the revolver attended to everything else on its own initiative. His acquaintance with larger weapons was even less, although he did know the butt of a rifle from the muzzle. The weapon belonging to the Station Master, however, was not of modern construction, and seemed to be a relic of the days when hospitable settlers thoughtfully prepared hospitable welcomes for stray Indians. It seemed to Mr. GREENE, that all it required was a gun-carriage to make it an excellent weapon wherewith to batter down the walls of a beleaguered city.

He picked up the blunderbuss from the box-sleigh, somewhat injudiciously put the stock firmly against the middle of his waistcoat, and peered anxiously along the track to where, about halfway, was a huge heap of snow. He could see nothing.

The road zig-zagged between green branches of cedar which had been stuck into the ice on either side to mark the track. The cedar branches cast ugly shadows on the snow—shadows which suggested to Mr. GREENE all sorts of unpleasant possibilities. For aught he knew, they might be the ghosts of Indian braves revisiting their former haunts and longing for the scalp of the paleface. He might, perhaps, be able to do something with an enraged bear, but it was utterly impossible to argue with ghosts; their reasoning powers were as thin as themselves. As no ghosts appeared on the scene, his thoughts reverted to the bear. It was probable that the blunderbuss was accustomed to deal with bears.

"Perhaps," he said, hopefully, "if the brute does come, he will begin on 'La Paresseuse.' I shall be comparatively flavourless by the time he has done with her."

"La Paresseuse" resented this unfeeling remark with a kick which dashed in the front of the sleigh and severely barked Mr. GREENE's right shin. Then she galloped fearlessly towards a huge animal which suddenly emerged from behind the snow-hummock and sprang into the sleigh.

Pressing the stock of the blunderbuss still more firmly against the pit of his empty stomach, Mr. GREENE shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. The blunderbuss retaliated by kicking him over the back of the sleigh, and he fainted.

He recovered, to find a particularly soothing brand of whiskey trickling down his throat with the accompaniment of various unflattering remarks about himself in the sweetest voice he

had ever heard. "I shall see that brute of a Station Master again, after all," he said, dreamily. "Oh, my!"

"Of course you've a pain in your 'Oh, my!'" said the same sweet girlish voice. "It's a wonder you've any 'Oh, my!'" left, after holding your gun in that stupid way."

Mr. GREENE'S head reposed on the shoulder of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had spread a buffalo robe on the snow, a few yards away from a gory mass with a long tail. His quarry was before him. His! At the very first shot!

Mr. GREENE felt ashamed to be thus ministered to by a girl. Even in his distress it was some consolation to him to notice how beautiful she was, and with what a half-motherly, half-sisterly air she endeavoured to protect him from the consequences of his own misguided zeal as a sportsman. Still, it was not every one who could repress with such complete success the misguided attempts of a wild animal to eat him. At the same time, Mr. GREENE could not help feeling painfully conscious that sport of this nature was not without its drawbacks, and that another such shot would in all probability be as disastrous to himself as to the animal at which it was aimed. Then, when the first agony of the blow on his stomach had abated, he struggled up a little, and began to experience the joy of successful destruction. There was his prey peacefully reposing—what was left of it—in the moonlight. He staggered to his feet, and struck a melodramatic attitude.

"Have I killed it dead?" he asked, with modest pride, although conscious of an acute pain from the recoil of the gun.

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "I reckon it's dead enough, stranger; that is, what's left of it to die."

"My first bear," said Mr. GREENE, in nonchalant tones.

"First what?" asked the girl, putting the whiskey flask back in her pocket.

"I said 'bear.'"

The girl regarded him with twinkling eyes. "Yes, I know you said 'bear'; I'm not deaf; but, say, stranger, did you ever see a bear with—a tail—like—that!"

Mr. GREENE staggered towards the dead animal. "A freak of Nature—a freak of Nature to put sportsmen off their guard at its insidious approach. Somebody must have tied it on."

"Most people," gurgled the girl, "would call it a Newfoundland—bear! Eh, stranger?"

She looked into his handsome face, pale with suffering; he gazed into hers, and forgot his pain. "Who—who are you?"

"My friends call me ELVINA PARKER, and I've come out to look for my dad. Dad always wants looking for badly when he meets JACK MURRAY."

"Looking for?"

"Yes." The girl hesitated as if not quite certain as to the advisability of confiding in the handsome young stranger. A glance at his suffering face, however, reassured her. "When dad has been sticking pretty closely to work for a few months, he feels the need of a change."

"I see."

"Yes; and he takes it this way."

"How?"

"Well, he generally makes all his arrangements beforehand," said the girl with the traces of laughter in her beautiful eyes, "so that the subscribers sha'n't be taken unawares when he goes off on a 'jag.'"

"I beg your pardon. On a what?"

"On a 'jag.' It is a technical term for the—the momentary obliviousness induced by too much whiskey," solemnly explained the girl.

"I see."

"And the curious thing is that JACK MURRAY always feels the same symptoms coming on when dad is beginning to sicken for this complaint. Then they meet, and he also makes his arrangements so that people sha'n't be upset by his momentary inattention to duty."

"And what becomes of the *Four Corners Gazette*?"

"I look after that, if there isn't any one else. Just alter the date, put in a notice and issue this contents-bill. See here."

Then the girl pointed to a placard which was hanging on the wall.

FOUR CORNERS GAZETTE.

Friends will kindly accept

THIS INTIMATION

that the

EDITOR

IS TEMPORARILY INCAPACITATED

from attending to

HIS EDITORIAL DUTIES.

The girl smiled, and continued—

"No one kicks at getting the same number twice. They have been known to object when there has been a third; but then some people are so exacting. Now you are coming to us, we shall be able to surprise our subscribers."

"I think I am far more surprised than they are likely to be. But everything seems to be swimming. People will be disappointed when they see your new printer—all that is left of him. I must apologise for arriving in such a scattered condition."

The girl surveyed him curiously.

"You've lost me my—bear! Oh-h!"

"You've lost me my—heart!"

"If it's as badly smashed as that," said the girl, pointing to the defunct Newfoundland, "you'll never get it back again."

She dragged the dead dog to the snow-hummock, covered him over, and whistled to "La Paresseuse," who came at once.

"Get in," said Miss PARKER. "We'll leave the remains of your—your bear—to be carried over the Falls when the ice breaks up. Here, lean on me, if you can't walk."

She half-pushed, half-lifted him into the sleigh, as his head fell on her shoulder, and he fainted again. "I never knew that a gun could kill at both ends before," said the girl, coaxing "La Paresseuse" into a gallop. "Reckon I'll have to get the paper out myself this week."

Some hours later, Mr. GREENE revived in bed, with an uneasy consciousness that he was all stomach. A huge furry mass lay in one corner of the room, from which a sickening odour floated up to his nostrils. "What's that?" he asked.

"Miss PARKER thought you'd like to see your bearskin," said the wrinkled old doctor, who was busily preparing hot fomentations.

"The what?"

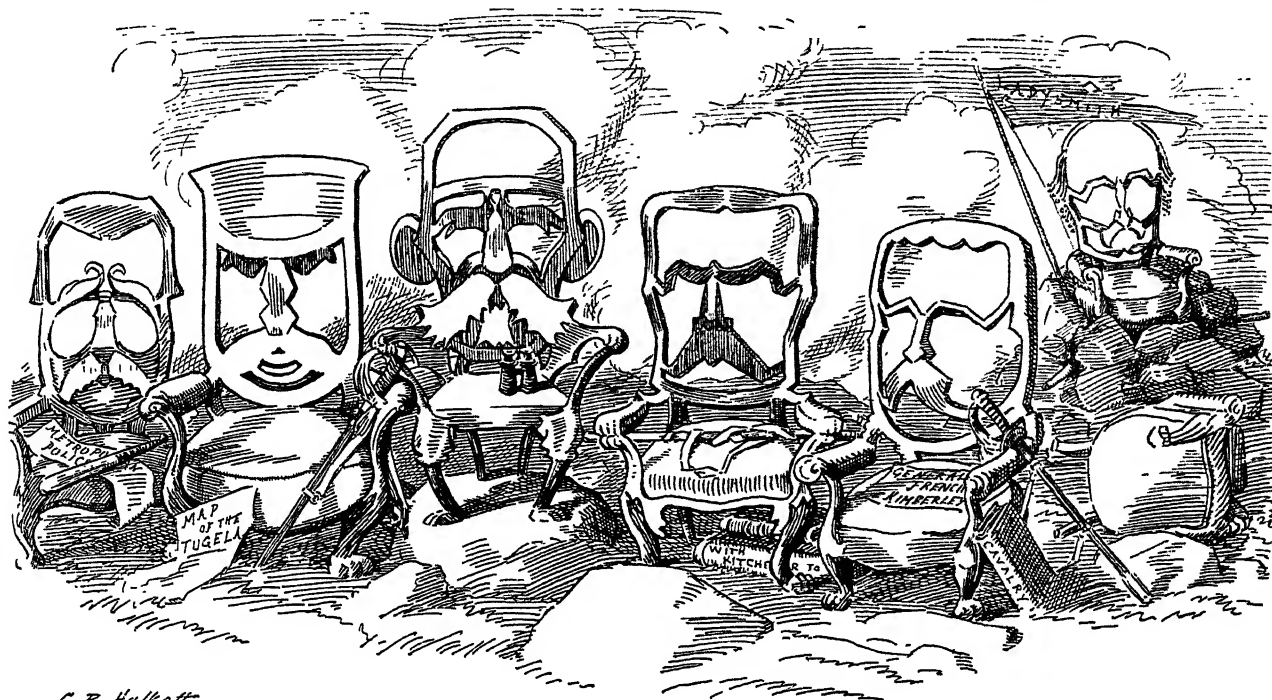
"The bearskin. She sent some one down to skin it. She seems to think she owes her life to you."

"But I don't understand. I was under the impression that I had shot a dog."

"Well," said the doctor with a sniff of contempt, "you're the first Englishman I ever met who didn't know a dog from a bear. How you managed to hit it and yourself at the same time is a mystery to me. If you're able to move without disturbing those bandages, just cast your eye in that corner and tell me whether you ever saw a dog with a skin like that."

Mr. GREENE raised himself on one elbow. Yes; there was no doubt about it at all. There was a bearskin newly stripped from its wearer, and convincingly gory. Even the tail was the length of an ordinary bear's caudal appendage.

(Continued in our next.)



"SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, A LARGE NUMBER OF ARM-CHAIRS HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE CAPE FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS IN THE FIELD. THE ABOVE "SEATS OF WAR" ARE ALL "FRONT SEATS"; THEY ARE "STRICTLY RESERVED"; AND ARE NOT TO BE SAT UPON BY THE ENEMY.

WAITING TO BE TAXED.

SPEECHES of third-rate orators in the House of Commons.

Indifferent Amateur Performances in aid of objects vaguely philanthropic.

Various advertisements of fussy nobodies impudently pushing to the front.

Street nuisances of every description, from the bicycle scorcher to the female, with her large bonnet and her (more than) little tambourine.



THE Illustrated Papers off with satisfaction grudge, When they print a pleasing portrait of "Our Artist at the Front." [lack, Now here we have a picture of a sort we seem to Which is to say, a portrait of "Our Artist at the Back."

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

"WHAT a nice new lot o' friends we're getting!" as the country policeman says (or "words to that effect") in *Dandy Dick*.



And what a nice sum our friends, both old and new, have already subscribed to Mr. Punch's Fund for the "HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, IN GREAT ORMOND STREET." The total received, up to Friday last, was £5,839, and in addition to this, a "Donation Fund for Investment," £21,800. Bravo! Still Mr. Punch adopts, for the nonce, the horse-leech's cry of "Give! Give! Give!" and he will not be satisfied till the future of the Hospital is guaranteed beyond the possibility of doubt. Donations, small and large, to be sent as before to

MESSRS. BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO.,
10, Bouverie St., Fleet St., E.C.,
by whom they will be most thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

LABOURS FOR LENT.

Lord S-l-sb-ry.—To imitate the patriotism of the Colonial Premiers.

Mr. Arth-r B-l-f-r.—To give up excuses at public meetings, and to attend to his duties "in another place."

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n.—To imitate Brer Rabbit—to lay low and say (next to) nothing.

Lord L-nsd-wne.—To put things straight at the War Office.

Mr. W-ndh-m.—To keep his chief up to the mark and make a mark himself.



THE SPIDERS AND THE HORNET.

A New Game, much played in South Afr.ca.



H'M!

Stern Father. "WHAT AN UNEARTHLY HOUR THAT YOUNG FELLOW STOPS TILL EVERY NIGHT, DORIS. WHAT DOES YOUR MOTHER SAY ABOUT IT?"

Daughter. "SHE SAYS MEN HAVEN'T ALTERED A BIT, PA."

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C.

SIR,—We have been passing, we are still, indeed, passing, through a crisis, and grievous as may be the disappointments, the losses and the temporary failures entailed upon a people by such a passage, it has at any rate one element of profit. Before the end is reached many a loudly-vaunted pretender will have been shown forth in his true colours; while here and there a man of true metal will have emerged, sound, serviceable, and genuine from all the trials imposed upon him.

How many and how strange are the chances and changes of political life! How often does some trivial, unnoted incident serve to dash the cup from expectant lips. Statesmen, generals, lawyers, leaders of thought and leaders of revolt, bright stars of literature and humble journalists—what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue. There was an EDWARD CLARKE, one of the mainstays of the Conservative Party, their trusted counsellor, their brilliant, impassioned advocate, the favourite of his constituency, to whom no avenue of honourable ambition seemed to be closed. Where is he now? In his place we see a man still brilliant and impassioned, still unstained in honour and in loyalty to high ideals. He is the self-same man, no more, certainly no less, but his party casts him out, and his constituents roughly break the bonds that have bound him to them for twenty years' or more. Neither his services nor his merits availed him. His voice had been honestly uttered, but in defence of unpopular principles; his conscience was not impeached, but his opinion was said to have gone astray. His judgment had favoured peace, and peace having been broken he had still spoken in favour of conciliation.

In all this there is nothing, Sir, of which you have reason to feel ashamed. On the contrary, it must be admitted that throughout the crisis you, at any rate, have played your part like a man. Stale and stupid taunts are often levelled against those who

follow the profession of the law. In pompous leading articles, as at provincial penny readings, they are still held up to ridicule as men who, if they do not exactly "take their oath with equal ease on either side or both," yet profess opinions not because they honestly hold them, but because they are paid to profess them. But the lives of great barristers, their fiery zeal, their whole-hearted devotion to duty for duty's sake, their noble energy, often so ill-requited, their laborious industry in striving not for themselves—for fame is not always before them to lure them on, nor can the hope of mere gain explain their activity—but for others; their proud and upright spirit of fair dealing and honest speech; their high and sustained eloquence—all these qualities, and, in short, the whole tenor of their public lives stamp them as men to whom honour and truth are as the breath of their nostrils. Amongst this great company your place has been for many years assured. Not through the adventitious aid of rank or fortune, but by the force of your own strong intellect and your untiring work have you made your way. The poor boy who consecrated to learning the scanty hours of his leisure, who by the dim light of a hoarded candle picked up scraps of knowledge when the work of the day was over, can have had but little thought of the rewards that were to be his after many years, the great position honestly earned, the high reputation constantly sustained, and the esteem of his fellow countrymen. And it must surprise you, knowing what you are and how you stand, to look back at times and remember how small your chances seemed and how depressing was your lot.

Well, Sir, you have held one of the highest positions that law and politics combined can offer to the practising barrister. Your voice has been heard in great debates in the House of Commons; your eloquence and power of lucid exposition have enabled you to hold your own unashamed against the greatest parliamentarians. And now, after all these years of strenuous and distinguished political activity, you quit for a time the busy scene of your triumphs and your ambitions. You, at any rate, refuse to keep your seat in the House at the price of compromising with your conscience. Holding certain strong convictions, which happen to be disliked by the mass of your party, you express them fearlessly, and submit without unmanly complaint to the penalty those opinions entail.

It is a high example, especially valuable in these days when some statesmen glory in creating and stimulating a spurious ferocity of public opinion in order that they themselves may afterwards be swept away by it; when they hold no creed of their own absolutely, but divide their professions of faith into mutually destructive halves for the purpose of standing well both with their own conscience and the loud exponents of popular passion. From these you have severed yourself to your own credit and that of public life in England.

For you, the loss of the opportunities for speech and action that are afforded by a seat in the House of Commons is no small one. But you have, at any rate, the compensation of knowing that all who hold by freedom of opinion, independence of judgment, and unswerving rectitude of conduct are your friends and admirers.

I am, Sir, with profound respect,

Your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.

THE ESCAPED ELEPHANTS.—It is no wonder that at the Crystal Palace, Monday week last, the orchestra executed a *tremolissimo agitissimo stampedo* on the appearance of the elephant loose in the auditorium, taking up a lot of seats (which he could neither occupy nor pay for) with his trunk. Pity the musicians could not have combined to play on the elephantine feelings since "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast" (or breast), and a modern Orpheus with his lute (or flute) might have caused the elephant, like the oft-quoted bear, "to dance to the genteelst of tunes," and so to have been easily captured.



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Mild Sportsman (who has been jumped on). "DO YOU MIND ASKING YOUR HORSE TO TAKE HIS FOOT OUT OF MY POCKET?"

THE GAIETY OF LONDON.

If a genuinely crowded house, repeated hearty applause, and frequent "great laughter," be indications of triumphant success, then undeniably *The Messenger Boy*, at the Gaiety, has achieved it. It is a musical play, put together by a company of six collaborateurs, i.e., by two librettists, Messrs. TANNER and MURRAY; two lyricists, Messrs. ROSS and GREENBANK; and two composers, Messrs. CARYLL and MONCKTON, who, with the talented actresses, actors, and vocalists, have all marched to victory, in one "United Service" corps, under the command of Field-Marshal GEORGE EDWARDES, K.G.C., i.e., Kommander-in-chief of the Gaiety Company. That Mr. LONNEN, of "Killaloo" and "Bogey-Man" renown, does all that can be done with *Cosmos Bey*, and that that isn't much, and that Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, G.C. (i.e., Genuine Comedian), is as excellent as the part of *Hooker Pasha* permits him to be, is to their great credit, though it doesn't say much for acute perception on the part of the eminent librettists and lyricists. Mr. NAINBY, most funnily made up, does nothing to justify the admiration his appearance, at first, excites; this is less his fault than his misfortune; while the insistence on the Fashoda affair would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. The authors, by now, should have substituted some other "business" for that of planting the flags. Mr. WILLIE WARDE is inimitably travestied as *Professor Phunckwitz*, and contributes largely to the success of the concerted dancing, in which he, besides having arranged all the terpsichorean efforts of the company, takes his fair share. The "honours easy" are borne by Mr. FRED WRIGHT, junior, as the aggressive *Captain*

Pott; by Miss ROSIE BOOTE as *Isabel Blyth*, with the song and chorus of "Daisy"; and by Miss VIOLET LLOYD as *Nora*. It is Miss KATIE SEYMOUR who shares "the cake" which is undoubtedly taken, and a big one too, by Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, who, no matter what he does in acting, singing, or dancing, is irresistibly funny. His face sets the house in a roar; he has only to appear in one costume after another to start irrepressible laughter, the climax being reached when he appears as a male mummy and has a duet and dance with Miss KATIE SEYMOUR representing the female mummy. The costumes are artistically magnificent, the scenery bright, the dialogue, without any apparent attempt at brilliancy, helps on the action of the plot,—for there is a plot,—and the music is pleasing, though, with the exception of the "Daisy" song and one of the sextettes, not of the class of composition that "comes to stay." The tout ensemble constitutes another "Gaiety success."

SHAKSPINERO.—It is not true that Mr. BENSON has taken an entirely new view of the physical characteristics of King RICHARD the Third, and is henceforth going to represent him on the stage as "Dandy Dick."

EVIDENT.—As to Militia, it is said that we are "30,000 short." Well, what's the advantage of having them "30,000 tall?" On the contrary, if short men and deadly shots, they'll be safe "snipers."

WAR NEWS.—"Reports of Conflicts," i.e., "Conflicting Reports."



"WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS DEAFENING NOISE?"
 "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'VE GIVEN IT TO THEM TO KEEP THEM QUIET!"

A DESPATCH À LA MUNCHAUSEN. (Viâ Pretoria and Delagoa Bay.)

THE cavalry dashed into us, and we drove them back. They poured lead upon us from their carbines, and their swords flashed right and left. They rode us down with their horses, but we drove them back.

Then came the infantry. They charged with their bayonets. They were through our ranks a score of times, but to no purpose. We drove them back.

Then for twelve hours the artillery kept up a pitiless, unceasing fire. We had

shells of every description fall in our ranks, and bursting in every direction. It was a terrible time, but we held our own. After this fearful fusillade they retired in great confusion. Their losses must have been enormous. But we drove them back. And what were our casualties? The list is soon given. A bugler lost the tip of his trumpet, and a donkey was slightly wounded in the hoof.

QUERY BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.
 —Is Prince HENRI of Orleans so partial to the Bo(a)rs because he was born at Ham?

AN ACADEMIC PRAYER.

["Oxford is considering the crea ion of new degrees—those of Doctor of Letters and Doctor of Science. One proposal was that professors and heads of colleges should be exempt from the stipulated exercises, as it would be awkward if they failed . . . The Board of *Literæ Humaniores* has petition.d to b; relieved of the obligation of examining, but without success."—*Daily Paper*.]

Heads of Colleges sing:

WITH trembling hearts, to you who sit
 Mid academic glories,
 We suppliants come, O Board of *Lit-*
-eræ Humaniores!

Ah! hear our prayers,
 And pity our grey hairs
 And furrowed cheeks, where wrinkled
 care doth dwell!

How can Age find
 A heart to grind?
 For things will slip from an old man's
 mind
 That youth remembers well.

Long years ago,
 Ere Time made white our brows with
 snow,

When ye were bantling babes with downy
 pates,
 We haply knew
 As much as you,
 Aye, haply thought ourselves young
 gods

As we disported through the quads
 Triumphant from our firsts in "*Mods*"
 Or "*Greats*."

Nay, plough us not! 'Twere mad!
 How could we face
 Mid such disgrace
 The chaff-ful undergrad?
 How could we scold the saucy elves
 For being plucked, when plucked our-
 selves?

Ah, Sirs, be kind
 And bear this thought in mind:
 Some day, when you've forgot what know-
 ledge is,
 You also may be heads of colleges,
 And crave of others what we crave of
 you—

Then oh! be merciful, and let us through!

THREE LITTLE PATRIOTS.

["The Committee appointed by the Government to enquire into the administration of the Patriotic Fund contains the names of three of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners."—*Daily Paper*.]

THREE little patriots are we;
 They have selected us to see
 What we have done with the £ s. d.—
 Three little patriots!

We'll sit on ourselves, 'twill be such fun!
 Judge and criminal all in one!

Won't we discover the deeds we've done?
 Three little patriots!

Three little heroes, whose vocation
 Is to defend their reputation
 From an unworthy accusation—
 Three little patriots!



THE TWO RAVENS.

"THERE WERE TWO RAVENS SAT ON A TREE,
DOWN A DOWN A ROSE-BERRY DOWN,
THEY WERE AS 'DOWN' AS DOWN COULD BE,
DERRY DOWN, SAL'S-BURY DOWN."
[“Lord Salisbury’s speech in the Lords was, if anything, rather more pessimistic than Lord Rosebery’s.”—*Daily Paper*.]

London: W. & A. G. 1900.



PROVERBS (PISCATORIALLY PUT).

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,"—SO DO NOT BE DISMAYED EVEN THOUGH YOU GET FAST TO THE BOTTOM (AFTER LUNCH), AND SEND EVERYTHING TO POT (YOURSELF INCLUDED) BY A TOO FRANTIC ENDEAVOUR TO STRIKE YOUR HOOKS INTO WHAT YOU TAKE TO BE THE BIG ONE!

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Hotel.

L'Hôtel.

You tell that you not have but two rooms frees, of whom one to the first who give on the street. To what price?

Fifty francs! Name of one pipe! And the other?

Eh well, show to me the room to the fifth to ten francs.

What ascender! One not arrive ever.

It is here? One mansard who give on the court. Nothing of more sad!

You not have but that? All is complete?

This room is humid. He do cold here. Do to do of the fire. I shiver.

I detest these crusadesses. I prefer the windows to be header to the female English. One can them to open one all small little.

What hotness under the roof! I stuff. Tell to the woman of

Vous dites que vous n'avez que deux chambres libres, dont une au premier qui donne sur la rue. A quel prix?

Cinquante francs! Nom d'une pipe! Et l'autre?

Eh bien, montrez-moi la chambre au cinquième à dix francs.

Quel ascenseur! On n'arrive jamais.

C'est ici? Une mansarde qui donne sur la cour. Rien de plus triste!

Vous n'avez que ça? Tout est complet?

Cette chambre est humide. Il fait froid ici. Faites faire du feu. Je grelotte.

Je déteste ces croisées. Je préfère les fenêtres à guillotine à l'anglaise. On peut les ouvrir un tout petit peu.

Quelle chaleur sous le toit! J'étouffe. Dites à la femme de

room of to leave the window all great opened.

Bring to me one bath of seat, of the cold water, and of the napkins.

The Rising.

Bring to me one bath of seat, of the cold water, of the ice, and of the linen.

This bath of seat is too much little. There hast-he one school of natation all to near?

No? Then do to prepare one great bath all cold.

Who is therefore this lady in the passage? I not can her to pass in going to the bath.

She seek the good woman, to this that he appear. She is in robe of room.

Oh shocking! The manners of the female French are abominables. What country!

She is young however. Not ill. One cut enough elegant.

She regard of the other side to present. It is damage. What delicious little back-neck!

Ah, she me regard! My faith, that she is ravishing! Of the superb eyes. And one little smile! Oh!

Eh well, boy, that is this that you attend there?

You believed that I not dared to pass this lady?

Ah, cretin, imbecile, idiot! Wish you you of him to go? I go to take my bath.

chambre de laisser la fenêtre toute grande ouverte.

Apportez-moi un bain de siège, de l'eau froide, et des serviettes.

Le Lever.

Apportez-moi un bain de siège, de l'eau froide, de la glace, et du linge.

Ce bain de siège est trop petit. Y a-t-il une école de natation tout auprès?

Non? Alors faites préparer un grand bain tout froid.

Qui est donc cette dame dans le couloir? Je ne peux pas la passer en allant au bain.

Elle cherche la bonne, à ce qu'il paraît. Elle est en robe de chambre.

Oh shocking! Les mœurs des Françaises sont abominables. Quel pays!

Elle est jeune cependant. Pas mal. Une taille assez élégante.

Elle regarde de l'autre côté à présent. C'est dommage. Quelle délicieuse petite nuque!

Ah, elle me regarde! Ma foi, qu'elle est ravissante! Des yeux superbes. Et un petit sourire! Oh!

Eh bien, garçon, qu'est-ce que vous attendez là?

Vous croyiez que je n'osais pas passer cette dame?

Ah, crétin, imbécile, idiot! Voulez-vous vous en aller? Je vais prendre mon bain.

H. D. B.

A SCHOOL BILL OF THE FUTURE.

(Computed after Consideration of a recent Verdict.)

[The "high spirited" and "imaginative" boy . . . suggests an indefinite and alarming addition to the possibilities already vague and large enough of the school bills of "our boys."—*Times*, February 22, 1900.]

WITH DR. BIRCH'S compliments to PATERFAMILIAS, Esq.

To damages caused by smashing a greenhouse	...	£35	10	0
" " destroying a wardrobe	...	15	10	10
" " de-stringing a grand piano	...	76	10	0
" " cutting oil paintings	...	128	4	10
" " ruining a carriage	...	96	10	0
" " "making hay" of drawing-room furniture	...	126	0	0
" " blowing-up the house...	...	560	0	0
" " mental anxiety consequent upon the above	...	1,000	0	0
		£2,038	5	8
Tuition fee (inclusive of stationery)	...	11	14	4
Total	...	£2,050	0	0

THE BARD ON THE SPOT.—Shakspeare on the originator of certain big coloured pictorial placards which appear on all the hoardings. "Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—*Henry the Fourth (First Part)*, Act IV., Scene 1.



First Village Politician. "WELL, ALL AS I DO KNOW IS THAT THAT 'ERE CHAMBERLAIN DON'T NEVER SPEAK BUT WOT 'E SES SOMETHING!"

THE MARTYRDOM OF STOCKWELL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There is a little Oasis in the desert of Clapham-Brixton. It is an unassuming Oasis, chiefly remarkable for a public house known to tram-conductors, for a College where school teachers are well trained, and little girls are well taught. There was no ambition about Stockwell, in so far as I know, except to be mistaken for Clapham or Brixton, or even Kennington, until the City and South London Electric Railway Company made this innocent suburb a Terminus station pending future extension. Then the butchers, the bakers, and the candlestick makers, and above all the Letters of Lodgings saw that the harvest had come, and, reckless of the feelings of the Ishmaels in the Oasis, connived at the Martyrdom of the spot, which bears the name of a famous racehorse. The Electric Railway Company, with the agility of the Electric Bel, has pushed its tail into every house in the vicinity. The bombardment of Ladysmith, I am absolutely certain, was nothing compared to the prodigious uproar, the rattling and shaking, the mysterious clicking, the dismemberment of doors and windows, which go on not only all day but all night.

I can conceive that a man or woman sentenced by some Occult Tribunal to pass away by lunacy would be conveyed to this unhappy spot. I can also imagine that the landlords, unless they

have been anointed with palm-oil, must be the most suicidal body of human beings whom Providence has ever endowed with property. I write to you, Mr. Punch, because you have a fine sympathy with suffering humanity and know that battling with the wide-a-wake Boers does not excuse the down-treading of the rest of patriotic citizens within two miles of Charing Cross. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant, DIOGENES TUBB.
Barrel House, Stockwell, S.W.

SCENE AT ANY GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

(From a very old comedy.)

ROUTINE discovered seated reading newspaper. To him enter RED TAPE.

Red Tape. Mornin', ROUTINE.

Routine. Mornin'.

R. T. Nothin' in papers, eh?

R. Nothin'—of any consequence.

R. T. Usual attacks on us.

R. That's all.

R. T. Yet we're still here.

R. And always shall be.

R. T. "What shall part us?"

R. "What shall tear us asunder?"

R. T. ROUTINE!

R. (rising). RED TAPE!

[They embrace. Then both sit. Pause.]

R. T. And now, what are you going to do?

R. Nothing.

R. T. Good. I'll assist.

[They set to work and do it. Scene closes.]

PERILS OF THE ROAD.

["No modern mechanism has assumed the extraordinary importance of the bicycle, either as a cause or as an instrument of crime."—Professor Lombroso in *The Pall Mall Magazine*.]

Do you ask me why I shun

Wanted worship of the tyre?

'Tis not dread of Summer's sun,

CHLOE, nor of Winter's mire;

Nor that I weigh fourteen stone—

And some few pounds higher.

Slimmer rivals at your side

Urge their unbecoming suits;

I, aloof with proper pride,

Clad in less ungainly boots,

Give them berth—a roadway wide—

When I hear their hoots.

For an article I read

That LOMBROSO wrote, revealing

How, in spite of what was said

To their better sense appealing,

Guileless youths to crime were led,

Step by step—through wheeling.

So from crime to live secure—

(Yet it need not disconcert you,

To the pure are all things pure,

Even biking could not hurt you)

CHLOE, I the bike abjure

Still to keep my virtue.

GUIDE TO THE CONTENTS-BILLS.—In waiting—No news of any kind. On the move—Last chance of the idealess sub-editor. Very latest—Nothing further to-night.



ILL-TIMED ACCURACY.

Amiable Hostess. "WELL, NOW YOU ARE HERE, I HOPE YOU WILL STAY TO LUNCH WITH ME."

Gushing Visitor. "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, DEAR MRS. BROWNE, IF WE MAY. (To daughter.) THERE, VERA, WON'T THAT BE DELIGHTFUL? SUCH A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR YOU!"

Severely Truthful Child. "NOT A SURPRISE, MOTHER. YOU KNOW YOU SAID MRS. BROWNE MUST ASK US TO LUNCH IF WE ONLY STOPPED LONG ENOUGH!"

A GENUINE "SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT" AT COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

(Thursday, Feb. 22, at Covent Garden, in aid of the Officers' Wives and Families Fund.)

MAGNIFIQUE! et—c'est la guerre which has given occasion, sad occasion, for the raising of money wherewith to benefit "The Officers' Wives and Families Fund." A full house, of course, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES present in the Royal Box, ever ready to take the lead in assisting any effort in so excellent a cause. The Grand Concert given on Thursday last must have realised eleven thousand pounds.

What greater attraction could there be to lovers of music, vocal and instrumental, than the names of ADELINA PATTI, Monsieur ALVAREZ (who was so excellent in *Carmen*), ever popular Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, and Monsieur JOHANNES WOLFF, "first violinist"?

WILHELM GANZ was the indefatigable conductor of an admirable orchestra. If you want a safe man who knows the ropes, or, musically speaking, "the chords," try WILHELM GANZ.

Pictorially, the Concert was materially assisted by a "Drop"—not a "Drop in the ocean" of gold and silver, as a four-penny bit would have been, but a fine dashing specimen of scene-painting by, as I gathered from the programme, Messrs. BRUCE SMITH and DIXON (more power to their elbows!), which formed the background, or "back-cloth," to all the soloists, PATTI, ALVAREZ, LLOYD, and Violinist WOLFF. This work of art represented all sorts and conditions of the British Army, in a

variety of fierce and jubilant attitudes, on either side of two central figures, of which one was Britannia with a flag, and the other an open-mouthed lion, quite a masterpiece of artistic genius. To me this lion was absolutely fascinating: no matter who sang, or who played, the lion sympathised. His tremendous jaws were wide open, but so craftily were his eyes painted (I think the effect must have been due to his eyes) that whether the music was plaintive, gay, serious, or triumphant, the lion was *dans le mouvement*. He was ready to snarl, to smile, to growl, aye and even to laugh—and if it be possible to "make a cat laugh," why not a lion?—and, in short, he was ready to do whatever the music suggested.

Petite PATTI (beg pardon, Baroness CEDERSTRÖM, and "don't you forget it"), *plus petite que jamais*, not one whit afraid of the lion, skipped to the front, a perfect blaze of diamonds. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," but "no stones, however precious," observed Mr. WAGSTAFF, "could equal the value of her vocally precious (s)tones." Could that lion have got at WAGSTAFF he would have made short work of him.

And so, when "*Rule Britannia*" had been given, when the solos of "*God Save the Queen*" had been magnificently sung by Mme. PATTI and Mr. LLOYD, accompanied by the massed military bands under Lieutenant CHARLES GODFREY, gorgeous in uniform, and Mr. J. M. ROGAN, also splendid as a Coldstreamer, all that brilliant house and the Royalties standing, we retired in the full consciousness that this concert must have vastly benefited the fund it was designed to assist.

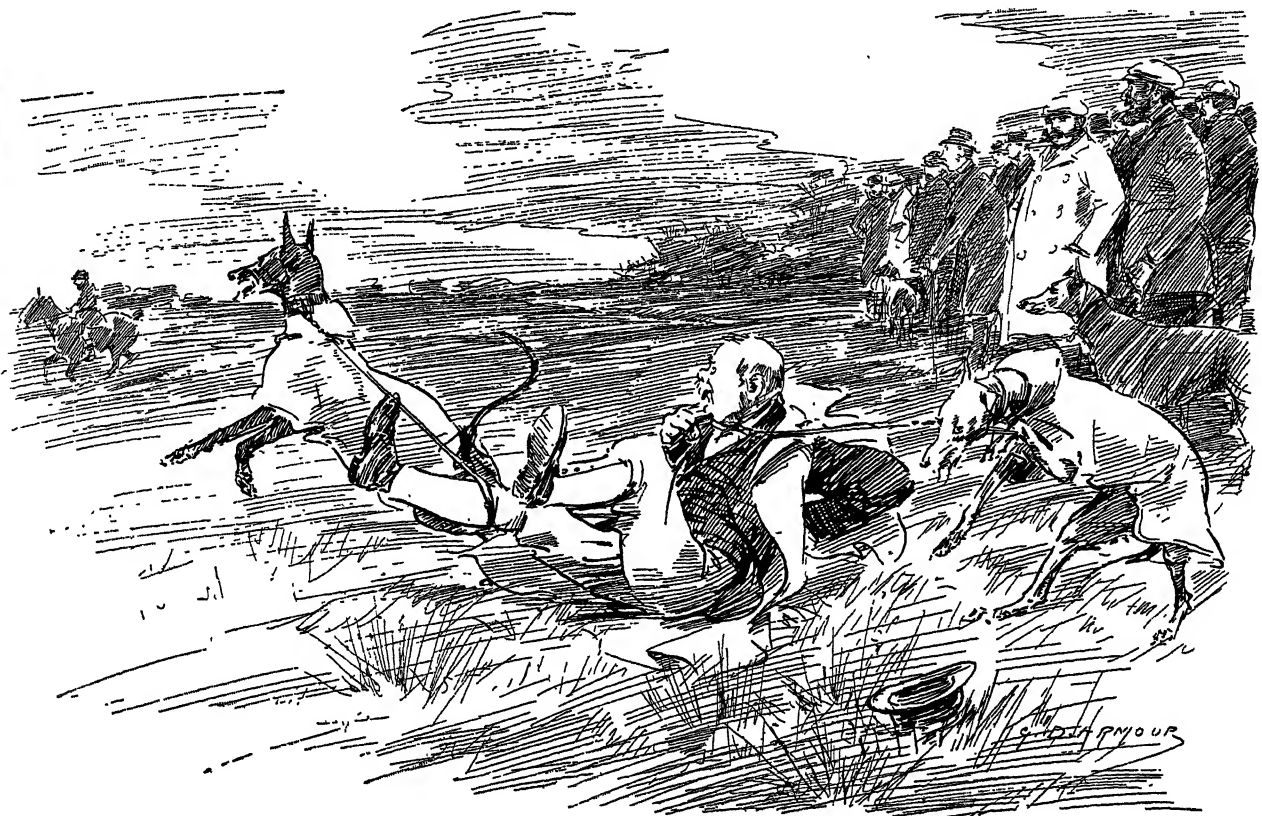
A TRUE BRITON.

P.S.—I have forgotten to mention the clever "Amateur Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar Orchestra of Ladies and Gentlemen," under the able and almost *ballet-d'action*-like conducting of Mr. A. D. CAMMEYER. Its effect was lost in so large an area, as the admirably executed tinkling and thrumming produced a result rather suggestive of a performance by one half of the well-known COOTE and TINNEY'S Band, that is, the "TINNEY" portion without the COOTE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. ALFRED KINNEAR, a War Correspondent invalided home from South Africa, has the good fortune to be first in the field with account of his experiences. *To Modder River with Methuen* (ARROWSMITH) is unpretentious in style, and only a shilling by way of cost. The absence of effort at making a big book adds to the value of this gleam of clear light on a critical and representative episode in the campaign. Mr. KINNEAR is generously anxious not to impute blame to individuals. This, my Baronite says, makes the more weighty his conclusion that had Lord METHUEN pushed on his advantage after the battle of Magersfontein, Kimberley would have been relieved within a week. That he decided to rest at Modder River whilst the Boers fortified the kopjes forming the Spytfontein group was due to blunders nearer home. What was wanted by METHUEN'S little army was heavy artillery to smash the Boer defences, and howitzers to rake the sand-bag pits and entrenchments of the enemy. These were lacking, and the golden opportunity sped. Apart from grave disclosure of the causes of the earlier rebuffs, Mr. KINNEAR'S pages are lightened with picturesque peeps of life in camp and on the march.

To their charming library of Bibelots Messrs. GAY AND BIRD have added a volume containing *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. The fascination the work has for the English reader is testified by the fact that this is the 41st edition. None could be handier or presented in a more attractive form. My Baronite is struck with the profound wisdom that underlies the opening sentence of the fifth book. "In the morning when thou findest thyself unwilling to rise," wrote the Imperial philosopher, "consider with thyself presently it is to go about a man's work that I am stirred up." On cold, dark mornings nothing could be more agreeable than such a course of procedure.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

AT A COURSEING MEETING, ALWAYS LEAD YOUR OWN GREYHOUNDS, THEN YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

Only it should be thorough, not less than half-an-hour being devoted to the line of reflection.

The *Liberal Magazine*, being Vol. 7, covering the year 1899, just issued from 42, Parliament Street, is described as a periodical for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It is that and something more. Why toilers in the other camp should be deprived of the use of this invaluable work is not clear to the impartial mind of my Baronite. The volume is neither bulky nor costly. It is, nevertheless, so admirably compounded as to present a compendious record of the political year. The store-house is made easily accessible by an admirable index.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

RAIN!

(Viewed from a poky little Village with no resources.)

THE rain! the rain!

It may be a gain

For the ducks who are wallowing down in the lane.

To me it's a bane

That will rapidly render me wholly insane.

I'm growing inane,

My faculties wane,

Hopeless, I stand at the window and crane

My neck to discover blue sky—but in vain,

For the rollicking rain

Comes pittering, pattering pat on the pane,

And flooding the lane, while I stand and complain,

Goes eddying on till it meets with a drain.

Not a coster, a noble, a serf or athane

Could relish this rain!

I once was laid up for six weeks with a sprain,
And felt very bored, as if bound with a chain,
But it didn't depress me as much as this rain.

Oh, this is water indeed on the brain,
And nothing to balance the terrible strain!
Not a book or a paper. I cannot attain
To building magnificent "Castles in Spain."

Nor yet can I deign

Good humour to feign

When Aquarius seems to have turned on the main.

A murrain or blain

On the pestilent rain!

Alas! I am losing my temper—a stain

On my hitherto innocence. Feeling like CAIN

(As I fancy he felt when his brother was slain),

With nothing of charity, no, not a grain,

I'm silently waiting the advent of JANE

With the tea and the muffins, then—hey for the train!

Anything just to clear out of this rain.

A THEATRICAL NOTE.—*Advice Gratis to Her Majesty's and Lyceum.* If Mr. TREE and Mr. BENSON could combine forces, the public would see such a representation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as would be hard to beat. It would be invidious to say more. If Mr. BEERBOHM TREE can call in at the Lyceum for a *matinée*, he being a wise man, although an actor-manager, will be of our opinion. *Verb. sap.*

THE MANTLE WHICH SHOULD BE DIVIDED BETWEEN LORD ROBERTS AND LORD KITCHENER.—The Cape of Good Hope.



Governess. "NOW, EVA, TELL ME HOW QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE DIED."

Eva. "SHE WAS GELATINED."

THE PATRIOT ABROAD.

(To Mr. Punch, from his Own Depreciator.)

ABOVE the tideless Midland sea
That licks this *côte d'azur*,
Beneath a palm I swallow the balm
Of airs serenely pure,
And find the world a pleasant place
And life a sinecure.

With royal pomp and masquerade
Carnival comes to town;
Through halcyon hours the war of flowers
Goes raging up and down;
And even solid matrons play
The undiluted clown.

And yet at times I long to turn
To yonder northern isle
From lands like these where prospects
please
And slim mosquitoes smile,
"And only man" (regarded as
A croupier) "is vile."

To say I pine for English skies
Would not be strictly true;
I read of snow and blizzards that blow
And noses coloured blue;

But there are points in which a plain
Advantage lies with you.

When "Liberal Forwards" recommend
That England's knee be bowed;
When croakers fear the hour is near
To put her in her shroud;
You can at least sit down and laugh
Together, long and loud.

But here, where malice walks at large
And friends are few enough,
We have to hide our mangled pride
Under a careless bluff,
As though they were no kin of ours
Who preach this sorry stuff.

At home your sense of humour lets
Such talkers talk at will;
Their moral weight you estimate
At practically nil;
But here the local reader thinks
We must be very ill.

Knowledge of English names is not
Your Frenchman's leading forte;
Just any blow of any foe
Aimed at our fair report

Serves for excuse to point the thumb,
And raise the ribald snort.

And so we Englishmen abroad,
To prove our souls are free,
We stiffen our necks and go in checks
Louder by one degree;
And the French we talk is as English as
The FRENCH of Kimberley. O. S.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

Country Visitor (looking at a Map of the
Seat of War in a Fleet Street shop-window).
What be all them little flags sprinkled on
yon paper?

London Friend. Those mark the positions
held by ourselves and the enemy.

Country Visitor. Well now, I do declare
For all the world like a football match!

RINGING THE CHANGES.

Tompkins. I see they're forging British
florins at Pretoria.

Jobson. Very likely, but I'll be hanged
if they'll counterfeit British "Bobs."



“BRAVO, BOBS!”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.
House of Commons, Monday, February 19.
—"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," said Mr. FLAVIN,
in reflective mood, "considering how



"TWO MONTHS HENCE."

(Mr. Michael FLAVIN.)

you've outnumbered these gallant Boers, the marvel to me is that they have not been wiped out two months hence."

The other day, mercilessly dissecting an impossible bill brought in by his countrymen opposite, the Irish Attorney-General said its conception was due entirely to national sense of humour. The process seems to have exhausted current supply. FLAVIN'S flash in the pan the only gleam of light on cruelly dull evening. As part of tactics of new leadership, the United Irishmen felt it necessary to occupy another full sitting by exaltation of the gentle Boer, and abuse of the British. The tambourine going round Ireland not doing very well. Response to the reiterated "Pay, Pay, Pay," woefully disappointing compared with what it used to be in PARNELL'S time. Try the old expedient of another night's obstruction.

The hours pass; dullness deepens; benches nearly empty. The few Saxons present, instead of being roused to anger by open advocacy of the enemy in the field, and the bringing of foul aspersions upon all who, at home or abroad, are struggling to uphold the Empire, look on with pitying wonder whilst REDMOND cadet shouts three more speeches at intervals of two hours; whilst SWIFT MACNEILL, his mouth full of hot potato and warm protest, sinks lower in the estima-

tion of the House, long disposed to judge him genially; whilst TULLY, aimlessly meandering through reminiscences of the Jackdaw of Rheims, is thrice called to order by the Speaker.

If reiteration had not dulled a sharp sense of the ridiculous, it would be amusing to hear these chained and gagged patriots from Ireland, loudly talking treason in the most public place in the Empire, championing in the name of Freedom the most tyrannical oligarchy known to the latter half of the century.

"If," says SARK, "England had selfishly stood aside and left the Uitlanders under the heel of KRÜGER, I could understand Irish Nationalists saying exactly these things with just the variation of names necessary to their purpose. Of course, if England had taken that line, they would have done so with, perhaps, even greater zeal than they now espouse the cause of the oppressor. But to have GRATTAN'S countrymen backing up the Government of Pretoria, cheering on the cruel oppressor of the Zulu, applauding the slave driver of the Kaffir—really, if I may say so, it beats Banagher."

Business done.—War vote for 13 millions carried.

Tuesday.—DON JOSÉ reminds me of the walrus—not Alice's acquaintance, but another, hymned by a French poet:

Cet animal est très méchant,
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

To-night solemnly set apart from purposes of public business in order to trot out that ricketty bugbear, complicity of Colonial Office with Transvaal Raiders. It was DON JOSÉ who insisted on having the thing out. DAVID THOMAS won at the ballot-box opportunity for accusatory motion. Then PRINCE ARTHUR pounced, taking all Tuesdays for financial business. DON JOSÉ put down his foot. One Tuesday must be reserved. The challenge publicly flaunted, let him take it up and once for all make end of business. So it was settled, and result justifies DON JOSÉ'S bold fighting policy.

Far away best speech made in support of motion delivered by SAM EVANS. He, by rare exception among contributors to debate, had not been a member of the ill-starred Committee. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reluctantly dragged into the stale fray, made a poor show. In dealing with the impossible Irish bill mentioned above, ATKINSON cited interesting illustration. Bill proposed to establish Court of Control over Irish Local Government Board, the controllers to sit every three months. Amongst cases constantly arising were applications to Local Government Board for permission to inter in disused burial grounds. Permission having in particular cases been obtained, the impossible bill established right of appeal to the new controlling Board which

might chance to meet two or even three months later.

"And what," cried the Attorney-General, with horror-stricken gaze round the House, "what's to become of the remains?"

South Africa Committee, its Inquiry, and its Report, were buried three years ago. If you ask the SQUIRE or C.-B. what's to become of the remains, they will hoarsely whisper, "Leave them where they are." But there are gentlemen be'ow and above the gangway who know much better how the fortunes of a Party in critical times may be brightened, and they go their way regardless of consequences. One of these was to give the object of their particular aversion a rousing victory, and to deal another whack on the head to a floundering Opposition.

In a circus or a penny show it is curious to see the tail wagging the dog. In ordinary affairs the original design of Providence is, on the whole, the best.

Business done.—Vote of confidence in DON JOSÉ, challenged by friends opposite, enthusiastically carried by 286 votes against 152.

Thursday.—When we once get to work in the Commons, we go ahead. True, a little shy in being led up to scratch. Disposed to turn aside in pursuit of chance hares. When we buckle to, nothing can stop us.



JASPERIUS TULLI-US O'CICERO.
(Mr. T-illy.)



A TOUGH KOPJE TO TACKLE.

They have tried him all round, and their latest attempt at outflanking only brought them under a withering fire, and their charges were easily repelled.

(Mr. L-b-ch-re, Mr. Sam Ev-ns, and Mr. David Th-m-s.)

To-night Civil Service Supplementary Estimates set down for Committee. They cover congeries of miscellaneous topics, any one good for an hour's talking. List run through like winking; money voted with both hands, and no questions asked. Halt in mad career cried by strange incident. Vote for Science and Art Department reached. Minister in charge nowhere to be found. Not much past nine o'clock. In ordinary circumstances this particular vote would not have been reached till eleven o'clock. Scouts sent out in all directions. Every kopje narrowly searched. No trace of missing Minister.

Happy thought struck HUGH CECIL. "Let's have a count," he said.

So bells clamoured through all the corridors. Dining-room, reading-room, library, all gave up their living. Members sauntering in in response to summons narrowly scanned. The Minister still tarried. Lord HUGH, looking more than ever like the dejected *Mariana*, murmured,

She only said "The night is dreary.

He cometh not," she said.

She said, "I am weary, weary.

Won't Arthur punch his head?"

That last line an emendation; but the prognostication reasonable. In untoward circumstances two votes that might have been slipped through passed over.

Business done.—Not quite so much as might have been.

Friday.—Some members, envious of privileges of foreign and Colonial legislators, from time to time claim concessions in the way of free railway travelling and free postage. These boons withheld by parsimonious Government. Glad to hear members are about to have supply of free tobacco.

HORACE PLUNKETT, who, whilst others talk of devotion to Ireland, quietly proves his by working for its material prosperity, has, through one of the branches of his Agricultural Organisation Society, succeeded in growing tobacco in County Meath. Modestly describes it to the House as "a fairly good sample of strong, coarse tobacco, containing an abnormal percentage of moisture and nicotine."

Sounds appetising to the smoker. In order that members may try the new weed, jars containing samples will be placed in smoke-room, free to all comers. It is suggested that the tobacco should be tried first on the Terrace. That merely English prejudice. The growth is highly recommended on the score of economy. An able-bodied man can get as much out of an ounce of Meath tobacco as he could draw from a pound of Virginia. Won't wash clothes, but for sheep washing its powerful nicotine makes it peerless. Promises to create revolution in furniture-moving trade. Half-an-ounce lit under heaviest four-post bedstead warranted to lift it off its legs and carry it straight out of the door. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, always eager to encourage Irish industries, has ordered 5 lbs. Means to distribute it amongst more prominent members of the meeting that welcomed him at Northampton the other day.

Business done.—Irish members make it clear that they don't think much of OLIVER CROMWELL. Nevertheless, monument erected in precincts of Westminster approved by 220 votes against 53.

"GENTLEMEN GOING SOUTH."

First Specimen (wrong sort). Got my uniform and pleased to see it suited me. Visited *matinées* and became the observed of all observers. Led patriotic chorus. Generally in great form. Judging, from the delay of the authorities in finding me a transport, that my country had no immediate demand for my services, doffed my suit of khaki and stayed at home.

Second Specimen (right sort). Determined to fight for my country. Went from pillar to post in search of an opening. Authorities distinctly luke-warm. Would give me my uniform, but threw difficulties in my way to passing a medical examination. Surmounted those difficulties. Not easy to catch an instructor in musketry. Caught one at last and passed in my shooting. Again had to use great energy to pass in riding. Convinced the authorities that I would go to the front. Put on my khaki—at the last moment—and went.



II.

FTER this, Mr. GREENE had very confused ideas of what was taking

place. Sometimes there was an odour of tobacco

in his bedroom—tobacco so strong that it made him squirm and involuntarily hide his head under the bedclothes; sometimes he was under the impression that the doctor murmured to him grave doubts as to whether he (Mr. GREENE) had any constitution at all, seeing that it could be disturbed by so trifling an event as a blow from the butt end of a gun. The doctor, however, was unaware of the privations which Mr. GREENE had undergone in the gay city of Montreal—privations as much mental and moral as physical; for the sight of other people enjoying themselves when one has no money is just as dispiriting as the physical pangs of hunger. When Mr. GREENE first began to mend, he was conscious of a sweeter influence than the doctor's. A soft step glided to his bedside, bright eyes looked compassionately into his own, a fragrant scent which, later on, he identified as Florida water, bedewed his brow. In the middle of the night, he awoke to find Beauty bending over him, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked, somewhat incoherently. "Where am I? How did I get here?"

The girl indignantly brushed away her tears. Then she smiled. "I wouldn't ask so many questions all at once if I were you," she said, with a softness quite different from Mr. GREENE's recollections of their first interview. "All you have to do now is to get well again. I couldn't even issue the paper with the usual apology, what with you and dad. He's still at the 'Calumet' with JACK MURRAY, and I'm nursing you in my spare time."

"I believe I should have died if it hadn't been for you," he said gratefully, trying to seize her hand.

The girl drew it back with a ripple of laughter. "See here, stranger, we haven't time to die in this country. If you would get well, it might make things a little easier for me, and give

me time to fetch the prodigal father back to his loving daughter. I'm quite thin, worrying about the pair of you."

Mr. GREENE was seized with remorse. "I'll make an effort," he said determinedly. "I'll get up to-morrow and set to work. You—you've given me something to live for!"

"Do you mean the bearskin?" asked the girl. "But, sssh! You mustn't talk. Go to sleep again. Go to sleep."

With a tremendous effort, Mr. GREENE raised her hand to his lips, and fell asleep.

When he woke up again, a long-nosed individual swayed uneasily about at the foot of the bed and regarded him with bleared eyes.

"Who are you?" somewhat testily asked Mr. GREENE.

"Don't be dishre—reshpekful," said the man at the foot of the bed. "I'm PARKER, I am. PARKER. Editor of that shuperb paper *The Four Corners Gazette*."

"Well, what do you want?" ungraciously demanded Mr. GREENE.

Mr. PARKER pointed to the bearskin in the corner. "I want shivl answer to shivl question," he said, hazily. "I've bin—bin drinkin'. Met ole fren' MURRAY. Old fren' MURRAY bin drinkin'. What I wantsh know is—is that a bearskin in the corner or isn't it?"

"I don't know," said Mr. GREENE, wearily.

"Then if you don't know, you've bin drinkin'," said Mr. PARKER, weaving his way with devious steps towards the door. "I will remonshtrate wi' you—I will, I shay, remonshtrate wi' you when you're shober."

"Oh, I'm sober enough," said Mr. GREENE, with a strange longing for companionship. "Can you,"—he paused delicately as if afraid to hurt Mr. PARKER's feelings—"Can you remember any of the pleasing incidents of your 'jag'?"

Mr. PARKER collected his thoughts for a grand descriptive effort. "A jagsh a wonnerful thing," he said dreamily—"a wonnerful thing. You don't know how you shtart, and you don't know much about the middle—I shay, about the middle—and you don't know how you wind up. The only thing—only thing—I can remember ish unfeeling conduct of ole fren' Judge EVANS. He don't know enough to—to be oblivierous when 'nother gentleman's—ob-oblivierous. I wash comin' down the sidewalk at the 'Calumet,' and he wash comin' tords me in

puffeekly dishgrashful state of intoxication—puffeekly dishgrashful. The sidewalk wasn't wide enough for two, yet he kept coming on till I wash forced to go on all fours. So was he. We both made for same store and stuck at the entrance. 'Lit'rature follosh the law,' saysh he, and crawled in leaving me outshide. Lit'rature follosh the—"

Here a strong hand was thrust into the room, and Mr. PARKER disappeared as if withdrawn by some irresistible force, still feebly muttering that literature followed the law. Then he reappeared, and insisted on affectionately shaking hands several times with GREENE, and expressed his willingness to embark on another "jag" to celebrate the new assistant's recovery.

A few days later, as soon as the pains of Eblis had abated in Mr. GREENE'S stomach, he was again confronted by Mr. PARKER, who, although a prey to penitence and bad whiskey, felt exceedingly morose after his spree.

"Why, what was the matter with your—your momentary deviation from the paths of rectitude?" asked Mr. GREENE, with a sympathy he was far from feeling; for every man's stomach is a god unto himself and does not admit of undivided worship.

"It came to such an unexpected end," said Mr. PARKER, sadly. "I started off to meet JACK MURRAY and the spree at the same time, and then, first thing, JACK was down with the tremblings and running away from a two-headed duck and the spree over. That's what mixed me up when I saw the bearskin in your room. I thought it was MURRAY'S two-headed duck turned up again in a different shape, just on purpose to worry me. There's an unexpectedness about the ending of sprees which robs them of their chief joy; for directly you get on friendly terms with one and learn to love it for itself, the durned thing comes to an end and all your affection's wasted."

"Talk not of wasted affection. Affection never was wasted," spouted Mr. GREENE.

"I'll trouble you not to tell me what I'm to talk about," said Mr. PARKER, with dignity. "'Tain't respectful. Get on with your work."

"What am I to do?"

"Fill up the paper," said Mr. PARKER, waving his hand towards an exceedingly grimy "devil."

"Where is it?"

"In there;" and Mr. PARKER pointed towards a shed which opened out of the dining-room.

The shed contained a few cases of type and a dilapidated old machine, which looked like a dismantled fire-engine, but had begun life as a hand-press. In one corner was a keg of ink, in another a very sticky roller, and in a third a printed placard containing the words "God bless our home."

"It ain't much to bless," said Mr. PARKER, motioning to Mr. GREENE to get to work, "and it seems rather like giving oneself airs to stick it up there; but my idea (he jerked his thumb heavenwards) is to begin by asking for small favours; then I can work up. *The Four Corners Gazette* is a political power, a power which—My! but I'm thirsty!" he added, breaking off suddenly and sitting down by mistake on the ink keg.

Mr. GREENE delicately pointed out his error, and Mr. PARKER wiped off the surplus ink from the hinder part of his person with the roller. "'Tain't wasted; it'll come in just as handy," he said, with repressed sadness, "and clear off the dead flies."

This was not encouraging. "What am I to begin with?" asked GREENE.

"Oh, fill up somehow. Let's go out and do the same."

Miss PARKER opened the door. In one hand she carried a jug; in the other a "stick" of type. "Monday morning, dad," she said, presenting the jug to her thirsty sire.

Mr. PARKER drank a deep draught. When he put down the jug, his eye was bright, he seemed twenty years younger, and turned up his shirt-sleeves as he rushed at the cases of

type. "Now, Mister," he said to GREENE, "reckon we've wasted time enough over that spree;" and he began to distribute type for an unwritten leader, tossing the letters about with the skill of an Indian juggler.

"What am I to do?" again asked GREENE, turning his blue eyes entreatingly towards Miss PARKER.

"Sling in something about the new barn of our gifted fellow-townsmen, ELI PERKINS," said Mr. PARKER.

"But I haven't seen it."

"All the more reason that you should say something about it first," said Miss PARKER; "otherwise, your conscience might reproach you afterwards."

"Cow broke her hind leg last night," ejaculated Mr. PARKER, still continuing his leader. "Same one as horned old Deacon PRATT last Spring, so he'll be glad to hear of it. That's good for a column."

GREENE dispatched the cow with lingering pathos; she took the whole of a barn and a column of the newspaper in which to die. "Anything else?"

"Holes in the sidewalks. There are always holes in our morals and sidewalks," said Miss PARKER.

"Let the morals alone, but go for the sidewalks. Our morals are our own; sidewalks belong to the Corporation," said Mr. PARKER, his mouth full of type. "We don't want any rows just as we've got that new keg of ink. They're sure to pour it over us if there's a fuss."

GREENE alluded in classical English to the state of the sidewalks. Towards evening he stopped for a moment. "I want another half column."

"Touch upon the evils of intemperance," said Mr. PARKER, pausing in his busy career. "My! but I'm real thirsty!" he added, turning the jug upside down.

"There's some water," said GREENE, handing him a pitcher.

Mr. PARKER looked at it disdainfully. "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink," he said, and turned away.

Outside, the ground was white with snow. GREENE worked steadily side by side with Miss PARKER, who had come in to help fill up the "locals."

"Did I—did I really kill that bear?" he asked, as he finished work for the night.

The girl turned towards him with laughing eyes. "Wasn't there a dead bear?"

"Ye—es."

"Well, then, what more do you want to know?"

"But how about its tail?"

"That reminds me," said Mr. PARKER, putting on his coat; "whiles you're getting supper ready, ELVINA, I'll look round for the dog. Haven't seen him for a week. Reckon he's been off on a jamboree."

GREENE flushed. "Was there a dog after all, Miss PARKER?" She looked at him mischievously. "Was that a dog's skin in your room?"

"N—no."

"Was it freshly taken off its wearer?"

"Ye—es."

"Are all you Britishers so hard to satisfy?"

"But it hadn't a bear's tail; it was a dog's tail."

"Oh," said the unblushing Miss PARKER, "a bear's tail always spreads out in the death agony."

("That blamed dog's nowhere about." Mr. PARKER put in a grizzled head, and the snow, blowing in with him, brought a breath of wholesome freshness to the heated air. "It's the most extraordinary thing, but I've been to every tavern in the town, knowing that dog's fondness for liquor, and I can't find him. Ordinarily he's one of those dogs who won't leave town while there's any liquor in it; but they're so unsympathetic down at MILLETTE'S that I expect he's getting discouraged. However, there's a place on the Hawkesville Road I haven't tried yet. Maybe, I'll find him there;" and Mr. PARKER once more wandered forth on his congenial quest.)

"And does it shrink up again afterwards?"

"Of course."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. You don't even understand me."

"But you are a woman—a dream—"

"And the other a bear reality." She fled.

GREENE continued his work until he heard some one lurch against the door. He opened it, and Mr. PARKER fell into his arms. "Would you mind telling me, young man," Mr. PARKER enquired, with thickened utterance, "if—if an intellectual man name of PARKER lives here?"

"Yes," said GREENE, gently assisting his chief into the room. "You live here right enough."

"Then my name's PARKER?" queried Mr. PARKER, anxiously. "I wasn't quite sure, but your face is familiar to me. Who are you?"

Then GREENE, who liked Mr. PARKER, in spite of that worthy's fondness for "lightning rod" whiskey, elaborately explained his own identity, and, to keep Mr. PARKER awake, narrated the conversation which he had just had with Miss PARKER.

"Her powers of repartee," said Mr. PARKER, drowsily, taking off his boots, "have been much admired. Do I understand, young man, that ELVINA said it was a bear?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I shall take it as a personal insult," said Mr. PARKER, feeling for his hip pocket, "if you say it wasn't. What does an Englishman know about Canadian bears? Shall a representative of the Press be twitted—no, I mean twitted—by a beardless boy?"

"Certainly not," said GREENE, promptly.

"Of course it was a bear," laughed Miss PARKER, bringing in a plate of savoury steaks. "Are these dog's steaks?"

She held the dish under his nose.

Mr. PARKER produced an antique revolver from his pocket. "Whether it's dog or whether it's bear, you'll just wade in at it," he said, severely, "same as if it was bear; otherwise, it won't matter to you which it is. Oh, my young friend"—he approached GREENE with alcoholic fervour—"you don't know bear from dog. You must have been looking upon the wine cup when it was—I forget what colour it was, but you must have looked, anyway."

GREENE began to wish that he had never come to Four Corners, but a glance at ELVINA's mirthful face reassured him. She took her place at the head of the table, and handed Mr. PARKER the pickles with the air of one who knows the best remedy for chronic alcoholism. When Mr. PARKER saw the pickles, he brightened up. "'Stonishing thing," he said, meditatively impaling an infant 'cucumber on his fork and swallowing it at a gulp—"Most 'stonishing thing the same Power that created whiskey made pickles for an antidote. Most 'stonishing when one comes to think of it."

Overwhelmed by the solemnity of the subject, Mr. PARKER wept bitter tears into the pickle jar.

"Don't do that, dad," said ELVINA, hastily rescuing the jar, "you're spoiling the pickles."

Mr. PARKER surveyed her mournfully. "No sympathy," he said. "You were always unsympathetic, ELVINA. What are pickles compared to the joy of ministering to a parent's comfort!"

"I don't know," said ELVINA, severely, "and I don't want to know; but you'd better get on with your supper, dad. I can tell you where the dog is, when he's wanted. Put your revolver away and edit your supper or I'll edit you."

Seeing that the revolver was unloaded, GREENE took the plate, and sat down opposite Mr. PARKER, whose brief visit in search of the dog had been productive of such disastrous results. "For what this young man has narrowly escaped receiving," said Mr. PARKER, with the air of a deacon, "teach him, O Lord, to have wisdom enough to be truly thankful."

III.

WHEN the curiosity of Four Cornerites concerning Mr. GREENE had died a natural death, people interested themselves no more about him, feeling confident that ELVINA, who managed everybody, would not find the slightest difficulty in making him "walk Spanish," a phrase which was understood to mean that he had to mind his "p's" and "q's." Mr. GREENE troubled himself very little about the opinion of other people, provided ELVINA regarded him favourably. Her eyes could, as Mr. JACK MURRAY, Junior, forcibly expressed it, "scorch a hole in a punkin pie"; but, as GREENE was not a "punkin pie," this astonishing fact did not influence him as strenuously as it did Mr. MURRAY, Junior, who was understood to have evinced connubial yearnings with regard to ELVINA—yearnings which he had confided to Mr. PARKER. Mr. PARKER, however, with a sudden accession of wisdom, declined to interfere in so delicate a matter, and left Mr. MURRAY, Junior, alone, with an unfriendly indifference which filled his would-be son-in-law with intense wrath. Consequently, Mr. MURRAY, Junior, was reduced to his own devices, which consisted mainly in adorning himself in gorgeous apparel and riding furiously over every one who came in his way if Miss PARKER were likely to see the skill with which he managed his black horse. He even ventured to career at break-neck speed towards Miss PARKER herself; but was rather discouraged when that somewhat masculine young lady told him to "come down from his perch," and not spoil the mouth of a horse so much handsomer than its master. Then, she joined Mr. GREENE, who was waiting for her, and left Mr. MURRAY, Junior, planted in the road.

As time went on, it was easy to see that Mr. GREENE had made an impression on Miss PARKER, for she not only declined to encourage the addresses of Mr. JACK MURRAY, Junior, but pointedly gave him to understand that they were utterly superfluous. Mr. MURRAY, Junior, consequently fell a prey to filial devotion. Most of his time being occupied in seeing his bibulous parent safely home, he had few opportunities of paying court to the somewhat haughty lady of his love. When he did call at the office of the *Four Corners Gazette* he was greatly hurt by Miss PARKER's chilly reception, and set himself to look for the reason of this Arctic severity on her part. The reason speedily assumed the somewhat spindly shape of Mr. GREENE. Up to this point, Mr. MURRAY, Junior, had regarded the latter as an insect unworthy of the attention of a free-born Canadian; but insects, when they become noxious, must be crushed. "Goldarn my optics, Dook," said the indignant Mr. MURRAY to his rival, "you Britishers seem to think as you own the earth. If you don't git out of here, stock, lock, and bar! in twenty-four hours, why, I'll blow the top of your head off, and don't you forget it."

"I am not accustomed to be addressed in the language of melodramatic romance," said Mr. GREENE, surveying his visitor with official indifference. "You appear to be annoyed at something. If you have anything to say, don't bawl it out over the housetops, but come inside and let me hear what it is."

"I'm not going to be told by a skinny-legged Britisher how I'm to talk to him," said Mr. MURRAY, Junior, with repressed fury. "Most people I talk to don't git over it in a hurry."

"That is extremely probable," said Mr. GREENE with engaging affability. "The mere sound of your voice is as unpleasant as that of a buzz saw. You haven't shaved for a week, and your clothes look as if they had been slept in. I don't as a rule"—he looked round for a missing letter—"criticise the appearance of visitors; but Miss PARKER is rather particular, and she says that the mere sight of you is enough to make MILLETTE's goat faint."

"Oh, she does, does she?" enquired the infuriated Mr. MURRAY, Junior.

"She does," said Mr. GREENE with an air of finality.

"And what do you say? If you've the pluck of a chipmunk,

come outside and say it." Mr. MURRAY, Junior's, face rapidly became the hue of an Ottawa sunset, and he fingered his revolver pocket with ominous fury.

Mr. GREENE placidly continued to set type. A lack of familiarity with bears had unstrung his nerves; Miss PARKER had re-strung them; and he knew not fear.

"Call yourself a Dook," said the indignant Mr. MURRAY. "Why, I'd make a better Dook'n you out of sawdust."

Mr. GREENE ceased to set type and regarded his enemy with cold severity. "Am I to understand that you—eh—threaten me with personal violence if I fail to relinquish my aspirations to Miss PARKER's hand?"

Mr. MURRAY, although visibly impressed by this ornate language, declined to back down. "The largest size of personal violence," he said, briefly. "You've hit it, Dook; and if you don't clear out, it'll hit you."

Mr. GREENE came out, and stood on the old box-sleigh, turned upside down, which did duty for steps to the PARKER mansion. "Of course, you are aware," he said, with disdain, "that a person of my breeding cannot condescend to mere fistcuffs with a churl like you."

"Then if you can't descend to me, guess I'll have to climb up to you," said the pertinacious Mr. MURRAY.

"You misunderstand me." Mr. MURRAY quailed before the cold light of battle in Mr. GREENE's eye. "You misunderstand me. Persons of my breeding always use moral force instead of brute force."

"It takes a lot of moral force to stop brute force from punching," said Mr. MURRAY, with pregnant truth.

"Quite so! Quite so! Don't think I am afraid. I have a proposal to make. Miss PARKER, could you kindly come here a moment, if you are not too busy ministering to our bodily wants?"

Miss PARKER intimated, from the domestic regions, that she could come, but at present was not aware of any necessity for her to do so. Then she came. "What are you two quarrelling about?" she asked, with asperity.

"You," said Mr. GREENE. "Mr. MURRAY declares that he will blow the top of my head off if I do not leave the place in twenty-four hours. Now, I rather value the top of my head; it seems to suit the lower part so admirably."

Miss PARKER turned white. "And what did you say?"

"I haven't said anything yet. Have you a revolver?"

Miss PARKER, with set lips, marched into the house and fetched one.

"Mr. MURRAY," said Mr. GREENE, languidly, "have the goodness to unload your weapon and hand it to Miss PARKER. You may be sure that I shall not take you at a disadvantage in the meantime."

Mr. MURRAY did so, wondering what was coming.

"Now, Miss PARKER, have you a handkerchief you can lend us?" enquired Mr. GREENE.

Miss PARKER handed him a very pretty handkerchief. GREENE took it with a courtly bow.

"There is a painting in my ancestral home of GREENE-SHAWES," he said, "where one of my ancestors fought a duel with a Frenchman across a lady's handkerchief; it was a duel with daggers—sharp-pointed daggers with triangular grooves in them—scoopy sort of daggers."

Mr. MURRAY quailed visibly.

"But daggers are so—so messy," continued Mr. GREENE. "I propose, Mr. MURRAY, that Miss PARKER shall load one of the revolvers and that the other be empty. You can have your choice of weapons, and we will toss who is to fire first over the handkerchief."

"I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead on you," said Mr. MURRAY; "but I ain't agoin' to back down afore a skinny-legged Britisher, you bet. Let's pull straws."

Miss PARKER went into the house and returned with the revolvers and straws. "Longest straw fires first," said Mr.

MURRAY, with rugged honesty. "I ain't goin' to be crowded over as regards politeness by a skinny-legged Brit—"

"Will you kindly leave my legs out of the discussion," said Mr. GREENE, with hauteur, "and draw first. Longest straw fires first."

When they compared straws, Mr. MURRAY's was the longer of the two.

Miss PARKER put both pistols behind her back. "Reach round and take one," she said to Mr. MURRAY.

Mr. MURRAY did so. "It may be high-toned—blamed high-toned," he said, mopping the perspiration from his brow, "but I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead."

"I do not fight with cowards," said Mr. GREENE, arrogantly. "Go. I spare you."

"I've a good mind," said Mr. MURRAY, with heat, "to punch your head and shoot you afterwards, Dook. S'posin' my gun loaded, is thar any partikler place as you'd like me to hit you? If this yer fight's goin' to be done British style—though I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead, mind you—I'm goin' to live up to it, you bet."

"Oh, anywhere wil do," said Mr. GREENE, indifferently. "I'm ready. Blaze away."

"If thar should be any p rtikler place," hesitated Mr. MURRAY, "you've only got to say so, Dook, and I'll do my best to oblige."

Mr. GREENE bowed with courtly politeness to Miss PARKER. "If it is loaded, *sans adieu*," he said. Then he took hold of the handkerchief and gallantly faced his rival. "Now, Mr. MURRAY, I am at your service."

Mr. MURRAY faltered. "If thar is any partikler spot?" he urged.

GREENE shook his head. Miss PARKER suddenly produced a third revolver from the bosom of her dress, and placed the muzzle to Mr. MURRAY's temple. "If you don't clear out," she said, with sudden passion, "it's your head that will be blown off, JACK MURRAY, for I didn't load either of those pistols."

Mr. MURRAY's eye brightened. "I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead on him, but seein' as you're so set on this skinny leg—"

"Don't dare to insult his beautiful straight legs, or I'll fire," said Miss PARKER, with a dangerous look in her lovely eyes.

"Guess I'll git," said Mr. MURRAY. "Me not warrin' agin wimmin, s'pose we call it square, Dook. Not havin' to spend your days totin' round a parent when he's full, you've won; but I don't bear no malice. Call it square, Dook."

And they called it so.

* * * * *

"Why did you interfere with my honour?" asked Mr. GREENE, looking at the girl's white face, when they were left alone.

She flung the revolver upon the ground and herself into his arms. "For the same reason I shot your bear when you killed my dog."

"After having slaughtered an innocent dog, I shall never be able to return to my ancestral halls," said Mr. GREENE, mournfully.

"Then I reckon you'd better stay here in ours," philosophically remarked Mr. PARKER, as he appeared on the box-sleigh, whiskey jug in hand. "Blesh—I mean, bless—Bleshyoumychillen. Bleshyou!"

Geo. B. Burgin.

NICE FOR HIM

Extract from letter.—“While we were waiting in the drawing-room before dinner, MABEL very thoughtlessly asked an immaculate and starched youth with the most perfectly brushed and parted hair—



whether he would mind trying on a Balacava cap he had just completed. She wanted to see “what it looked like on.” Of course he had to cram his head into it—he looked like a cat being forced into a stocking—



and you can imagine what he looked like during the rest of the evening.”



“VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER.”

THE above might well be the motto for the Palace Theatre of Varieties and Novelties, open all the year round, which the present deponent recommends to the notice of the alert, experienced, and ever courteous manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON. A most attractive entertainment is now being given and drawing all London to see it, so that unless you book beforehand or become an early bird for the sake of getting your perch, you will run but small chance of anything but “scarce room for standing, miscalled standing room.” The American Biograph is interesting, exciting, especially the fight of the Spider and the Scorpion—(alas! poor Scorpion!—“habet!”)—exhilarating and encouraging to patriotism. “Hoorah for BOBS!” The portraits of the other Generals are received with more or less enthusiasm, according to the knowledge of the audience. These pictures are varied from time to time as they come in fresh and fresh from the seat of war. An excellent idea this. The earlier portion of the entertainment is very amusing. The two “Mimics,” Mr. MOORE and MARIE DANTON, are capital. Mr. MOORE should omit his imitation of IRVING, as all his other imitations are really excellent without any exaggeration whatever. His “TREE” is perfect. The educated ponies, Banner and Madison, who get over the “HEDGE” (the name of the coloured genélum with whom they wrestle), are as pretty as they are clever. Wonderful must be the power of M. LEON L. MORRIS as a trainer. Altogether, the show is equal, and in some respects superior, to any previous success at the Palace.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE AND QUERY FOR THE LYCEUM.—Was Hamlet married? Not to Ophelia; that is pretty certain. To whom then? Mr. BENSON may be able to solve the question, as “a Constant Theatre Goer” writes to say that “he went to see the first half of Hamlet between two and six” (these are the hours of the day, not the price of his stall), but that “a friend of his,” who visited the Lyceum in the evening, informed him that then “he had seen the Better Half of Hamlet.” Who the “Better Half” was, this gentleman did not mention. Perhaps some one will solve the problem and do it, to adopt the title of an old farce,—“To oblige BENSON.”

“BEN TROVATO,” writing under date, says, “Lord ROBERTS will, of course, be made an honorary Fellow of All Souls’, Oxford, as it is specially expected of such an excellent Fellow that he should be ‘Modder-raté Doctus.’”

MEMS FOR TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.—First-class abroad is patronised by princes, millionaires, fools, and wise men.

A sight-seeing trip would be far pleasanter without the sight-seeing.



THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

A GENTLEMAN CROSSING A LONDON STREET, A.D. 1900.

“IN A GOOD CAUSE.”

MR. PUNCH's Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children could not be getting along better, thanks to the generous public. We are “thankful,” but we cannot as yet “rest.” Mr. Punch has now ready illustrated “Collecting Cards,” which can be had in packets on application per post-card to



Mr. Punch, 10, Bouverie St., Fleet St., E.C.

Mr. Punch, as the conjurer does, invites every one to “take a card,” fill it up, return it to him at the above address, and “he'll do the rest.”



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Mrs. A. "IT'S REALLY EXTRAORDINARY! MY NURSE TELLS ME THAT GENTLEMEN ARE ALWAYS STOPPING HER IN THE STREET TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL."

Mrs. B. "HOW LOVELY SHE MUST BE!"

Mrs. A. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. OF COURSE I THINK HER PRETTY, BECAUSE I AM HER MOTHER."

Mrs. B. "OH, I MEANT THE NURSE, DEAR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

APART from its literary and historical value, there is a pathetic interest about *From Cape Town to Ladysmith* (BLACKWOOD). Turning over the pages, my Baronite feels the touch of a vanished hand, hears the sound of a voice that is still. It is the last work of one of the most brilliant journalists of the day, who, dying before he was thirty, lived long enough to make world-wide fame. The country is still throbbing with the gladness of the news that Ladysmith is relieved. Young STEEVENS found his relief two months before Lord DUNDONALD rode into the town, the advance guard of BULLER'S column. His last work is marked by that closeness of observation, that felicity of illustration, and that wealth of apt phrasing that marked earlier efforts. With vivid touches he carries over land and sea the impressions his quick mind received on the spot. The watchers (and uncompromising critics) of war from the recesses of an arm-chair, imagine that life in a bombarded town must be a breathless experience. "Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, the whole thing," writes STEEVENS from Ladysmith on Nov. 26. "At first to be besieged and bombarded was a thrill; then it was a joke; now it is nothing but a weary, weary bore. We do nothing but eat and drink and sleep—just exist dismally. We have forgotten when the siege began, and now we are beginning not to care when it ends." This note of drowsy indifference runs through the last chapter, portent of the everlasting sleep closing round the brilliant youth.

To all in search of a thoroughly sensational story, entirely original in incident and plot, save as to one point which is reminiscent of *Called Back*, allow the Baron to recommend *Wiles of the Wicked*, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (F. V. WHITE & Co.). Whoever takes up this book, if he be of an excitable temperament and impressionable nature, must be prepared to utilise two hours at least of his leisure so as to go through with it at a single sitting, otherwise the mysterious story will get on his brain, to the detriment of all ordinary business which will appear stale, flat, and unprofitable to him, until he has penetrated such secrets as Mr. LE QUEUX, with consummate art, and without any overwriting or waste of words in mere description for description's sake, keeps to himself until the very last two chapters. Now that the Baron has finished it and is "in the know," he feels inexpressibly relieved; yet will it be some time before he succeeds in completely shaking himself free of the impression that he personally has been mixed up, as an innocent agent, of course, in some diabolical plot, and has just escaped from the toils and the Wiles of the Wicked.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, a keen and safe judge in the literary market, did well to induce Mrs. LYNN LINTON to commence what was designed as a chronicle of her literary life. She died before the task was completed. In a slim volume, HODDER & STOUGHTON publish a few chapters which bear the title of the projected work, *My Literary Life*. They consist chiefly of reminiscences of DICKENS, THACKERAY, GEORGE LEWES, GEORGE ELIOT, and WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Mrs. LYNN LINTON, in looks and manner the model of a kindly-hearted lady, was accustomed when she took pen in hand to dip it in gall. She loved few women and suspected all men. Poor GEORGE LEWES is severely handled, and GEORGE ELIOT does not come off much better. Once Mrs. LINTON lapses into unqualified admiration of the author of *Adam Bede*. It is where, LEWES and GEORGE ELIOT having set up their tent together, she observes that the former "was brought pretty tautly to his bearings." If he went so far as Birmingham to lecture he was under strict orders, which he dared not disobey, to return home the same night. Of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, whom Mrs. LINTON always spoke to and of as "Father," she has enthusiastic admiration, even affection. Particularly she recognizes his deference to women. "He treated them," she writes, "with the high-bred courtesy of his time and school." My Baronite has faint recollection of an episode in LANDOR'S domestic career where, the cook having displeased him, he threw her out of the window, and went about for the rest of the day inconsolable, because she had fallen on a bed of violets and, naturally, crushed them. But that is another story. The book is interesting, not less for the insight it permits into the being of the author, than for the side light it throws on the character of others. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A VOICE IN THE AFFAIR.—The affair was GOUNOD'S fine work, "*The Redemption*," magnificently given on Ash Wednesday by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, and the old friend, vocally as powerful as ever, and singing as dramatically, is Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY, whom, with the sweet songstresses ELLA RUSSELL, MAGGIE PURVIS, and LUCIE JOHNSTONE, not forgetting the popular tenor, Mr. BEN DAVIES, whose value was estimated by his being put "above Price"—DANIEL PRICE appears next on the list—Mr. *Punch* heartily congratulates. "Band and chorus one thousand." Organist, Mr. BALFOUR (how did he get away? Ah, but the House doesn't sit on Wednesday evening; and then this wasn't ARTHUR, but another). The conductor was Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, and, indeed, it requires a strong bridge for this little lot of one thousand, quite a Bridge of Size.

NOWADAYS Khaki, like Motley, is your only wear. Everything is made in Khaki. Every one is wearing or using Khaki! Khaki-doodle-doo!



SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA. BOERS AND BOARS

Tommy (late from India). "COME ON, BILL! RACE YE FIRST SPEAR FOR 'ARF A PINT!"

A CYCLE OF CRIME.

(Suggested by Professor Lombroso's Article on "The Bicycle and Crime," in the March "Pall Mall Magazine.")

THE trial of Sir JOHN SCORCHAWAY was resumed yesterday at the Central Criminal Court. It will be remembered that the counts of the indictment enumerate twenty-three distinct charges against the prisoner, including murder, burglary, forgery, arson, etc. A good deal of interest was manifested in the proceedings, since the prisoner for many years enjoyed a wide reputation for benevolence and philanthropy.

The first witness called yesterday was the Rev. JOHN SMITHERS. He deposed that he had known the prisoner intimately for fifteen years. During the last ten the prisoner had served as his churchwarden. Had always regarded him as a man of exemplary character. Certainly should consider him incapable even of the least of the offences alleged. In cross-examination, admitted that he had heard rumours of a change in the prisoner's character. Could not swear when such rumours first reached him. Might be after January 1, 1900—could not remember. Thought it was towards the beginning of the year. Was not aware that on January 1 the prisoner had bought a bicycle. (Sensation.) Had he been so,

as a clergyman and his friend, certainly would have warned the prisoner against subjecting himself to this deadly influence. (Slight applause, which was promptly suppressed.)

WILLIAM SPOKETYRE, the next witness, was cautioned before giving his evidence. Admitted that, though an ironmonger by trade, he sold bicycles. Did not deny that he had sold one to the prisoner. The price was, he thought, £5. It was a first-class machine in every way. Pressed as to his reasons for selling it so cheaply, admitted he had heard that his stock had been laid under a sort of curse by a Prof. LUMBEROSO, or some such name. Prisoner rode the machine home. Was told later that prisoner had murdered a policeman and set a house on fire that same day. Took no action in consequence. Had noticed that those who bought his bicycles were usually affected in this way.

Miss MARY SCORCHAWAY, daughter of the prisoner, deposed that until the beginning of this year her father led an admirable life. Much distressed by the change. He seemed to think nothing of a murder or two a week since Jan. 1. For one week had reverted to his better self. In cross-examination, admitted that the bicycle was at the repairer's during that week. (Sensation.) Remembered distinctly the day of its return. In the afternoon the Secretary of the Chimney-

Sweeps' Asylum called. Prisoner gave him £100 in bank-notes for this Institution. Just after the Secretary had left, a boy brought back the bicycle. Prisoner mounted it, and after riding round the garden two or three times, suddenly dashed down the road in the direction the Secretary had taken. An hour later the latter was found with his throat cut and no bank-notes in his pocket. The prisoner seemed particularly cheerful that evening.

After counsel had addressed the court, and his Lordship had summed up, the jury at once found the prisoner Guilty.

In passing sentence, the learned Judge remarked that he felt certain the prisoner's career of crime was due to his fatal indulgence in bicycle-riding. He entreated all who heard him to take warning by this example, and to read the wise remarks of Prof. LOMBROSO on the point. Having regard to all the circumstances of the case, he sentenced the prisoner to two days' imprisonment.

The prisoner enquired anxiously whether he would be allowed to take exercise on the treadmill during this period, but was removed before an answer could be given.

A THEATRICAL MANAGER, WHO HAS GOT THE V.C. THIS YEAR.—MR. ARTHUR COLLINS, by the engagement of that charming actress and singer, Miss VIOLET CAMERON.



MASTER JACK (INSPIRED BY THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE DAY) IS AT PRESENT PUTTING HIMSELF THROUGH A COURSE OF TRAINING, WITH A VIEW TO BECOMING A LANCER IN THE FUTURE.

DON J.'S WAGER IN A NUTSHELL.

An impression of the new piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

ACT I.—At the Sign of the Laurels. Revellers revelling. Good deal of Spanish Dancing. Host tells story of eccentric wager.

Host. Yes, a year ago DON LUIS said he would live a worse life than DON JUAN, and to-day they are to meet here and sit at that very table, on those very chairs.

Enter Comendador in black velvet.

Comendador. Disgraceful! I must hear this unobserved.

Host. Then take this chair, Excellency, and put on a mask. Sit to the left.

[Comendador accepts the suggestion.

Enter DON DIEGO TENORIO.

Don Diego. My son is too bad! I must confront him in disguise.

Host. Then take this chair, Excellency, and put on this mask. Sit to the right.

[DON DIEGO adopts the suggestion.

Great crowd enter ushering in DON LUIS.

Greater crowd enter ushering in DON JUAN. Both the Dons. Well met. Now let the audience decide which has been the wicked.

[They count up their sins.

All. DON JUAN has been the greater villain. [Great applause.

Comendador (rising). You shall never marry my daughter.

Don Diego (rising). I disown you.

Don Juan. Who are you?

Don Diego. Your father!

[The two old men exeunt.

Don Juan (to LUIS). I will make my wager safer by committing a few more sins. I will steal your betrothed and run away with a novice! [Curtain.

ACT II. SCENE 1.—A street in Seville.

DON JUAN cajoles BRIGIDA, and enters house of LUIS's betrothed.

SCENE 2.—Within the Convent of Calatrava.

SOLEDAD discovered before some tapestry on an elaborate scaffolding suggestive of the renovation of the street electric light.

Soledad. I am so innocent.

Enter DON JUAN.

Don Juan. I have come to elope with you by order of your papa.

Soledad. I am so innocent. [They elope.

ACT III.—A Room in the Palace of DON JUAN. SOLEDAD discovered sleeping innocently.

Don Juan. Do you not hear the wind? Does it not make you love me? Listen to my blank verse. Do you not love me?

Soledad. I am so innocent; and as I am tired—for the convent hours are so early—I want to go to sleep.

Don Juan. Certainly.

[Calls her attendant and bawls as she makes her exit.

Enter Comendador and DON LUIS.

Comendador. You are a villain. I have come to kill you.

Don Juan. Do not fight me. Your daughter is the only good woman I have ever met.

Don Luis. I have come to kill you too.

Don Juan. Oh, very well. [Kills them.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.—The Pantheon of the Tenorios.

DON JUAN has a nice chat with the Statues of the Comendador and SOLEDAD.

Don Juan. Come to supper.

[The Statue of the Comendador, who must be tired of standing for half an hour in one position, nods acquiescence.

SCENE 2.—DON JUAN's apartments. Guests revelling. DON JUAN smoking. Enter the Statue of Comendador.

Statue. Here I am. You are going to be killed. [Exit.

Two Guests (waking up). We have had a bad time. [They kill DON JUAN.

LAST SCENE.—The Undiscovered Country.

Statue of Comendador (presiding over a supper party of ghosts). I return your hospitality. If you repent before the sand falls through that hour-glass you will be all right.

Don Juan. Thanks. I do repent.

Statue of Comendador. I am heartily glad to hear it. Pray let me shake hands with you! (They shake hands.) And now the statue of my daughter will look after you.

(The Statue does. Curtain.)

ANACREONTIC.

To Boers the Gods have given

To shoot with guns and slay;

The Britons learnt from Heaven

With Lyddite to dismay;

But while through fields white-tented

Bellona flies demonted,

What arms have been invented

For woman in the fray?

Dame Nature doth her duty

Towards both great and small,

And she discovered beauty

To arm the weak withal.

And where's the brave Boer farmer,

Or Briton, wears such armour

As can resist the charmer

Whose beauty conquers all?

DON'T

MAKE Pro-Boer observations in railway carriages, or other public places: it is an unhealthy practice, just at present.

Hum an accompaniment whilst your hostess is singing.

Ask your elderly Aunts if they are "going strong."

Volunteer for the front, if you don't mean to go.

Repeat "dонтcherknow" more than half-a-dozen times in one sentence.

Attempt to direct the military operations in South Africa from the recesses of an arm-chair in a West End club.

Claim the authorship of the P. P. C. (Pour prendre CRONJE) joke.

Say what you'd really like to say when the telephone clerk switches you off in the middle of an important message.



AT LAST!

Sir George White. "I HOPED TO HAVE MET YOU BEFORE, SIR REDVERS."
Sir Redvers Buller, V.C. "COULDN'T HELP IT, GENERAL. HAD SO MANY ENGAGEMENTS!"



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Groom (to Nervous Lady, whose Hat has just been blown over the hedge). "BEG PARDON, MISS. WILL YOU 'OLD THE 'OSSES WHILE I RUN AFTER THE 'AT? OR WILL YOU RUN AFTER THE 'AT, AND ME 'OLD THE 'OSSES?"

A REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that in a recent issue you permit yourself to apostrophise the Man in the Street, and profess, in phrases palpably dictated by jealousy, to marvel at his omniscience and infallibility. Sir, the pretence is utterly unworthy, and, if this wonder on your part is not feigned, it can only be because you are ignorant that he whom you satirise was once Lord MACAULAY'S schoolboy, and that he has been adding to the sum of his knowledge ever since.

I state the fact because I am one of the band and know it; but if you require proof, look around you. Where else have those schoolboys gone? Do you notice

such profound wisdom as must have marked their ripe age in the Senate? Do you discover it in the Government? Is it in the War Office, the field, or even the domestic circle? By a process of exclusion it is demonstrated it can only be in the street.

True it is that many have sunk from time to time under the insidious attacks of that mysterious disease of which the rapid swelling of the head was symptomatic. True it is that others are less occupied now with the world than with the varying number of fingers on a too frequently studied hand, or with the answers to the problem as to the position of the Hebrew when the light first failed. True it may be that some few, late in life, have

perished in the attempt to learn the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by heart. But after all due allowance being made, enough of us remain to save the nation, or to put it to shame—I regard the expressions as synonymous; and it would better become you, Sir, to render honour and thanks to our great CADMUS than to pretend a sarcastic admiration for the mature development of our jaw. Yours in purple patches,

Ex-MACAULAY-SCHOOLBOY.

AN ORCHESTRAL SCORE.

[A New York paper states that "Governor LEARY, of Guam, asks for musical instruments to be sent to him as aids to civilization."]

GOVERNOR LEARY,
Thanks be to you,
Instrument-weary
We learn what to do.
I know a 'cello
Groping for airs,
Played by a fellow
Somewhere upstairs.
I know a cornet
Seeking Lost Chords,
Echo has borne it
Up through the boards.
I know a STEINWAY
Swept by a squall,
Tearing a fine way
Right through the wall.
I know of hurdy-
Gurdies a score,
Turned by some sturdy
Wrists at my door.
These will we spare you,
Happy the while:
Turn them all—dare you?—
Loose in your isle.
Governor LEARY,
Strangely misnamed!
We shall be cheery,
You will be blamed.

THE LAWS OF WAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is it not time that some fresh provisions were added to the Geneva Convention? You remember that, quite recently, Lord DUNDONALD'S men caught the Boers bathing in the Tugela, and that the latter paid the penalty, by being taken prisoners, for their daring excursion into an unfamiliar element. Now, there are a lot of things that are unfair in modern war, and I consider this to be one. The whole question, I admit, is a thorny one. In the first place, if they had their rights, the Transvaalers ought to have been shot on sight for poisoning the streams by the introduction of their insanitary persons thereinto. But let that pass. It was in all probability a first and strange experiment. If we catch the Boers napping, well and good; but to catch them washing is another cup of tea.

Your Late Correspondent in South Africa.



THE WAR IN THE NURSERY.

Visitor. "AND HAS BABY BEGUN TO TALK?"

Elsie. "OH, YES; BUT HE CAN ONLY SAY ONE WORD AS YET."

Visitor. "AND WHAT'S THAT?"

Elsie. "BANG!"

L. L. A. A. M.

THE new "League of Liberals Against Aggression and Militarism" might have found a better name. There is a Peace Society, but such a title as that would be much too short for any new association. If the League had added "Bluster" to the things which it opposes, every member of its peaceful flock could have called himself a Llaamb, in a sort of bleating, hesitating fashion. But if it had doubled the M, by adding "Money-making" to "Militarism," the effect would have been much finer. Years ago, in that excellent comedy, *The Colonel*, there was a name just suited to this League, only, unfortunately, the character was connected with "Militarism"—Col. WOOTTWELL W. WOODD, L.L.A.A.M.M.

Double-dealing all Liberals must condemn; doubling, as a military exercise, must be hateful to the new League; double-entry, connected with money-making, should also be denounced. But there is one double thing every member must study—it might do more than plain English has done to explain the objects of the League—and that is, double Dutch. H. D. B.

A PROTEST AGAINST A POSSIBILITY.—SIR,—I see advertised a "St. Paul's Shirt." What next? I don't mean "what next to the shirt," because the answer is evident, according to whether the inner or outer side of the garment be intended. No, I mean, will there be a "St. Peter's Hat," "St. Titus's Trouserings," "St. Barnabas's Boots," and so forth? Yours,

THE LAST OF THE BRACY'S.

COMMITTEE ROOM INTELLIGENCE.—Attending for two hours a meeting as one of the members of a "Standing Committee" is very tiring. A light-hearted witness, requiring some refreshment, requested to be informed what the Standing Committee was "going to stand?" On the reply being given by the chairman that "the Committee would stand—no impudence," witness fainted, and—attained his object.

DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

First Critic. I went t'other day to see the Shakspearian Sassiety play, the entire Quarto *Hamlet*.

Second Critic. Dry work. But what's the good of a Quart o' *Hamlet* unless the pints are made and taken?

MAKING NOTHING OF IT.—*The Graphic* showed us a picture of the "New Destroyer *Viper*, the fastest ship in the Navy," warranted to travel forty miles an hour. The L. C. and D. and S.-E. Companies, it is said, are going in for some of these *Vipers*, which will cross the Channel in just two-thirds of the time now taken, that is, in three-quarters of an hour from one coast to the other: and it may be reduced to half-an-hour!! At Dover you say, at 12.15, I think I'll lunch at Calais, and having crossed in a *Viper*, there you are *au buffet* at Calais Marit me at one; finished by two; start at 2.15, back again in Dover at three to the moment. [N.B. The above would be *our* arrangement of trains.] At this rate of progression, within a very few years the trip to Calais and back will take just a quarter of an hour, and the journey between Dover and London will be about an hour or so. This will do much on the Brussels' journey and that line of country; while, of course, as the *trajet* to Boulogne will be done in the same space of time, this latter will be "good biz" for Paris and the travellers on French "lines in pleasant places." There won't be time to be ill: "quick transit," not "sic transit."

A LINE FOR "THE PILOT," A WEEKLY REVIEW (*vide Henry the Sixth (Part 3), Act V., Scene 4*).—"For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge" (sixpence), and we hope we may be able to add, several months hence, another quotation from the same play—"Yet lives our Pilot still."

THE CRY FROM THE TRANSVAAL.—Mounts wanted. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

A DUOLOGUE.

Man in the Street, loquitur :

'ERE! Wot are yer tryin' ter do, Sir?
 O crikey! It makes me feel queer
 Ter see an ole fossil like you, Sir,
 A-thinkin' as 'ow 'e can steer.
 Ter watch yer is positive rillin',
 An' me an' my mates kinder feel
 We 'd like for ter know wheer we 're silin',
 O man at the wheel.

Man at the Wheel, loquitur :

I'll tell you concisely and clearly
 Whatever I happen to know:
 The port we are bound for is merely
 Wherever you wish me to go.
 And if, Sir, you know any better
 Than me, how to reach that retreat,
 I shall look on myself as your debtor,
 O man in the street.

Man in the Street, loquitur :

'Ere, chuck it! Yer mean yer expec' us
 Ter keep a look-out an' ter show
 The shallers an' rocks as may wreck us—
 Jes' wot yer are paid for ter know?
 If this is in horder, wot's stited,
 Then please will yer kindly reveal
 Wot for yer was ever creited,
 O man at the wheel?

Man at the Wheel, loquitur :

Those that study the papers—they're rum
 things:
 To read them was never my wont—
 Should surely know more about some
 things
 Than sensible people who don't.
 And as for your following question,
 I frankly confess myself beat;
 I can't even make a suggestion,
 O man in the street.

TO THE EDITOR, WHO MAY COM-
MAND HIM ANYTHING.

Bid me to live, and I will live
 Thy office-boy to be.
 Or bid me write, and I will give
 A ready pen to thee.

A pen as fierce, a pen as kind,
 A pen as broad or free
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That pen I'll give to thee.

Bid that pen stay, and it shall stay
 Tory at thy decree,
 Or bid it sweep the Lords away
 And 't shall do so for thee.

I'll write to make the public weep,
 Till cramp lays hold of me,
 When that occurs, I still will keep
 A type-writer for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 In Little England's key,
 Or call upon our troops to dare
 E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my views, my brains, my heart,
 The very tongue of me,
 Thou hast command, and only "part,"
 I'll live and lie for thee.



THE LAGGARD.

"HECTOR ALEXANDER MACFAURLANE, YE'RE
 JUST DRIVIN' ME TO DESPERATION!"

COMMON FORMS FOR USE OF FIELD-
CORNETS, ETC.

"TO-DAY, the British attacked the Boer position at — in force. They outnumbered us by — to one, but we repulsed them with terrible loss. After — hours' desperate fighting, they were driven back. Our artillery did great execution. Out of 5,000 British troops engaged, 2,000 were killed and 4,000 wounded: the rest surrendered and were made prisoners" (where needful, alter figures, but always in same proportion as above). "The Boer losses were 1 man (very old) killed, 2 wounded" (here insert any "fancy stroke" as e.g.), "Commandant ANANIASJE lost his valise and a pocket-handkerchief. Whoever will restore the same to him at P. O. Pretoria will receive a reward of 4d."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

["The English attach an importance to sanitation, the pettiness of which may cause us to smile."—*Le Temps*.]

BUT zey are *drôles, ces Anglais!*
 Zey turn so vite as veal
 Before ze smell ve love so vell
 Vich makes itself to feel;
 Zey sniff, zey say ze vord profane,
 Zey sveal, zey cry, "Ze drain, ze drain!"

But zey are *drôles, ces Anglais!*
 Zey do not fear to stew
 In jungles low vere fevers grow
 And snakes and livers too;
 And yet, be'old! zey vill complain
 If zey should smell von leetle drain.

But zey are *drôles, ces Anglais!*
 Zey live, zese 'ardy dogs,
 Sans sun, sans air in London vere
 It always rains and fogs;
 But oh, *ma foi!* vot rage insane
 If zey should smell von leetle drain!

PRECIOUS POEMS.

VI.—THE PET SNAIL.

I CAUGHT a gentle little snail,
 And trained it up to love me,
 'Twas not a friend to make me quail,
 Nor mentally above me.

This snail was honest, leal, and true,
 Decidedly demure, re-
 -Tiring, though to casual view,
 It frothed and foamed with fury.

At breakfast-time upon a plate
 It went through evolutions,
 And executed three or eight
 With wondrous executions.

How happy we were both at lunch
 May not be sung or spoken;
 But now alone my meal I munch—
 My heart of hearts is broken!

At dinner-time it frisked away
 Upon a tray of lacquer;
 But none the dread attack may stay
 When Death is the attacker.

I sing its loss (a bitter pill)
 With sorrowful cadenza;
 I fancy that it caught a chill
 Which turned to influenza.

Alas! I've suffered much, and not,
 As Frenchmen say, a leetle,
 Yet bravely would I bear my lot,
 And try and tame a beetle.

ADVICE GRATIS.—A CHAPERON.—Well, of course, it was not pleasant that the elopement should have taken place when she was under your charge, but her mother seems to have acted in a most intemperate manner. Your explanation that you were dancing all the evening yourself, and were down three times to supper, and had forgotten all about her, should have been accepted as satisfactory.

FOG!

(By a Utilitarian.)

O WONDROUS fog, that gently steals
Upon the wilderness of wheels
And hushes them to rest,
I yearn, at times, to think of thee
As utilised commerciallee,
Unmitigated pest!

May I be there to hail the day
When science says its final say
On utilising waste,
Distilling from the murky air
Some second "Bovril" rich and rare
Of turtle-soupy taste.

O fog! it is too much to hope
That some day thou wilt yield a soap,
And cleanse instead of stain;
But thy "too solid" texture ought
In blocks of fuel, deftly wrought,
To prove our future gain.

I have it now! Thy blacks so nois-
-ome as they seem, are choic-
-est carbon, and, some day,
Transmuted by electric power,
These "blacks" shall fall, a brilliant
shower
Of diamonds—hooray!

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

VI.—THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

(Revised by R. Le G-ll-ne.)

THE young man emerged from the Lane of Vigo and wandered over Bodleian pastures where the verdure is flecked with yellow. "The age demands a new *Pickwick*," he murmured; "a *Pickwick* from which all *bourgeois* views of life and foolish banalities have been eliminated. Yes, I will transform this uncouth Beast into a fairy Prince. 'Twill be a pretty Prose-fancy and worthy of a fresh paragraph."

See! the gaitered gentleman approaches. Tarry awhile, good Sir, if, indeed, thou art desirous of attaining a celebrity rarer and more enduring than the vulgar popularity thou once enjoyed among the mob. Give me those spectacles which do but magnify the ineptitudes of the lower middle class and put on these rose-tinted glasses of mine. Through them even the hard things of life become as rose-rock. Lo! I am an adept in the art of literary confections, and know full well how to change the saccharine drops of fancy into rainbow-coloured delicacies far excelling PASCAL's purest-edible-thoughts. True, this idea of an exchange is not quite original; for I wot that the low, flashy youth ALADDIN participated in a lamp-exchange, and I know (for the very name of GRUNDY is dear to me) that BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH. . . . Yet why excuse myself? What after all is originality but a pose? As for me, my literary youth has known a Sterne up-bringing: I have supped frequently off Lamb and suffered

from attacks of Quincey. But enough . . . will you? . . . With characteristic good humour Mr. PICKWICK accepted the rose-tinted glasses. Instantly clusters of curls crept over his once bald head; his rotund figure became Apollo-like, and even the gaiters blossomed into beauty. Mr. PICKWICK smiled dreamily and a pucker crept into his Alastor-like brow. "The Pilgrimage," he murmured. "Oh, yes! the Quest of the Brazen JINGLE." He took a parcel from his pocket and looked furtively at its contents. Therein lay a shirt and a pair of socks which once hung sun-kissed upon an hotel clothes-line. He had purchased them—meaning to track the owner—from a youth named TROTTER, to whom they had been given by the miscreant JINGLE. At this moment the Rev. Mr. STIGGINS, from Zion Chapel—a young, Nonconformist

visionary of poetical aspect and advanced social theories—came hurrying along. Unhappily he collided with Mr. *Pickwick*, and as they both wore rose-tinted glasses, their spectacles were shaken off. "Bless my soul!" cried Mr. PICKWICK, regaining his well-known "phiz." Mr. STIGGINS' countenance, moreover, now suggested pine-apple rum rather than poetry. The young man advanced. "Put on your glasses," he cried in disgust. "Just as they were getting on so well," he groaned. At that moment an explosive Wellerism, fired at a distance from a new-comer, hit him full on the brow. Vainly did he try to protect himself with a piece of sugar-candy wrapped up in an epigram. "I cannot withstand that odious cockney," he murmured, then fled to his own particular Star, where he wrote tragic fairy tales with a pen dipped in treacle. A. R.



"YER KNOW, THEM BOERS 'AS BIN STORIN' GUNS AND HAMBITION FOR YEARS!"



Sandy McPherson, in a moment of abstraction, put half-a-crown in the collection plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it.

"NOO I MIGHT STAY AWA' FRAE THE KIRK TILL THE SUM WAS MADE UP; BUT ON THE OTHER HAN' I WAD BE PAYIN' PEW RENT A' THE TIME AN' GETTIN' NAE GUID O' T. LOSH! BUT I'M THINKIN' THIS IS WHAT THE MEENISTER CA'S A 'RELEGGIOUS DEFFICULTY!'"

DIEU ET MON DROIT.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain."

A member of an African firm (in direct communication with the front) advises his partner during the siege of Kimberley.

MODDER camp's by Modder river
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
There the days go idly by,
Hope is sick and like to die—
Brother, should not you and I
Do a deal and bear De Beers?

Northward Magersfontein lies

(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
There at dawn our fate was sealed,
Thence at dusk our bravest reeled—
Still the heart-wound might be healed
If we went and beared De Beers!

Tier on tier the trenches front them
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
There our gallant soldiers sleep,
Yet the price we paid was cheap,
There's a harvest yet to reap
If we only bear De Beers.

Ill the wind that blows no vantage
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
Riper yet shall grow the grain
Watered by this ruddy rain,
Ours shall be the future gain,
Ours who boldly bear De Beers.

Nearer yet the cordon closes
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);
Famine, fever, flame and all—
Graves below the leaguered wall—
Kimberley is bound to fall,
So are diamonds! bear De Beers!

Later.

Useful news to hand this morning
(Brother, brother, buy De Beers!);
FRENCH is working round the right
Fast and keen for a running fight,
They'll be in to-morrow night—
Now's our chance to bull De Beers!

Take the turning tide of Fortune
(Brother, brother, buy De Beers!);
Ebbing, flowing—either way—
Some of us should make it pay
Snapping profits while we may—
Quick, my brother, bull De Beers!

Shall the sole reward be honour?
Never, never! Buy De Beers!
RHODES will soon be dealing salmon
Round the hungry haunts of Mammon,
Take my tip—it isn't gammon—
God for England! Bull De Beers!

O. S.

WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

(Suggestions from various quarters.)

A Number of Persons. Send him to the Mauritius.

A Number of Others. Land him at St. Helena.

A Promoter. Obtain his assistance in floating a company.

The Foreign Press. Reinstate him with an army of Continental mercenaries.

An Agent for the Junior Branch of the Profession. Engage him for the Halls.

An Admirer of Pluck. Beg him to sign and return a few autographs.

One in Need. To respectfully solicit a subscription.

A Publisher. Get him to write a History of the War for England and the Colonies, with a special edition for foreign consumption.

An American Citizen. Secure him as a lecturer in connection with a series of dissolving views.

A Leader of Society. Invite him to London and make him the Lion of the Season.

A BIT MIXED.

Landlord of the "Bag of Nails" (to clergyman's *Factotum*, whose master has gone to a Conservative meeting). I thought your guv'nor was a Radical?

Factotum. So 'e was till the war. Now 'e's a downright Unitarian.



WHO SAID "DEAD"?



"AWFUL BORE, DEAR OLD CHAP. WAR OFFITH WON'T HAVE ME, THIMPLY BECAUTH MY EYETHIGHT ITH THO DOOTHED BAD!"

SEE-SAW, OR FROM HAND TO HAND.

(Page from a Palmist's Diary.)

Monday. Any number of aristocratic clients. Told their past, present, and future very successfully. Received large cheques, which I sent to the bankers. Dinner, theatre, and supper—all excellent.

Tuesday. Attended an At Home. Plenty of diamonds. Told the fortune of a judge. His Lordship much pleased and amused.

Wednesday. Bad luck. Wet day. Turn of the tide. Falling off in receipts. No invitations.

Thursday. Day of disaster. Bank smashed with all my money. Left absolutely penniless.

Friday. Went back to my old life. Told fortunes in the kitchen. On coming out by the area arrested by the police.

Saturday. Brought before the magistrate. Convicted of fortune-telling. Usual sentence.

Sunday. In ch. key.

ALMOST A SINECURE.—The Academy for March 3 says that "Mr. A. B. WALKLEY has been made dramatic critic of the Times." Good, so far. "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," is true also of a critic. A critic is not "made" until he has shown himself a born genius; and thenceforth he is "a made man." It is to be hoped that Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, who is credited by the Academy with "volatile personality," will soon be afforded an opportunity of giving us a "touch of his quality," as at present there is little else going on at the theatres but musical farce, which, if it amuses and pays, calls for no real criticism. For the nonce, the critic's occupation is gone.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, Feb. 20.

—JOKIM, in spite of his cheery name and festive manner, is of all men the most miserable. To-night made clean breast of sorrow before sympathetic House. A trustful and well-to-do country places at disposal of First Lord of the Admiralty a trifle under thirty millions, to be spent within the twelvemonths on the Navy. JOKIM, in voice broken with emotion, confessed to-night that he couldn't spend the money. He had done his best; got up early, gone to bed late; had spared neither himself nor his staff, and had to acknowledge failure. A balance of £1,400,000 the Admiralty couldn't get rid of.

House deeply affected. Not a dry eye in any quarter. As JOKIM, utterly breaking down, stood at the Table silently wringing his hands, JESSE COLLINGS, who ever had a sympathetic heart, broke into a fit of sobbing that completed the un-manning of the House.

After dinner the offing of the door of the First Lord's private cabin was besieged by sympathetic callers, each anxious to bear their share of JOKIM's infirmity.

Business done.—JOKIM explains Navy Estimates. Pitiful condition of affairs at the Admiralty.

Tuesday.—"What is gas after all?" Mr. LOUGH asked just now in course of windy speech on a Private Bill. Members hilariously laughed, ironically cheered, subsiding in order to hear the point

authoritatively expounded. But Mr. LOUGH was off breathless after some other hare, and the question, like the earlier and more famous one, "What is a pound?" remains unanswered.

House crowded to hear BOBS's Majuba Day despatch from Paardeberg. Afterwards, debate ensuing on so trifling a matter as a year's expenditure of thirty millions on the Navy, the place deserted. Possibly, had there been prospect of a brisk debate on controverted points, the scene would have been more inspiring. What actually happened was the reading of long papers prepared in the seclusion of the study by FORTESCUE FLANNERY and other experts. These, doubtless, full of rich matter in the way of information and counsel. But, in the form adopted for their delivery, the House will have none of them.

So the Admirals, the Captains, and Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER—that Marine of Parliamentary debate, equally at home on sea or land—have the place all to themselves, the Treasury Bench presenting the only approach to a crowded audience. There sat Admiral JOKIM trying against strong access of drowsiness to keep his weather eye open; Captain MACARTNEY wondering if he will ever succeed in worming out of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES the secret of the pair of spars on which he keeps his white ducks unwrinkled when not in wear; and Lieut. CHAMBERLAIN, who, young and trusting, believes that Admiral FIELD really was at one period of his life at sea, and could now, if he were called

upon, take charge of the steamer to Southend.

Business done.—Vote for men taken in Navy Estimates.

Thursday.—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, satisfied that Chancellor of the Exchequer was not permitted chivalrously to wrong himself in the transaction whereby Netheravon was purchased by the War Office, lightly turns his thoughts to Kimberley. CECIL RHODES, addressing company of De Beers shareholders, who seem to have been hanging about through the siege, mentioned matter of two millions sterling cleared as recent profits on working of mine. Also, some £167,000 in diamonds lying loosely around. To the CAP'EN's generous soul has occurred idea how nice it would be to distribute these unconsidered trifles among the relieving force! Meaner minds might have said, "Let them take the diamonds"; or, "Hand over to the brave fellows the two millions sterling." The CAP'EN, when he makes up his mind to be generous, goes all the way.

"Let 'em have both," he says, with comprehensive wave of his hooked arm.

That seemed to settle matters. But some preliminaries necessary. Must put up the Government to insist on carrying out the idea. So to-night the CAP'EN, heaving alongside the Treasury Bench, hails the Admiral in command, asks him what he thinks of proposal.

"The effect of the suggestion," PRINCE ARTHUR remarked, in reflective mood, "would appear to be that the difference

between being sacked by your enemies and relieved by your friends would be merely one of form."

House roared with laughter. CAP'EN TOMMY sheered off disgusted with the narrow-mindedness of his fellow men. Here, in a flash, had been born to him a great idea. He claimed no credit; in fact, the millions and the diamonds belonged to the De Beers Company. All he, in a moment of inspiration, had said was, "Give 'em to TOMMY ATKINS." Instead of jumping at the idea, crowning with bays

The period covered, from 1857 to 1872, is one of most important epochs in Parliamentary history. It saw the first Jew seated in Commons; DISRAELI as Leader; Reform Bill carried; the American Civil War fought out, once at least bringing England to verge of battle; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; the freeing of the Irish land; the Establishment of School Boards; the introduction of Ballot. The reader who goes to the Diary for graphic description of scenes and episodes accompanying these momentous events

that WILKES would be more severely punished if he were not so advertised. Accordingly discharged from custody on paying the fees. But SPEAKER DENISON, a man of regular business habits, had in awful solitude of his study prepared a reprimand. So pleased with its terms that he enters it in his Diary. Here, ghost-like, it pops up, from the grave more than forty years later, when judge and culprit have both passed away.

"I accordingly give you this reprimand," so the solemn address ends,



"THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE LONGSHORE FRATERNITY. (NAVY ESTIMATES.)

(Admiral F-ld, Mr. G-bs-n B-wl-s, Mr. G-sch-n, Mr. M-c-rtn-y, and Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n.)

the noble forehead under whose lofty dome it had found birth, he was met by a cheap sneer, and a ribald House rudely laughed.

Business done.—Ladysmith relieved. So is the public mind.

Friday.—A quiet night in Committee of Supply. Took opportunity of reading *Diary of John Evelyn Denison*, written when he was SPEAKER. Like PEPPY'S Journal, inasmuch as it was not prepared with view to publication, which makes all the more valuable its contributions to knowledge. Manuscript, like the body of the mistletoe bride, found in an old oak chest; printed a year ago for private circulation; now JOHN MURRAY gives it to the world in handsome volume.

will be disappointed. SPEAKER DENISON watching them from his Chair could not have been unmoved, but very rarely he stops to sketch a mere incident. Whenever he varies his habit it is because it raises some point of order. Nevertheless, incidentally, accidentally, we see the living men of an age now passed—DISRAELI or GLADSTONE, as they "come to my chair," and take counsel on points of order or procedure.

In the Session of 1858, WASHINGTON WILKES was committed to custody of Sergeant-at-Arms for breach of privilege. Intended that he should be brought to Bar and reprimanded by SPEAKER. On further consideration it was shrewdly suspected

"which I trust will carry with it a sufficient caution for the future."

"In order to be reprimanded," SPEAKER DENISON notes, "a person at the bar must be in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. When not in custody he can only be admonished." Think of that!

A most interesting book. But what does Mr. MURRAY mean by publishing a photogravure of PHILLIPS' painting of a section of the House of Commons—showing the mace on the table, the SPEAKER in the Chair, PAM on his legs addressing the House, DIZZY and his colleagues seated opposite—and labelling it "Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet, 1862"? *Business done.*—Money voted for the Fleet.



Bernard Partridge fec.

Y dear Sir," said Professor MURGATROYDE, on the eve of the third day of his visit to his friend Dr. PASSMORE,—"My dear

Sir, although I confess that I should like a further experience of the practical working of your Pantokephalolutron, yet I have seen enough of your discovery to cause me to have faith—yes, some faith, as much faith as a scientific man can acquire in the product of another's research—in its possibilities. Yes, something may come of it."

Dr. PASSMORE was a trifle irritated; he was not a man of genius, but sometimes he was quite as irritable as if he were.

"Don't you think that you have gone too far in eulogy of my discovery?" said he—a few grains of sarcasm were held in solution in his speech, as it were; but of course his brother-savant failed to perceive this fact; there was no litmus paper in his tympanum, so to speak; he could not detect the presence of acid without having such a test handy. That was why he pursed out his lips and looked a trifle startled.

"No, no; I haven't said too much," he cried. "I haven't committed myself to any definite opinion. I should not like to be the one to encourage you, Dr. PASSMORE. There's nothing so fatal to a discoverer, as well as to an inventor, as encouragement. Why, he might be led to continue his investigations, and it wouldn't be in keeping with the spirit in which an official of a scientific department of the State discharges his duties to stimulate research. Oh, no; I only admit that your Pantokephalolutron has its possibilities—some possibilities. After ten or fifteen years of departmental hostility, it may be found worth attention."

"I appeal to the mental and not to the departmental investigators," said Dr. PASSMORE, dropping a few more grains of extra acidulated tincture of sarcasm (its symbol is H_2SO_4) into his flow of phrases. "The mental side of a question is, I take it, exactly the opposite to the departmental."

"Well, not exactly the opposite—no, I wouldn't say that they are separated by one hundred and eighty degrees of arc;

but I allow that the angle made by the two, if represented geometrically, would be found considerably greater than a right angle."

"And the word that geometricians employ to designate such an angle is 'obtuse.' It strikes me, Professor MURGATROYDE, that a better word could scarcely be found to describe the attitude of a scientific department."

"Speaking as man to man, I am disposed to assent to that view; but looking at the question from a purely departmental—"

"Well, Sir?"

"Ah, you haven't such a thing as a sheet of foolscap paper in your house, Dr. PASSMORE? It would be grossly irregular on my part to make the attempt to express the opinion of a scientific department except on blue foolscap. An official expression of opinion looks almost foolish on any other sort of paper. But upon blue foolscap—"

"It looks as you say, only with the qualification omitted. Well, Professor MURGATROYDE, it seems pretty clear that I shall have to look for support in my investigations in another direction. The British Biological Department is not likely to advance my interests, although you admit that you have been greatly impressed by my experiments."

"Yes, greatly impressed; that exactly expresses my feeling. I did not commit myself."

"No; but the logical conclusion—"

"My dear Sir, the logical conclusion and the biological conclusion are two separate and distinct conclusions. At any rate, my visit to you has concluded, and it has been a very pleasant visit, I assure you. Your daughter's treatment of the third movement in the *Diamant Noir* suite seems to me to be the most finished performance I have heard for a long time."

"And your official report on my Pantokephalolutron?"

"You may look for the first part of my report in—let me see, this is May, is it not?—yes, I should say about next August twelve-months you may begin to correspond with the department on the subject of the time when you may look for the official report on the Pantokephalolutron."

"I am so glad that you admire my daughter's rendering of the third movement, Professor MURGATROYDE. I feel that the visit with which you have honoured me has not been altogether without results. The dog-cart is at the door, Sir."

The two savants shook hands without any great show of enthusiasm, and parted without any great show of emotion. Professor MURGATROYDE drove off to catch the 4.30 express to London, and his recent host, Dr. PASSMORE, banged every door between the hall and his laboratory on his way to that apartment. He had just come to the conclusion that, although an ignorant fool may be a very irritating person, an ignorant savant is infinitely more mischievous.

The name of Dr. PASSMORE has for a good many years been very greatly respected in England and greatly laughed at in Germany. It would be difficult to say with any degree of precision in which country he was the better known. He had made several scientific discoveries of immense uselessness, and had thus come to be regarded as one of the foremost of modern investigators. He was, happily, independent of his profession, which was that of a doctor of medicine. Indeed, he had never had any need to practise: the death of his father soon after he had obtained his degree had left him with abundant means for pursuing his favourite researches in the laboratory, which he had added to his house in one of the suburbs of Steeplecross.

He had practically lived in his laboratory since the death of his wife, and it was generally assumed by the people of Steeplecross that his only daughter, JOAN, was compelled to lead a very lonely life; for though she was a very lovely girl and an earnest student of music, people said that beauty and music were not enough. It is scarcely necessary to add that, as it was understood that JOAN PASSMORE would inherit the fortune which her mother had left to her, as well as her father's property, more than one youth, to say nothing of several fully-matured householders (male) of the prosperous little town, had from time to time offered to transfer her to presumably more congenial surroundings than were available in her father's house. She had, however, rejected all such hospitable offers; and then people who wished to be cutting alluded to her as a modern young woman.

Others who meant kindly towards her said that she was devoted to her father, and that if it were not for the care she took of him he might lose his reputation as a self-denying scientific explorer by inventing something useful—say, a chemical preservative for milk, or a way of making omelettes without breaking eggs.

Few people were aware of the exact character of the latest of Dr. PASSMORE's discoveries, or they would not have suggested, even vaguely, that his labours did not tend to the amelioration of mankind. The fact was that, after years of study and some thought as well, he had made a discovery, the object of which was to achieve what all philanthropists had aimed at accomplishing from the infancy of the world. In short, he had, by the combination of certain chemicals, succeeded in producing a liquid possessing extraordinary properties.

There was nothing of the philosopher's stone tradition about it. Dr. PASSMORE, having been always well off, would not have wasted an hour of his time over so immoral a project as the transmuting of a noble metal such as iron into a base metal such as gold. It was not a new anæsthetic, nor was it even a hair-dye, or a cure for neuralgia. It was simply a colourless liquid, the application of which to any portion of the body caused a slight indentation similar to one produced by the pressure of a heavy weight, only much more permanent, though not absolutely so.

Like a large number of other valuable discoveries, its property was revealed by accident. A drop of it fell upon the back of Dr. PASSMORE's hand, and as it was not an acid, he disregarded it. To his surprise he found that it produced a slight depression, not merely on the skin, but on the bone beneath as well, and without causing the least pain or even inconvenience.

At first he was more amused than anything else. He let another drop fall on the fleshy part of his arm and the result was precisely the same as before. Then he began to experi-

ment freely on his laboratory assistant, and he found out that the young man was equally susceptible to the influence of the chemical combination. Experimenting on the flesh of one's assistant is quite as fascinating, and certainly less inconvenient, than upon oneself; and Dr. PASSMORE found, after a delightful hour or two, that the liquid only acted when the flesh overlaid a bone or a cartilage, and also that the depth of the impression varied, as one might have expected, in proportion to the duration of the application of the liquid.

Now, the utility of a liquid possessing such a property would not be immediately apparent to many people: the number of ordinary citizens who are anxious to have their bodies dinged, as it were, may be counted on the fingers of one hand; and it was quite a week before his discovery assumed its real proportions in the mind of Dr. PASSMORE—for he brushed aside as inconsequent his assistant's suggestion that it would only be a boon to such persons as were afflicted by warts. It was quite a week before the supreme importance of the liquid as an agent of reform flashed across its discoverer. It was only when he had tried its property upon a specimen skull which he possessed—he was desirous of finding out whether it would work when applied directly to the bone—that he perceived wherein lay the utility of the liquid. He was a biologist, and had for many years accepted the truths of phrenology, and the question was now forced upon him:—

"Why should not I use my discovery for the regulation of the heads of the people?"

It had been demonstrated to his satisfaction by the professors of the science—or is it an art?—of phrenology, that people were not responsible for their own acts: their acts were due to the configuration of their heads. The homicide could not avoid homiciding: he had the homicidal "bump" extravagantly developed. The thief was bound to steal, for he had a "bump" that gave him no rest until he had acquired the property of some one else. The mother who had the organ of "philoprogenitiveness" positively could not refuse to have a sort of fondness for her own children—and so on down the whole of the phrenologist's list of "organs" and "tendencies."

But here was a power which could depress the undue developments of the skull so that the man who was a born murderer could be made to look with the kindest feelings upon his fellow man, even though his fellow man regarded IBSEN as a dramatist; and in like manner the born thief would not be compelled to become a company promoter in order to legalise his operations. The depression of the "bump" of "philoprogenitiveness" in women would enable them to look on their children with that equanimity which is displayed by other people in contemplating other people's offspring, and perhaps even the fictional output might be made susceptible of regulation by indenting the skulls of the composers of prospectuses through the agency of the fluid, and not by the means a man of ordinary habits would feel inclined to adopt to effect the same object.

Dr. PASSMORE perceived that he was on the eve of bringing about a work of reform compared with which the aspirations of the greatest philanthropists were insignificant. He was, therefore, somewhat irritated when, on the very day when he first perceived the splendid possibilities of his discovery, his daughter, who had just returned from a visit to London, entered his study, with her face rather inclined to be rosy and her hands somewhat inclined to tear into the very smallest shreds her lace pocket-handkerchief.

He looked up from his desk where he was jotting down a few notes relative to the experiments which he meant to try with his fluid, and enquired what it was she wanted.

"Oh, it is nothing of importance," said she, "I can easily come back again." It seemed as great a relief to her to find her father engaged as it does to one who, on visiting one's dentist, learns that he will be occupied all the day.

"I don't want you to come back again," cried her father rather testily. "Say what you have got to say and have done with it. You see I am very busy."

"Oh, it is really nothing," she said, "only—you know that I have just returned from the COLLINGHAMS'."

"I know that. Good heavens, JOAN! do you fancy that I have no memory for trivial matters? I know that you have returned two days—or is it a fortnight? Never mind, it's one or the other. Well?"

"I only thought that I should tell you that when in London I met—well, a man."

"Bless my soul! a man—a live man! Well, they do have that phenomenon in London, I hear. Is it due to the smoke, do you think?"

"This was a—a—well, a different sort of man, papa."

"Most of them are indifferent."

"He wasn't; at least he wasn't indifferent—to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, papa dear,"—here she succeeded in tearing the lace border of her pocket-handkerchief quite clear of the parent fabric,—"he asked me if I would mind marrying him."

"Heavens above us! The impudent fellow! I hope you sent him about his business."

"Oh, yes, yes—that is—I told him that I would tell you."

"Quite right. And now that you have told me, we may consider the incident closed, as the diplomatists say. Now run away and play with your dolls, my dear."

He returned to his notes, and actually failed to notice that his daughter's face wore that expression which—when it is assumed by pretty girls—is called pouting. JOAN's friends knew that she pouted very prettily, and she thought so too, but she should have known better than to pout for her father. He never saw how piquant was the expression on her face, and after waiting in vain by his chair for half-a-minute or so, she gave an exclamation of impatience and left the room, considerably letting her father know, by the way she closed the door, that she was annoyed at his attitude.

She spent the rest of the afternoon writing a long and despairing letter to a youth named CHARLIE COLLINGHAM, who was the eldest son of the friends with whom she had been staying in London. She entreated this young man to forget her—that would be the wisest course for him to follow, inasmuch as her father would never consent to their union. And two days later she got a letter from Mr. COLLINGHAM, scouting her advice, and thus she was very happy.

And then her father began his series of tests in regard to the fluid to which he had, after some little trouble, given the good working name of Pantocephalolutron.

He found a man in Steeplecross who had been up before the local magistrates for attempting to commit suicide. He had been for eighteen weeks out of work and his children were starving. This man was, Dr. PASSMORE felt assured, the very man to experiment on. He allowed him thirty shillings a week for permitting his organ of self-destructiveness to be touched up daily with the fluid, and the result was to demonstrate its extraordinary power; for not once during the three weeks he was being experimented on did he show the least tendency to suicide. On the contrary, he became extremely cheerful, and was once heard to admit that he had been a great fool to make an attempt on his own life. But at the same time, his newly-acquired optimism caused him to qualify his statement; he said he had found that there were greater fools than himself in the world.

Then he tried it on the dog. His daughter had a fox-terrier, which was all too fond of chasing stray cats. Dr. PASSMORE applied the liquid to its bump of destructiveness, and bought a toy cat which he locked in the room with the dog. In half-an-hour, on opening the door, it was found that, not merely had the dog refrained from chasing the cat, he was actually lying asleep on the rug with his head resting on the cat. His

crowning test, however, was to buy a clockwork mouse for the household cat, after it had been duly tested with the Pantocephalolutron, as to its organ of "sportiveness." So great a change had been effected in the nature of the animal, that it had actually run away from the clockwork mouse at the first click of the machinery.

These experiments were repeated, with some others, on a guinea-pig and a frog in the presence of Professor MURGATROYDE, of the Biological Department, and yet he had not been convinced that he would be justified in recommending the adoption by the State of the Pantocephalolutron as a preventative of crime, for the prevention of pauperdom, or, in short, for the general regulation of all the ill-balanced heads in the community at large.

Two days after Professor MURGATROYDE's visit to Steeplecross, Dr. PASSMORE went to stay with his friend Sir GEORGE COLLINGHAM in London; and when he returned to Steeplecross at the end of the week, his daughter perceived that he was greatly excited about something, but she made no remark on this subject: she knew that her father would betray himself before very long; and she was right.

After dinner on the day of his return he said to her:

"JOAN, my dear, didn't you say something to me the other day about a man—a young man whom you had met in London—a fellow who was impudent enough to want to marry you?"

"Yes, yes," cried JOAN with sparkling eyes. "You have seen him—you know—"

"I have not seen him—I know nothing of him, and I do not wish to hear anything of him," said her father. "No; but the incident suggested an idea to me. You have got to be a big girl now, dear, and you will have a considerable fortune. Now the difficulty of finding a really good husband for you is so great, that I have made up my mind to reduce it to a minimum by making a good husband for you out of some very unpromising materials."

"What on earth do you mean, papa?" she enquired.

"I mean, JOAN, that by the aid of my Pantocephalolutron I can so regulate the brain development of any man that, in the course of a very short time he is bound to become perfect."

"Psha! I don't want that sort of a man for a husband. I prefer one ready made. And in any case, I have promised—"

"I don't care what you have promised. You are a most ungrateful girl, JOAN. Few fathers would go to the trouble that I have been at on your account."

"I did not ask you to go to any trouble. I don't want a husband of your making."

"How can you say until you've considered the matter?"

"One does not want to give any consideration to one's husband."

"That's sheer nonsense, JOAN. A girl's chances of married happiness are altogether dependent upon the phrenological development of her husband's cranium. Now, my Pantocephalolutron is capable of altering the configuration of even so great a young reprobate as CHARLIE COLLINGHAM, so as to make him a model husband."

JOAN gasped, then stared.

"So great a young reprobate as—as—who?" she cried.

"CHARLIE COLLINGHAM," replied her father. "You must have met him more than once when you were staying with the COLLINGHAMS."

"I do believe that I did," said JOAN. "But I have a very bad memory for names. What were you saying about him, papa dear?"

"Well, Sir GEORGE admitted to me that his son had given him a good deal of trouble from time to time. Not that he has any particular vices; it seems that if he were not so shockingly extravagant and so addicted to sport he would be—well, no worse than the average young man."

"But what has all this to do with me?"

"It has everything to do with you, my dear. In short, young COLLINGHAM has shown a most exemplary spirit of self-sacrifice, for in response to my suggestion that he should allow me to experiment upon him with a view of marrying him to you—if the experiment turned out a success—he made scarcely any demur, and—well, he is coming to stay with us to-morrow, and I must insist on your treating him with—with consideration—some consideration."

"Oh, you may be sure that I'll treat him with—well, with some consideration."

JOAN laughed, and her laugh irritated her father.

"I don't like the way you say those words, and I fancy I detect a mocking note in your ill-timed hilarity," said he. "Remember, this is a serious matter. If I find that, after I have made a model husband for you, you refuse to have anything to say to him, I shall—yes, I shall be greatly annoyed. What, is a comparative stranger such as young COLLINGHAM to show a most commendable spirit of self-abnegation for the furtherance of a great scientific discovery, while my daughter—"

"Perhaps I was too hasty, papa. But one does not altogether relish the idea of sacrificing oneself for the advance of science."

"Hundreds of people do so every day. Here is a young man who has hitherto been a spendthrift—a driver of a four-in-hand and a keeper of polo ponies at his father's expense, ready to—"

But at this point JOAN pulled out her handkerchief and hiding her face in its not over-capacious folds, she rushed from the room.

Her father fancied he heard her sob.

But if he had effected his purpose at the cost of only a sob or two he felt that he had no reason to complain. He swore—in his own way, of course—that he would provide his daughter with the most exemplary husband that was ever made for a girl. He would cure young COLLINGHAM of all his follies—nay, he would treat him so as to make it impossible for him ever to commit a foolish act. He would level his "bump" of jealousy so that he would never worry his wife with foolish doubts; he would make a little ditch, so to speak, round about his organ of domesticity, so that it would appear like a hillock at the side of his head, and thus he would never be happy out of his own house. He would pare away every extravagant taste that had been born with him, and he would turn his taste for polo ponies of twelve-and-a-quarter hands into a love for carriage horses of sixteen. In one word, he would make a model husband out of a good-natured spendthrift.

When CHARLIE arrived the next day, Dr. PASSMORE was pleased to see that there was really no marked repugnance in JOAN's reception of him. Could he have seen the pair of them when they were together the moment his back was turned, he would have been confirmed in the belief that his daughter was successfully combating whatever feeling of resentment she might have originally entertained against him. For when a young woman lays her head on a young man's shoulder and allows him to kiss her on her forehead, her cheeks and her chin, it is nearly always safe to assume that, for the moment at any rate, she bears no animosity to him.

"I doubt, Sir, if Miss PASSMORE will ever care anything more for me than she does at present," said young Mr. COLLINGHAM to his host as they parted that night at bed-time. His host noticed that he had smoked four cigars at 150s. the hundred since dinner.

"Nonsense," said Dr. PASSMORE. "Oh, never fear for her. If she doesn't take to you, I'll—I'll mould her into it by the aid of my Pantocephalotron."

"I wouldn't have her altered, Sir," said the young man quickly. "I think her perfect as she is."

"Good-night," said his host dryly. "We begin our course of treatment after breakfast to-morrow."

And so they did.

The "bump" of extravagance was the first to be dealt with, and before evening, Dr. PASSMORE noticed that his guest declined an *entrée* at dinner, and only smoked three of the expensive cigars afterwards. The next night the improvement was still more marked. Mr. COLLINGHAM came downstairs for dinner wearing the tie which he had worn the previous night, and afterwards he asked his host if he would mind his smoking a pipe instead of a cigar. Cigars were, he declared, a ridiculous extravagance. Of course Dr. PASSMORE had no objection to so marked a demonstration in favour of the Pantocephalotron. But when, the next day, he was approached by his guest with the enquiry if he, Dr. PASSMORE, would mind allowing him, Mr. COLLINGHAM, say one-and-sixpence daily, for the *entrée* which he did not eat at dinner, and fivepence each (the club price) for the three small whiskies and sodas which he meant to give up drinking in the course of the night, Dr. PASSMORE felt that his triumph was complete, and he cheerfully consented to the suggested allowances, though he felt bound to say that he could not recollect an instance of a host having made such concessions to a guest.

And then Mr. COLLINGHAM took to eating his frugal dinner with his serviette spread over the white front of his shirt, and retaining the napkin in that position for the rest of the evening. He felt, he explained, that, by taking this precaution, he could make the one garment serve for a whole week. This announcement would have shocked Dr. PASSMORE if he had not perceived in it the strongest testimony he had yet received of the efficacy of his specific. But after all, this attempt to perpetrate an economy failed, for the shirt-front got wrinkled and tossed before the evening of the third day; and young Mr. COLLINGHAM was very despondent about it; he wondered if his host had ever heard of shirt-fronts sold separately and fastened on by an elastic band—things that only cost one penny in the washing list. Perhaps these fronts could be obtained, made of paper, for an immediate outlay of one shilling a dozen. That would be admirable, for it would save the initial capital involved in the purchase of movable linen fronts—say, one-and-sixpence each. In the case of linen fronts it must not be forgotten, he said, that one would be obliged to write off a certain sum for depreciation year by year, which meant a dead loss.

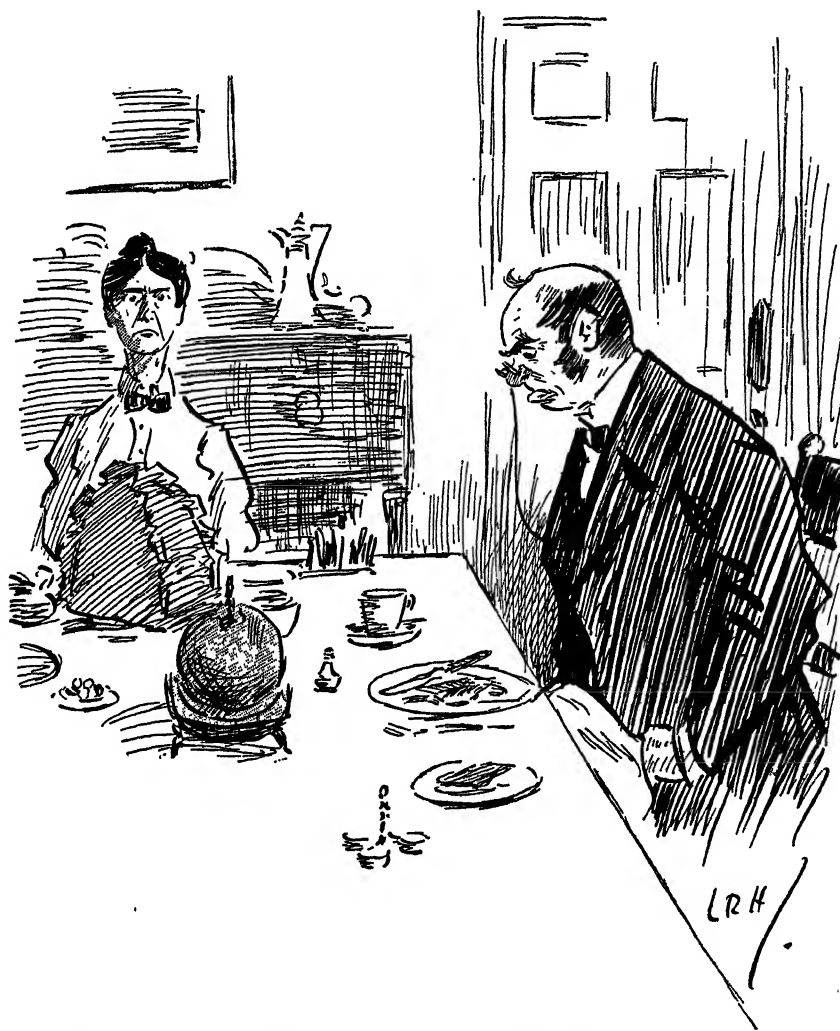
When he was going out the next day to enquire about the paper shirt-fronts, he took his host aside and asked him—confidentially—if he could recommend him to any good pawnbroker in the town—who, for instance, was the pawnbroker usually employed by Dr. PASSMORE?

Dr. PASSMORE was astounded, but jubilant. He regretted, however, that he was unable to name any pawnbroking firm with the confidence of an *habitué*.

"The fact is," Mr. COLLINGHAM explained, "I have been wearing for some years a bunch of articles at the end of my chain. Here they are—a match-box, a pen-knife, a tooth-pick, a paper-knife, a pencil case, a cigar case, a cab whistle and an aneroid barometer. They are made of gold and must have cost over a hundred pounds. Well, let us put it down at a hundred. What does that mean? Why, that I have been paying five pounds a year for the privilege of carrying these things about with me! Did you say there was a pawnbroker in Vere Street?"

Dr. PASSMORE went hastily out of the room, leaving his daughter to suggest, if she wished, the advisability of Mr. COLLINGHAM's taking less drastic means of displaying his newly-developed virtue. And she certainly did feel impelled to make a move in this direction.

(Continued in our next.)



Mrs. Jones. "AND PRAY, MR. JONES, WHAT IS THE MATTER NOW?"

Jones. "I WAS ONLY WONDERING, MY DEAR, WHERE YOU MIGHT HAVE BOUGHT THIS FISH."

Mrs. Jones. "AT THE FISHMONGER'S. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE I BOUGHT IT?"

Jones. "WELL, I THOUGHT THAT, PERHAPS, THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A REMNANT SALE AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM!"

A FAREWELL VISIT.

SCENE—Burlington House, after the closing of the Vandyck Exhibition, Saturday, March 10. Sir ANTHONY VANDYCK and Queen HENRIETTA MARIA, who have been received by Mr. Punch. The Galleries are marvellously illuminated between the hours of midnight and cockcrow.

Sir Anthony (looking round him). I trust your Majesty has been pleased with the collection?

Queen Henrietta Maria. Vastly so, Sir ANTHONY. At least eight pictures are of particular interest. I allude to the numbers 9, 12, 20, 39, 50, 57, 76, and 126. They seem to me charming.

Mr. Punch. Perfect. I see, Madam, you have named the numbers attached to your Majesty's own portraits. They are admirable; and, indeed, it seems to have been a

motto of Sir ANTHONY'S, "When in doubt—Happy Thought—paint one or other of Their Gracious and Graceful Majesties."

[Bows to Sir ANTHONY, who returns it in most courtly style.]

Queen H. M. Ah! I remember! No. 9 with the jewels, and No. 12 with that fire-eating dwarf, Sir GEOFFREY, by my side. Ah! (Sadly.) How I recall them all! Poor CHARLES!

Mr. Punch. Sir ANTHONY was great at silks and satins, and as to crowns—

Sir Anthony. Your Majesty will excuse me, but the hour is late, the show is over, and I have a pressing engagement. Have I your Majesty's permission?

Queen H. M. Certainly, Sir ANTHONY.

[Sir ANTHONY kneels, kisses the royal hand, shakes Mr. Punch's heartily, and withdraws.]

Queen H. M. Ah! a great pity! He was

always extravagant, and, as I am informed, far happier away from Court than at it. What say you, Mr. Punch?

Mr. Punch. Most gracious and majestic Shade, Sir ANTHONY was as fortunate as he was talented. Your royal CHARLES, his friend and patron, stood by him, and both of you sat to him as often as possible. Your Majesty, with true feminine insight, has noticed that Sir ANTHONY was but now eager to leave the Royal presence? (The Queen gives her royal assent with a bow.) And why? The secret is revealed in this collection, where, excellent as are all the pictures, there is just one portrait into which the painter has thrown his whole heart and soul, and wherein is reflected, as in a mirror, the genuine Bohemianism of his artistic character. Oblige me, your Majesty, by inspecting No. 122, a portrait of Monsieur FRANÇOIS LANGLOIS called DE CHARTRES, being a native of that city. Here VANDYCK gives us of his best. And who was Monsieur LANGLOIS dit "DE CHARTRES"? Why, your Majesty, he was a bookseller and publisher, and not only was he fond of art, but he was also a skilled musician; and on him his great friend and boon companion, the "painter-fellow" TONY (with your Majesty's permission we will drop the "Sir,") has bestowed immortality. Bless him! FRANÇOIS wears neither brocades, nor sharp pointed lace, nor starched wristbands fresh from the laundress, but attired in an easy lounging coat, worn in a *déagé* manner (it may be "fancy costume," but I doubt it, at all events 'tis a costume that both he and the painter fancy), he plays a lilt on the pipes, humming the tune smilingly while VAN catches the melody with his ear, and his friend's likeness with his eye. Isn't this Bag-piping Bookseller a jolly dog? His portrait was a labour of love to VANDYCK, and I have no doubt was knocked off by VAN when staying with his old chum FRANÇOIS in "gay Paree." That together these jovial companions had "painted the town red" is symbolically expressed in the colour of the coat. Yes, here—

Queen H. M. (interrupting). M. Punch, je suis de votre avis. "But soft," as your SHAKESPEARE has it,

"Methinks I scent the morning air."

[Vanishes.]

Mr. Punch. Farewell, your Majesty. (To the portraits generally.) Ladies and gentlemen, the exodus from your Winter quarters has commenced, and in another six weeks or so your places will be filled, I trust worthily, by our modern Sir ANTHONYS, PETER PAULS, and others of various schools of art. And so, for the present, adieu! [Retires gracefully.]

ERRONEOUS PROVERBIAL SAYING.—"Who breaks pays." Evidently a mistake. A man "breaks" because he can't pay.



Elder Sister. "YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE DOING ANYTHING, MABEL. COME OUT FOR A WALK."

Mabel. "THANKS; BUT I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT BOTH TO BE OUT TOGETHER. IF ANY ONE SHOULD CALL ON MOTHER, I THINK THERE SHOULD BE ONE DAUGHTER AT HOME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HAVE you tasted the *Waters of Edera*? They are not strong waters, but very pleasant to the palate athirst for romance. The *Waters of Edera* have been bottled off by OUIDA, and presented to the public through her agent for the supply, the piscatorially-named publisher, FISHER UNWIN, who, the Baron trusts, will have a profitable catch in these same *Waters of Edera*. It is an interesting tale of Italian peasantry told in OUIDA'S best and most picturesque style, only marred here and there by perfectly unnecessary Zolaesque details. The character of *Don Silverio*, the parish priest, gifted scholar, pious and paternal, unflinching in his duty, is admirably drawn, as also are those of the wilful young peasant, *Adone*, and the devoted girl, *Nerina*. The sketches of the Italian officials are, probably, from life, the Syndic being a superior type of Mr. *Nupkins*, before whom *Signor Pickvickio* was forcibly brought. The fate of hero and heroine is tragic. The book ends by telling in a few lines how *Don Silverio* is suddenly and unexpectedly promoted to the College of Cardinals, a proceeding about as improbable in fact, as it is artistically unnecessary in this fiction.

If any lady or gentleman is thinking of indulging in the luxury of pursuing a case before the Lords of the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, my Baronite urgently advises her or him to purchase *Privy Council Appeals* (EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE). Its author, Mr. THOMAS PRESTON, for the guidance of solicitors conducting appeals, has distilled the experience of nearly a quarter of a century as clerk in the Judicial Department of the Privy Council. He has taken a representative appeal, and dictates every step, from the entering an appearance down to the issue of the Queen's Final Order. Also, he prints the bills of costs. For an ordinary solicitor, the book is worth much more than its price in view of

the pleasant watering of the mouth a glance down these little accounts will induce.

The Great Company (SMITH, ELDER) comprises a history of the Honourable Company of Merchant-Adventurers who, more than two hundred years ago, were the first that ever burst upon the silent sea of Hudson's Bay. Mr. BROCKLES WILLSON has compiled his narrative from the Company's archives, from diplomatic documents, State papers of France and England, and from the talk and writings of factors and traders. A blemish upon the work is that the author has been somewhat embarrassed by his riches. If he had compressed his two volumes into one, by leaving out some tiresome, and occasionally in their minutiae, bewildering details, he would have done better. As it is, the book, with its many maps and portraits, is a valuable addition to literature. The earlier chapters remind my Baronite of boyhood's revellings in the works of FENIMORE COOPER. That delectable scoundrel RADISSON, earliest pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company, might have stepped out of the pages of *The Spy* or *The Last of the Mohicans*.

The Baron was much taken by the outward appearance of four little books belonging to a series of *The Temple Primers*, published by Messrs. DENT, of Aldine House, treating of *Ethnology*, *Roman History*, *Dante*, and *Introduction to Science*. With which should he begin? His *Roman History* might want a little brushing-up; into DANTE he had been recently dipping; and from what he knew of *Science*, he hardly required an "introduction" to that party. So the Baron decided on taking up *Ethnology*, when, on opening the little volume, he was so staggered by being brought face to face with a "Wedda Woman" from Ceylon staring him out of countenance, in so brazen-faced a manner, *Wedda* he liked it or no, that he was compelled, somewhat rudely, to shut her up, and to postpone his further acquaintance with *The Races of Man* until some more convenient opportunity, say till the Oxford and Cambridge sports, or some similar occasion, when *The Races of Man* are specially interesting and exciting. Good Heavens! who could Wed a Woman like this *Wedda Woman*!

There are some good sensational stories in *Marvels and Mysteries*, by RICHARD MARSH (METHUEN), but they must not be taken at a single sitting, otherwise apparitions, cataleptic fits, murders, and other "blood curdlers," which, at first, are calculated to make your flesh creep, soon become mere commonplace incidents in ordinary life. The first three stories and the sixth are the best. But the Baron recommends them being taken with a quiet cigar or soothing pipe, one and no more at a sitting.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

COMMANDEERS AND COMMANDOES.

(An Explanation.)

Q. WHAT is the meaning of "Commandeer"?

What is the meaning of "Commando"?

A. "Commandeer" is to steal, I fear,

And "Commando" is the thief, I know.

NEITHER LEAVE NOR LICENSE.—At the Penge Licensing Sessions last week, the seven days' license for the Crystal Palace was refused. On what grounds, except of course those of the Crystal Palace—which is another story—is not clear. So now those who may feel inclined to visit the Palace on a Sunday to hear the music, which is not forbidden, and to enjoy the health-giving air in the gardens, will, we suppose, have to be satisfied with living on air like *Hamlet's* chameleon. Mr. GILL, who appeared for the Crystal Palace, did his best, but the scruples of a Licensing Committee that sets itself against refreshing liquor on a Sunday are not likely to be overcome by the offer of a GILL. However Poundage, Shillingsh, and Penge decision as to the Cryshtal Pallidge interferes with the receipts, it will not at present interfere with the "Lyons Share" at feeding time, as steps, so we are informed, are being taken to appeal against it to Quarter Sessions.

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge with great pleasure the receipt of the following letter :—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We have long recognised your pre-eminence in the world of humour, and we now desire to acknowledge, with deep gratitude, your proof that true humour and true sympathy, if not the same, are inseparable.

For months past we have been making appeals for our Sick Children in this Hospital, but though they are young, the appeal is somewhat time-worn, and was smothered in the host of newer demands.

But when you took up your wand on our behalf, the heart-strings and purse-strings seemed to open, as if by magic, under the combined influence of your own popularity and of pity for suffering children.

We are told that the days of Fairy Tales are past, that even the art of writing them has perished; but you have proved that the art of acting them survives when a good cause is brought in contact with so strong a hand and so warm a heart as yours.

Allow us, then, to convey to you and your innumerable readers our own heartfelt thanks, and those of all our little patients, past, present, and future.

The Committee of the
Hospital for Sick Children,
Great Ormond Street.

The subscriptions, Mr. Punch is happy to say, already amount to over £12,000, and, like the young giant at the fair, are "still growing!" The fourth list will be published next week. Meanwhile donations, great and small, may be sent to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd., 10, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

THE VOLCANO.

["The modern tourist has no reverence for Nature when he thinks she can be improved upon. 'Convenience' is his motto. The majestic grandeur of the mountain peak is enhanced in his opinion by a light railway to the summit."—*Daily Paper.*]

To realms that are warmed by a tropical sun,

Where native simplicity slumbers,
Some cheap but attractive excursions
were run,

And tourists flocked thither in numbers;
They whistled the strains of a popular
song,

Till even the echoes could hum it,
They climbed ev'ry mountain they could,
before long,

And scribbled their names at the summit.

But towering high o'er the plain O!
With glances of haughty disdain O!
There gazed on the scene
What had formerly been
A most energetic volcano!

That district in time very popular grew,
For all by its beauty were smitten,
Photographers came to take view after
view

And guide books were hastily written;
But still the volcano no temper displayed
Until—half a year or so later—



Mr. Noodel. "I INSIST ON YOUR TAKING BACK THIS BEAST. HE MADE SUCH A NOISE IN THE HUNTING-FIELD, YOU COULD HAVE HEARD HIM A MILE OFF! AND HERE'S THE VET'S CERTIFICATE OF HIS BEING THOROUGHLY UNSOUND."

Mr. Cheke (the dealer). "QUITE SO. I GUARANTEED HIM AS A 'ROARIN' GOOD 'ORSE,' AND SO HE IS. IF YOU DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND OF ANIMAL, YOU SHOULDN'T HA' COME TO A DEALER WHO'S DOIN' A 'ROARIN' TRADE.'"

A light and ascensional railway was laid
For passengers up to its crater.

"Such conduct," it thought, is pro-
fane O!

"As I'm pretty certain that *they* know,
Impertinent dogs,
By a system of cogs,
To try and ascend a volcano!

"They think, I suppose, that my power
is past,
—A thought which exceedingly rash is—

I know it's some centuries now since my
last

Performance with lava and ashes;
But wrath is consuming me under my crust,
For speedy revenge I am thirsting;
I hate showing off, but I feel that I must
Give vent to my feelings by bursting!"

And very small pieces remain O!
Of passengers, engine and train O!
You'll find it's no joke
If you chance to provoke
A highly explosive volcano!



VOYAGE DUE NORTH.

Old Barclay, who has decided to accept an invitation to spend a week with Ponsonby at his new country house in the North, is met at the Station by one of the Ponsonby daughters, who insists on taking him a short cut.

"Isn't this jolly, Mr. Barclay! You will see our House from the top of this Hill, and we can slide down almost to the Door!"

[Barclay murmurs "Oftly jolly," and sincerely wonders why on earth he ever left town.]

A PALACE—NOT IN SPAIN.

(A Dream of the Alhambra.)

CERTAINLY a good entertainment. Acrobatic and patriotic. Lofty tumbling and stirring songs. TOMMY ATKINS greatly respected. A fair amount of vocalism and capital dissolving views. People at the

front greatly cheered. But "BOBS" for choice. And the feature of the evening entertainment. "Sons of the Empire" should be called "Daughters," for girls distinctly in the majority. The scene at Aldershot. Every one dances except the general commanding-in-chief, who merely flirts. "Stables" to "the music of the

band," and "first-aid drill," chiefly on the light fantastic toe. Officer in the R.A.M.C., after comic dance with nurses, becomes distinguished member of the general staff. Strange review but entirely satisfactory to the audience. Altogether good. Other "turns" commendable. The Alhambra of the past—in Spain—was great, but the Alhambra of the present—in Leicester Square—is greater still. Long live "Varieties!"

TO A MESSENGER FROM MARS.

["Professor FOURNOX, of Geneva, has discovered a somnambulist of undoubted honesty who describes scenes in the planet Mars."—Paris Correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle."]

LADY, who, in some former state,
Have lived, they say, among the stars,
What is the lot assigned by fate
To Mars?

Here wars still take their wonted course
Though rescripts come from peaceful
Czars;
Has the Bloch system come in force
In Mars?

Here Oppositions come to blows,
And each disjointed fragment jars;
Pray is its function to oppose
In Mars?

While here we boast with feeble pride,
About our bikes and motor-cars,
Upon what hobby do they ride
In Mars?

Here our omnivorous readers feed
On "bits," and "cuts," and spicy
"pars,"
What masterpieces do they read
In Mars?

Here criminals we still restrain
In durance vile with bolts and bars;
Is vice extinct?—does virtue reign
In Mars?

Yet while at mundane things we scoff,
And sigh, and groan, and show our
scars—
Perhaps they're, after all, worse off
In Mars.

APPROPRIATE.—Sir, his comedy in five acts Mr. GEORGE MOORE has entitled *The Bending of the Bough*. Excellent suggestion for pictorial advertisement! So evident. There can be no bow made without some bending, and there you have the figure of the author before the curtain, acknowledging the plaudits of the audience, gracefully bending as he bows, or gracefully bowing as he bends. No Moore at present, from

Yours truly, BILL POSTER.

ADVERTISEMENT.—Youth Wanted by a Gentleman aged seventy-five.—Apply SENEX, Waning, Feebleshire.



Nervous Visitor (pulling up at stiff-looking fence). "ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THIS HEDGE, SIR?" Sportsman. "NO. IT CAN STOP WHERE IT IS, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."

FACING THE MUSIC.

(By Our Musical Critic at the Front.)

["Neither ought soldiers (where trumpets, fifes, and drums can be supplied) to be called on to take great guns up steep mountain heights and fight afterwards without the help of stimulating music. The question which I would respectfully but solemnly ask of those who direct the supply of military music to the British Army is: 'What relative proportion is there between the supply of trumpets, fifes, and drums allotted to regiments during war service to that which the same regiments are accustomed to enjoy during time of peace?'"—A Correspondent in the "*Morning Post*," March 6.]

Brassfontein Camp, Monday, Noon.

NEW vigour has been infused into the campaign here by the arrival of 500 picked instrumentalists. To-day's operations have been most successful. In the early morning our scouts reported that a large force of the enemy lay entrenched two miles to the north-east of our position. The General at once sent out a detachment of fifes and drums to dislodge them, divided into seven sections, each section playing a different tune *fortissimo*. The combined effect as they left the camp was thrilling beyond words. As they neared the enemy's position, we could learn by our telescopes that wild consternation prevailed among the Boers, and many of them were seen to be stuffing their ears with gun-cotton. But this precaution

proved futile against the gallant noise of our intrepid drum-and-fife bands. Ever onwards they pressed, while numbers of their foes writhed on the ground. It was impossible not to admire the heroism with which the Boers refused to retreat until absolutely compelled to do so. But nothing could avert their fate. When within twenty yards of the trenches, the commander of the drums-and-fifes halted his men, and there was a moment of deathly silence. The chief was seen to raise his *bâton* in the air. Friends and foes alike gazed upon it as though fascinated. It fell; and the ears of the enemy were smitten by the strains of the National Anthem played simultaneously in seven different keys! This was the finishing blow. With loud yells of pain the Boers fled in every direction, and the trenches were ours.

4 P.M.—News has just reached us of a successful movement in the direction of Tootleberg. For days we have been endeavouring to capture a lofty kopje which is of great strategical importance. The first attempt was made by three infantry regiments and two batteries of artillery, who, however, were repulsed with severe loss. At the second trial six infantry regiments and four batteries were employed, but equally without success. This morning an alternative plan was executed, and the attacking force was

composed of a single regiment of infantry supported by a strong brass-band detachment. In ten minutes the position was won. Our only casualties were—Bassoon-player SMITH, slight strain to lungs from over-exertion. Drummer JONES, stiffened right arm, same cause.

7 P.M.—So much has been said of the inferiority of our equipment, as compared with that of our adversaries, that one is glad to find our field-euphoniums completely out-range and out-class the Field-Cornets.

All is now quiet here, except for the instrumental practising, which is carried on unceasingly. As a measure of precaution, I am learning to blow my own trumpet. Most of the special correspondents, I notice, are already proficient in this art.

THE BUDGET.

WHY, oh why, has the Chancellor of the Exchequer omitted to tax:

"Mary Ann" collars,
Evil-smelling motor-cars,
Creaking boots,
Khaki neckties,
Street shouters of "Win-ner!"
Amateur reciters of the "Absent-Minded Beggar,"

Newspapers which find it impossible to bring out a single issue without referring to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING?



PROBLEM—WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE ?

"COMMEND ME TO ONE HUBERT!"

King John, Act V., Scene 4.

THE German Emperor **WILHELM MEISTER** understands the *intente cordiale*, and in giving his countenance to the rare art of **HERR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A.**, His Imperial Majesty has, of course, thrown that friendly expression towards England into his lineaments which has been quickly caught and transferred to the enamel in which the Emperor is to be immortalised. Is it to be exhibited at Burlington House in May, or is it to remain in Berlin, and to be added to the **HERKOMER Collection** "just a goin' to begin"?

EXPLANATION AND INFORMATION.

We see a correspondence in *The Academy* concerning "*The Chaplain to Punch*." We beg to put the matter clearly before those interested in the discussion, which primarily concerns only the **Rev. A. C. DEANE**, one of *Mr. Punch's* distinguished contributors. Certainly, there is such an office as Chaplain to *Mr. Punch*, but it is an honorary Chaplainship, and, as is evident to the meanest capacity, is not held by "one of the inferior clergy," but by no one under the dignity of Dean. And not only so, but this Dean must have, as if he were a Bishop, a *See* attached to his name. Thus it is that *Mr. Punch's* Private Honorary Chaplain is able to sign himself "**A. C. DEANE**."

POPS.—At **CHRISTIE'S** last week some fine old silver was sold which had been removed from the ancient home of the **POPHAM** family. When *Mr. HARDUP* heard this, he observed, "Ah! one of my Uncles has a yearly sale of some very valuable silver that once belonged to the 'Pop 'em family,' from whom he has a constant supply." *Mr. HARDUP* is a regular subscriber to "*Saturday Pops*."

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The First Breakfast.

AH, good day, Mister X. How go you? You descend also to this hotel?

I am very bad lodged to cause of the incumbrance.

Enchanted of you to encounter here. Wish you to breakfast with me?

Boy, despatch you!

That is this that this is that that? One cup of coffee to the milk and one crescent?

Ah, here, no! Bring to me one bifeck, of the muttons chops, of the ham, of the lard, of the butter, of the preserve, of the grilled bread, of the mufins, of the porridg, of the fish, one tenner of eggs, of the cold meat, some sausages of Lyon, and of the tea.

You eat one breakfast to the female english as me?

It is that. He must himself to take care of in voyage.

Boy, of the mustard!

Not that; of the english mustard. Where the mufins?

You not of them have. Nor of the buns of the bath no more? Not even of the cakes **SARAH LUNNE**?

However we have enough well breakfasted, in commanding of the plates to part.

Boy, the addition!

That is this that this is that that? Porridg, five francs.

You tell that this plate not is french; that he musted of him to send to search the ingredients?

It is true. It is one plate of the Iglands, all near to Edin-burgh.

You go to do one walk, Mister X.?

Me also, before the lunch.

Should can I you to offer one small glass of gin, on the terrace of the coffee?

We are very well here, to the great air.

You tell? Who is this woman? What woman?

Ah, this woman there! One female French, evidently.

Are they all schocking!

She we smile. It is one fine girl.

Should be he discreet of to her to offer one glass of gin?

Can to be that no.

We her shall encounter in the ascender, or some part.

Le Premier Déjeuner.

Ah, bon jour, Monsieur X. Comment allez-vous? Vous descendez aussi à cet hôtel?

Je suis très mal logé à cause de l'encombrement.

Enchanté de vous rencontrer ici. Voulez-vous déjeuner avec moi?

Garçon, dépêchez-vous!

Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Une tasse de café au lait et un croissant?

Ah, ça, non! Apportez-moi un bifeck, des muttons chops, du jambon, du lard, du beurre, de la confiture, du pain grillé, des mufins, du porridg, du poisson, une dizaine d'œufs, de la viande froide, quelques saucissons de Lyon, et du thé.

Vous mangez un déjeuner à l'anglaise comme moi?

C'est ça. Il faut se soigner en voyage.

Garçon, de la moutarde!

Pas ça; de la moutarde anglaise. Où sont les mufins?

Vous n'en avez pas? Ni des buns du bain non plus? Pas même des gateaux **SARAH LUNNE**?

Cependant nous avons assez bien déjeuner, en commandant des plats à part.

Garçon, l'addition!

Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Porridg, 5 francs.

Vous dites que ce plat n'est pas français; qu'il fallait en envoyer chercher les ingrédients?

C'est vra'. C'est un plat des Iglands, tout près d'Edimbourg.

Vous allez faire une promenade, Monsieur X.?

Moi aussi, avant le lunch.

Pourrais-je vous offrir un petit verre de gin, sur la terrasse du café?

Nous sommes très bien ici, au grand air.

Vous dites? Qui est cette femme? Quelle femme?

Ah, cette femme là! Une Française, évidemment.

Sont-elles toutes schocking!

Elle nous sourit. C'est une belle fille.

Serait-il discret de lui offrir un verre de gin?

Peut-être que non.

Nous la rencontrerons dans l'ascenseur ou quelque part.

H. D. B.



FORTUNE OF WAR.

General Cronje (at St. Helena, saluting the Shade of Napoleon the Great). "SAME ENEMY, SIRE! SAME RESULT!"



Sydney Harvey. 1900.

Miss Marjorie. "AND HOW IS YOUR SON JAMES GETTING ON, MR. GILES?"

Giles (whose son has gone to London "in service"). "WELL, TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, MISS MARJI, OI'M VERY TROUBLED ABOUT 'IM. OI 'AD A LETTER LAST WEEK, AN' 'E SAYS THAT 'E'S LIVIN' IN A BUILDIN' WITH 'UNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN IT, AN' IT'S THREE OR FOWR 'OUSES ONE ON TOP O' T'OTHER. 'E SAYS THERE'S A RAILWAY CARRIAGE WITHOUT AN INGIN' THAT GOES UP THE MIDDLE O' TH' BUILDIN', AN' THE LIGHTS IS ALL IN BOTTLES, AN' YOU TURNS 'EM ON WITH A TAP WITHOUT USIN' A LOOCIFER, AN'—"

Miss Marjorie. "BUT WHY ARE YOU TROUBLED ABOUT JAMES?"

Giles. "AYE, OI FEAR 'E MUST 'A TOOK TO DRINK, MISS!"

THE BICYCLISTS' BENISON.

BICYCLE riders bless the orbs.
Of Manager Mr. WILLIE FORBES,
Who's going to run a cyclists' train,
To take 'em to Dorking and back again.
On Sunday morn about eleven,
A "Special Service," and back ere seven.
The cyclists' gratitude he absorbs,
Does Manager Willy Wheelie FORBES!

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Inspired by South Africa.)

1. Define a rift without quoting the poet's lute.
2. Give your opinion of the strategical value of Holfontein and Ventersburg.
3. State in a few words the lives of Sir HARRY and Lady SMITH. Additional marks for brief record of FAURE SMITH.
4. Was Kimberley called after Lord KIMBERLEY, or Lord KIMBERLEY after Kimberley?
5. What is the difference between a "Dopper Boer" and a "dipping kopje"?
6. What is the affinity between a Field-Cornet and a British bugler?
7. Why is Sir ALFRED MILNER known as the Safe Man?

8. Why, when Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar, Lord KITCHENER of Khartoum, and even KRÜGER spell their names with a "K," should CRONJE elect to begin his appellation with a miserable "C"?

9. Name the contractors who lengthened their bills, and explain how they dipped them without finding other beaks.

10. Give a list of the foreign mercenaries serving with the Boers and their average salaries. Explain why they are called men-at-arms.

11. Explain why the change for Transvaal gold will undoubtedly be paid in British "Bobs."

12. Draw a map of the railway from the Cape to Cairo, not forgetting to insert the dominant Rhodes.

QUOTING KRÜGER.—After the best news from the Transvaal, the thirst for details was so great as not to be more than partially allayed by "cocktails," or any other "modest quencher," to quote Mr. Richard Swiveller. Had President KRÜGER been in London, or in any one of the chief towns in England, he would have seen plenty of examples of "staggering humanity."

ADIEU "GAMELLE"!

["The Duc d'ORLÉANS has left England for an indefinite period."—Daily Paper.]

You find, although your "cheek" is cool,
That absence is the wisest plan;
We always thought you quite a fool,
Yet something of a gentleman.

Your manners now are wholly bad,
What will they seem in courtly Spain?
You prove to be an utter cad,
We do not want you here again. H. D. B.

ONE OF "OURS."—Our dear old friend, "ROBERT THE WAITER," has gone. The Author of his being in *Punch*, JOHN THOMAS BEDFORD, died at the ripe age of eighty-seven. His creation, "ROBERT," was unique: replete with genuine humour, quiet observation and kindly wit, his studies from city life which, as "Deputy BEDFORD" he knew so well, viewed by "ROBERT," were universally popular.

NOTE FOR CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER.—Old wine, like old soldiers, should be exempt from duty.

THE WEARIN' FOR THE QUEEN.

O PADDY dear, and did ye hear
The news that's goin' round?
The Shamrock is by law allowed
To grow on Irish ground.
Whene'er St. Patrick's Day we keep,
We'll let it well be seen;
A four-leaved Shamrock may it be,
This wearin' for the QUEEN!

BRAVO, BULLER!

OF "England's Worthies'" praise I'm full,
I cannot well be FULLER!
None can compare with old JOHN BULL,
Unless, it may be, BULLER!

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

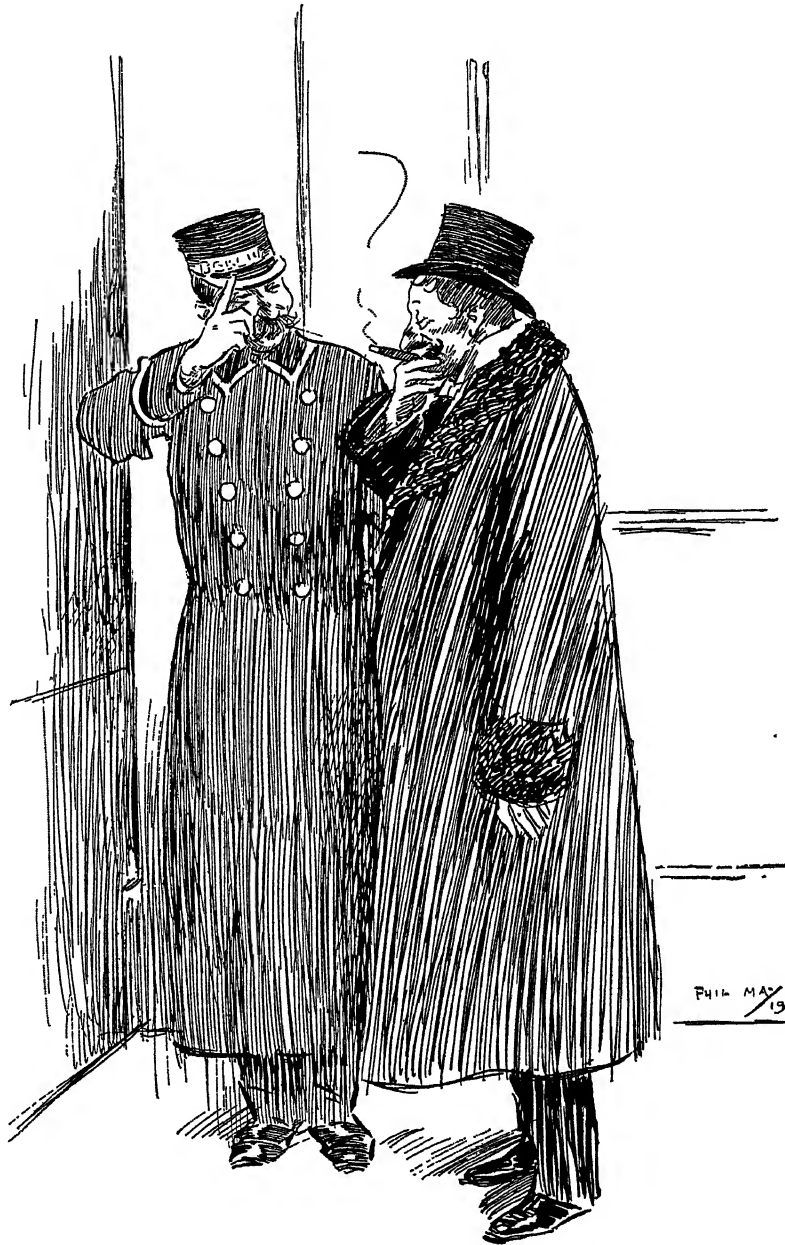
VII.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(Revised by H-nry Arth-r J-n-s.)

INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH it is with a glow of satisfaction that I view the present popularity of a fellow-worker—WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE—in the same vineyard as myself (for what the English Drama would have done without SHAKSPEARE and J-N-S is too terrible to contemplate), yet it is daily borne in upon me that the plays of the Elizabethan dramatist would gain largely in educational value were they put into modern dress. I have striven laboriously, ever since I took orders in the church of St. Thespis, to educate my fellow-creatures both in and out of season. It is to the theatre rather than to the ordinary church that we should look for moral enlightenment. Let us hasten, therefore, to remove the pulpit from the ordinary church or chapel into the theatre. I have ever held with MATTHEW ARNOLD—who was a highly intelligent man—that war must be waged against the Philistine. In the present play I have discarded blank verse almost entirely, feeling convinced that, even when of superior quality, it fails to attract nowadays—as the run of *The Tempter* conclusively proved.

ACT V. SCENE—London Residence of the Duke of ATHENSBERY. Double drawing-room, back part fitted up as a miniature stage. Window overlooking public square, where statues of our leading dramatists occupy conspicuous positions. All appointments show great refinement and culture. On table lies a book entitled "*Lectures on the English Drama.*" TIME, 11 P.M.—A summer evening. Discover Duke, his wife the Duchess DRUSILLYTA, and guests, amongst whom are the famous millionaire Mr. CYRUS BLENKARN, the brilliant Nonconformist preacher, Rev. JUDAH LLEWELLYN, etc.



Commissionaire. "WOULD YOU LIKE A FOUR-WHEELER OR A 'ANSOM, SIR?"
Convivial Party (indistinctly). "VEE' MUSH OBLIGE—BUT—REELY DON'T THINK I COULD TAKE 'NY MORE!"

Duke (concluding a short but brilliant discourse on *Imagination*, illustrated by allusions to the lunatic, the dramatic critic, and the Philistine). Such are the vagaries of the Philistine's imagination that "On Exchange imagining some fear, How easy is a 'bull' suppos'd a 'bear.'" (All laugh.) But enough of caustic satire. The question is, how shall we pass away the time before supper? (Addresses private secretary.) You have the agenda of amusements? . . . Ah! thanks. (Reads.) "The Bold Bad Cleric"—recitation by MICHAEL FEVERSHAM." No; that's been overdone. (Reads again.) "A farcical

moral scene of young BAPCHILD and his love JANE." That will do capitally.

Judah Llew. (confidentially). Don't you think a mystic séance would be better? Now my wife VASHTI—

Cyrus Blenkarn (impatiently). Excuse me—I should say some full-blooded melodrama.

Duke (with a sweet smile). Once, gentlemen, they served their purpose admirably. To-day it is different. This proposed interlude is not merely farcical—it is charged with the highest moral teaching. At least, I assume so.

(The others are silenced, and scene proceeds.)



ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Trooper (who has caught a Locust). "LOOK 'ERE, BILL! THIS IS A RUMMY COUNTRY. 'ERE'S THE BLOOMIN' BUTTERFLIES IN KHAKI!"

KINGS IN EXILE.

Sir W. V. H-r-c-r-t to Lord R-s-b-ry.

AND so the end has come at last!

You, too, have found the world is vain;
You, too, propose to treat the past
With philosophical disdain.

Of Fortune's horrid shafts and slings
You cease to be the weary butt;
To all the vanity of things
Your final repartee is *Tut!*

Far from the loud abortive strife
Of this incorrigible age,
You mean to spend a quiet life
In some sequestered hermitage.

The great renunciation made,
I take it, you intend to seek
Seclusion in a forest-glade
Or occupy a mountain-peak.

Myself, I recommend a hill;
You get a nicer view from there;
You overlook the world and still
Imb'be an independent air.

Close to the stars, with head sublime,
Aloof from vulgar fear or hope,
You will consent from time to time
To read the nations' horoscope.

Yet take my warning as a friend:—
This lonely elevated site
To which your thoughtful motions tend
Is "not attained by sudden flight."

In self-denial still unversed,
You should proceed by slow degrees;
It might be well to take, at first,
A course of solitary ease.

Try (let us say) a short retreat
In affluence on Naples' bay,
And learn to train your gradual feet
To tread the hermit's thorny way.

You might, for instance, nerve your
heart
Against the barren days to come
By silent intercourse apart
With buried Herculaneum.

Upon the crude volcano's crest,
Proceeding there by rail, or moke,

You might be moved to make a jest
On ardent aims that end in smoke.

And if you ever feel inclined
(Your spirits getting rather low)
For converse with a kindred mind,
Don't hesitate to let me know!

A hint and I am by your side,
So glad to be of any use,
If thus the bonds be closelier tied
Which were perhaps a little loose.

For though, before the present plight,
We two were not exactly twin,
Common disgust should knit us tight,
And equal exile make us kin.

O. S.

PRODIGIOUS! — *Viã Lourenço Marques* came this astonishing piece of news:—
"Dr. KNOBEL reports that two of his men
put to flight the British mounted infantry,
who advanced out of Ladysmith." This,
indeed, is the capture of—the biscuit!
The Knobel man won't find his peer in
this line of business.



FULL OF RESOURCE.

PRESIDENT KRÜGER (*reading the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on the Budget debate*):—

"I am not going to bind myself as to what I will do on the termination of the war. I look first to the Transvaal."

"OH, DOES HE? I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO ON THE TERMINATION OF THE WAR. I'M GOING THROUGH THE BANKRUPTCY COURT!"

PRECIOUS POEMS.—No. VII.
THE REAL "NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY."
How good and thankful we should be
For journalistic
Attempts to wake in you and me
The sense artistic.
The portrait of the hero dead
In War's convulsion;
The portrait of the hero fed
On SMITH'S Emulsion;
These, these appeal to us and claim
Our heart's devotion,
And which is worthier of fame
I've not a notion.

Of course I mean the *men*, and not
Their fair presentment,
And hope I am not saying what
Will rouse resentment.
He may be brave who faces shell
With whoop and chirrup,
But what of him who swallows—well,
Some patent syrup??
* * * * *
Now "let us travel back to our"
Artistic "muttons,"
And faces, too often sour,
Of baby gluttons.
The darlings ought to be arrayed
In smiles and dimples;

Oh, why are we so oft dismayed
With endless pimples?
Mid cocoa pure and undefiled,
And keyless watches,
Our eyes survey some monster child
One mass of blotches!
'Tis sad to gaze on such a blur—
It makes us shiver.
We feel that we should like to stir
Its little liver.
But stay—we ought to be more kind
And eulogistic
Of efforts to improve our mind,
And sense artistic! F. E.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 5.—Decidedly a stiff job before Chancellor of the Exchequer. Got to find a trifle of sixty millions to meet war charges. Fancies that will carry us on to end of September. If not, will look in again in July or August and ask for more.

Nothing could be nicer, kinder, or more thoughtful. Predisposed House at once to make any sacrifice demanded of it. This by no means light. The net widely spread. Interesting to watch faces here and there as disclosures made. When shilling clapped on income tax, WILFRID LAWSON looked compassionately on JOHN BRUNNER seated by his side.

"Poor chap, he'll feel it," he said.

When tea stirred up with long spoon containing an extra twopence in the pound, BRUNNER, forgetting his own trouble, gently squeezed Sir WILFRID'S hand. When an extra shilling a barrel was put on beer, JAMESON looked over at McEIVAN and shook his head.

"Such a nice, quiet, modest fellow," he said; "generous-handed too. Make a difference to him."

In another minute ST. MICHAEL planked down his sixpence a gallon on whiskey, and JAMESON began to think that raids were committed by other than persons of his family name. It's these little things that try people and bring out native grit.

Over twelve millions proposed to be raised by extra taxation. Everybody hit more or less hard. But each so concerned with the sorrow of others, he forgets for the moment his own sad plight. Thus, in the end, ST. MICHAEL found, to his manifest surprise, his Budget hailed with pretty general chorus of approval.

What soothed members more than anything was the noble conduct of the millionaires. During current financial year, they have been dropping off in really patriotic manner. Upwards of two millions and a quarter have come from this limited class of our fellow citizens. A single one—noblest Roman of them all—lived on fifteen shillings a day in order that he might, at his death, endow the Chancellor

of the Exchequer with £900,000. What makes this unselfish conduct the more striking is, that this gentleman was but a visitor to our shores. On the whole, quite a pleasant evening. Sixty millions provided whilst you wait.

Business done.—Budget introduced.



"MY POOR FRIEND."

(Sir W-lfr-d L-ws-n and Sir J-hn Br-nn-r.)

Tuesday. — TIM HEALY back with us again. Been lingering in Ireland comforting WILLIAM O'BRIEN, saying nice things (*sotto voce*) about JOHN DILLON, and extolling the statesmanlike qualities, the fine Parliamentary style, of REDMOND *cadet*. The Budget has drawn him across the Channel. Up to-night, following SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and Chancellor of Exchequer in discussing loan for 35 millions. SQUIRE says, "Why not make the Transvaal pay?" "Delighted to do so," says ST. MICHAEL. "Right thing to do, my boys," says TIM.

The only objection he takes rests on the moderation of proposal. Why only 35 millions? Why not the whole 60 millions? TIM confides to listening House that his personal knowledge of the possibilities of the Transvaal was acquired during a visit to a shilling show of Savage South Africa. Lasting impression made on his ingenuous mind. He saw kopjes of gold rising sheer into the burnished sky. Beneath Johannesburg, so he learned for his shilling, stretch goldfields worth 2,000 millions sterling. Why haggle about 20 millions? Having robbed the Boers of their land, why should

bold buccaneers tremble on the verge of the gold mines?

"I didn't go to war to secure the franchise for the Uitlanders," TIM said, gravely surveying the laughing faces round him. "I want these gold mines, and I trust the Government will not disappoint me."

A pretty bit of grave comedy. So delighted a bored House that, by half-past eight, business, including the borrowing of a mere trifle of 35 millions, wound up, and so home to dinner.

Business done.—Further discussion of Budget proposals. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seizes opportunity, *à propos de bottes*, of remarking that he isn't a panic-monger ("Mr. Crummles is not a Prussian"), and doesn't want conscription.

"Why does the right hon. gentleman address these observations to us?" asked ST. MICHAEL.

"I didn't," said the SQUIRE. Which, indeed, the House had suspected.

Thursday. — Morning sitting of both Houses; to be precise, it was a morning standing; place of gathering the quadrangle outside Buckingham Palace. Queen came to town to-day. All the world gone forth to greet her. Noble Lords and faithful Commons not behind in loyalty. So they crowd quadrangle, and stand bare-headed whilst they sing "God Save the Queen."

Lord ROWTON started the hymn; Lords and Commons, forming joint committee, took it up lustily.

"ROWTON," says SARK, whose fine baritone was distinctly heard above the tuneful quire, "has beaten his old friend and chief. DIZZY led the Commons and BEACONSFIELD led the Lords. ROWTON this morning has led both."

Charming little incident at evening sitting. Questions over, REDMOND *ainé* rose and delivered gracious message to the Queen. Is good enough to approve Her Majesty's action in directing that hereafter, as a distinction reminiscent of their gallant conduct in the field, Irish soldiers shall wear sprig of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. This almost good enough for one day and one speech. But when

REDMOND *ainé* makes up his mind to do a nice thing he goes all the way. House having been privileged to hear approval expressed of Her Majesty's action in the matter of the shamrock, held its breath whilst the plump gentleman, without a twinkle in his eye or the least suspicion of a smile on his lips, went on to announce that "our people will treat with respect the visit which the venerable sovereign proposes to make to their shores."

Beyond this magnanimity condescen-

ROSEBERY'S fresh evidences of resignation?" I asked.

"No, TOBY, I'm not," he rather tartly answered. "I am thinking how strange are the ways of Destiny. Here's the country engaged in a war which I regard as the most needless and iniquitous ever entered upon. And who is the man who most largely contributes to make it possible? Why, I am. Where would the present Government be without my Death Duties? ST. MICHAEL admits that before

of my finance. To begin with, no sooner had I, so to speak, weaned it than I was bereft. The very men who would have smothered the che-ild in infancy"—(here the strong man broke down and wept)—"have now taken it over with its rich inheritance, which they systematically use for purposes calculated to wring a father's heart. They have eased the landlord's purse, subsidised church schools, relieved the clergy battenning on tithes, and now they go to war in the interest



"OUTFLANKED, BE JABERS!"

(ANOTHER OF KRÜGER'S COMMANDOS IN DIFFICULTIES.)

The above Patriots, after enthusiastically supporting in turn Cetewayo, the Mahdi, the Afridis, King Prempeh, the Khalifa, the Boers, and other equally attractive and respectable enemies of the Queen, have solemnly granted *their* permission to the Irish people to receive their own Queen respectfully, but "without prejudice"! Now that the Shamrock is not only permitted but directed to be worn, they will no doubt vote it "after all an overrated vegetable for porpuses av dhecoration."

sion could no further go. Accordingly, the Speech from the Throne—I mean from the corner seat below the gangway, concluded with an intimation, to whom it may concern, that "our chivalrous hospitality" must not be taken as meaning abatement of demand for national rights.

"And yet," said SARK, staring aghast at the pompous person who, with an ineffable air, resumed his seat after delivering this message, "they say the Irish are pre-eminently gifted with a sense of humour!"

Business done.—Navy Estimates rattled through.

Friday.—Found the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in low spirits just now. "Grieving over

financial year closes he will have raked in seventeen millions and a half from this one source of revenue. He puts down cost of war at sixty millions. If present rate of increase in Death Duties continues over next two years I, *moi qui parle*, will have paid for the Transvaal War in three years, without burdening the ordinary taxpayer with a single penny. Or, if you like to be quite safe, put the term down at four years.

"Talk about *Monte Cristo* and his mine, what were they compared to Monte HARCOURT and his Death Duties? And yet, TOBY, as you know, I have had nothing but disappointment and shame born with this, the fairest, fondest child

of the millionaires of Johannesburg. And all with the proceeds of my Death Duties. Ah! TOBY, may you never know how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is the conduct of a political party who first say you sha'n't create Death Duties and then go and put the money—your money—to these discreditable purposes."

Business done.—Quite a lot.

WAR NEWS.—The illness which prevented Dr. LEYDS from receiving journalists was *Cronjestion*. Mrs. CRONJE's idea that Boer re-inforcements would arrive before her husband was compelled to capitulate, has proved to be a myth—a Lady's-myth.

THE PANTOKEPHALOLUTRON.

(Continued from p. 180.)

"Of course, you don't mean to go to a pawnbroker's with those lovely things, CHARLIE?" said JOAN, with a laugh.

CHARLIE gave a considerable amount of attention to the tips of the fingers of one hand, suggesting in this way the curiosity which a baby shows in the joints of the same member. Dr. PASSMORE knew very well that the baby is wondering how it has come about that it is not hanging by the hands—perhaps also by a medium of suspension that has been wanting in the species for some hundred thousand years or so—from the bough of a tree; but Dr. PASSMORE's daughter could not for the life of her understand why CHARLIE COLLINGHAM kept his attention riveted for so long upon the curves of his nails, and failed to reply to her at once.

"What on earth do you find to interest you at the tips of your fingers?" she cried. "Haven't you seen them before now, you goose?"

"Well, the truth is, my dearest, I could not help thinking that—that—well, I'm surprised to find myself feeling that, after all, there's a good deal of enjoyment—no, not quite enjoyment—satisfaction, rather—solid satisfaction to be got out of being a bit miserly," said CHARLIE, gravely.

"Don't be a fool," said JOAN, quickly.

"That's just the point," said he. "Isn't it a fact that I have been a bit of a fool up to the present?"

"You admitted that you fell in love with me, at any rate," she said, with a pout. "I suppose you will suggest that that proves your point?"

"It was the only sensible act of my life," cried he. "In fact, it represents such an attitude of sensibility I can't quite understand how it was even suggested to me."

She turned away from him and picked up an account-book. If he was talking of falling in love as an act of sensibility, she would show him that she could be sensible too, and let him see how he liked that. She knew no better than to confound commonplaceness with sensibility.

"What I mean is this, my dear JOAN: I have never given economy a fair trial before," said CHARLIE. "I have never bothered myself about reducing my expenditure—always been an extravagant beggar, you know. It never occurred to me until this affair came up that there was any fun in being otherwise."

"How amusing!" said JOAN, with a sarcastic inflection.

"How amusing! And now you find that you have all along had the instincts of a miser?"

"Oh, you go too far. What I mean is that—that—well, that being a fool is—is—well, a bit foolish."

"You have actually made that discovery? You are clever!"

"I'm quite surprised to find that smoking a pipe is better for a chap—not to say a deal cheaper—than smoking those big Larranagas. And one whisky and soda is twice as good as two. I've found that out; and then, as regards this rubbish at the end of my chain—there's no denying the fact that it costs me five pounds a year at the very least to carry these things about with me."

"To say nothing of the wear and tear upon your strength—surely you should take the expenditure of muscle into account, CHARLIE, now that you have set yourself to make the calculation of the consequences of wearing all those heavy gold trinkets? Well, go away and pawn them. I don't know much about pawning things myself, but I'm sure that if you go into one of those places wearing a paper collar and that horrid tie, which you bought for tenpence, and offer them your trinkets, the people will have you detained while they send for the police. I hope you'll have the manliness to refrain from giving my father's name as a reference, when it comes to that."

He went away after a pause, thoughtfully jingling his trinkets, and a few minutes later his host sought JOAN with exultant enquiries.

"A spendthrift! That man a spendthrift!" he cried. "Who could have imagined so extraordinary a change taking place in any temperament within a week? Have I kept my promise to you, JOAN, or have I not? Have not I provided you with a model husband? He will show you how to spend your money—I mean, he will show you how to keep it. Has he spoken to you yet on the subject of marriage, my dear?"

"Oh, yes; he referred to the matter yesterday," said JOAN.

"And you did not refuse to listen to him—I hope you were not such a fool?" cried her father.

"Of course I told him that I was entirely in your hands," said JOAN. "The daughter of a scientific investigator should be prepared to sacrifice herself to—"

"Heavens above! Can't you see that I've made for you one husband out of a thousand? But you are like all girls; you would rather marry a spendthrift than a sensible, economical young fellow such as I have made out of CHARLIE COLLINGHAM."

"I hope that I know my duty sufficiently well to sink all personal aspirations, papa. Only if I may venture to advise you, I would say: Proceed with your negotiations without further delay."

"Negotiations? What negotiations?"

"Negotiations for the disposal of your daughter. He is getting closer-fisted every day. He apologised to me for not shaving for three days, on the ground that the wear and tear upon his razors was so great by daily shaving, he had calculated that an ordinary razor would not remain serviceable longer than thirty-five or forty years. The sooner you make your bargain with him, the better chance you will have."

Dr. PASSMORE pondered for some time on this advice.

He spoke to CHARLIE COLLINGHAM on the subject of settlements that very evening after dinner. And then he found that he should have had his conversation on matters of business with the unreformed spendthrift, CHARLIE COLLINGHAM. Up to this point he found that he had only the most elementary notion of the extent of the work of reformation brought about by the Pantocephalolutron; for young Mr. COLLINGHAM now showed himself to possess the largest ideas on the subject of their conversation. Indeed, Dr. PASSMORE was fully justified in calling him grasping. He called him so in the presence of his daughter the next day. But his daughter took the part of her fiancé, and asked her father if Mr. COLLINGHAM was grasping, who had made him so? "After all, what is thirty-five thousand pounds?" asked JOAN.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that he will keep a tight hand on your expenditure," said the father.

"I daresay," said JOAN; "but one must show oneself ready to submit to any sacrifice for the promotion of research."

That morning CHARLIE COLLINGHAM indulged in the luxury of a shave, and in the evening he put on a perfectly white tie, and took no precautions for the preservation of his shirt front; and his host felt that he might take a more optimistic view of the possibility of the return to him of a moderate measure of generosity. Time has shown that his judgment on this point was not at fault. It is possibly their acquaintance with the COLLINGHAM ménage that causes those of Dr. PASSMORE's friends to smile curiously when he refers to the condition of his son-in-law as a conclusive proof of the value of his Pantocephalolutron. He is still in correspondence with the Biological Department on the subject of its adoption in board schools, prisons, lunatic asylums, and the House of Commons; but in spite of its signal triumph in one case, the Pantocephalolutron has not yet become fully recognised in the world as a potent agent of reform.

F. Frankfort Moore.



T

It was early in October, 1718. An indigo sky overhung Bologna, and the

midday sun was hot and dazzling upon the

stones. It was for that reason, in some measure, that Mr. FAVERSHAM walked without any hurry through the streets. But, besides, he had never taken great account of the makeshift court which the Pretender established in this or that halting-place of his migrations. Its ceremonies amused him; its intrigues and jealousies interested him; he had some respect for the devoted adherents which it numbered, some admiration for its hardy adventurers, and some pity for the pale, melancholy man who, in solemn earnestness, daily played at being king. But Mr. FAVERSHAM'S enthusiasms were not stirred, and so on this morning when he knew the court must be shaken and dismayed, he was merely picturing to himself, as he walked through the white alleys to the Pretender's lodging, how this Irishman would find in the bad news a cause of offence against that Scotchman, and how, perhaps, an Englishman would twist the quarrel to make a profit for himself.

But as he mounted the stairs he heard no sound of squabbling in the ante-chamber as he had expected; he did not even hear a voice; it seemed that the room was deserted. A lackey opened the door for him, however, and he saw that, on the contrary, the room was full. He saw also the reason of the silence. The Pretender himself was seated on a chair, his chin propped upon his palm, and his tired face overcast with despondency. And then, just as Mr. FAVERSHAM stepped within the door, a voice spoke:

"Let me choose three men."

There was just a stir of amazement, and again a great silence. The sunlight penetrating between the shutters shone here upon an arrested face, there upon a woman's dress, motionless as though it robed a statue, and lay in still pools upon the dark polished floor. The clatter of the streets outside seemed to magnify the quietude of this crowded apartment, until the voice spoke again more insistent and louder:

"Let me choose three men," and some one in a dark corner laughed aloud and checked his laugh. The speaker never turned his eyes from JAMES STUART'S face, but for the third time repeated his request.

"Let me choose three men. We four will break this Innsbruck prison and bring Her Highness safe to you."

Mr. FAVERSHAM saw the Pretender stroke his chin and hopelessly wave his hand.

"Four men against half Europe! An army could not rescue her." The answer came quick upon the words.

"And I do not ask for an army. I ask for three men. Prisons have been broken before to-day. I myself from time to time have had some practice with them," he added with a laugh.

Mr. FAVERSHAM echoed the laugh. He had a great liking for CHARLES WOGAN, whose escape from Newgate across the roofs three years before was still a matter for wonder to those who only knew the man by sight. As he stood forward in the room, though he was both scholar and soldier, it was chiefly the scholar who showed in his appearance, and while he had the enthusiasm native to his Irish blood, he conjoined with it the repression of an Englishman. This exploit, however, which he now proposed, exceeded that escape, and by how much the silence signified.

JAMES STUART turned to his right, where stood the Cardinal ORIGO, and asked his opinion.

"I will wager Mr. WOGAN," he answered, "a box at the opera that he returns empty-handed;" and the voice which had laughed croaked out from its dark corner:

"If he returns, which to be sure he will not do."

Mr. FAVERSHAM knew the speaker now for a cantankerous Baronet who saw no profit in any scheme which he himself did not devise. Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY stood out from his corner and continued,—"If there were a chance of success, I would be the first to wish Mr. WOGAN God-speed. But there can be no chance. When the Princess CLEMENTINA was first betrothed to your Majesty, we know the dismay the news caused in England, and we know why. If the marriage once took place, your Majesty became allied, not merely to her father the King of Poland, but to half the crowned heads of Europe. We know what efforts were made to break the marriage off. The Princess kept her troth, and here's the consequence. She travels from Silesia with her mother to join your Majesty. News is brought

to us to-day that, at the command of GEORGE of Hanover, the Princess was arrested at Innspruck by the Emperor of Austria. She will be kept safe. General HEISTER, the Governor of Innspruck, we are told, has orders to guard her and her mother upon pain of death."

"Well," interrupted WOGAN. "Would the world stop if General HEISTER died?"

"Twice a day the magistrates visit the villa where she is imprisoned. At ten in the morning and at ten of the night."

"One is not compelled," said WOGAN, "to choose the hour of ten for her rescue."

"Besides, suppose that the Princess is rescued, she will need a gentlewoman to bear her company on her journey here."

"That's true," rejoined WOGAN, "and therefore one of the three men I choose shall have a jealous wife who would rather come with him at any risk than trust him out of sight."

In the end WOGAN got his way, as he had a knack of doing. He chose three men, Major GAYDON, Captain LUCIUS O'TOOLE, and Captain MISSET, of the Irish brigade, for his companions, Mrs. MISSET as a companion for the Princess, and her maid JENNY, whom they were to leave behind as a substitute in the Princess's apartments. Still no one believed in the prospects of the venture, Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY least of all. He left the Pretender's lodging with Mr. FAVERSHAM.

"I am not sure," said he, with an air of great preoccupation, "that success would be here the wisest thing. The Princess CLEMENTINA has never yet seen her future husband."

"One hears," said Mr. FAVERSHAM, "that she is none the less devoted to him."

"She has, no doubt, a fanciful picture of him, such as girls will make and cherish, until they see the original. It was, I believe, through Mr. WOGAN's mediation that the marriage was arranged. Mr. WOGAN chose her as the one woman in Europe. He is very enthusiastic concerning her."

"His heart is in the work," Mr. FAVERSHAM agreed.

"Perhaps a thought too deep," MOWBRAY suggested.

"A man may love his Queen," said Mr. FAVERSHAM.

"Why, yes," said MOWBRAY, laying a finger upon Mr. FAVERSHAM's sleeve. "But the pity would be if those who wished to say 'here's a man who loves his Queen,' were compelled to say instead 'here's a man who loves a woman;' and Sir WILLIAM came to a sudden stop, stared for a moment across the road and broke into a laugh.

"Do you see that?"

Mr. FAVERSHAM looked across the road too.

"I see the Caprara Palace."

"And a travelling carriage at the door, a carriage, my dear friend, from which the Princess CAPRARA has just stepped out. You do well to start. For let us suppose the King just a mere gentleman. Whom would he marry, do you think? We need not look so far as Innspruck, eh?"

"The CAPRARA back in Bologna," cried Mr. FAVERSHAM. For one moment he was almost concerned; then he whistled. "It is, of course, a coincidence," said he.

"That she returns on the very morning when we know SOBIESKI's daughter is safe under lock and key? No doubt, but a regrettable coincidence. Look forward, Mr. FAVERSHAM. It begins to grow upon me that Mr. WOGAN's success would mean a misfortune, and alas! we may always count upon misfortunes."

This misfortune, at all events, Sir WILLIAM went forward to meet with a smiling face. He enlarged upon it as he walked on.

"If Mr. WOGAN—who is, we will be content to say, enthusiastic—rescues the Princess CLEMENTINA, who for her part has never seen her King, and brings her unexpectedly to Bologna to find the Caprara woman officiating as the consoler, why

then——" and he paused, delicately savouring the complication.

"Well, what then?"

"Why then we may look for a diverting comedy," said he, and it is to be regretted that Mr. FAVERSHAM also chuckled.

While these two leisurely gentlemen sauntered through Bologna, CHARLES WOGAN was already making his preparations. In November he travelled into Silesia, where he spent many weary months persuading the King of Poland to assent to his adventure; from Silesia he passed to Strasbourg, where he picked up his companions, took for the expedition the name of WARNER, and bought a barouche; and on April 16 the tiny cavalcade rode in disguise out of Strasbourg to make a hole in the moon, as their commiserating friends predicted. They reached Nazareth, a mountain village in the Tyrol, on the 23rd. Communications were made with M. CHATEAUDON, the Princess's Major-domo; he was shown a letter in the King of Poland's hand, enjoining him to entrust the Princess CLEMENTINA to a gentleman going by the name of WARNER; and then Mr. WARNER ordered him to leave the house-door unlatched on the night of the 27th. That day the barouche was brought down to a suburb of Innspruck, and the horses were put up at an inn. The weather was frosty so that one's breath was a puff of smoke, and the city from its roadways to its gables lay sheeted in snow. Mr. WOGAN tapped on the window of the inn-parlour and prayed for more snow. The snow fell in feather-flakes through the afternoon, in a whirling, blinding storm when the night fell. It drove the sentry at the door of the prison-house, secure that on such a night his prisoner was safe, across the road to a tavern. That was WOGAN's luck, and it was also lucky for the sentry.

WOGAN led JENNY to the doorstep.

"Tell her Mr. WARNER will be under the fifth tree in the avenue," said he in a whisper; "and play your part well, JENNY. Keep your bed to-morrow. We need a day's start. Let no one see you without the room is darkened. Speak in a weak voice."

The door was open; JENNY slipped into the house; WOGAN waited under the fifth tree of the avenue. He waited for hours and months and years. He waited for precisely five minutes. Then something dark bulked for a second mistily upon the doorstep, and a girl came stumbling towards him. WOGAN stepped out from his tree. The girl caught him by the hand. "The King," she said in a voice that thrilled. "I knew it. Here is a night to prove a lover."

WOGAN raised her hand and kissed it.

"No," said he, "only the King's servant." And the girl drew back, not at all in distrust, but with a world of disappointment in her manner.

"The carriage is a mile from here," said WOGAN, "if your Highness can walk it."

"Yes, and a mile to that mile too," she said readily. "And so the King could not come himself. No, to be sure. I know he has much to think of. I did not expect it. Let us walk;" and she stepped bravely out.

"You do not mind the snow," said WOGAN.

"Would it fell faster! Would the flakes fell thicker!" she said, and she held out her hands as though to catch them. "Would they did not melt! I believe God sends the snow to cover me. It's the white canopy, do you see, spread above my head, that I may go in state to meet my lord;" and as she spoke she stumbled over a hillock on to her hands and knees, and laughed.

WOGAN helped her up, with a question whether she was hurt.

"That comes of rhapsodies," said she, and dried her hands upon his coat. "But I am not hurt. Tell me of the King. I shall make mistakes in that new world—oh! mistakes by the dozen! Will he have patience while I learn?"

"If you knew him as I do," began WOGAN, and stopped his walk. A puddle of melted snow lay across the road, too wide for a stride. WOGAN jumped over it and turned.

"If your Highness will take my hand, there is a stone—a white stone, on which you may safely step."

The Princess took his hand and stepped. The stone sank beneath the puddle. She uttered a little cry, and jumped dripping to the further side.

"Your stone was a bunch of straw," she said, with a gasp. "He is generous, then?"

"Your Highness, here is the barouche," said WOGAN.

O'TOOLE sat on his horse by the carriage door, the Princess, Mrs. MISSET, and GAYDON mounted within, and the horses were driven off through the suburb, across the open, and up the slope to the head of the Brenner pass where MISSET waited with fresh relays.

"I will not sleep till we reach Italy," said WOGAN, and MISSET's head at the window woke him up in the grey of the morning.

"Look man," cried MISSET. WOGAN looked and saw the Princess lying back against the cushions in a dead faint. WOGAN chafed her hands, and cursed himself aloud for his negligence. Mrs. MISSET held a bottle of salts to her nostrils, and O'TOOLE wept bitterly. In the midst of the noise, the Princess opened her eyes and saw WOGAN bending over her.

"My poor marmozet," said she, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "don't look so unhappy." Then she looked at O'TOOLE and laughed.

Beyond the Brenner the climate changed. The snow vanished. The noise of spring was in their ears, the gold of spring was luminous in the air, and the sun rose over the hills. WOGAN sat over against the Princess; now and then her knee touched his; now and again her fresh voice spoke to him. He spent his time weaving rare images to match her looks and courage, and spent his time unprofitably, for he found not one to his taste; and in the midst of one such reverie she fairly startled him.

"Mr. WOGAN, I am sure you are in love."

WOGAN answered with great vehemence and confusion.

"No, your Highness; no, don't believe that. I mean—well—do not believe it."

"I am sure of it. Twice I spoke to you and you did not answer. Tell me her name. I will stand her friend."

"Never," cried WOGAN, suddenly, and his confusion increased. "There is no one. I was not thinking of her. I mean—it would be well to make sure we are not followed," and he made a hasty retreat from the carriage, took O'TOOLE's horse, and rode in the rear. It was towards evening when he rejoined the carriage, and he found the occupants in some embarrassment. The Princess explained their embarrassment.

"They will tell me nothing," said she to WOGAN. "I ask them of the King. He is brave."

"A lion for bravery," protested O'TOOLE.

"A soldier for endurance," said GAYDON.

"A boy for eagerness," cried WOGAN.

"So they keep saying," said she; "but they will not tell me one single exploit that stamps him King."

WOGAN, if he had not much imagination, was a man of resource. He replied at once.

"Then I will," and he told her of an imaginary night attack upon an imaginary town in Scotland. The story was a little vague until it reached a point where the King, rushing into the street, found himself confronted with five grenadiers. Then the details became distinct.

"He was unarmed," said WOGAN. "He drew back into the shadow of the wall, but one of the five flashed a firebrand in his face. 'By Heaven!' he cried, 'CHARLES——' and here Mr. WOGAN stuttered and resumed. 'By Heaven, CHARLES,' he cried to the man in front of him, 'here's the King.' But before CHARLES could turn, the King threw his chain in a loop over the man's head and jerked it tight."

"What chain?" asked the Princess, breathlessly.

"What chain?" echoed WOGAN. "What chain? Why, to be sure, the chain about his neck. The grenadier dropped on the ground. The four who were left turned with one cry, 'The King.' But the King was now armed with the fifth man's musket. He broke through the group, climbed the wall——"

"What wall?" asked the Princess.

"The wall of a garden across the street. Behind the garden there was a door, inside the door a staircase, above the staircase a roof, where for hours he played the strangest game of hide-and-seek among the chimneys until his own men rallied and won back the town and him."

Here CHARLES WOGAN drew a sigh of relief and mopped his forehead, while the girl sat with her hands clasped upon her lap and her eyes looking down towards Italy.

"And what help can I give to such a man?" she said.

"The strengthening presence of a woman," answered WOGAN, in all earnestness. "The magic stone—let a man hold it in his hand, and the dull world blossoms into fairyland;" at which the Princess looked at him with a smile.

"Does she love you?" she asked.

"Madam, you mistake," spluttered WOGAN.

"Do I?" said she, and she added softly, "Could I hear the King speak thus of me, I should not doubt he loved me;" and the words sent WOGAN again to watch for the pursuit.

The next day the carriage reached Brixen, which it left towards nightfall, and five miles beyond Brixen an awful thing happened to Mr. WOGAN. For then the axle broke, the carriage lurched over on its side. WOGAN sprang out in the dark and lifted the Princess in his arms. She set her hand upon his shoulder to steady herself, and he felt her touch tingle through his blood. Then with the tenderest care he set her down knee-deep in a puddle of water.

"This is the second time," said she, shivering; but when the axle-tree was bound up with cord and the carriage was again rolling towards Italy, she looked at him with a new and kindly thoughtfulness; and it was noticeable, though WOGAN was not in the mood to notice it, that she no longer bantered him about his love affairs.

Two miles beyond, WOGAN, who had been looking persistently from the window, cried out:

"See! there is Alla. Those are the last lights in the Emperor's territories. Beyond those lights is Italy," and as he spoke, the cord which spliced the axle snapped.

They stood in the roadway looking down at the lamps twinkling in the valley. The night had cleared; a star-sown sky overhung them.

"Let us walk," said the Princess. "This one last mile frightens me more than all the rest. Let us walk in silence down to Italy."

They crept through the little village, and crossed the border. Three days later, in the early morning, the cavalcade drew up before the Pilgrim Inn at Bologna.

(Continued in our next.)

ACCORDING TO THE *EVENING NEWS* AN "ATHENIAN SCHOOL-MISTRESS HAS TRANSLATED THE OLD ENGLISH NURSERY RHYMES INTO GREEK." MAY OUR ARTIST SUGGEST SOME ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE GREEK STYLE:—



Three blind mice, see how they run,
They all run after the farmer's wife.



Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair.



Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.



Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!
The beggars are coming to town.

"MARCH 17."

THE Harp that once through Tara's halls—
(We'll take the rest as read!)
Its symbol high o'er Saxon walls
On Patrick's Day is spread.
When London's Mansion House displays
The flag that Celts adore,
The feud endures from former days
On England's side no more.

In Ireland's honour all unite,
Street boys and gilded swells,
And Covent Garden girls' delight
The boom of Shamrock tells,
While Erin, once more loyal, wakes
And gracious answer gives,
Ceasing to harp on past mistakes,
To show that still she lives.

BESTING THE BUDGET.

(A *Causerie à la Kipling*.)

THE Cycle trembled and nearly damaged a tyre.

"It is sure to be right," said the Cartridge, consolingly. "The members of the Cabinet are too good sportsmen to think of me."

"And yet it seems a pity," replied the Silk Hat, "for those who use you would not feel the loss of a shilling or two."

"Don't you speak," retorted the Cartridge. "It would be a good thing for society if Sir MICHAEL catches you. It would send you out of fashion!"

"I was almost afraid they would touch me," whispered the Double-crown Poster. "Then how should I get upon the hoarding?"

"Why not?" asked the argumentative Cartridge. "In France your *confrères* have all to bear a stamp."

"Oh, the impost upon knowledge was removed years ago," returned the Double-crown Poster. "It would be a retrograde step to make me a source of revenue."

Walking-sticks, umbrellas, pipes, and billiard-balls were about to speak when there was a cry of joy.

"It's all right," cried the Cartridge. "The speech is over. We are not in the



"Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake."—Pope.

Priscilla (reading). "WHAT PIERCING INSIGHT, WHAT ACUTE PENETRATION!"

Budget, and so have escaped being taxed for another year."

ACTING UP TO THEIR NAME.—"The pit-head gear of the Elandslaagte Colliery," we read in the *Times*, March 14, "was fired by the retreating Boers, but the coolies extinguished the fire," &c. The "coolies" is an appropriate name, and this particular body of "coolies" should henceforth be known as "the Extinguishers."



Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.



Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get the poor dog a bone.



AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE FLOODS.

Jim (to Jack). "LOOK OUT, JACK! I FANCY THERE'S A POND ABOUT HERE SOMEWHERE."

Jack (to Jim). "BY JOVE, YOU'VE FOUND IT!"

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I firmly believe the world has gone mad! Last night I went to Puddleton, where I had promised to read my well-known paper on "Some Characteristics of the Common Earth-worm," which has been received with quiet satisfaction by dozens of provincial audiences. Last night—but I am still too prostrated by the experience to write more. Instead, I send you the report of my lecture as it appears in to-day's *Puddleton Herald*. Yours in perplexity, ALEXANDER DRYASDUST, F.R.S., &C.

(Cutting from the Puddleton Herald.)

Every corner of the Mechanics' Institute was occupied last night fully an hour before the commencement of Professor DRYASDUST's lecture, and several hundreds were unable to gain admission. The interval of waiting was occupied by the singing of patriotic songs, which, however, did not find favour with a small knot of dissentients at the back of the room. Punctually at 8 P.M. Professor DRYASDUST stepped upon the platform, and his appearance was the signal for a terrific outburst of cheering, which lasted for some minutes, and seemed greatly to bewilder the lecturer. When quiet was at last restored, he began by expressing his gratitude—

and, he must honestly add, his surprise—in finding so large and so enthusiastic an audience. True, he had always felt that the study of the earth-worm was a subject of paramount importance. (*Shouts of "Good old Paramourncy!" "Remember Majuba!" and interruption.*) All of his hearers must be familiar with the appearance of this member of the *Annelides* family, and have watched it as it bore a hole—(*Loud groans and hisses, cries of "Down with the Boers!" followed by the favourite chorus, "We're going to kick old Krüger out."* After this had been repeated eight or nine times; the lecturer was able to resume)—in the ground, and the swiftness with which, on the approach of an enemy, it would conceal itself in its earthworks. (*Tremendous uproar, "Three cheers for White," and the singing of "Rule Britannia" drowned the next remarks of the Professor.*) He must beg to inform them that he had not undertaken to address a lunatic asylum. (*Cheers.*) But only that title seemed to describe the behaviour of those whom he saw before him. (*Shouts of "That's the Little Englanders at the back of the room!" "Turn them out!" "Shame!" An attempt was then made to eject certain members of the audience, with the result that a free fight raged for ten minutes.*) Really, it

was almost impossible to deal adequately with the Common Earth-worm under those conditions, and he would therefore bring his lecture to a close.

The Professor, who showed some signs of annoyance, was apparently about to retire, when a prominent lady of the town sprang upon the platform and flung a large Union Jack over his shoulders. At this all present rose to their feet and cheered frantically. Four members of the Corporation seized Professor DRYASDUST, who was vainly endeavouring to disengage himself from the folds of the flag, and carried him shoulder-high to his hotel. A bonfire was kindled in the courtyard, and a huge crowd assembled round it, cheering the Professor, Lord ROBERTS, General BULLER, &c., and singing "God Save the Queen," alternating with "Rule Britannia," until 3 A.M.

We understand that Professor DRYASDUST left Puddleton by an early train this morning. A. C. D.

AT THE ANGEL COURT KITCHEN.

Stranger (to Eminent Financier). Why did you call that man at the bar "the Microbe"?

Eminent Financier. Because he's "in everything."

WITCH-DOCTOR KIPLING.

(See Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letter on "The Sin of Witchcraft" in the "Times" of March 15.)

TO KIPLING, this: there are who much
Admire, they say, his rare and rich
craft,
Yet marvelled at the double Dutch
That so obscured "The Sin of Witch-
craft";
Who, having studiously toiled—
Opus inutile, infandum!—
Through all its paragraphs, were foiled,
And failed, they fear, to understand
'em.

Some hints there were of men who spoke
In words that were, I trust, not meant
ill;

Of men whose notions of a joke
Were rather practical than gentle;
Of fly-by-nights, sand-colic, heat,
Of pianos smashed as with a pestle;
Of rooms where playful cyclones meet,
As cyclones will, to romp and wrestle.

Of loyalty that doesn't pay,
Pay, pay—it has a money basis;
Of women who, I grieve to say,
Flung caps, 'an act that leaves its
traces;

Of some one who infects the earth,
And some one's antidote to his bane;
Of Edmonton, Vancouver, Perth,
Quebec and Halifax and Brisbane.

Of some one's head whose hoary hair
Will not, 'tis hoped, avail to save it;
Of men at home who must not spare,
But take and read an affidavit;
Of little tags of journalese,
And stray allusions to the Bible,
And rumours floating on the breeze,
All mixed in one fantastic libel.

Besides he threw in Mafeking,
He threw in dysa, heath, plumbago,
And stuffed with many a wondrous thing
His bi-columnar *Times* farrago—
Until a plain man, bored to death
The while the solid task he strives at,
Gives up his reading, gasps for breath,
And asks in vain what KIPLING drives at.

I rather think I can explain—
I'll clear up KIPLING's latest mud-yard.
I haven't studied quite in vain
The idiosyncrasies of RUDYARD:
Benignant spectacles on nose
He's sailed six thousand miles of water
To howl in dull, confusing prose
For judgment, vengeance, blood and
slaughter.

Let "rebels" hang from every tree—
Thus best you may exalt your free land.
By lending ear to mercy's plea
You may perhaps offend New Zealand.
Our colonies with anger burst—
'Tis KIPLING's meaning, so I take it—
They have a most consuming thirst
For vengeance, and 'tis ours to slake it.



Tommy. "I CAN STRIKE A MATCH ON MY TROUSERS, LIKE UNCLE BOB.
CAN YOU, AUNTIE?"

Strange, is it not, so mild a man
Should want more blood when war is
finished?
Should do the little best he can
Lest slaughter be perchance diminished?
Should deem debased beyond excuse
That statesman, cursed with wilful
blindness,
Who bans the bullet and the noose,
And strives to do his work by kindness?

No! let the dogs of vengeance go!
Divide by blood two angry nations.
Make every Dutchman still your foe
Through all the coming generations.

And let the bard—you know his needs—
In prose that stalks or verse that ambles
Tell all the listening world your deeds,
A proud TYRTÆUS of the shambles!

THE VAGRANT.

PROBABLE MIS-REPORT. — Mr. CECIL
RHODES, in reply to a question regarding
the future of the Republics, is reported
to have said, "That is Imperial business,
and no matter of mine." Surely there
must have been some error in transmis-
sion? Didn't he say, "That is Imperial
business and a matter of mines"?



A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

Aunt Maria. "WHAT A GOOD LITTLE BOY TO LEAVE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS TO COME WITH A POOR OLD AUNTIE LIKE ME."

Master Douglas. "OH, MOTHER ALWAYS MAKES US DO NASTY THINGS AND THINGS WE DON'T LIKE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HARDY, Chaplain to the Forces, has written an informing and interesting book on the British soldier. That he should call it *Mr. Thomas Atkins* (FISHER UNWIN) is, my Baronite thinks, a regrettable sacrifice to cheap and rather wearisome humour. Save the title, the volume is excellent. It is pleasant to read on unimpeachable authority that our army is not only the best fed and clothed in the world, but, with the possible exception of the small standing army of the United States, is the best paid. The ordinary private, it is true, receives only a shilling a day. But with allowances in the way of lodging, food, and clothing, his weekly wage reaches the value of fifteen shillings a week. Not the least interesting chapter in the volume is that which catalogues the marks of distinction and the nicknames of the various regiments. Herein are condensed whole pages of glorious history. Mr. HARDY has many good stories to tell. Delightful that about the big dragoon whom a lady visitor invited to join her in prayer about some difficulty he was in. "I can't, Miss," he frankly said; "my britches are too tight."

That the Baron should give his opinion on a collection of stories which have already appeared in illustrated weeklies and, in magazines is of small use to either public, author,

or publisher, and so he will content himself with informing any who may not have read eight stories by W. E. NORRIS, bound up together in one volume, entitled *An Octave*, and published by METHUEN, that, being well worth reading, any one of them will prevent a spare half hour from hanging heavily on the hands of the otherwise unemployed.

"What a nice lot of new friends" Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS introduces us to in *The Cambric Mask* (MACMILLAN & Co.)! When the reader's eye, and ear, have become thoroughly accustomed to the odd-looking, queer-sounding Americanisms, and when he can, without difficulty, grasp the meaning of the strange language used by an uncouth set of people, he will intensely enjoy their proceedings in the "fresh scenes and pastures new" (the idyllic description of which is not the least charm of the book), as depicted with much quiet humour by the author of their being, and he will soon find himself deeply interested in the story of the manly hero and the fascinating heroine who, with the other less important but graphically sketched characters, play their parts in the "Sweet Fern Distillery District." It will be of interest to our esteemed collaborateur, "TOBY," to learn that "SARK" is the name of the above-mentioned manly hero, though whether nearly connected with, or distantly related to "TOBY'S" eminently serviceable friend and confidant, this deponent author sayeth not. But, be that as it may, *The Cambric Mask* is a delightfully fresh, picturesquely written, and startlingly sensational romance.

The two new volumes of the Temple Classics (J. N. DENT & Co.) are *Cowper's Task*—quite a holiday task to the Baron, who is sufficiently old-fashioned to affectionate Poet COWPER, and to prize him far above modern incomprehensibles—and *Carlyle's Heroes*, whose dashing, spasmodic, kaleidoscopic style makes the work tolerable to the Baron for about ten minutes at a stretch.

The New Century Library gives us three new volumes, adapted to an ordinary pocket and to ordinarily good eyesight, by road, river, or rail, in daylight, viz., DICKENS' *Oliver Twist* and *Sketches by Boz*, bound together, *The Old Curiosity Shop* by itself, and THACKERAY'S *Pendennis*.

Mr. HENRY FROWDE has added to the Oxford University Press Library of the Poets the complete works of JOHN MILTON. They appear in divers dress and at varied prices. All are after the original text by the Rev. H. C. BEECHING. Daintiest of the volumes is the miniature edition bound in tree calf. It may be comfortably carried in the pocket. Nevertheless, being printed on the marvellous India paper, the secret and the glory of the Oxford Press, my Baronite finds the type large enough to read in a railway train. Facsimiles are produced of the original title pages of MILTON'S several works. It is interesting to read in the antique letter of two and a half centuries ago, how "Paradise Lost, a Poem written in Ten Books, by JOHN MILTON, is printed and are to be sold by PETER PARKER under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by ROBERT BOULTER at the Turk's Head in Bishopsgate St.; And MATHIAS WALKER under St. Dunston's Church, in Fleet St., 1667." THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE ENGLISH SPRING.

(A recent—and common—experience.)

One Day.

SPRING 's in the air!
Soft her caress;
Smiling and fair,
Spring 's in the air,
Everywhere,
You must confess,
Spring 's in the air,
Soft her caress,

The Next Day.

Spring 's in the air!
Shrewish her smile,
Making one swear,
Spring 's in the air,
Pray take a care!
East winds are vile;
Spring 's in the air,
Shrewish her smile. A.R.

FINE SPECIMEN.—A genuine "Carpet Knight" of most recent manufacture: Sir WILLIAM PURDIE TRELOAR.



LAURIER AND LAWSON.

(A Contrast.)

Britannia (to the Canadian Premier). "BRAVO, SIR WILFRID LAURIER! WHEN I THINK OF MY SIR WILFRID AT HOME I CAN ONLY SAY THAT 'BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.'"

["For my part I am fully convinced in heart and conscience that there never was a juster war on the part of England than the present one."
Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Speech in the Dominion House of Commons, March 13.

["In my opinion it is a cowardly and infamous war."—*Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the House of Commons' Debate, March 13.*]



"I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE QUITE FORGOTTEN, MR. JONES, THAT YOU OWE ME A FIVER?"
 "NO, I HAVEN'T YET. GIVE ME TIME, AND I WILL."

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Sport.

EH well, Mister X., we have doed one small walk enough agreeable after the lunch of ten hours and half; one whisky and somes sandwichs. If we goed breakfast in one good restoring, that of him think you? He is one hour.

You acquaint one restoring of the first order? Go there.

This hall is very coquette, very jolly. See there one table, there, to the corner.

Boy, we desire one good english breakfast.

Of abroad of the peasoup, of the ham of Yorek and of the pudding of Yorek, and then of the rosbif and of the mutton boiled, with of the potatos, of the spinachs, o' the small peas and of the green beans, all to the water, without any sauce. As between-meats, of the

Le Sport.

Eh bien, Monsieur X., nous avons fait une petite promenade assez agréable après le lunch de dix heures et demie; un whisky et quelques sandwichs. Si nous allions déjeuner dans un bon restaurant, qu'en pensez-vous? Il est une heure.

Vous connaissez un restaurant du premier ordre? Allons-y.

Cette salle est très coquette, très jolie. Voilà une table, là, au coin.

Garçon, nous désirons un bon déjeuner anglais.

D'abord du peasoup, du jambon d'Yorek et du pudding d'Yorek, et puis du rosbif et du mouton bouilli, avec des pommes de terre, des épinards, des petits pois et des haricots verts, tous à l'eau, sans aucune sauce. Comme entremets, du pudding de riz et du plum-

pudding of rice and of the plum- pudding. Enfin du fromage de pudding. In fine of the cheese Chester. of Chester.

See there the butler. That Voilà le sommelier. Qu'est- is this that he demand? As ce qu'il demande? Comme vin? wine? And of the mineral Et de l'eau minérale? Ni l'un water? Nor the one nor the ni l'autre. Deux grandes other. Two great bottles of bouteilles de porter-stout. porter-stout.

Is it that you occupy of Est-ce que vous vous occupez the sport, Mister X.? But that du sport, Monsieur X.? Mais go of himself. We others cela va de soi. Nous autres English we are all sportmans. Anglais nous sommes tous sportmans.

Ah, you love the canoeing, Ah, vous aimez le canotage, the chase, and the peach. You la chasse, et la pêche. Vous not go to the courses? Ah if, n'allez pas aux courses? Ah of time in time. si, de temps en temps.

Me I am enraged of the exer- Moi je suis enragé des exer- cises of the corpse; the box, cices du corps; la boxe, le the footbal, the cricket. I footbal, le cricket. Je monte mount to horse all the days, à cheval tous les jours, et and I adore the chase to the j'adore la chasse au renard. fox. I go also very often to Je vais aussi très souvent aux the courses. courses.

You acquaint Longchamp? Vous connaissez Longchamp? The French selfs extase on Les Français s'extasient sur ce this field of courses. Me I champ de courses. Moi je find that one of Derby much trouve celui de Derby beau- more jolly. I go all the years coup plus joli. Je vais tous to the Great Price of the Epsom les ans au Grand Prix de Derby. l'Epsom à Derby.

Hold, is it that you know Tenez, est-ce que vous savez the terms of sport in french? les termes de sport en fran- Not of the all? çais? Pas du tout?

Truly! But these words Vraiment! Mais ces mots there are indispensables. I go là sont indispensables. Je vais you them to tell on the field. vous les dire sur-le-champ.

The sport, the sportmans, Le sport, les sportmans, le the turf, the course, the price, turf, la course, le prix, les par- the partings, the gainings, the tants, les gagnants, le favori, favourite, the outsider, the l'outsider, le champ, les tri- field, the tribunes, the Tater- bunes, le Tatersall, le jockey, sall, the jockey, the steeple- le steeple-chase, le selling- chase, the selling-plate, the plate, le handicap, le book- handicap, the book-macker, the macker, le pick-pocket. pick-pocket.

H. D. B.

"A GEORGIC."

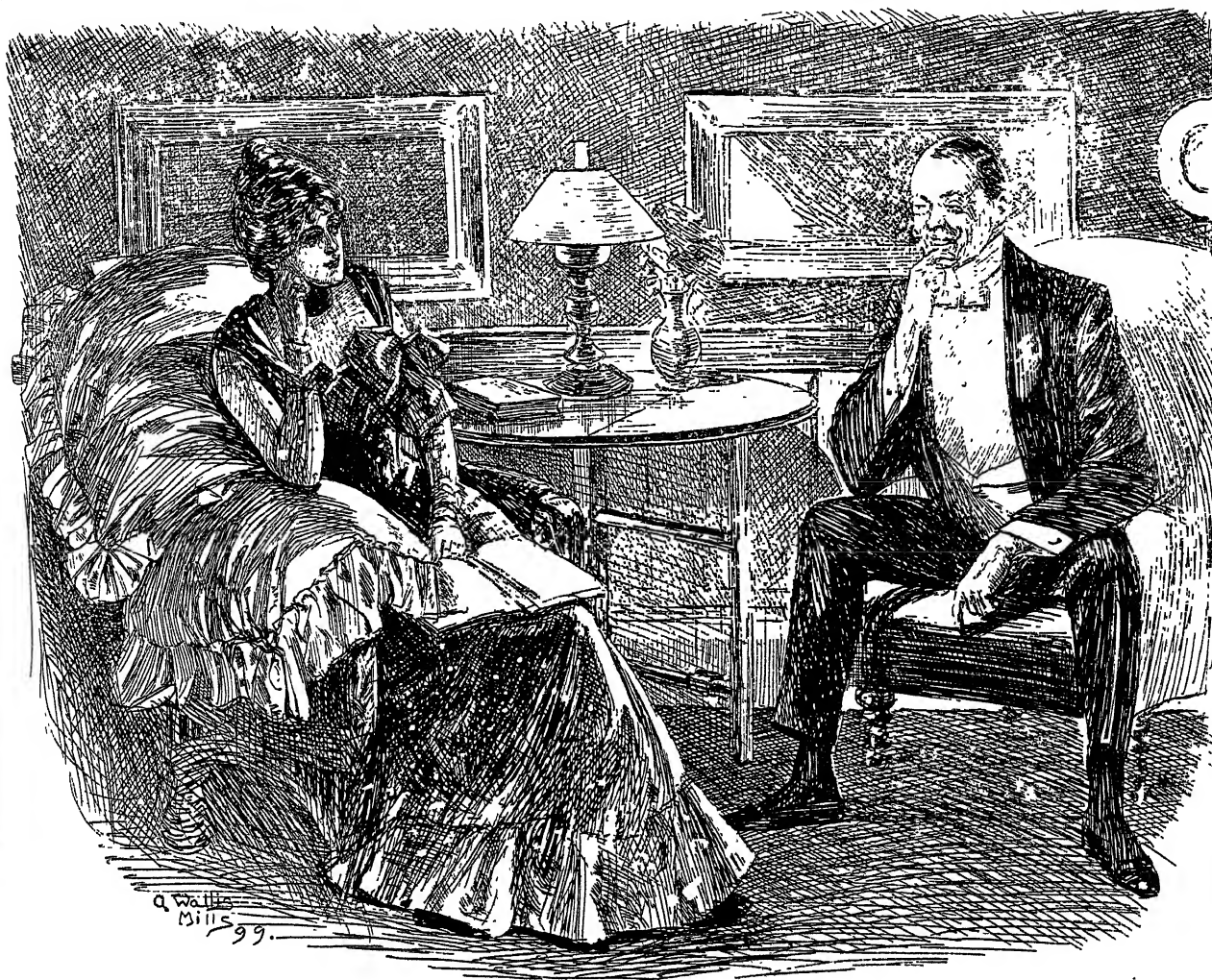
To be sung by Mr. George Edwardes, dancing, every morning Daily and with Gaiety.

At Daly's, I run my San Toy,
Gaiety, Messenger Boy,

With dance, song, and dresses,
If both are successes,
Why ask me the cause of my joy?

THE ISLE OF MAN AND WOMAN.—The House of Keys, with a good turn of one on its bunch, has released the Deceased Wife's Sister so that she is now free in this Happy Isle to share the bonds of wedlock with her widowed relative-by-marriage. Perhaps in this new departure may be found material for a novel by the author of *The Manxman*.

SIGNAL EXAMPLE OF THE "BIG, BIG, D——," is "The Great Dam at Assouan." Messrs. JOHN AIRD & SONS say that "This is one of the few dams that can be uttered without offence in the politest society."



He. "CAN YOU TELL ME THE THREE QUICKEST MEANS OF COMMUNICATION?"
 He. "WELL, WHAT'S THE THIRD?"

She. "GIVE IT UP."

She. "TELEPHONE, TELEGRAPH—"
 He. "TELL A WOMAN!"

CHADBAND IN THE TRANSVAAL.

(Dickens up-to-date.)

"WHAT is it?" asked Mr. KRÜGER. "It is the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars. It is the Light of Terewth."

Mr. KRÜGER drew himself up and looked triumphantly at the civilized world, as if he would be glad to know how it felt after that staggerer.

"Of Terewth," said Mr. KRÜGER, hitting the civilized world again. "Say not to me that it is not the lamp of lamps. I say to you it is. It is! I say to you that I will proclaim it to you whether you like it or not. Nay, the less you like it the more I shall proclaim it to you—with a speaking trumpet! Now what I proclaim to you is it deception? Is it suppression? Is it reservation? No, my friends, it is neither of these. Neither of these names belongs to it."

Mr. KRÜGER paused for a moment and then continued.

"If the President of this State goes forth towards a battlefield and sees a fellow-

countryman shooting an enemy under a white flag of truce, and comes back and calls to him his friends and says, 'Friends, rejoice with me, for I have seen a noble deed.' Would that be Terewth? Yes, my friends, it would be. Or, put it that the President of this State, after casting forth the skellums to the wolves and the vultures and the wild dogs and the young gazelles and the serpents, and in spite of that casting-out gets the worst of it and goes back to his dwelling and his pipe and his puffing and his resting and his malt liquor and his butcher's meat and poultry and says, 'Behold, I have not been beaten and am President of a Sovereign State and should have a hundred and fifty millions a year and pickings,' would that be Terewth? Well, I hope I'll make you think so."

And Mr. KRÜGER looked round at the civilised world with a smile on his lips, and brought into prominence a right optic over which an eyelid stealthily trembled.

CRONJE'S LAST GAME.—Playing Nāp at St. Helena.

THE HERO OF 37,500 GUINEAS.

HONOURD SIR,—Waterloo is avenged. WHITE held out at Ladysmith. BLANC held out at Kingsclere. The *Flying Fox* is captured by the Gaul and exchanges the yellow jacket of Ducal WESTMINSTER for the Orange of the Arbitrer of Monte Carlo in exchange for 37,500 guineas. I wish I had the Shillings. I was unable to be present at this British defeat and so referred to my Ever Excellent D. T., now Lord Chief Almoner of the Empire. What the subjoined lines mean I leave to your Puzzle Editor:

"Seven was the lucky number of the only lot on which any reserve was placed, and when *Flying Fox*, looking pale and anxious, on his back, was introduced, a buzz of excitement went round the company."

I have no doubt but that F. F. looked "pale and anxious," but why should he have been introduced "on his back," when he has four legs to stand on? With continued respects,

I am, Honourd Sir,
 Your faithful and humble henchman,
 DARBY JONES.



Mamma. "I DON'T LIKE YOUR STAYING IN DOORS LIKE THIS, BOBBIE. HAVEN'T YOU ANY LITTLE FRIEND YOU CAN GO OUT AND PLAY WITH?"
 Bobbie. "WELL, I HAVE ONE, MUMMIE. BUT I HATE HIM!"

NO ROOM TO LIVE.

[This article appears to have been intended to form one of the series recently published in the *Daily News*. By some mistake it has been addressed to this office, and the Public interest seems to demand that we should print it.]

THOSE persons who have given their attention to the Housing Problem in London, will probably have observed that there is one class which suffers pre-eminently under the blind tyranny of ground and other landlords. It cannot have escaped observation that there is a crying need for small bachelor suites of rooms in the central and western districts of London at moderate rentals. Sets of two and three rooms, pannelled in oak and with an agreeable outlook, are almost unprocurable in central London by young men of small means! Such a state of things does small credit to our municipal authorities, and indeed constitutes a cry-

ing evil. Something, indeed, has been done in the past to mitigate this state of things by the Temple and other similar institutions, but it is monstrous that an evil of these dimensions should be left to be coped with by voluntary agencies.

The bachelors of London are a deserving class, and as such are peculiarly suitable to be assisted to eligible dwellings out of the rates. Such men, to the skilled observer, show themselves to be among the poorest classes of the community. They have their Club subscriptions to pay and a position to keep up. They must entertain in a modest way. And all this has too often to be done on an income of two to three hundred a year! Compared with such men the married clerk with three children in the suburbs is wealthy. It is therefore evident that the County Council will not be doing its duty if it does not come forward with a scheme for

suitably housing such persons at rentals of from twenty to thirty pounds a year; and as their occupations and distractions require that they should dwell in a central situation, it would be well if some portion of the site laid bare by the Strand Improvement scheme should be given up to them. A few blocks or squares of buildings in this neighbourhood, of pleasing appearance, and not more than three storeys in height, would be in every way adapted to their requirements. It must, of course, be borne in mind that these persons are not paupers, but respectable ratepayers and, therefore, the buildings must be of an architectural style that will not outrage their self-respect. On the other hand the rents must be strictly moderate, any difference between such rents and a fair return on the money borrowed being, as usual, provided by the ratepayers. Until some such scheme as this is taken in hand the Housing problem in London cannot be said to have been fairly faced by the authorities, and a serious grievance in the very heart of London will remain unredressed!

TO A CERTAIN PLEBISCITE.

[The *Daily News* published recently a plebiscite on the Best Hundred books for children. The immediate object was to furnish suggestions for the establishment of a children's library at West Ham.]

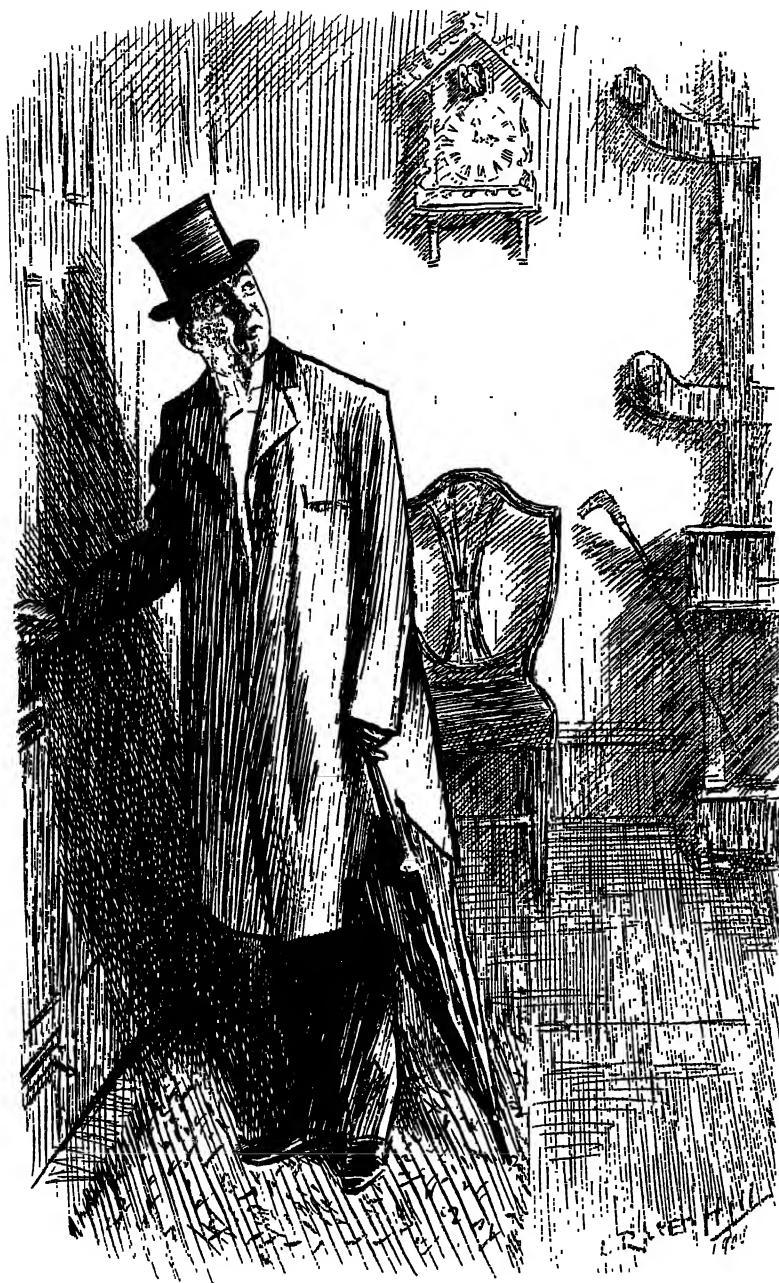
A HUNDRED Books; you say the best
 For children's special delectation:
 Alas, this democratic test
 Gives ample scope for objurgation.
 For many in this "little list"
 Bear titles ominous with warning;
 O Plebiscite, why thus insist
 On books provocative of yawning!
 From prairie stories dear to REID,
 A *Daisy Chain* restrains you ever;
 And though upon LAMB'S *Tales* agreed,
 The children's *Leas* is mentioned never.

You covet *Carrots*, which I know
 A plain but wholesome diet still is;
 Yet might not girls more wisely go
 To feed off *Sesame and Lilies*?
 And why is SAWYER; why is FINN
 Edged out by Canterbury cleric?
 Most boys would wish that TWAINE got in,
 Not heroes one must call hysteric.
 MACDONALD'S charming *Phantastes*
 You certainly were not alert on;
 Ignoring fairy realms like these,
 For dismal tracts of *Sandford-Merton*.
 Those moral powder stories ought
 To vanish quite—they're growing fewer:
 Why did you not—a happy thought—
 Include a version somewhat newer?

L'Envoi.

Best children's books! Ah, could I see,
 This cult of Plebiscites diminish:
 Well, West Ham has my sympathy;
 And with that sentiment I finish.

A. R.



TIME—3 A.M.

Voice from above. "IS THAT YOU, JOHN? YOU'RE VERY LATE, AREN'T YOU?"

Brown (returned from celebrating the latest victory). "IT'S ONLY ABOUT—ER—TWELVE, MY DEAR, I THINK—"

The Cuckoo Clock. "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

Brown (grasping situation instantly). "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

HOW IT'S NOT DONE.

(Extract from a Yeoman's Note Book.)

Monday.—Find the Loamshire may not go South for a month, resign and join Mudshire. Enter name and receive directions.

Tuesday.—Up before the Riding Master. Passed. Interview with the doctor unsatisfactory. Chuck the Mudshire and enter the Clodshire.

Wednesday.—Clodshire examining medi-

cal board capital. Pass in triumph. Up before the Riding Master. Failed! However, join the Chawshire. Must get out somehow.

Thursday.—All day passing the doctor. Wait for a couple of hours (with others) at his private professional address. Then later on meet him at the Town Hall, where he examines my teeth. Why couldn't he have passed me in both at the same time? He doesn't know, nor do I.

Friday.—All day chivying the Riding Master. Doesn't know whether I will do. Reserves his decision until later.

Saturday.—Have been on the move for the last five days, and still moving. Receive two letters—one from home authorities saying I won't do. Other from a cousin in South Africa. "Come over," he says, "and they will be delighted to have you. Better trust to the Colonies than Pall Mall." Think so, too. [Exit.]

AN EPITAPH

To be erected in the Presidency at Bloemfontein.

["The late President of the Orange Free State."
—LORD ROBERTS.]

HERE LAY

For the Best Part of Three Years
Until Its Abrupt Exit

On the Evening of March 12, 1900

THE BODY OF

MARTINUS THEUNIS STEYN

Sometime President

of the

NOW DEFUNCT ORANGE FREE STATE

His Honour

WAS A CONSPICUOUS INSTANCE
Of Vaulting Ambition O'erleaping Itself
And of the Advisability
OF LETTING WELL ALONE

Mr. PUNCH

Distinctly Invited Him Last October
TO STAND ASIDE

Out of the Quarrel between KRÜGER and
JOHN BULL

But

He Must Needs Rush In and Occupy,
DEFENSIVE POSITIONS

Within Her Majesty's Dominions
With the Result

That on his Brother's Testimony

He is Now

A NONENTITY

He was last heard of

At a Place called Kroonstad

Heading for Pretoria

Having Left a Lot of Little Things Behind Him

And

Goodness Only Knows

If he will Ever

FIGURE IN HISTORY AGAIN

PATRIOTIC POULTRY.

Housekeeper. Are you quite sure that's a Norfolk turkey, Mr. GIBLETS? It looks to me like a Russian.

Mr. Giblets. A Russian! Oh dear! no, ma'am. Impossible! 'Aven't you 'eard as 'ow the Boers 'ave bought hup hall the Roossian birds? Besides, ma'am, hunder the present hun'appy haspect of haffairs, I'd scorn to 'ave one in my hestablishment.

[Housekeeper is plucked as well as the Muscovite.]



Tutor. "YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES SUCH AS OURS, A MAN IS ONLY ALLOWED ONE WIFE. NOW, WHAT IS THAT STATE OF THINGS CALLED?"
Pupil. "I KNOW. MONOTONY!"

CONCESSIONAL.

Mr. Krüger to Lord Salisbury:—

As birds delight to bill and coo
 And in their downy nests agree,
 So good a thing it is to view
 Nations that live in unity!

My Christian hands were never meant
 To go and knock you in the eye;
 Still less were yours by Heaven lent
 To pay me double by and by.

But lo! how lying lips abound!
 How Ananias doth increase!
 The devil how he prowleth round
 Saying that we disturbed the peace!

We who alone with sin would wage
 Battle when Satan crossed our track,
 Nor e'er forsook the psalter's page
 Except to flay an errant black!

Blessing and blest we sought to dwell
 On frugal fare from Nature snatched;
 Innocent as the young gazelle,
 And harmless as the dove unhatched!

Yet, wise as serpents, we were ware
 What risks a pious Doppler runs
 Who leans upon domestic prayer
 Apart from automatic guns.

So, praying still, we probed the Rand
 And from its bullion made us bombs;
 Still singing, we converted grand-
 pianos into Long Pom-poms.

Then with our wallets full of text,
 Armed with the Dutch for Dr. WATTS,
 We in our simple way annexed
 The promised land in goodly lots.

Dealing the first (defensive) blow
 From some external Pishah-kop,
 We hoped to catch the heathen foe
 On, or a shade before, the hop.

But, failing in our noble scheme
 Of self-defence on alien soil,
 To try it nearer home would seem
 A wicked waste of tears and toil.

How beautiful upon the velvet
 The feet of him that pipeth peace!

How must our souls with rapture melt
 When rage and horrid tumult cease!

This notion did occur before,
 But then the time was not so fit;
 For fear your honour might be sore
 We hardly liked to mention it.

But with the present change of scene,
 And bloodshed growing rather rife,
 My conscience bids me intervene
 To end a most immoral strife.

Having already done enough
 To "stagger" people, as proposed,
 We surely may, without rebuff,
 Look on the late affair as closed.

The terms we contemplate are light;
 My simple burghers would, I know,
 Be willing to accept a slight
 Improvement on the *status quo*.

O. S.

SOLILOQUY BY A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.—
 Absence of the beggar makes the heart
 grow fonder.



A HANDSOME OFFER.

BOER (*considerably damaged*). "I DIDN'T LIKE TO MENTION IT BEFORE, BUT NOW THAT 'YOU 'VE RECOVERED YOUR PRESTIGE,' GIVE ME EVERYTHING I WANT AND ALL SHALL BE FORGIVEN!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 12.—No one expected the MARKISS would speak to-night. House, as usual, nearly empty. No questions about either peace or war. Only one relating to convalescent soldiers, and a bill providing for discipline of Youthful Offenders. The MARKISS in his customary attitude of profound reflection; his chin sunk in his chest, his knuckles dug in the reluctant cushion, his right leg quiescent. *Cherchez la femme*, a familiar saying when mischief is accomplished. *Cherchez la jambe* is a regular practice in the House of Lords when members speculate as to whether mischief is brewing in form of speech from Premier. If he means it, right leg crossed over left knee is observed pegging away at pace of ten miles an hour.

Motionless to-night. All the more marvel when, of all subjects in the world, he plunged in Committee on Youthful Offenders Bill.

ELGIN, jealous for the preservation of sacred family ties, insisted that if the Youthful Offender must needs be flogged, his parents should enjoy the healthful exercise in preference to the policeman as directed by the Bill. Had it been any but ELGIN, the remark, like many others, would have passed unheeded over massive head of MARKISS. By clearly traceable association of ideas, sight of noble lord on his legs carried him back to far-off days. ELGIN inevitably suggested marbles; marbles are played out of school hours; school recalls certain interviews with the headmaster. In an instant the MARKISS was back in his Eton days. Was it, he asked, abruptly rising, the custom then for the parents to be sent for from distant counties in order each to flog his own boy? The MARKISS trowed not. Then why should there be one law for the poor and another for the rich? For centuries the sons of the rich had been flogged at school by other than the kindly arm of the parent. Why should the poor have the monopoly of parental service in this fundamental matter?

Argument a little illogical. What ELGIN objected to was establishment of the rule that when you want a small boy flogged you should ask a policeman. DR. KEAT was not in the force, nor were any of his contemporaries or successors who wield the rod at public schools. MARKISS too indignant to care for logic. He had his flare-up; trembling Lords subsided; Clause passed as drafted in Bill.

Curious to see KIMBERLEY furtively glancing over the bench on either side of the MARKISS. He would not have been a bit surprised if he had seen peeping forth the familiar growth of the Eton birch.

Business done.—In the Commons, GEORGE WYNDHAM made fresh hit with speech explaining Army Estimates.



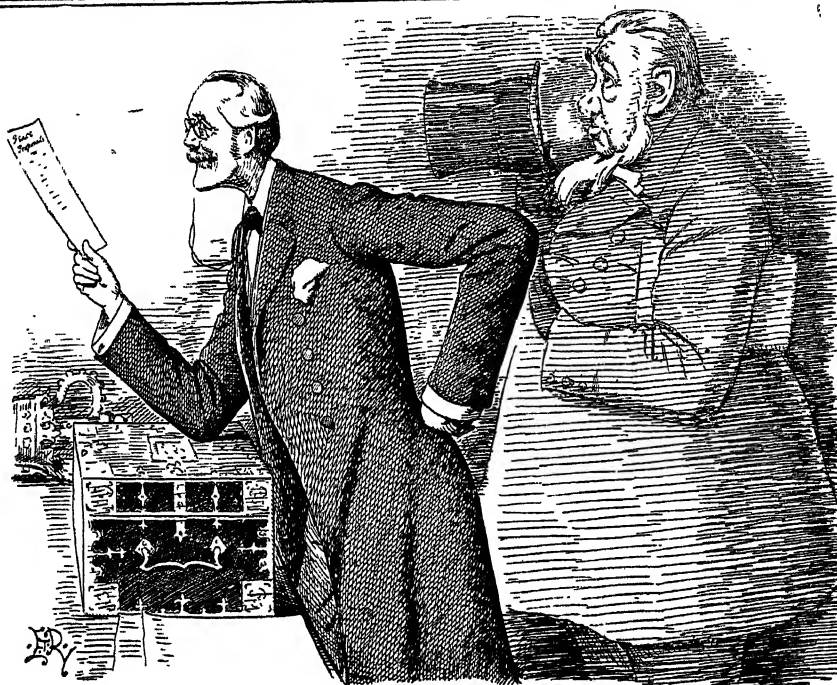
"AND WHAT ARE YOU LEARNING AT SCHOOL, ETHEL?"—"HIST'RY." "AND HOW FAR HAVE YOU GOT? AS FAR AS QUEEN VICTORIA?"—"OH, MUCH FURTHER THAN THAT!"

Tuesday.—There still linger in the memory the tones of DON JOSÉ's flexible voice when he read to the House OOM PAUL's little bill arising out of the JAMESON Raid. To hear him cite the item "moral and intellectual damages" was worth being present at prayer time in order to secure a seat.

It was PRINCE ARTHUR who to-night read the sublime document containing the proposals of peace. They are presented at the joint instance of the Presidents of the Orange Free State and of the South African Republic. The handwriting was plainly OOM PAUL's, his the unctuous voice that rolled through its amazing sentences. PRINCE ARTHUR, of

course, said nothing. The intonation of his voice was most eloquent.

Old Gentleman at Pretoria generally admitted to have excelled himself. The ultimatum had tendency to take away the breath by reason of its boldness. Almost blood-curdling in the sudden unrestrained outburst of hissing hatred long diplomatically concealed. Britons, in their self-complacent confidence, inclined to smile at its peremptoriness. Seemed at the moment like poodle ordering a mastiff out of the stable yard. Know now that OOM PAUL wasn't nearly so far out of his slow reckoning. But for gallant stand made at Kimberley and Ladysmith, he would have carried out the threat, that



PRINCE ARTHUR AND THAT AMAZING OOM!
 "The handwriting was Oom Paul's, his the unctuous voice."

seemed so preposterous when spoken, of driving the English into the sea.

Now the guileless old Gentleman, finding "BOBS" at the gates of Bloemfontein, FRENCH resting his horses for a new ride to Pretoria, writes to say that if the incontestable independence of both Republics as sovereign international States be acknowledged, and if the rebels who have risen in the rear of the QUEEN'S troops get off scot free, "BOBS" and his victorious army shall be allowed to go away unmolested! OOM PAUL is much too good for this world.

Business done.—War Loan Bill voted.

Thursday.—"A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanack. Find out moonshine; find out moonshine." Thus Bottom.

RICHARDSON, obeying the behest, has come upon painful discovery. When GEORGE THE SECOND was king he ordered (see 24 George II., c. 23) that Easter Day should be the first Sunday after full moon which happened upon or next after the 21st of March. If—mark how nothing escaped GEORGE THE SECOND—the full moon happ'd upon a Sunday, Easter Day should be the Sunday after.

Very well. RICHARDSON, having looked in the almanack, finds that the first full moon happening next after the 21st day of March current timidly presents itself two minutes after one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 15th of April. Argal, Easter Day should be the 22nd of April, not the 15th, as the calendar decrees.

Here's a pother. What's to be done to avoid catastrophe? RICHARDSON comes up to-night, presents his puzzle at head of Attorney-General. Many men would

have shrunk appalled. Most Ministers would have suggested that "the question should be addressed to my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury." Sturdy DICK WEBSTER looked the moon full in the face, and found she was a fraud. "The fact is," he said confidentially to the Speaker, "the full moon referred to in the statute is not the actual full moon, nor the mean moon, but a fictitious and statutory full moon, sometimes called the ecclesiastical full moon."

Uneasy feeling that this is libellous. But Attorney-General may be trusted to know what he's about. House fully reassured, happy in possession of an extra moon whose existence was hitherto unsuspected, turned with light heart to sublunary affairs. *Business done.*—Census Bill passed through Committee.

Friday.—Nearly twenty years since GRANT-DUFF left House of Commons and



The Fictitious or Statutory (sometimes called the Ecclesiastical) Full Moon.
 (Sir R-ch-rd W-bst-r.)

Elgin forlorn to rule over Madras. Didn't often speak in House. The effect of his ordered speech—something like an icicle running down the spine—not conducive to renewed invitation. But when he mounted his pulpit in Elgin the western world humbly waited to be instructed. Elgin long been a closed borough to him. Happily has found another medium for his mission. Takes the form of publication of Notes from his Diary. First batch issued in 1897; each successive year blessed with fresh crop.

A dull night in House; been reading last two volumes just published by JOHN MURRAY. The *Diarist* a sort of Literary Dustman. As each day brings its collection of material to the door (back or front), an industrious and discriminating hand may be counted on to pick up something. In pursuit of material for his diary, GRANT-DUFF does not shirk that last purgatory of social life, the early breakfast where *litterati* gather. The result is a string of scraps of conversation, with here and there a good story that lightens the prim pages of the work. In his way of enjoying himself GRANT-DUFF is the most methodical of men. On his many excursions he was ever prepared with a collection of quotations, directly pertaining to the scene. Being at Cairo he, of course, called to pay his respects to the Sphinx. "I repeated in its presence KINGLAKE'S sublime description." What the Sphinx said in reply is not recorded. But what a picture is here—GRANT-DUFF reciting KINGLAKE, the Sphinx listening with that far-away look that awes mankind.

Later, at Dresden, the *Diarist* met two ladies. "I introduced them," he notes, "amongst other things to the Sistine Madonna. In its presence I repeated to them the lines of SCHOPENHAUER. Later, I read aloud from the note book, which accompanied us in so many journeys, the passage from PATER'S *Conclusion*, which begins with the words 'Philosophiren says Novalis,' down to the words 'only for those moments' sake'; the paragraph from MORLEY'S *Robespierre* which details what, according to the writer's view, *Chuquette* should have said to the priest; and the scene of July 13, 1847, in the '*Récit d'une Sœur*.'" Nor was this all. "I further read from the same book a passage added in India, the description, namely, of what the Rhone does at Geneva, taken from RUSKIN'S *Præterita*."

If his audience had been a couple of men, they could have done something in self-defence. But two hapless women! A commercial traveller in literature, GRANT-DUFF always had his knapsack packed with samples, knew exactly where to lay his hand on the article suitable to the occasion and the customer. What he lacks, besides modesty, is a saving sense of humour.

Business done.—Army Estimates.



LITTLE BINKS ON HIS NIGHT MARE!

(After reading about the Diving Horse at the Crystal Palace.)

A SHADE SEVERE.

(A Soliloquy received by wireless telegraphy from St. Helena.)

Too bad! Much too bad! Have I come from the banks of the Seine to see this? My old home overrun by Dutchmen! The walks I knew so well traversed by a "Commandant" who never appeared in uniform, and relied upon the good shooting of women with rifles for victory! Surely my shade might have been spared the indignity!

But Albion was always perfidious! A nation of shop-keepers! And this reflection reminds me that I who speak have also left Paris—that city of retail merchants—to avoid the Exhibition. I have come to St. Helena to stand watching the setting sun, as I did of old!

But how different! Boers here, Boers there, Boers everywhere! They will be better treated than I was. It is not just. For the first time in my career I regret the absence of Sir HUDSON LOWE.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"DOUBTFUL."—No, we have not read the article on "Self-Advertising," contributed to the *Universal Review* by MARIE CORELLI, and cannot, therefore, give an opinion on the point you submit. You may, however, take it that the lady is especially well qualified to discuss the topic of her paper.

TO PHYLLIS WHO SMOKES.

["The Anti-Tobaccoists will hold a congress at the Paris Exhibition. Among other questions they will consider whether the society of a woman who smokes is really as delightful as it frequently appears to be."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

PHYLLIS, you a magic chain

Weave about my heart so tight,
That, despite its constant pain

At your conduct light,
Frisolous though your behaviour be,
From your toils, alas! I can't get free.

But a hope I have in view

That your sway I need not fear now,
Since of girls who smoke—like you—
(So at least we hear now)

They can prove, by force of logic rightful,
That they are not really so delightful.

Then to Paris I will wend—

When the anti-smoking mission
Meets in congress I'll attend

At the Exhibition;

So their doctrines when they there
explain,

Haply I may find your influence wane.

Ah! how foolish to rebel

At a tyranny so sweet,
And to strive to break your spell,
Since, when we shall meet
And I once again to you am near,
I'll forget their arguments—I fear.

BADLY NEEDED BY THE BOERS.—A BULLER-proof shield.

THE POST-MISTRESS OF VAN WYK'S VLEI.

["Miss WALTON, the Post-Mistress at Van Wyk's Vlei, on being threatened with instant death by the rebel Boers unless she gave up the keys of her office, placed them in the bosom of her dress, and told the man who pointed his rifle at her that he could only get them from her dead body. She succeeded eventually in escaping with the money and stamps, even the Boers applauding her dauntless courage."]

THIS is the song of a heroine,
Mid the heroes of the War,
The song of a maid, who was not afraid,
But stood to her trust as a man should stay,
Who scorned the threats of the rebel raid,
And looked down the rifle without dismay,
British born! true to the core!

This 's the song of a hero'ne
With never a man to help,
At Van Wyk's Vlei with no succour nigh
She held her post, as a sold'er would,
For the right of her Cause not afraid to die,
A lioness showing the lion's blood
As becomes a lion's whelp!

This is the song of a heroine,
Sing it the Empire round,
Tell it afar this tale of war
Wherever the flag that we love floats high,
Be it on land or be it on sea,
Toast her! Miss WALTON of Van Wyk's
Vlei!

Echo her valour with three times three,
For where could a braver heart be found?

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH is delighted, in fact, "pleased as Punch," to announce that the contributions to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, which, but for this timely aid, would have had to turn out its little patients and close its doors, have reached £12,990 13s. 5d. Most probably ere this grateful acknowledgment appears, the sum will have



topped thirteen thousand. Why turn off the tap? the stream of benevolence flows freely. "Flow on thou shining river!" Bless the stream, don't dam it. *Encouragez les autres!* Address as before, Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LD., 10, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

N.B. "Collecting Cards" still in stock. Send to above address. To be had for the asking.

A VALEDICTION.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow!" says the poet,
So to be cheerful I will bravely try,
It grieves me sore, although I may not show it,
To say good-bye.

Friends we have been, and that for many seasons,
Some have remarked how elderly thou art,
I heed them not,—but there are other reasons
Why we must part.

Time in its course relentless never ceases,
'Tis always introducing something fresh,
Thy tender countenance it fills with creases,
I put on flesh.

And so of late, all hopes have been demolished
Of keeping thee for evermore mine own,
A comrade so old-fashioned and so polished
I ne'er have known.

Nay, be not coy, these demonstrations grieve me;
Thou holdest me in such a loving clasp,
I welcome thy embraces, but, believe me,
They make me gasp.

I say farewell, but I may meet thee later,
When, in some restaurant of small repute,
Thou settest off the figure of the waiter,
My old dress suit!



(Continued from page 198.)

The seven o'clock, the town was ablaze with the unexpected

news: at nine, Mr. FAVERSHAM'S valet brought

it to his master with his chocolate. Mr. FAVERSHAM sprang out of bed, and hurried to WOGAN'S lodging in a state of ill-concealed anticipation. On the doorstep he came face to face with Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY.

"You are early," said FAVERSHAM, with a smile.

"The curtain is rising and the play will, I think, be diverting."

They went upstairs, where they found WOGAN in his bed, and woke him up. They plied him with questions as to his journey. WOGAN praised the Princess. Her endurance, her discretion, her courage, her gentle temper, her misplaced humility, her fresh voice, her open friendliness, made a full theme for WOGAN'S eulogy.

"And pride?" asked FAVERSHAM. "You omit that quality. Has she pride? It is most important."

"Why?" asked WOGAN, and he sat up in his bed. "Is there news to tell?" He caught FAVERSHAM by the arm. "What news, man? Is it news of the King?"

FAVERSHAM gently disengaged his arm and smoothed the velvet of his sleeve.

"The King, Sir, has been most sad. Indeed, but for the CAPRARA——"

"The CAPRARA!" cried WOGAN, falling back upon his pillows. "She is in Bologna, then?" he asked, with a strange quiet.

"She came, indeed, the day you left."

"Most happily," added MOWBRAY, "for her company has in some measure consoled him."

WOGAN said nothing for awhile, but lay and stared at the ceiling. Then he asked:

"And why are you gentlemen at such trouble to bring me this news?"

"It might be well," answered MOWBRAY. "I do not hazard an opinion; but you say the Princess CLEMENTINA has pride, and it might be well, perhaps, if you prepared her——"

"No," cried WOGAN, "she must not know. Think! After her sufferings, borne with what constancy, she is to discover that while she suffered—No! She must not know, and not for the King's sake, mark you, but for hers. She must make this marriage, for which she has ventured more than women dare to venture. Else she drowns in ridicule. So she must not know."

Mr. FAVERSHAM humm'd and ha'ed.

"It will be difficult," said MOWBRAY, "to keep the knowledge from her."

"Very difficult," agreed FAVERSHAM. "For, alas! there are always busy-bodies."

"Why, that's true," said WOGAN, staring at his visitors. He flung out of bed and opened the window. "There are flowers in the street below, gentlemen," he cried, "and here's a spring day of sunlight."

"To be sure," said FAVERSHAM, "but I do not understand—"

"That in some company," WOGAN took him up with a bow, "one feels the need of them."

WOGAN dressed with all haste as soon as he was disembarrassed of his visitors. He must see the King; he must get rid of the CAPRARA; he must make sure that the Princess CLEMENTINA should not know. He hurried to the King's lodging. But events had moved fast that morning. He was met in the ante-chamber by Mr. FAVERSHAM, who positively twinkled with excitement.

"You are too late," said FAVERSHAM, "the King has gone; a message from Spain—a most momentous message—so we are told. But between you and me, the King has fled. He heard of the Princess's coming at seven, and at nine he was gone. He has incontinently fled, leaving the two women to fight for him. So clever; so diplomatic!"

WOGAN went home to his lodging. That the Caprara affair could be kept secret he knew now to be altogether an impossibility. But he was none the less firmly convinced that the marriage must take place. His conviction increased as the days passed, and the rumour of the escape from Innsbruck spread. In a little time, Europe was ablaze with it; people thronged into Bologna to catch a glimpse of the Princess; her name and praises were even upon women's lips. What if the marriage did not take place? This, thought WOGAN, that she, who to-day was the wonder of Europe, would be to-morrow its laughing-stock, flouted at every tea-table as a romantic girl well and suitably punished. The King WOGAN pushed out of his heart and thoughts: he had run away. But if by any chance he were, as the phrase went, to come to his own, why then CLEMENTINA must be Queen; she was most fitted to be Queen. In a word, she should not be wasted.

Meanwhile, WOGAN saw nothing of the Princess. Perhaps he passed of an evening beneath her windows when the lamps were lit; but he held deliberately aloof. However, he had news of her from the busy-bodies. Moreover, they told him one morning, to his great relief, that the Caprara Palace was again empty.

"Where has she gone?" he asked the next moment. "Into Spain?"

"No, to Rome."

"Her Highness knows, do you think?"

Mr. FAVERSHAM shrugged his shoulders.

"She has a great gift of silence, though,"—he made the qualification archly—"she can talk, too, when she wills."

"Yes," said WOGAN. "She talks of the King, no doubt. From Innsbruck to Bologna she had words for no one else."

"That is curious. For now she has words for no one but Mr. WOGAN. Oh, believe me, she is most particular. I paid my reverence to her yesterday at the little house the Cardinal has hired for her. We walked in the garden. She kept me by her side that I might tell her of your escape from Newgate."

"But you did not," cried WOGAN, in alarm. "You did not tell her?"

"I told her half the story, only half."

"Ah, only half. And then you stopped?"

"Yes, for she interrupted me, and told me the second half. The chain, the prison wall, the game of hide-and-seek among the chimneys. She had it all at her slim finger-ends. I was constrained to say," he added, with a smirk, "that Mr. WOGAN rarely spoke so freely of himself."

"And she answered?" continued WOGAN, putting the impertinence aside.

"She answered thoughtfully that Mr. WOGAN spoke more about himself than she was aware of at the time. A curious answer—one that puzzles me."

WOGAN was not concerned to explain. He merely cursed himself for his folly in relating that episode. He had spoken on the spur of the moment; had he taken time for thought, he would have known that sooner or later the truth must come out.

WOGAN lay closer than ever in his lodging. He had neglected the Princess, when all the rest were paying their court to her. Here was one good consequence. Her pride would hinder her from summoning him to explain that story he had told her as he rode by the carriage window.

"Pride!" said he. "To be sure it is a most convenient quality in a woman," and turned the thought over in his mind, until he became aware that the quality had its drawbacks too.

For the King had fled; that would touch her pride, even if she knew nothing of the CAPRARA's devotion. There was that "great gift of silence"—an ominous phrase when used of the girl who had been frankness itself along the road from Innsbruck to Bologna. WOGAN became very uneasy. The Princess was just the woman to keep her own counsel to the last moment, and then act as a woman and not a politician.

It was this dread which weighed chiefly upon WOGAN when he received a letter from the Pretender. The letter announced that all arrangements for the marriage had been made, but that urgent business kept the Pretender in Spain, so that the marriage must take place by proxy. WOGAN was chosen to act as proxy.

WOGAN read the letter several times. The proposal was rank cowardice. It was also for personal reasons quite distasteful to him. He shrank from standing up at an altar before a priest and marrying this girl for another man. The Princess might refuse—he had a moment's thrill of hope that she would. Then he came back to his old thought. She must not, for her own sake. He must prevent that if he could, and it seemed that, perhaps, he had some power with her. The time for inaction was past.

WOGAN paid a visit to the Princess that morning.

She received him alone, standing in the centre of the room. There was a change in her, but it was the change which WOGAN had foreseen. She was guarding the girl in her within the mail of a woman's pride. Only the fatigue in her eyes surprised him, who slept well, whatever troubled his daylight. She made no comment upon his abstentions, nor did WOGAN excuse himself. He handed her the letter, through which she merely glanced as though she was already aware of its contents, and said slowly:

"A lion for bravery, a soldier for endurance, a boy for eagerness;" and, folding the letter, she gave it back to him as a sufficient comment upon the words. WOGAN was utterly disconcerted by the direct attack. He stepped back a pace and stood awkwardly silent.

"You dread plain speech," she continued, with a touch of scorn. "Why then, Mr. WOGAN, I'll play the courtier and speak in parables. You told me of a white stone on which I might safely set my foot, and since the night was dark I took your word, and stepped, and, Sir, your stone was straw."

"Your Highness, no," cried WOGAN.

"Straw," she repeated pitilessly, "as you well knew when you commended it to me as stone. Else why should you lend your exploits to the King? I think I understand. You thought, 'here is a lovesick girl who asks for deeds of which the King, it seems, has none to his credit. So out of my many I will toss her one and, please God, she'll be content with it.'"

WOGAN lifted his head and faced her.

"That was not my thought," he protested. "But we who have served him, know the King. We can say frankly to each other, 'The King's achievements—they are all to come.' But with your Highness it was different. Suppose I had said that amongst his throng of adventurers, each of whom has something to his name, he, the chief adventurer, has nothing——"

"You had spoken the truth," she interrupted.

"But the truth's unfair to him."

"And was the untruth fair to me?"

WOGAN had no answer to the question. He stood catching at the thought that she had not as yet definitely refused the marriage. He noticed that her pride began to melt. She spoke, hesitated and caught the words she was speaking, back. She blushed, and then very quickly she said:

"Mr. WOGAN, I shall be glad of your company this morning. I wish to visit the Caprara Palace."

The wish expressed a command. WOGAN walked with the Princess to the Palace in an extreme agitation. He could gather nothing of her purpose from her looks, and she did not speak upon the way. The household had removed from the Palace to Rome, and one old serving-man received them.

"I wish to see the pictures," she said, and the old man, leading them into the long gallery, left them there. CLEMENTINA stopped before the portrait of the Princess CAPRARA, the portrait of a woman, tall, handsome, of a warm complexion, and the black hair and eyes of the south. CLEMENTINA looked at it for a long while, while the blood came and went in her face.

"There is my answer to the letter," she said.

WOGAN collected his arguments and became rhetorical to a degree.

"Happiness," said he, "comes not for the seeking. You may build up your mansion for happiness to dwell in, and when you have built it up, you will find that you must draw down the blinds, for the tenant to inhabit it is dead."

"Your sentiments," said she, with the ghost of a smile, "are quite unimpeachable. You have, I think, a scarf of mine."

WOGAN flushed red and stopped his harangue.

"A scarf!" he stammered.

"Yes," said she. "One that I dropped that night we walked under the stars to Alla. I turned to pick it up, but——"

"I will return it to you," said WOGAN, hastily. "I had forgotten that I picked it up," he added, indifferently.

"You were saying?" said CLEMENTINA, with another smile.

WOGAN renewed his arguments, but without the rhetoric. She could not throw her pride into the scale against all that was staked upon the marriage, the success of the Cause, and above all, her own future. What would she do? Return to her home? And hide, and so waste her incomparable qualities, which now belonged to a nation? Mr. WOGAN grew impassioned; but all the while it seemed to him that she was listening, not so much to what he said, as to the tone in which he said it, catching here at a note of fervour, there at an accent of sympathy.

"So it is for my sake," she suddenly interrupted him, "that you wish this marriage to take place?"

"Yes;" and since he had now a hint or two as to the reason which had prompted her to this visit to the Caprara Palace, he allowed himself to say, looking her fully in the eyes, "May I be frank with you? You and I sat opposite to each other for three days. I think I know you. I think, were you just free to choose like any woman of the people, and the man you chose spoke the word and hoisted some poor scrap of a sail in an open boat, you would adventure over the wide seas with him. But such things are not for you."

Again she took no notice of the argument, but only of the man who used it. Her face brightened, her eyes smiled.

"One cannot, as you say, ride opposite to another for three days without learning something of that other. But one may lose confidence—one may cease to be sure, and supposing that one feels lonely, one wants to be sure." With that she turned and left him. She had almost reached the door before WOGAN bethought him of the letter.

"And the marriage, your Highness?" he asked.

She stopped, hesitated for a moment, and answered.

"I will be frank with you. I wrote yesterday to the King in Spain, and—accepted you as the King's proxy. But you will return my scarf to me?" And she left WOGAN standing in the gallery.

The marriage by proxy, as all the world knows, took place a week later in the Cardinal's Palace. But one item of the proceedings has escaped the chroniclers. The Princess wore a scarf about her neck, for which the proxy pleaded as a memorial of the ceremony. But she lifted a hand and held the scarf close about her throat.

"No, Sir," she answered, and her voice trembled as she answered. "I keep it, and at times think to wear it in memory of a certain walk under the stars to Alla, and of a stone upon which I stepped—a stone which was not straw."

a. e. w. Mason



"WHAT'S THAT THERE BLANK SPACE LEFT FOR, JIM?"
 "WHY, THAT'S FOR THE FOLKS AS CAN'T READ!"

ANTICIPATED HISTORY.

(Being an extract from the work of Prof. Dryasdust, pub. circa 2900, A.D.)

THE 17th March, 1900 (St. Patrick's Day), appears to have been an eventful date in the history of Ireland. Of the precise nature of what actually occurred it is impossible at this distance of time to speak with absolute certainty. Some historians attempt to connect it with an obscure ceremony known as "the wearin' o' the green." As to the exact meaning of this phrase itself, antiquarians are much divided. Recent research has brought to light an ancient MS., held by some to be an Army Order, enjoining

Irish regiments to wear a sprig of shamrock.¹ The authenticity of this MS. is, however, very doubtful. I find in an old copy of a newspaper under date, March 19th, 1900, certain "impromptu" lines by one RUDYARD KIPLING—apparently a writer of the so-called patriotic songs,² which were sung regularly at this date in the buildings called Halls of Music.³ The lines are:—

From Bloemfontein to Ballybank
 'Tis ordered by the Queen,
 We've won our right in open fight—
 The wearin' o' the green.

I do not quote these lines for any literary or other merit they possess, but simply as containing the phrase "the

wearin' o' the green," probably used then for the first time in English literature.⁵

Be these facts as they may, it is certain that the "green" was largely worn on this day. The curious fact is that those by whom it had been hitherto worn, now discarded it.⁶ But while it died out as a national emblem in Ireland, it became a popular ornament in London, where it was largely used to decorate diverse objects such as omnibuses,⁷ Jingoos,⁸ horses and mokes.⁹

(Signed)

DANIEL DRYASDUST, Prof. U.K.

¹ The word *Shamrock* is of very doubtful meaning. Even contemporary authorities (e.g., *Times*, *Daily Graphic*, *Pall Mall Gazette*) disagree as to the exact plant signified.

² One of these, entitled "The Absent-minded Beggar," evidently attained a very wide popularity. Judging from the fragments that remain, it is difficult for us to see in this production any peculiar merit.

³ V. my *Lexicon of Ancient London*.

⁴ Ballybank I cannot find in any ancient atlas, and am doubtful, therefore, of the extent of the Queen's order.

⁵ I am aware of a recent article in the *Historical Review* maintaining that KIPLING's verse is a parody of a still older ballad. But internal evidence certainly proves that this ballad—which contains some feeling and genuine poetry—is a later and more polished work than the crude jingle of the older rhymester.

⁶ During some recent research, I came across a letter from one ADA PARNELL, calling upon all Irishmen to dip the green in ink, and wear it as a sign of mourning. This advice was doubtless universally followed in Ireland.

⁷ Curious cumbrous vehicles, of which fragments are still to be seen in our museums. The form of the word suggests a Latin origin; the form of the machine, a much earlier period.

⁸ A word of doubtful meaning and origin. They appear to have been remarkable as birds of a feather that flocked together. They made a great noise, but were, we gather, perfectly harmless.

⁹ Despite opinions to the contrary I incline to identify the moke with the ass or donkey. In the works of one *Punch*, a learned writer, who alone redeems the 19th Century from the charge of barbarism, there is an account of a creature *Mokeanna*, which I take to be the feminine form of moke. On one occasion *Mokeanna* is said to bray, and when she disappeared, people asked, "Who stole the donkey?" This appears to me conclusive in favour of my theory.

MORE WORK FOR THE L.C.C.

To do away with the sandwichmen when they impede locomotion.

To exile the German bands and the organ-grinders.

To arrest the vendors of newspapers who shout out the leading lines of the contents-bills.

To prosecute the ruffianly cab followers who insult ladies for not employing them to carry their luggage.

To pull up the streets only in the night time and get the work done before daylight.

To keep an eye upon the recommendations of some of their own sub-committees, and be on the alert for departmental jobs of all descriptions.



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

"WOT ARE YER? OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE?"

FATHER THAMES'S TIP.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

It chanced last week that wandering by the marge
Of Thames's tide—its bleakness made me shiver—
I passed a creek conveniently large,

Where lay much spoil collected from the river—
Hencoops and biscuit-tins, and cats whose throattles
Were tightly bound, and hats and boots and bottles.

And many another waif that once stood high,
But, ah, how fortune, fickle jade, upsets 'em!
Exalts at first their honour to the sky,

Next moment turns them into common jetsam—
When, as I mused, a hale and ancient party
Rose from the ooze and gave a greeting hearty!

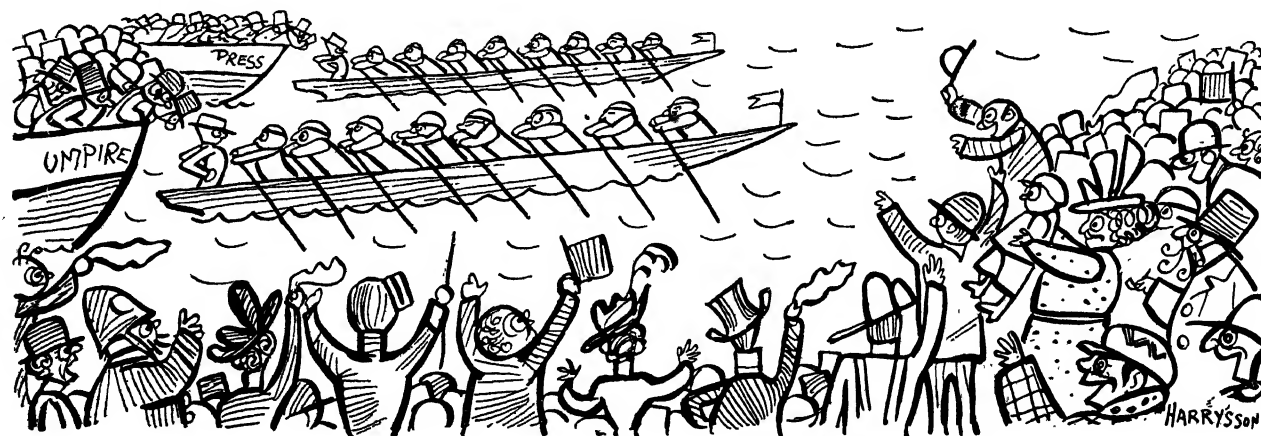
Right well I knew him: 'twas the River god;
His beard was matted and his forehead wrinkled;
And from his tangled hair with every nod
A shower of mud upon the banks was sprinkled.
He wore a tunic—nothing could be damper—
And on his head a fragmentary hamper.

"Great Thames!" I cried, "you come upon the nick;
But, oh, speak soft, lest others should remark you,
And tell me truly which shall do the trick,
Which shall be first—the azure or the dark hue?
Since for the crews each day your ebb and flow trace
The course they row, say which shall win the boat-race."

"I never bet," the god replied, "myself,
Although I hear their barks upon my deep tide.
Let others quote the odds and aim at pelf—
I simply do my work with spring or neap tide.
But as for rowing, why of course it's true, Sir,
I can't help knowing just a thing or two, Sir.

"I hear the laboured breathing of the eight,
The coxswain's shouts, the finish sharply ringing.
And some, I note, are generally late,
Some fail in drive and others fail in swinging.
The while the air grows blue with loud reproaches
Hurled at the crews by megaphoning coaches.

"And as night's shepherdess at morn is pale,
Her light grows thin and all her starry flocks wane,
So, when imposed upon the balanced scale,
Thinner and lighter grows each tiny coxswain.
Fed upon husks, but ever uncomplaining,
He fades and fades, and thus fulfils his training.



THE BOAT-RACE.

(By Our Youngest Contributor, Harry's Son.)

"All this I see, and thus of course I know;
As to the race itself and which will win it,
My mind's made up, my judgment's fixed, and so
With two crews rowing, only one crew's in it;
And that"—but as he spoke the god grew frightened,
Dived to the depths and left me unenlightened.
But in his place a bubble rose and burst,
And seemed to speak "that crew will prove the stronger,
Which shows more last and gets to Mortlake first
In shorter time, its rowing being longer.
And, therefore, since you want to know the right blue,
Keep the tip dark, but go and back the light blue."

"A STICKLER for the decent conventionalities of civilised life" writes: "Sir, under the heading 'London School Board,' I notice in the papers a description of proceedings entitled 'Evening Continuation Schools.' Why this distinctive appellation apparently differentiating such schools from 'Non-Continuation Schools'? Are there 'sans-culottes' Schools? Impossible. And yet, if not, why are 'Continuation Schools' emphasized?"

QUERY TO CLERICS. — A certain well-known Reverend preacher is advertised to give "Lent Orations" at some Hall somewhere. Um! Queer description! "Lent Orations" are uncommonly suggestive of "Borrowed Sermons."

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH begs to announce that the Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, is making steady progress, and that, thanks to kind friends



everywhere, Mr. Punch will be able to give the generous benefactors a pleasant surprise in next week's number. In the meantime, subscriptions may be sent in to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LD., 10, Boulevard Street, E.C., who are ever ready and waiting to receive them.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

WHEN CASTING WITH A FLY ROD, BE SURE TO GET YOUR LINE WELL OUT BEHIND YOU.

APRIL 1, AND HOW TO CELEBRATE IT.

PRESIDENT KRÜGER will be invited to meet Sir ALFRED MILNER at another conference in Bloemfontein.

MR. STEYN will receive an invitation to dine with the British officers at the Ramblers' Club in the same town.

DR. LEYDS will be asked to deliver a lecture on MACHIAVELLI at the Imperial Institute.

General CRONJE will be given *édition de luxe* copies of BADEN-POWELL'S *Scouting*, Lord ROBERTS' *Forty-one Years in India*, and STEEVENS' *With Kitchener to Khartoum*.

The editor of the *Eclair* will receive an official telegram stating that the Boer

fleet has at length taken Mafeking, Cape Town, and St. Helena.

MR. COURTNEY will be made a burgher of what is left of the Free State.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS will be elected a member of the Athenæum for "distinguished services to literature or art."

MR. DILLON will be informed that he is to be knighted on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Ireland.

MR. STRAD will be made Hon. Colonel of the Marine Light Horse.

MR. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER will be presented with the freedom of Scarborough and some sticking-plaster.

MR. "UNDERWOOD" and his Directors will be favoured with a contract for refurnishing the War Office. Y. Z.



SO INCONSIDERATE.

First Melton Groom. "SO YOUR GUV'NOR HAS GONE TO THE FRONT, JIM."

Second M. G. "YUS, 'EE'S GONE. TREATED ME VERY SHABBY TOO."

First M. G. "HOW DO YOU MEAN?"

Second M. G. "WHY, 'EE TOOK MY BEST 'OSS WITH 'IM!"

DIARY OF A "PEACE" ORATOR.

Monday.—The work of my life now begins. To-night I address great meeting at northern manufacturing town to denounce the war with the Transvaal. In imagination I already see the eager faces, hear the enthusiastic cheers. I am borne shoulder-high by transported audience, stirred to its depths by my eloquence and my arguments. Glorious!

Tuesday.—Monday's meeting hardly came up to my expectations. Prophetic vision proved somewhat deceptive. The eager faces were there, but they were

eager for my blood. The cheers were there, but not for ME. Quite the contrary. Finally, when I was actually on the verge of being lifted shoulder-high by transported audience (it deserved to be transported), with a view to submersion in a neighbouring public fountain, the police happily appeared and rescued me. I am, of course, opposed to war and to physical force of any kind, but I was glad to see they used their truncheons. Meeting to-morrow at great Scottish city. Have great hopes of Scotland.

Thursday.—Scottish peace meeting very disappointing. Feeling curiously hostile.

"Are not your fathers and brothers fighting in a bad cause, murderously assaulting a gallant foe who have courageously invaded our territories in self-defence?" I cried. Unmistakable sounds of disapproval interrupted the thread of my remarks. Raising my voice, I shouted in impassioned accents: "Will you support this dastard soldiery in its cowardly attacks upon a brave agricultural people?" But they wouldn't listen to reason. Indeed, they wouldn't listen to anything. With a howl of fury they rushed at the platform, and but for the opportune position of a side door, my blood would have "stained the heather," as the ballad picturesquely puts it. Scottish meeting certainly disappointing.

Friday.—Resting. To-morrow, the great meeting!

Saturday Night.—The great meeting is over. Another failure. The unreasonable fury of my audiences is quite unintelligible to me. I made it perfectly clear that the British Government and the British Nation were despicable and unscrupulous and greedy and overbearing, but they only responded by singing "Rule Britannia." "Is that ridiculous song any answer to my arguments?" I asked. The words, innocent enough surely? provoked an outburst of frenzied violence. . . . Is this Freedom of Speech? No! . . . I shall continue the agitation as soon as my eye has recovered its normal colour.

TO THE G. P. O.

I LOVE a girl with ardour fond,
And she returns my passion,
So we intend to correspond
In sentimental fashion;
But though we're both in town, yet we,
Kind G. P. O., must trouble you,
My postal district is S. E.,
Whilst hers is the N. W.

I'll write her notes, each day I hope,
Imprint some kisses damp on,
Enclose them in an envelope
And stick a penny stamp on;
Although my sentiments may be
As airy as a bubble, you
Will please convey them from S. E.
To far away N. W.

I trust we both may get distinct
Enjoyment from our letters,
Until the day when we are linked
In matrimonial fetters;
And then you'll very quickly see
No more a loving hub 'll u-
tilise the post to bind S. E.
So closely to N. W.

P. G.

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING. — SMITH asked JONES, "Do you belong to a Sharp-shooter's corps?" "No," answered JONES, who was limping along, "but I've got a 'sharp shooter' that belongs to me, and I'm going to have his 'core' extracted. What ho! the pedicure!"

“‘POWERFUL,’ AHoy!”



“WELCOME HOME!”

[H.M.S. “Powerful,” with the Ladysmith contingent of the Naval Brigade, is expected to arrive at Portsmouth within the next ten days.]



APRIL 1.

Mamma. "OH, I AM SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, PROFESSOR. YOU KNOW EVERYTHING. DO TELL ME WHAT TIME THE TRAIN THAT STOPS NOWHERE STARTS."

[For once the Professor is not ready.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN has enriched the world with a book recording "The Early Life of CHARLES JAMES FOX." *The Letters and Life of George Selwyn* (FISHER UNWIN), edited by E. S. ROSCOE and HELEN CLERGUE, might, my Baronite suggests, be described as "The Early and Late Life" of PITT's great rival. It is true SELWYN chiefly deals with one familiar phase of it—that passed at the gaming table. Even in the most critical periods of political strife, FOX was to be found early and late at BROOKS'S playing for high stakes, and, in the main, losing. When Lord NORTH was turned out and FOX was inevitable as his

successor, he was quite bored at BROOKS'S by the interruption of State affairs. SELWYN compassionately mentions that "CHARLES can neither punt or deal for a quarter of an hour but he is obliged to give an audience." Under date, May 21, 1781, SELWYN writes, "Yesterday, about the middle of the day, passing by BROOKS'S, I saw a hackney coach, which announced a late sitting." On enquiry he found that FOX and two others had been playing pharo through the live long night and the May morning, a sum of 3,500 guineas changing hands. That was nothing. Another entry records a loss by one player at a single sitting of £13,000. Eight days after what FOX's successors

in the House of Commons have learned to call an all-night sitting, FOX was "wakened in the morning by news that an execution was put in." The furniture was going, and soon his bed would be wanted. Being a man of resource, he moved into a neighbouring Apothecary's, went over to BROOKS'S, and gambled again. SELWYN'S letters were written to Lord CARLISLE, serving in Dublin as Lord Lieutenant. They profess to supply, and the effort is brilliantly successful, all the gossip of the town, political and social. It is history stripped of its brocade; history in its pyjamas, but, perhaps, all the more interesting and instructive.

Southern Arabia (SMITH, ELDER) is a record of successive journeyings by Mr. and Mrs. THEODORE BENT, through unfrequented districts of an ancient, still unfamiliar country. A permanent and valuable result is found in the half-a-dozen maps drawn after personal survey of pathways hitherto untrodden by a white man, not to mention a white woman. In his travelling, not always free from peril, Mr. BENT was comforted by the companionship of his plucky and resourceful wife. On the whole, my Baronite comes to the conclusion that Southern Arabia is more pleasant to read about than to sojourn in. It teems with personages grandiloquently styled Sultans, who seem to be exceedingly mean cusses. What they want is backsheesh, and, in the words of the advertisement, they see that they get it. Whilst all the men are dirty, not all the women are beautiful. In one of many passages of vivid description Mrs. BENT says of the Arab girls, "Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow; on this ground they paint black lines with antimony over their eyes. The fashionable colour of the nose is red; ring spots adorn the cheek." Thus in South Arabia is a thing of beauty a joy forever.

H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A., Hon. Canon of Carlisle, has exploded in a volume, not of smoke, but of patriotic verse, entitled *Ballads of the War* (J. M. DENT & Co.). The Canon is nothing if not enthusiastically patriotic, and, no doubt, his lyrics canonical (not strictly written according to "canon") will be acceptable to poetic patriots. The Baron's own Private Poet is somewhat distressed at the Canon's having treated a subject which he, the B.'s P. P., had already selected. At the Private Poet's urgent request, the Baron publishes the production in question—it is entitled, as is the Canon's verse, "The Bugler's Wish," and, premising that whatever may be the correct pronunciation of "Tugela," our bard has taken out his "poetic license," he re it is—

"What shall we give you, my little Bugelar,
What for the bugle you lost at Tugelar?"
"Give me another! that I may go
To the front and return them blow for blow."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HIG INDICAT SUSPENDISSE VESTIMENTA.

[The *Lancet* reports the case of a man who has swallowed his braces.]

THO' I was not wont to question
That a healthy indigestion
Could be captured from a crumpet or a crab,
It another kind of case is
If a man may eat his braces,
And batten on the buckle and the tab.

There are times when beef and mutton
Fail to please the merest glutton,
And I'm personally very sick of each,
And there's constantly a reason
(Such as being out of season)
Why the dishes that I want are not in reach.

But my fancy fairly riots
In the prospect of new diets
That is opened by the *Lancet's* gentle touch;

For when meat inspires loathing
We can always take to clothing,
And it does not seem to hurt one very much.

There is naught, they say, like leather,
And I dimly wonder whether
This suspender had the succulence of hide,

Or if it was elastic
So particularly plastic
That it easily got folded up inside.

But it really doesn't matter
How you manage to get fatter,
And a recipe is never out of place;
So if feebleness is chronic
You can try this modern tonic
And presumably it cannot fail to brace.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, March 21, says,—
"Telegraphic communication with Bloemfontein having been restored, telegrams in plain language may be accepted for that town at sender's risk." We could send a wire to Oom PAUL in uncommonly plain language: likewise to Mr. STEYN, who, sans phrase, gave "BOBS" the lie direct.



Elder Sister (coming up). "KITTY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN SAYING TO CAPTAIN COWARD? HE LOOKS DREADFULLY OFFENDED!"

Kitty (engaged to the Captain). "I ONLY TOLD HIM THAT IF HE HAD GONE TO THE WAR AND BEEN SHOT, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROUD OF HIM!"

TO ILLUSTRATED PAPER ARTISTS.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO DRAW ANY CELEBRITY WATCHING THE BOAT-RACE, PLEASE AVOID THE ABOVE KIND OF BALCONY.
WITH THANKS FOR WARNING IN THE *DAILY GRAPHIC*, MARCH 19.



Lady. "YES, HOPE AND CHARITY IS RIGHT. BUT WHAT IS THE FIRST THING WE ALL NEED TO MAKE US HAPPY?"
Small Girl. "USBANDS, MISS."

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
 IN MONTHLY PARTS.

IV.—THE IMPERIAL, OR MARTIAL, SECTION.

[*Note.*—Complaints having been made that some of these Thoughts are too Great for a single day's digestion, in future the larger ones will be spread over a longer period.]

MARCH 1ST TO 4TH.

From ALFRED'S wave-girt isle they fared them forth
 Over the salt and intervening sea,
 Heirs of the Saxon, nurtured by the North,
 Wielding the Great One's watchword—*Ever Free*;
 Sworn for his sake to crush the tyrant's crown,
 Bring liberty to bondsmen held in thrall,
 And ultimately lay their trophies down
 At England's Darling's corpse's feet withal.

Alfr-d A-st-n.

5TH.—With certain reservations, which I undertake to set out at length in my forthcoming volume, the conduct of our Generals receives the stamp of my approval. *W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.*

6TH, 7TH.—England! I think to-day thou shouldst be proud,
 Whose lion's paw is on the lone ewe-lamb;
 Craven! when blood of Christians cried aloud
 Thou caredst not one Oriental —. *W. W-ts-n.*

8TH, 9TH.—It is a poignant sign of the New Degeneracy—not without its note of irony for those antiquated people, if any, who still pursue the study of the past—that the honest enemies of England, prophesying in the English Press, or from an English platform, cannot secure an impartial hearing even from their own fellow-countrymen! *H. W. M-ss-ngh-m.*

10TH TO 12TH.—Ere yet our conquering Captains flit,
 Ere yet the shouting dies away,

Shall we, the chosen race, omit
 To make the rebels pay, pay, pay?
 Beware, with memory like a sieve,
 Lest we forget, and so forgive.

R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

13TH TO 16TH.

[On Mr. Punch's cartoon of CRONJE at St. Helena.]

Admire how the Tyrannical in current adumbration of Sambourne-pen stands at insular remove posed authentic; takes sullen salute of co-exile cognisant in vagueness of the over-again of Imperial Fact. A picture of contrastables confluent to similar; here your Dutch, exsurgent from Cincinnatus-plough, inexpert of externals transmarine and other, territorial within limits of the fencible; there, your Corsican, cosmic to the utter of bellicose, insatiate of a shackled hemisphere one link short; labefact each before a like Necessitated, merging extremes.

G-rge M-r-d-th.

17TH [St. Patrick's Day] TO 23RD:

Type of the Unity of Britain's sons
 Confirmed and welded 'neath the foeman's guns,
 To-day, in every clime betwixt the poles,
 Trifoliate in loyal button-holes
 (Or otherwise attached to loyal chests)
 The *Oxalis Acetosella* rests.

A. A-st-n.

[Variation on same theme.]

O PADDY dear, and did ye hear
 How fine the Union grows?
 The Saxon sports the shamrock,
 And the Kelt he sports the rose!
 The Welsh are eating thistles
 And the English eating leeks,
 And the Highlands take for friendship's sake
 To the wearing of the breeks!

W. E. H. L-cky.

24TH TO 26TH.—On the road to Bloomfontine,

'Ome o' late-lamented STINE
 Lawst observed a-movin' outwards in a absent frame o'
 mind!
 On the road to Harcadee,
 Milk an' 'oney flowin' free
 From the bloomin' fount o' blessin's wot the late 'un
 left be'ind!

R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

27TH.—Courage, my brave brothers! I and the Island are watching you.

H-ll C-ne.

28TH TO 30TH.—[To KRÜGER.]

HAZAE! by the blood that smears thy hands!
 And JEROBOAM by thy people's shame!
 Lord of the woman's lash that bites and brands—
 Lo, where they wait, the Avenger's pageantry,
 Crowning thy bastion'd crags with sword and flame
 To wipe thee out, thy curséd kin and thee!

A. C. Sw-nb-rne.

31ST.—VICTORIA! VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

Sir L. M-rr-s (by request). *O. S.*

FROM THE WINGS OF THE WYNDHAM THEATRE.—Some curiosity has been evinced by theatre patrons as to how Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM will treat his nose when he appears as "*Cyrano de Bergerac*, or the Nasal and Military Hero." Most are of opinion that this will be the principal feature of the piece, and some fear is expressed lest this should be the only point in it. Those of this opinion have not got hold of the right tip as to this nose. Yet its obvious presence ought so to pervade the house that, as *Hamlet* says, "You will nose him as you go into the lobby." The earliest arrival will exclaim, "What is that I see before me? Is it a nose?" The reply will be, "Yes, Sir, a nose *de Bergerac*."

IN VINDICATION OF SCIENCE.

[The *Phrenological Journal* has been examining Lord ROBERTS's bumps with the aid of a photograph. From "the development of his head in the region of the parietal eminence" it is concluded that "he can be depended on to do the right thing in an emergency."]

OH, the prodigies of Science are increasing day by day

Till they put to shame our questionings incredulous;

The secrets of our being its authority obey,

As its studies grow more accurate and sedulous;

Till now—though doubtful in the past—our grievous fault we own,

And, tendering our abjectest apology, Proclaim his exploits, hoping in some measure to atone

Thereby to the Professor of Phrenology.

A photo or engraving will be quite enough for him

To judge each bump and measure each concavity,

He will finger KRÜGER's cranium and tell us he is *slim*,

And predicate the Khalifa's depravity;

The military genius of "BOBS" he knows at sight,

And sees that STEAD has impulses to pacify,

He reads a bishop's virtues, and invariably he's right

When endeavouring our public men to classify.

He hits on each convexity, protuberance, and bump,

And is never at a loss for what to say from them;

He'll prophesy from Mr. Punch's own time-honoured hump

His power all other's "hump" to take away from them;

So all who are distinguished by their qualities of mind

Their genius may determine with facility,

For they only need to tell him their achievements—he will find

A bump that will account for their ability.

RESURRECTION-PIE.

Notes on the latest Russian dish from the diary of Count T-1st-y, translated into English by A. R.

January, 1890.—Excellent idea for a new dish. Large slices of the elemental passions with sauce à la melodrame and plenty of seasoning.

February, March, and so on for a year or so.—Have started upon the new dish. Considering that I am constantly changing the ingredients—taking some out and putting fresh ones in—dish promises extremely well.

January, 1898.—Dissatisfied. Have considered 200 ways of serving up—none



He. "YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR MY BROTHER HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AT THE FRONT."
She. "WHICH ONE? THE CLEVER ONE?" He. "OH—ER—WE'RE ALL CLEVER!"

please me. Not body enough; so have stiffened with large quantities of social and religious powders. Several faddists who have stepped in to taste it now pronounce it admirable.

January, 1899.—Quite satisfied with my dish. It has completely upset the digestion of many former admirers. This shows its merits and testifies to the splendid advance I have made as a literary cook since the days when I was merely an artist. After all—what is art?

Autumn, 1899.—Understand some people admire Norwegian cookery. Chuk! Have tasted an insipid production by a Scandi-

navian imbecile. What palates some folks have!

March, 1900.—My dish going strong in England. No idea it was grandly solid (those powders did it!) till I heard from a friend how reviewers were dropping in dozens and being sent off in batches to the hospitals. Now if I wasn't opposed to war, what splendid ammunition this Resurrection-Pie would have made. Already it is taking its place on the Continent as a new and efficacious anæsthetic. Good. I have revolutionised religion, ethics and art; perhaps I shall also revolutionise science.



Applicant (for situation as Parlour-maid). "SHOULD I BE EXPECTED TO HAND THINGS AT LUNCH, MADAM, OR DO YOU STRETCH?"

THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

[“Mr. CHARLES M. SHELTON was entrusted with the editorship of the *Topeka Daily Chronicle* for a week. He was to edit it entirely according to his own ideas. The experiment has proved an unmitigated fiasco.”—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN I took to the Press, as a middle-aged man,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
I'll work on a new and original plan
(Said I to myself—said I,)
I'll cut out the columns of crime and divorce,
I never will mention the name of a horse,
And the betting we'll drop, as a matter of course,
(Said I to myself—said I!)

Then politics, too, are ephemeral things,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
And so are the doings of Queens and of Kings,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
And war is so wicked that I will refuse
To print in my paper who win and who lose—
In short, I'll abolish all manner of news,
(Said I to myself—said I!)

But I'll fill up my columns with temperance facts,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
And temperance meetings and temperance tracts,
(Said I to myself—said I,)
And as for my leaders, no grave D.D.

Can write better sermons, as you will agree,
While in each little par, lo! a text there shall be,
(Said I to myself—said I!)

UNITED IRELAND.

[“Irish Nationalists dined together at the Hotel Cecil to celebrate the reunion of Irish parties . . . There was a free fight and the police were called in.”—*Daily Paper*.]

THE hall of Cecil 's glowin', bhoys,
The craytur—good luck to it!—'s flowin', bhoys,
An' our hearts are afire
Wid amazin' desire,
To show 'tis united we're growin', bhoys.
Then we'll go for each other to-night, me lads,
'Tis never too late for delight, me lads,
An' the best way I know
To unite wid a foe
Is to grapple him close in a fight, me lads.

SOUNDS BAD FOR THE DARK BLUE.—One of the Oxford crew was recently described, in a report of their practice, as “the spare man.” If he is “spare” by comparison with the others, much depends on how stout his seven fellow-oarmen may be. But if they are all stout and he is the only spare man, then how about *their* good condition? Probably they are all “slim” enough, but this isn't of much avail.



POCKET *VERSUS* SENTIMENT.

FRENCH RAND SHAREHOLDER. "IS HE NOT A BOER AND A BROTHER?"

GERMAN RAND SHAREHOLDER. "YES! BUT IF HE WRECK OUR MINES?"

FIRST SHAREHOLDER. "A-A-A-AH!"

[“We can hardly believe that President KRÜGER could commit such a blunder (as the threatened destruction of the Rand mines). The proprietors of the mines are not all English, far from it, and France, Germany, Europe as a whole, possesses shares in the majority of the great companies which have exploited South African soil. . . . If he went so far, would not Mr. KRÜGER estrange precious sympathies?”

The “Débats,” quoted by the “Times,” March 23.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 19.—Few things more pleasing or touching than attitude of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD towards ST. MICHAEL in discussion on Budget scheme. To the guardianship of All Angels ST. MICHAEL has added the jealous watchfulness of his predecessor at the Treasury. Rude boys, like JEMMY LOWTHER and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, speak disrespectfully of the Budget. (The CAP'EN, who never forgives his old chum, CORPORAL HANBURY, for accept'ng a commission, sneers at him as "the acolyte of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.") The SQUIRE is down on them with weighty reproof. ST. MICHAEL sits smiling and blushing on Treasury Bench while his battles are fought by this doughty champion.

HENRY FOWLER ventured to say War Loan would have been better raised by terminable annuities. Hereby was the SQUIRE twice blessed. Had renewed opportunity of defending his disciple, and was able to show how hopelessly devoid of financial capacity is the body he once led on the Front Opposition Bench. His approval just sufficiently spiced with criticism. Thinks ST. MICHAEL would have done better further to increase taxation; also doesn't like his somewhat flippant manner of alluding to the late millionaire who lived on fifteen



THE ACOLYTE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

(Mr. H-nb-ry.)



"THE GOOD OLD RULE, THE SIMPLE PLAN."

She. "IT'S TOO PROVOKING! WE'VE ONLY JUST HAD THE DRAINS PUT RIGHT, AND NOW THE SERVANTS ARE ALL COMPLAINING THAT THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED!"

He. "I'M SURE I'M VERY SORRY; BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT I CAN DO."

She. "WHY, OF COURSE, YOU MUST HAVE A MAN DOWN FROM LONDON WHO UNDERSTANDS ABOUT GHOSTS!"

shillings a day, and left the State £900,000.

"Never look a dead millionaire in the mouth," said Sir WILLIAM, enriching the language with a fresh proverb.

On the whole, he regards the Budget as a structure almost as near perfection as he could have made it himself. Anyhow, he won't have other people criticising it, or presuming to lecture ST. MICHAEL. These relations between eminent persons on the two Front Benches very pleasant. Cast a glow of friendship over the political arena. Same time it makes things duller than ever.

Business done.—Budget Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—In the temporary withdrawal from the scene of his esteemed Leaders, Mr. FLAVIN took "the fure" to-night, and discoursed on oats and the Consolidated Fund Bill. The member for North Kerry was dressed with that apparently careless, really studied grace, that makes Listowel sit up on Sundays. To show he was not proud in his best clothes, was perfectly at his ease he, whilst he spoke, lightly rested his right fist in his trouser pocket. If there was about him indica-

tion of aloofness from the common horde it was shown in the persistence with which, overlooking members opposite and above gangway on his side, he persistently addressed the SPEAKER.

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "considering the large proportion Ireland has to pay to the cost of the war, if you don't, Mr. SPEAKER, give us something back in the way of contracts there will be nothing remaining for me, Mr. SPEAKER, but—to enter my protest."

Rather an anti-climax after long note of preparation; but it has good Parliamentary sound about it, and Mr. FLAVIN's speech is quaintly made up of the echoes of stock sentences repeated with supreme gravity. Much better when, occasionally, he steps out of beaten track; as for example when he persistently declined to use the ordinary phrase "oats." He, with large manner, and comprehensive wave of disengaged left arm, always alluded to the commodity as "an oat."

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER, if an oat weighs twenty-four pound to the bushel—I say twenty-four pounds, not knowing what is the weight the War Office has fixed—but

if you have an oat weighing, say, twenty-four pound to the bushel, and the Irish farmer has an oat weighing thirty-six pound to the bushel he is teetotally debarred from tendering."

House broke into fit of laughter. Mr. FLAVIN looked round with startled air as if just recognising existence of members opposite. What they might be laughing at he couldn't imagine; didn't think it worth while considering; quickly resolved



"Teetotally debarred, Mr. Speaker!"
("An Out" of Mr. FLAVIN.)

to resume his concentrated attention on the Chair.

"Yes, Mr. SPEAKER, I say the Irish farmer, with an oat weighing thirty-six pounds to the bushel, is teetotally debarred from tendering."

The added emphasis placed upon the alluring adverb greeted with fresh burst of laughter which Mr. FLAVIN majestically ignored. If a failure in Mr. FLAVIN's debating style may be hinted at, it is found in what may be described as his teetotal inability to catch a favourable moment for concluding his remarks. Having repeated himself five times he, with disdainful gesture, flings on the bench behind him the sheet of notes from which he has been speaking. Looks as if he were about to resume his seat. Stretches out hand towards his hat; eye falls upon POWELL WILLIAMS sitting at end of Treasury Bench, crushed with reflection on wiles of War Office contractor, who, as he has just confided to the House, when whole establishment is on the alert at the front door looking out for him with short weight of inferior coal, gets in at the back door under another name loaded with rotten forage.

"If, Mr. SPEAKER," Mr. FLAVIN suddenly continues, with a side glance at

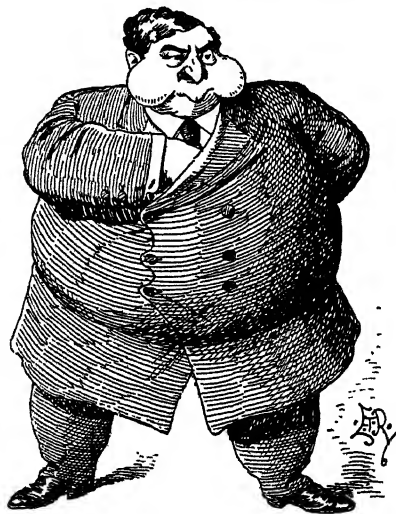
the Treasury Bench, "you had an oat that weighed twenty-six pound to the bushel—and that I believe is what the Financial Secretary to the War Office insists upon—you might have a chance. But the Irish farmer with an oat weighing thirty-six pound to the bushel, and, therefore, a heavier, better oat, he, as I said before, is teetotally debarred."

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read second time.

Thursday.—Irish members amazed at their own victory. By arrangement made some time ago with PRINCE ARTHUR, today set apart for them to serve up once more the thrice-boiled colewort of their luminous essays on financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. It happened that members in charge of London Water Bill also selected to-day for its second reading. This a fresh injury to Ireland. The tyranny of private bill legislation is only too familiar. Several times this Session it has peremptorily interposed, delaying public business for a space varying from one hour to three.

That all very well for the Saxon, if he likes to stand it. Irish members not to be trifled with. Moreover, here was a fine opening for bold advertisement. The tambourine going round Ireland and United States doing badly. No response, as in days of yore, to the reiterated "pay, pay, pay." Moral, try on the old game. To turn the High Court of Parliament into a bear garden, to obstruct business, to blatantly defy authority would be worth £50 at least. To get themselves suspended was good for a sorely needed £100.

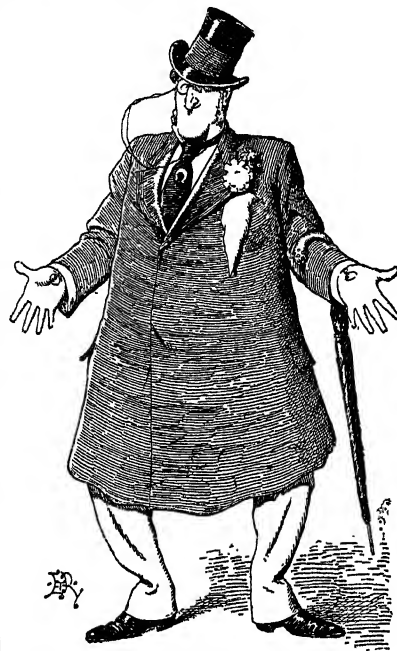
Game played with success, stopping short only of the £100 limit. The SPEAKER, possibly influenced by disinclination to play up to the obvious game, refrained from "naming" the rioters. CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, less diplo-



"Mr. Speaker, I do not purpose to unduly occupy the House by dilating on this topic."
(Mr. J-hn R-dm-nd.)

matic, did. He called them a rabble, and was immediately directed by the Chair to withdraw the imputation. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, disturbed in his private room, where he was engaged in sharing the meditations of MARCUS AURELIUS, he came in and meekly surrendered.

Rather a bad business for the Mother of Parliaments. Taken all round, nothing since the free fight on the floor of the House which disturbed the serenity of



"Now, do I look like a Parson?"
(The Right Hon. H-nry Ch-pl-n.)

a June night seven years dead has stricken such a blow at dignity and authority in the House of Commons.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—SARK advises me, if I have any business to transact with President of Local Government Board, better defer it till Monday, a habitually serene temper being ruffled by little incident that happened on his way down to House this afternoon.

Look'g in at War Office to see GEORGE WYNDHAM, he found a strange janitor at the door.

"Will you tell Mr. WYNDHAM I want to see him on urgent business?" said H. C. in his blandest manner.

"What name, Sir?"

"CHAPLIN," said H. C., wondering where the man could have been hiding his head for the last twenty years.

"Chaplain of the forces. Yes, Sir, this way, Sir," and the attendant turned to open the door.

"Do I look like a parson?" roared the sometime owner of *Hermit*.

Business done.—Debate on University Education in Ireland. Illumined by speech from WILLIAM JONES (North Carnarvonshire) that charmed House by the fire and the simplicity of its eloquence.



three of the members were awake with heads protruding out of their bunks, trying to peer through the gloom, while the fourth dreamt that a tea-tray was falling down a never-ending staircase. On the floor of the fore-castle something was cursing prettily and rubbing itself.

"Did you 'ear anything, TED?" inquired a voice in an interval of silence.

"Who is it?" demanded TED, ignoring the question. "Wot d'yer want?"

"I'll let you know who I am," said a thick and angry voice. "I've broke my blarsted back."

"Light the lamp, BILL," said TED.

BILL struck a tandstick match, and carefully nursing the tiny sulphurous flame with his hand, saw dimly some high-coloured object on the floor. He got out of his bunk and lit the lamp, and an angry and very drunken member of Her Majesty's foot forces became visible.

"Wot are you doin' 'ere?" inquired TED, sharply; "this ain't the guard-room."

"Who knocked me over?" demanded the soldier, sternly; "take your co—coat off lik' a man."

He rose to his feet and swayed unsteadily to and fro.

"If you keep your li'l 'eds still," he said gravely, to BILL, "I'll punch 'em."

By a stroke of good fortune he selected the real head, and gave it a blow which sent it crashing against the woodwork. For a moment the seaman stood gathering his scattered senses, then with an oath he sprang forward, and in the lightest of fighting trim waited until his adversary, who was by this time on the floor again, should have regained his feet.

"He's drunk, BILL," said another voice, "don't 'urt 'im. He's a chap wot said 'e was coming aboard to see me—I met 'im

in the 'Green Man' this evening. You was coming to see me, mate, wasn't you?"

The soldier looked up stupidly, and gripping hold of the injured BILL by the shirt, staggered to his feet again, and advancing towards the last speaker let fly suddenly in his face.

"Sort man I am," he said, autobiographically. "Feel my arm."

The indignant BILL took him by both, and throwing himself upon him suddenly fell with him to the floor. The intruder's head met the boards with a loud crash, and then there was silence.

"You ain't killed 'im, BILL?" said an old seaman, stooping over him anxiously.

"Course not," was the reply; "give us some water."

He threw some in the soldier's face, and then poured some down his neck, but with no result. Then he stood upright, and exchanged glances of consternation with his friends.

"I don't like the way he's breathing," he said, in a trembling voice.

"You always was pertikler, BILL," said the cook, who had thankfully got to the bottom of his staircase. "If I was you—"

He was not allowed to proceed any further; footsteps and a voice were heard above, and as old THOMAS hastily extinguished the lamp, the mate's head was thrust down the scuttle, and the mate's voice sounded a profane reveille.

"Wot are we goin' to do with it?" inquired TED, as the mate walked away.

"'Im, TED," said BILL, nervously. "He's alive all right."

"If we put 'im ashore an' 'e's dead," said old THOMAS, "there'll be trouble for somebody. Better let 'im be, and if 'e's dead, why we don't none of us know nothing about it."

The men ran up on deck, and BILL, being the last to leave, put a boot under the soldier's head before he left. Ten minutes later they were under way, and standing about the deck, discussed the situation in thrilling whispers as opportunity offered.

At breakfast, by which time they were in a dirty tumbling sea, with the *Nore* lightship, a brown forlorn-looking object, on their beam, the soldier, who had been breathing stertorously, raised

his heavy head from the boot, and with glassy eyes and tightly compressed lips gazed wonderingly about him.

"Wot cheer, mate?" said the delighted BILL. "Ow goes it?"

"Where am I?" inquired Private HARRY BLISS in a weak voice.

"Brig *Merman*," said BILL; "bound for Bystermouth."

"Well, I'm damned," said Private BLISS; "it's a blooming miracle. Open the winder, it's a bit stuffy down here. Who—who brought me here?"

"You come to see me last night," said BOB, "an' fell down, I s'pose; then you punched BILL 'ere in the eye and me in the jor."

Mr. BLISS, still feeling very sick and faint, turned to BILL, and after critically glancing at the eye turned on him for inspection, transferred his regards to the other man's jaw.

"I'm a devil when I'm boozed," he said, in a satisfied voice. "Well, I must get ashore; I shall get cells for this, I expect."

He staggered to the ladder, and with unsteady haste gained the deck and made for the side. The heaving waters made him giddy to look at, and he gazed for preference at a thin line of coast stretching away in the distance.

The startled mate, who was steering, gave him a hail, but he made no reply. A little fishing-boat was jumping about in a way to make a sea-sick man crazy, and he closed his eyes with a groan. Then the skipper, aroused by the mate's hail, came up from below, and walking up to him put a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"What are you doing aboard this ship?" he demanded austere.

"Go away," said Private BLISS faintly; "take your paw off my tunic; you'll spoil it."

He clung miserably to the side, leaving the incensed skipper to demand explanations from the crew. The crew knew nothing about him, and said that he must have stowed himself away in an empty bunk; the skipper pointed out coarsely that there were no empty bunks, whereupon BILL said that he had not occupied his the previous evening, but had fallen asleep sitting on the locker, and had injured his eye against the corner of a bunk in consequence. In proof whereof he produced the eye.

"Look here, old man," said Private BLISS, who suddenly felt better. He turned and patted the skipper on the back. "You just turn to the left a bit and put me ashore, will you?"

"I'll put you ashore at Bystermouth," said the skipper, with a grin. "You're a deserter, that's what you are, and I'll take care you're took care of."

"You put me ashore!" roared Private BLISS, with a very fine imitation of the sergeant-major's parade voice.

"Get out and walk," said the skipper contemptuously over his shoulder, as he walked off.

"Here," said Mr. BLISS, unbuckling his belt, "hold my tunic one of you. I'll learn 'im."

Before the paralysed crew could prevent him he had flung his coat into BILL'S arms and followed the master of the *Merman* aft. As a light-weight he was rather fancied at the gymnasium, and in the all too brief exhibition which followed he displayed fine form and a knowledge of anatomy which even the skipper's tailor was powerless to frustrate.

The frenzy of the skipper as TED assisted him to his feet and he saw his antagonist struggling in the arms of the crew was terrible to behold. Strong men shivered at his words, but Mr. BLISS, addressing him as "Whiskers," told him to call his crew off and to come on, and shaping as well as two pairs of brawny arms round his middle would permit, endeavoured in vain to reach him.

"This," said the skipper bitterly, as he turned to the mate, "is what you an' me have to pay to keep up. I wouldn't let you go now, my lad, not for a fi-pun' note. Deserter, that's what you are!"

He turned and went below, and Private BLISS, after an insulting address to the mate, was hauled forward, struggling fiercely,

and seated on the deck to recover. The excitement passed, he lost his colour again, and struggling into his tunic, went and brooded over the side.

By dinner-time his faintness had passed, and he sniffed with relish at the smell from the galley. The cook emerged bearing dinner to the cabin, then he returned and took a fine smoking piece of boiled beef flanked with carrots down to the fore-castle. Private BLISS eyed him wistfully and his mouth watered.

For a time pride struggled with hunger, then pride won a partial victory and he descended carelessly to the fore-castle.

"Can any o' you chaps lend me a pipe o' baccy?" he asked, cheerfully.

BILL rummaged in his pocket and found a little tobacco in a twist of paper.

"Bad thing to smoke on an empty stomach," he said, with his mouth full.

"Tain't my fault it's empty," said Private BLISS, pathetically.

"Tain't mine," said BILL.

"I've 'erd," said the cook, who was a tender-hearted man, "as 'ow it's a good thing to go for a day or so without food sometimes."

"Who said so?" inquired Private BLISS, hotly.

"Diff'rent people," replied the cook.

"You can tell 'em from me they're blamed fools," said Mr. BLISS.

There was an uncomfortable silence; Mr. BLISS lit his pipe, but it did not seem to draw well.

"Did you like that pot o' six half I stood you last night?" he inquired somewhat pointedly of BOB.

BOB hesitated, and looked at his plate.

"No, it was a bit flat," he said at length.

"Well, I won't stop you chaps at your grub," said Private BLISS bitterly, as he turned to depart.

"You're not stopping us," said TED, cheerfully. "I'd offer you a bit, only—"

"Only what?" demanded the other.

"Skipper's orders," said TED. "He ses we're not to. He ses if we do it's helping a deserter, and we'll all get six months."

"But you're helping me by having me on board," said Private BLISS; "besides, I don't want to desert."

"We couldn't 'elp you coming aboard," said BILL, "that's wot the old man said, but 'e ses we can 'elp giving of him vittles, he ses."

"Well, have I got to starve?" demanded the horror-stricken Mr. BLISS.

"Look 'ere," said BILL, frankly, "go and speak to the old man. It's no good talking to us. Go and have it out with him."

Private BLISS thanked him and went on deck. Old THOMAS was at the wheel, and a pleasant clatter of knives and forks came up through the open skylight of the cabin. Ignoring the old man, who waved him away, he raised the open skylight still higher, and thrust his head in.

"Go away," bawled the skipper, pausing with his knife in his fist as he caught sight of him.

"I want to know where I'm to have my dinner," bawled back the thoroughly roused Mr. BLISS.

"Your dinner!" said the skipper, with an air of surprise; "why, I didn't know you 'ad any."

Private BLISS took his head away, and holding it very erect, took in his belt a little and walked slowly up and down the deck. Then he went to the water-cask and took a long drink, and an hour later a generous message was received from the skipper that he might have as many biscuits as he liked.

On this plain fare Private BLISS lived the whole of that day and the next, snatching a few hours' troubled sleep on the locker at nights. His peace of mind was by no means increased by the information of TED that Bystermouth was a garrison town, and feeling that in spite of any explanation he would be

treated as a deserter, he resolved to desert in good earnest at the first opportunity that offered.

By the third day nobody took any notice of him, and his presence on board was almost forgotten, until BOB, going down to the fore-castle, created a stir by asking somewhat excitedly what had become of him.

"He's on deck, I s'pose," said the cook, who was having a pipe.

"He's not," said BOB, solemnly.

"He's not gone overboard, I s'pose?" said BILL, starting up.

Touched by this morbid suggestion they went up on deck and looked round; Private BLISS was nowhere to be seen, and TED, who was steering, had heard no splash. He seemed to have disappeared by magic, and the cook, after a hurried search, ventured aft, and, descending to the cabin, mentioned his fears to the skipper.

"Nonsense!" said that gentleman sharply. "I'll lay I'll find him."

He came on deck and looked round, followed at a respectful distance by the crew, but there was no sign of Mr. BLISS. Then an idea, a horrid idea, occurred to the cook. The colour left his cheeks and he gazed helplessly at the skipper.

"What is it?" bawled the latter.

The cook, incapable of speech, raised a trembling hand and pointed to the galley. The skipper started, and rushing to the door drew it hastily back.

Mr. BLISS had apparently finished, though he still toyed languidly with his knife and fork as though loath to put them down. A half-emptied saucepan of potatoes stood on the floor by his side, and a bone, with a small fragment of meat adhering, was between his legs on a saucepan-lid which served as a dish.

"Rather underdone, cook," he said severely, as he met that worthy's horror-stricken gaze.

"Is that the cabin's or the men's he's eaten?" vociferated the skipper.

"Cabin's," replied Mr. BLISS, before the cook could speak; "it looked the best. Now has anybody got a nice see-gar?"

He drew back the door the other side of the galley as he spoke, and went out that way. A move was made towards him, but he backed, and picking up a handspike swung it round his head.

"Let him be," said the skipper in a choking voice, "let him be. He'll have to answer for stealing my dinner when I get 'im ashore. Cook, take the men's dinner down into the cabin. I'll talk to you by and by."

He walked aft and disappeared below, while Private BLISS, still fondling the handspike, listened unmoved to a lengthy vituperation which BILL called a plain and honest opinion of his behaviour.

"It's the last dinner you'll 'ave for some time," he concluded, spitefully; "it'll be skilly for you when you get ashore."

Mr. BLISS smiled, and fidgeting with his tongue, asked him for the loan of his toothpick.

"You won't be using it yourself," he urged. "Now you go below all of you and start on the biscuits, there's good men. It's no use standing there saying a lot o' bad words what I left off when I was four years old."

He filled his pipe with some tobacco he had thoughtfully borrowed from the cook before dinner, and dropping into a negligent attitude on the deck, smoked placidly with his eyes half-closed. The brig was fairly steady and the air hot and

slumberous, and with an easy assurance that nobody would hit him while in that position, he allowed his head to fall on his chest and dropped off into a light sleep.

It became evident to him the following afternoon that they were nearing Byster-mouth. The skipper contented himself with eying him with an air of malicious satisfaction, but the crew gratified themselves by painting the horrors of his position in strong colours. Private BLISS affected indifference, but listened eagerly to all they had to say, with the air of a general considering his enemy's plans.

It was a source of disappointment to the crew that they did not arrive until after nightfall, and the tide was already too low for them to enter the harbour. They anchored outside, and Private BLISS, despite his position, felt glad as he smelt the land again, and saw the twinkling lights and houses ashore. He could even hear the clatter of a belated vehicle driving along the sea-front. Lights on the summit of the heights in the background indicated, so BILL said, the position of the fort.

To the joy of the men, he partly broke down in the fore-castle that night; and, in tropical language, severely blamed his parents, the School Board, and the Army for not

having taught him to swim. The last thing that BILL heard, ere sleep closed his lids, was a pious resolution on the part of Mr. BLISS to the effect that all his children should be taught the art of natation as soon as they were born.

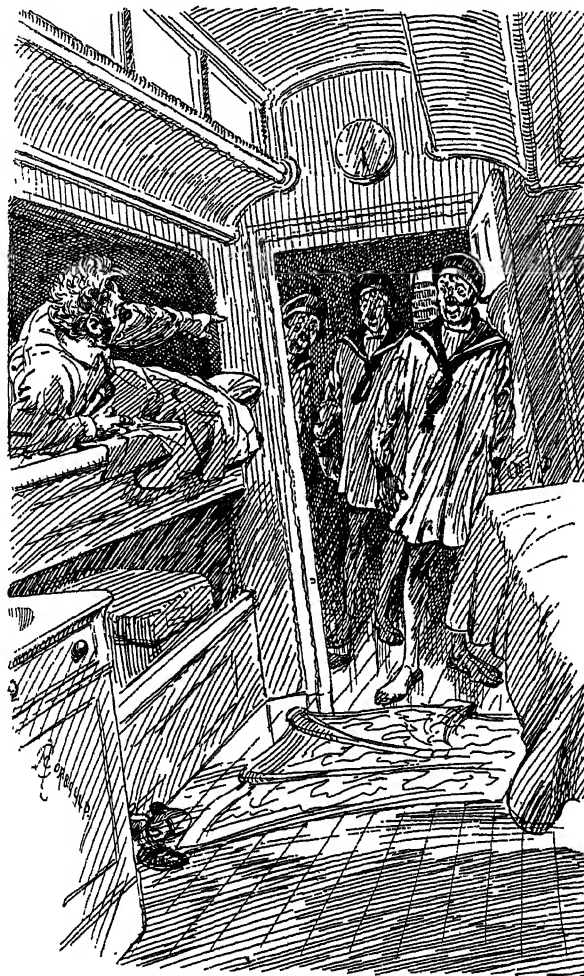
BILL woke up just before six; and, hearing a complaining voice, thought at first that his military friend was still speaking. The voice got more and more querulous with occasional excursions into the profane, and the seaman, rubbing his eyes, turned his head, and saw old THOMAS groping about the fore-castle.

"Wot's the matter with you, old 'un?" he demanded.

"I can't find my trousers," grumbled the old man.

"Did you 'ave 'em on larst night?" inquired BILL, who was still half asleep.

"Course I did, you fool," said the other, snappishly.



"Clear out, you—you—ballet girls!"

"Be civil," said BILL, calmly, "be civil. Are you sure you haven't got 'em on now?"

The old man greeted this helpful suggestion with such a volley of abuse that BILL lost his temper.

"P'raps somebody's got 'm on their bed thinking they was a patchwork quilt," he said, coldly; "it's a mistake anybody might make. Have you got the jacket?"

"I ain't got nothing," replied the bewildered old man, "cept wot I stand up in."

"That ain't much," said BILL, frankly. "Where's that blooming sojer?" he demanded, suddenly.

"I don't know where 'e is, and I don't care," replied the old man. "On deck, I s'pose."

"P'raps 'e's got 'em on," said the unforgiving BILL; "'e didn't seem a very pertikler sort of chap."

The old man started and hurriedly ascended to the deck. He was absent two or three minutes, and when he returned consternation was writ large upon his face.

"He's gone," he spluttered; "there ain't a sign of 'im about, and the life-belt wot hangs on the galley 'as gone too. Wot am I to do?"

"Well, they was very old cloes," said BILL, soothingly, "an' you ain't a had figger, not for your time o' life, THOMAS."

"There's many a wooden-legged man 'ud be glad to change with you," affirmed TED, who had been roused by the noise. "You'll soon get over the feeling o' shyness, THOMAS."

The forecabin laughed encouragingly, and THOMAS, who had begun to realise the position, joined in. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and his excitement began to alarm his friends.

"Don't be a fool, THOMAS," said BOB, anxiously.

"I can't help it," said the old man, struggling hysterically; "it's the best joke I've heard."

"He's gone dotty," said TED, solemnly. "I never 'eard of a man larfing like that a 'cos he'd lost 'is cloes."

"I'm not larfing at that," said THOMAS, regaining his composure by a great effort. "I'm larfing at a joke wot you don't know of yet."

A deadly chill struck at the hearts of the listeners at these words, then BILL, after a glance at the foot of his bunk, where he usually kept his clothes, sprang out and began a hopeless search. The other men followed suit, and the air rang with lamentations and profanity. Even the spare suits in the men's chests had gone; and BILL, a prey to acute despair, sat down, and in a striking passage consigned the entire British Army to perdition.

"'E's taken one suit and chucked the rest overboard, I expect, so as we sha'n't be able to go after 'im," said THOMAS. "I expect 'e could swim arter all, BILL."

BILL, still busy with the British Army, paid no heed.

"We must go an' tell the old man," said TED.

"Better be careful," cautioned the cook. "'Im an' the mate 'ad a go at the whisky last night, an' you know wot 'e is next morning."

The men went up slowly on deck. The morning was fine, but the air, chill with a breeze from the land, had them at a disadvantage. Ashore, a few people were already astir.

"You go down, THOMAS, you're the oldest," said BILL.

"I was thinking o' TED going," said THOMAS, "'e's the youngest."

TED snorted derisively. "Oh, was you?" he remarked, helpfully.

"Or BOB," said the old man, "don't matter which."

"Toss up for it," said the cook.

BILL, who was keeping his money in his hand as the only safe place left to him, produced a penny and spun it in the air.

"Wait a bit," said TED, earnestly. "Wot time was you to call the old man?" he asked, turning to the cook.

"Toss up for it," repeated that worthy, hurriedly.

"Six o'clock," said BOB, speaking for him; "it's that now, cookie. Better go an' call 'im at once."

"I dassent go like this," said the trembling cook.

"Well, you'll 'ave to," said BILL. "If the old man misses the tide, you know wot you've got to expect."

"Let's follow 'im down," said TED. "Come along, cookie, we'll see you righted."

The cook thanked him and, followed by the others, led the way down to interview the skipper. The clock ticked on the mantel-piece, and heavy snoring proceeded both from the mate's bunk and the state-room. On the door of the latter the cook knocked gently; then he turned the handle and peeped in.

The skipper, raising a heavy head, set in matted hair and disordered whiskers, glared at him fiercely.

"What d'ye want?" he roared.

"If you please, Sir," began the cook.

He opened the door as he spoke, and disclosed the lightly-clad crowd behind. The skipper's eyes grew large and his jaw dropped, while inarticulate words came from his parched and astonished throat; and the mate, who was by this time awake, sat up in his bunk and cursed them roundly for their indelicacy.

"Get out," roared the skipper, recovering his voice.

"We came to tell you," interposed BILL, "as 'ow——"

"Get out," roared the skipper again. "How dare you come to my state-room, and like this, too."

"All our clothes 'ave gone and so 'as the sojer chap," said BILL.

"Serve you damned well right for letting him go," cried the skipper angrily. "Hurry up, GEORGE, and get alongside," he called to the mate, "we'll catch him yet. Clear out, you—your—ballet girls."

The indignant seamen withdrew slowly, and, reaching the foot of the companion, stood there in mutinous indecision. Then, as the cook placed his foot on the step, the skipper was heard calling to the mate again.

"GEORGE?" he said, in an odd voice.

"Well?" was the reply.

"I hope you're not forgetting yourself and playing larks," said the skipper with severity.

"Larks?" repeated the mate, as the alarmed crew fled silently on deck and stood listening open-mouthed at the companion. "Of course I ain't. You don't mean to tell me——"

"All my clothes have gone, every stitch I've got," replied the skipper desperately, as the mate sprang out. "I shall have to borrow some of yours. If I catch that infernal——"

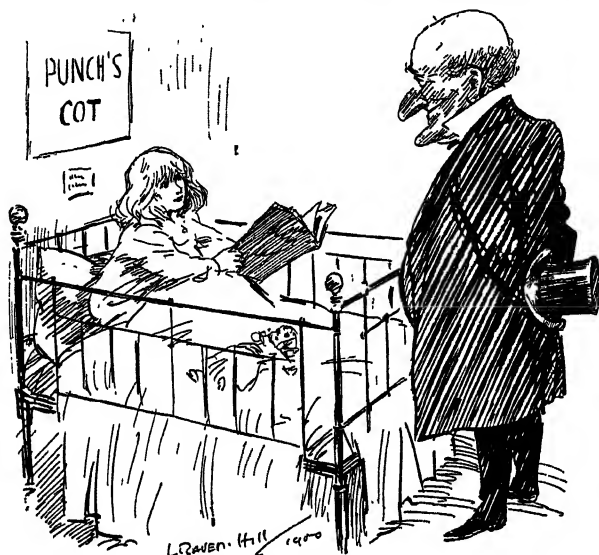
"You're quite welcome," said the mate, bitterly, "only somebody has borrowed 'em already. That's what comes of sleeping too heavy."

The *Merman* sailed bashfully into harbour half an hour later, the uniforms of its crew evoking severe comment from the people on the quay. At the same time, Mr. HARRY BLISS, walking along the road some ten miles distant, was trying to decide upon his future career, his present calling of "shipwrecked sailor" being somewhat too hazardous even for his bold spirit.

W. W. Jacobs

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

To begin with a quotation, from a somewhat obsolete play, to which we do not propose to supply the key by continuing the line, we say, "Thanks, generous friends!" and, in our WILLIE SHAKESPEARE'S words, we may add, on behalf of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, "For this relief much thanks!" And what a relief it has been! A besieged town,



"YOU'RE GETTING ALONG NICELY NOW, EH?"

after its long and anxiously looked for and prayed for "relief," is a sorry sight that tones down exuberant joy, and saddens every heart. But here, the relief of this Hospital brings with it only grateful thanksgiving and most hopeful prospects. The Mother Hospital welcomes her suffering children, and assures them of a bright future. Now may it be announced that "Mother and children are doing well." Not only so, but it is pretty certain that they will do better and better as time progresses.

Here is the account "up-to-date."

HOSPITAL FUND.

Summary to Friday, March 30, 1900.

	£	s.	d.
Donations	10,542	2	8
New Annual Subscriptions ...	367	10	6
Endowment Fund... ..	2,800	0	0
	13,709	13	2

The *Punch* Box for Contributions is still open, and all donations will be most thankfully received by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd.,

10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

The next item of news anent the Fund is that Mr. CHARLES MORTON, of the Palace Theatre, has most generously offered to give a Benefit Matinée in the early part of May, probably May 3, the proceeds of which he presents to the *Punch* Fund for Sick Children's Hospital. All particulars of this will be duly announced.

Finally, Mr. *Punch* opens his "Surprise Packet," as promised in his last issue, and begs to announce that the Committee of Management of this Hospital, in recognition of the timely aid afforded by Mr. *Punch* and his many friends, has established a "cot," to be now and hereafter known as "THE PUNCH COT."

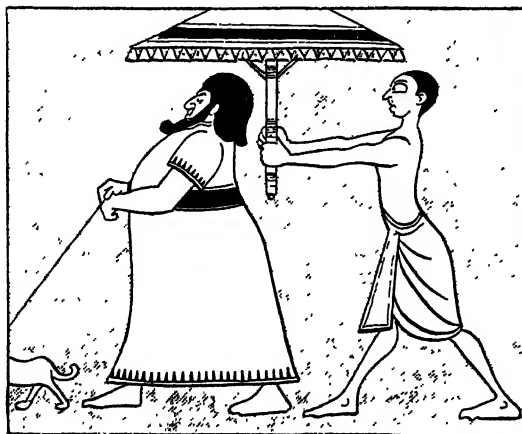
SHAKESPEARE AND THE WAR.

King Henry. "We give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the 'Boers or Free Staters' upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."

Substituting "Boers or Free Staters" for "French" in the original, Lord ROBERTS might have annexed this quotation from *Henry the Fifth*, Act III., Sc. 6.

In *Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., SHAKESPEARE gives us a dialogue between three soldiers, representing pro-war and anti-war opinions, and the king, who states "the case for the crown" as plainly as convincingly. The scene ends with the touching prayer, commencing, "O God of Battles," which is "familiar" to us all "as household words."

CRYPTIC BUT SATISFACTORY.—"JOSEPH is now the Ruler of his People." This observation, when illumined by the brilliant search-light of our superior Intelligence Department, is found to mean not that the Right Hon. JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLAINUS is to replace Oom PAUL on the Presidential seat of the Transvaal, but that another JOSEPHUS, rejoicing in the saltatory Elizabethan surname of HATTON, has been recently appointed Editor of *The People*. His motto to his quill-armed warriors will be "Up guards and HATTON!" To politely adapt the very ancient academic chorus, "We do care a rap for *The People*, and what will the Editor say?" We shall see. *En attendant*, HATTON'S health, and many of 'em.



AN IDEA FROM THE ANCIENTS.



CHECK.

Parent. "IF YOU DON'T STOP CRYING AT ONCE, SIR, I SHALL GIVE YOU A SEVERE THRASHING."

Son and Heir. "AND I SHALL TELL THE TICKET-COLLECTOR I AM OVER AGE! BA-HOO!"

"A GUINEA HERE, A GUINEA THERE!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Many of the daily papers are being inundated with floods of suggestions from embryo Chancellors of the Exchequer for the imposition of new taxes wherewithal to supply the "ready" for the khaki brigade. I have several times attempted to bring my views before the public, but have, after wasting much time, much paper, more ink, and many stamps, come to the conclusion that *Jealousy of Genius* is not unknown to the Day-by-Day editors. You, Sir, I believe, have a more just and less egotistical understanding than these gentry, and I venture to submit that imposts might conveniently be placed—

1. On all paragraphs such as the following:—"Mr. and Mrs. SNOOKER and the Misses SNOOKER have left London for Monte Carlo—tax, ten shillings per insertion.

2. On all persons of both sexes who wear varnished boots in wet weather—tax, 5s. per boot. (It would be obviously unfair to rate one-legged individuals on the same terms as bipeds.)

3. On all incapables, who attempt to sing or recite *The Absent-minded Beggar* in public—tax-fine, £1 for every offence.

4. On all Sporting Tipsters, who fail to give none but Winners in their prophecies—tax-fine, £1 for every failure. Probably in time races would be reduced to walks-over.

5. On all perambulators and go-carts encroaching on the pavements—tax-fine, 5s. for every breach of the public safety. N.B.—Large sums would readily be collected at Richmond, Brixton, Clapham, Hammersmith, and Notting Hill.

6. On all keepers of Servants' Registry Offices—tax-license, £10 per annum, with £25 tax-fine for every useless domestic placed by the agency. This alone would bring in an enormous revenue.

Such, dear Mr. Punch, are but half-a-dozen of the ways with which I would swell the budget. In case Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH would care to communicate with me I append my address and remain,

Your obedient Servant,

NATHANIEL NUMMUS.

Pyx Villa, Putney, S.W.

A ROUNDEL OF DRAWBACKS.

[*"Some of the great victories we have won and the great deeds that have been done are due to the consumption of good beer."*—Sir Cuthbert Quilter.]

WHEN beer was pure men's hearts were great,

And strong to battle and endure;
And virtue (doubtless) swayed the State
When beer was pure.

But bread was harder to procure,
(And sometimes worse than second rate),
Drains bad, and highways insecure.

With such "set-offs" to compensate
'Twas not all beer and skittles, sure,
Even at that uncertain date
When beer was pure.

BY TELEPHONE.

Krüger. Hello—is that you, STEYN? I say, I'm awfully sorry, but I've had to annex you. Must do something to keep my fellows' spirits up.

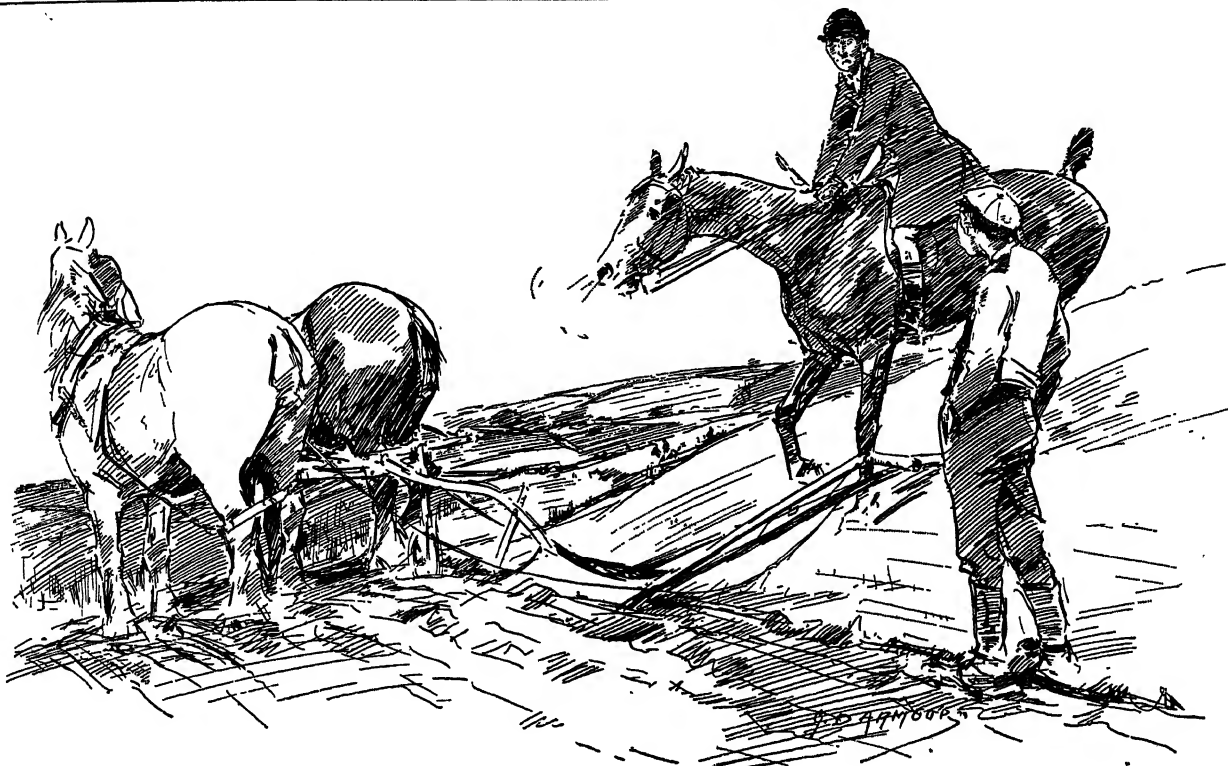
Steyn. Funny, but not an hour since I annexed you!—however, it really doesn't matter: we can annex each other *und winkje das other eyeje*. I've told my people that the English have lost 64,000 men, and that Lord ROBERTS and 20,000 British troops have just been surrounded, and taken prisoners, by three men and a boy of the Burgher forces.

Krüger. Oh, that's all right. I've just stated that CRONJE has merely taken a cheap return to Brighton, and will be back again in a fortnight—that cheered them up immensely.

Steyn. So I should think. I've addressed the people here, saying that we purposely lured the English troops into Bloemfontein, and that it's all a deep laid plot of ours to destroy them.

Krüger. H'm—that's pretty steep, eh? but what do you think of my master-stroke? I told them the Russians had captured London!

Steyn (gasping with astonishment). Oh, come, I say! I'm a bit of a liar myself, but—



SOMETHING LIKE A NOSE.

Whip (after galloping half a mile to a holloa). "WHERE DID YOU SEE HIM?"
Yokel. "CAN'T ZAY AS 'OW I 'ZACTLY ZEED 'UN, BUT I THINK I SMELLED 'UN!"

APAGE!

["President KÄÜGER does not like orchids."—*The Gardener.*]

HENCE, loathed orchid flower,
 Of Insolence and Jingoism born
 In Birmingham forlorn,
 Mid dark intrigues in an accursed hour!
 Find out some Highbury
 Where plots are hatched and lawless raids are planned,
 And all things underhand;
 There, in the buttonhole of pushful JOE—
 No worse a fate I know—
 Go, hide thy hateful face and droop and die.

"A NAME TO CONJURE WITH."

MR. PUNCH deems it necessary to inform the public, especially that portion of it which has overwhelmed him with applications and inquiries on the subject, that he has nothing whatever to do with "The Birrin Valley Gold Mining and Dredging Company, Limited." On referring to the Prospectus of that Company, to which he wishes the most complete and lasting success in all its takings, undertakings, and overtakings, it is evident that the error has arisen from the fact that a gentleman bearing the honourable surname of "PUNCH," with the prefixes to it of "JOHN JOSEPH," appears there (*vide Times of Monday, March 26*) as one of the Directors of the aforesaid Company.

The action of the friendly but indignant correspondents, who have notified Mr. Punch of the fact, reminds him of the occasion when Sam Weller drew his master's attention to the "magic name of *Pickwick*," which appeared "in gilt letters of a goodly size" on that part of the Bath Coach, "where the proprietor's name usually appears."

"Yes; but that ain't all," said Sam. "Not content with writin' up '*PICKWICK*,' they puts '*MOSES*' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury," and so forth. Then he finally asks, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, Sir?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. *Pickwick* eagerly, "not on any account." And of course, with stoical indifference, and with *Pickwickian* wisdom, thus also says Mr. *Punch*, and, further, hopes that The Birrin Valley may be the Happiest of Happy Valleys with gold galore. As all the world knows that he is the one and only "Mr. *Punch*," without any *prénom* whatever, why say any more? It is true that he does possess any number of titles and prerogatives which he can use at will, yet is he the sole owner and proprietor of the *one* title and the *one* name, always going together, which combine aristocratic exclusiveness with purest republican simplicity, recognised universally as "Mr. *Punch*."

BACHELORS' WOES.

M. (to N., who is suffering from loss of linen). Does your washerwoman iron well?

N. I don't know as to "ironing," but it seems to me she's first-rate at "stealing."

WARY.—The "Open Door" Policy, is, of course, admirable. But there is just one important question that must occur to all parties concerned, and that is, "Who is going to be 'let in'?"

A PRODUCT OF THE "FISHERIES INDUSTRY (IRELAND)."—Cork soles.

SHAKESPEARIAN PHRASE FOR "ASK A POLICEMAN."—"Tell the constable."—*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., Sc. 3.



A FUTURE DIPLOMATIST.

"HAVE A SMALL PIECE MORE CAKE, TOMMY?" "NO, THANK YOU."
 "NOT A TINY PIECE?" "NO, THANK YOU."
 "WILL YOU HAVE ANYTHING MORE?" "YES, A BIG PIECE."

SHERIDAN AT THE HAYMARKET.

AN excellent "up-to-date" performance of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket. SHERIDAN'S wit triumphs over all the excrescent growths of traditional "gags" that have gradually become, apparently, part and parcel of the original; and he would be a bold manager who, in 1900, should place before the public the play as acted in 1775. Tedious indeed would be found the entire scenes between *Julia* and *Faulkland*, two parts in this revival ad-

mirably played, without one second's boredom, by Miss LILY HANBURY and Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. Perhaps the most "conscientious" performance at the Haymarket is that of Mr. HARRISON as *Faulkland*, of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *Acres*, and of Mr. PAUL ARTHUR as *Captain Absolute*. The earnestness of this trio in Scene 3, Act I. is within an ace of producing a perfect example of genuine comedy acting. Whenever an excerpt from *The Rivals*, as revived at the Haymarket, may have to be played for a benefit, let it be this.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY'S *Lydia Languish* is charming as a representation of the affectedly sentimental young lady of the period, and makes us tremble for the domestic happiness of *Captain* and Mrs. *Absolute*.

Clever Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE'S *Sir Anthony* gives the impression of an "old man in a hurry." To be violently angry about nothing seems his normal state; and on the rare occasions when he is not raging, he is laughing like a country bumpkin at his own limited ideas of humour. He is a fine specimen of the irascible, hot-tempered old guardian, who has been "always with us" from prehistoric times until now. With his culti-

vated suavity of manner, Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, even if a trifle heavy for the part, is probably a fair representative of the type of Irishman whom SHERIDAN drew, and if his conduct, in some of the situations in which he is placed with *Bob Acres*, exceeds the limit of probability, the blame cannot fairly be laid on his broad shoulders.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as Mrs. *Malaprop* is good throughout, and in one or two situations superb; notably when she listens to the letter read by *Captain Absolute*, and answering his question as to "who the weather-beaten she-dragon may be," she replies, with conviction, "Me!" At this monosyllable, given as Mrs. CALVERT gives it, so calmly, so painfully, and with such a contempt for the writer of the letter, the laughter of the house was almost inextinguishable. We have heard "Me" delivered with grimace and glance intended to appeal to the house, and it has so far succeeded. But this Mrs. *Malaprop* shuts her eyes, places herself on a pinnacle of moral superiority to the writer of so vile a calumny, and simply utters the monosyllable "Me" as if giving a most unexpected solution to a most difficult enigma. The "Me" takes the house by storm. The success of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket seems due in no small degree to surprises such as the utterance of this monosyllable by Mrs. *Malaprop*. *Faulkland*, ordinarily so dull, is a pleasant surprise as played by Mr. HARRISON; and *Julia* is a delightful surprise, as very sweetly and sensibly rendered by Miss LILY HANBURY. But that four acts should



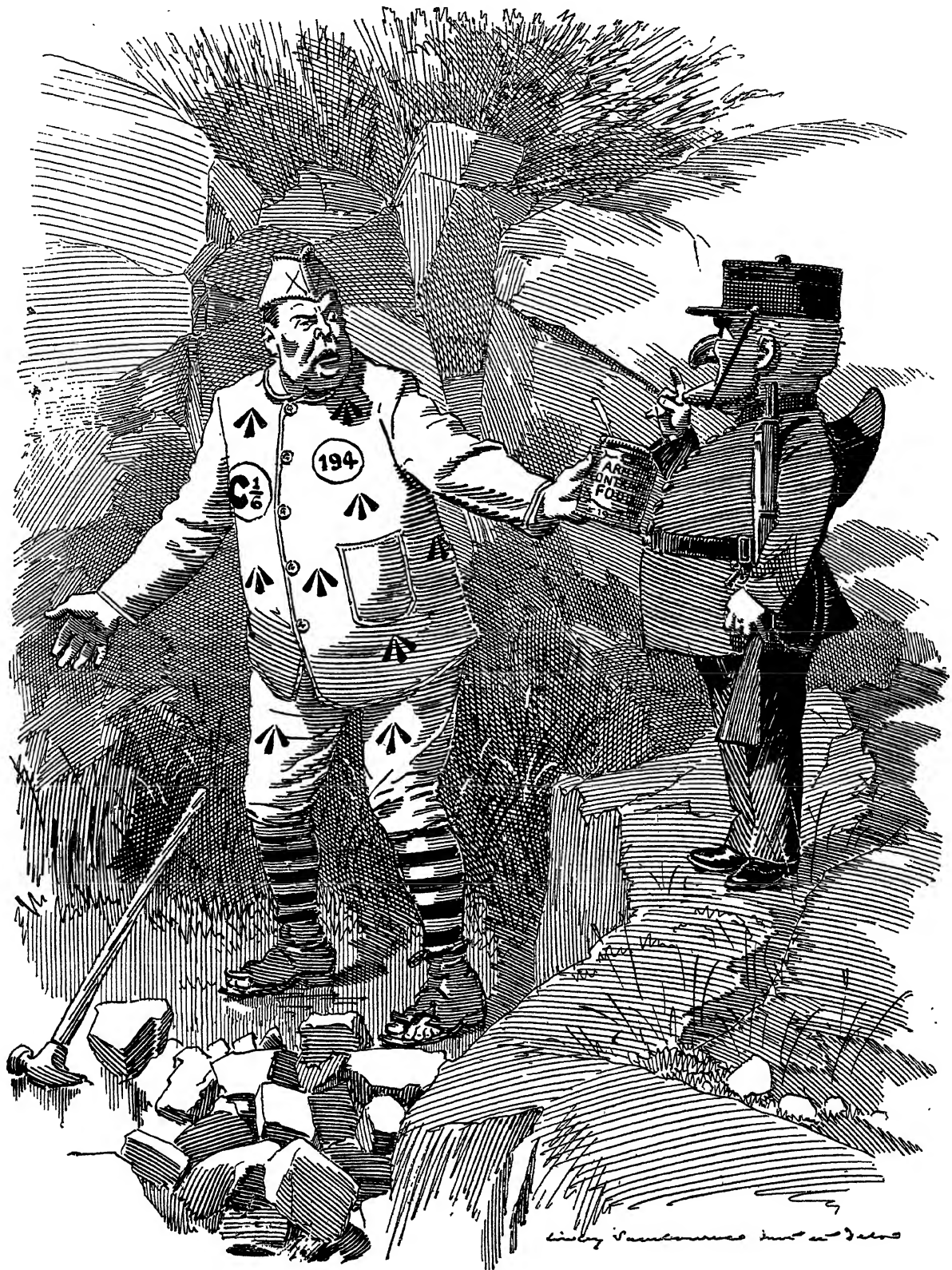
Mrs. Calvert Malaprop and Sir Valentine Anthony.

be played within three hours, should give us constant laughter, and never be for one instant tedious, is, perhaps, the greatest surprise of all.

APPROPRIATE BIRTHPLACE.—It appears that Bugler DUNNE is a native of the land of the Deemsters. We are not surprised, for clearly there is a good deal of Man about the brave boy.



Cyril Maude Acres and Miss Winifred Languish.



PAID IN HIS OWN COIN; OR, WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

Convicted Contractor. "LOOK HERE! I CAN'T WALK IN THESE BOOTS, AND I CAN'T EAT THIS FOOD!"
Warder Punch. "WELL YOU'VE GOT TO; IT'S WHAT YOU SUPPLIED TO THE TROOPS."



FISHING INTERROGATORY.

"NOW, SUPPOSING A FELLOW FINDS A GREAT HULKING CHAP AND HIS DOG COMMANDEERING HIS SANDWICHES AND THINGS, WHAT OUGHT A FELLOW TO DO, DONCHERKNOW?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITH the exception of a very few "chestnuts" thrown in as a make-weight, or dropped in accidentally, *Lighter Moments* from the Note-book of Bishop Walsham How (ISBISTER & Co.), edited by FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW, is a carefully assorted collection of such good stories as, if he but carried a tithe of them in his memory, would provide a social raconteur, living by the want of wit in others, with dinners, lunches, and sojourns at country houses, for the better part of two years, during which time he could be daily acquiring fresh material from the same source. The Baron would recommend all black-and-white artists with a humorous turn to procure this book and to study it, as therein they will probably find many subjects which may have already been sent to them, or which assuredly will be sent to them as "new and original," as "a fact," or "as something that happened to myself only the other day." A thorough acquaintance with *Lighter Moments* will show "How it's done."

Unwritten Laws and Ideals (SMITH, ELDER) is an uninviting title. It is, however, the only failure in the book. The Editor, E. H. PITCAIRN, has had the happy thought of bringing together a number of experts to write of the professions they adorn. Rare discrimination has been made in the choice of the contributors. Sir EDWARD MALET speaks for the Ambassadors, Lord MONKSWELL for the House of Lords, Sir REGINALD PALGRAVE for the House of Commons, with which he was so closely, and had been so long, associated that strangers in the distant gallery used to mix up him and the mace. Other professions are dealt with by equally able hands. Whilst all the chapters are freshly written, blazing with information from an inside point of view, my Baronite delights most in that on "The Judges," contributed by Sir HERBERT STEPHEN. The literary style, and the sub-acid humour that underlies communication of sound

information on abstruse matters of fact, supply conclusive proof of the heredity of genius. The final passage devoted to description of the ideal judge is too long to quote. It would have been specially appropriate in these columns, where, if Sir HERBERT had done his duty to a wider range of mankind, it ought in the first instance to have been sent for publication.

Marcelle of the Latin Quarter, by CLIVE HOLLAND (PEARSON), is a story of artistic life in Paris, inartistically told. It commences well, but after a time the reader becomes, like *Mariana* in the Moated Grange, "awearry, weary," and the coup, when it does come, is ill-contrived; yet it might have been so effective, that its failure in this respect is irritating.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

At the Tailor.

Chez le Tailleur.

I go to pass at the tailor. Je vais passer chez le tailleur.
Where that? Street Thing, Où ça? Rue Chose, No. 1, la No. 1, the house who do the maison qui fait le coin.
corner.

I desire one costume of town. Je désire un costume de ville.
One riding-coat or one jacket, Une redingote ou une jaquette,
that me is equal. To the coun- ça m'est égal. A la campagne
try I not carry but one vest, je ne porte qu'un veston, mais
but not in town. pas en ville.

You tell that one jacket grey Vous dites qu'une jaquette
deepened is very elegant, very gris-foncé est très élégant, très
check? That himself can. To chic? Cela se peut. A vrai
true to tell the riding-coat is dire la redingote est un peu
one little heavy. lourde.

Eh well, jacket, waistcoat, Eh bien, jaquette, gilet,
pantaloon—in effect one com- pantalon—en effet un complet
plete grey deepened. gris-foncé.

See there one colour who me Voilà une couleur qui me va
go to marvel. à merveille.

It is all. No. I not have C'est tout. Non, je n'ai pas
necessity of habit. I dine in besoin d'habit. Je dine en
smoking. One has less hot. smoking. On a moins chaud.
But I have always my frock to Mais j'ai toujours mon frac au
the foundation of my mail, for fond de ma malle, pour les
the evenings of great holded. soirées de grande tenue.

Shall come I to essay the Viendrai-je essayer le cos-
costume friday? tume vendredi?

Perfectly. Good day.

Parfaitement. Bon jour.

At the Booter.

Chez le Bottier.

Have you of the english Avez-vous des bottines
boots? anglaises?

You not of them have point? Vous n'en avez point?
Nothing but these boots Rien que ces bottines-là,
there, thins, pointeds, the minces, pointues, les semelles
soles thicks as one leaf of épaisses comme une feuille de
papier? papier?

No, thousand times no! I Non, mille fois non! Je dé-
desire of the goods boots eng- sire de bonnes bottines an-
lish, larges, strongs, solids, the glaises, larges, fortes, solides,
talons garnished of fat nails. les talons garnis de gros clous.

For to march in Paris, you Pour marcher dans Paris,
demand? vous demandez?

But yes. The English self Mais oui. Les Anglais se
protect the foots, even in protègent les pieds, même en
town. ville.

Try of to finish the boots the Tâchez de finir les bottines
most soon possible. le plus tôt possible.

Ah, the talons of these shoes Ah, les talons de ces sou-
are one little used. He must liers sont un peu usés. Il faut
them to accomodate again. les raccommode. Veuillez en
Wish to send to search the voyer chercher les souliers ce
shoes this evening to my hotel. soir à mon hôtel. H. D. B.

THE "NOTTINGHAM LAMBS."

[On the opening day of the Session of the National Liberal Federation at Nottingham, there was a stormy display of feeling between the supporters of the peaceful chairman and those of the warlike Professor MASSIE. On the second day the struggle abated. Sir EDWARD GREY spoke in the place of Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, regrettably absent through indisposition. The speaker was not sure, even now, that if we had an election it would turn on South Africa. There were other subjects, such as the Workmen's Compensation Bill for agricultural labourers, old-age pensions, and temperance reform. Here was work for the Liberal Party.—*Daily Paper.*]

PRETTY it was by all report

To note the Nottingham lambs at sport;
"Baa!" said the black coats, "baa! baa!
baa!"

And "Pooh!" said the white, said they;
But the great bell-wether was indisposed,
And hoped that the struggle would soon
be closed

In a friendly and lamb-like way.

The chair-sheep held that the flock had
sinned

Just on the point where his faith was
pinned;

A section of sanguine rams had gone
On the innocent wolf his track,
Blundering forth in a blind career;
"Hear!" said the white sheep, "hear!
O hear!"

And "Pish-pooh-baa!" said the black.

The chair-sheep spoke to the faithful
few:—

"What would the Grand Old Llama do?
He that was head of the ancient run
And friend of the enemy's pack?
He would have tethered those truculent
rams."

"Ja! Ja! Ja!" said the little white lambs,
And "Bah! Bah! Bah!" said the black.

After a prayer that war should cease,
Followed by cries of "Stop-the-Peace!"
Rose a mutton of massy brain,
Black as the coal night;
"Mine," said he, "is a bellicose view!"
"Good," said the black sheep, "good for
you!"

And "Bah! Bah! Bah!" said the white.

Deadly it must have been to see
This struggle for Liberal Unity;
Many a head was lost that day,
Many a mouthpiece shut;
Fleeces and tails flew thick and fast
And the lowering welkin rang aghast
To the rain of the frequent butt.

The great bell-wether was far away
Indisposed to assist at the fray;
But a so-called Grey-sheep lifted his voice
Filling the vacant chink:
Sable his coat, but his bleat was bland
As he touched on the Labour Question and
The awful effects of Drink.

"Topics like these that strike so deep
Appeal," said he, "to the average sheep;
Wolves are a sort of a foreign affair



Sydney Harvey, 1900

"I HEARD YOUR DAUGHTER IS ENGAGED, MR. DE COURCY. MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU?"
"THANKS, BUT—ER—I'M AFRAID IT WON'T COME OFF. YOU SEE—I PROMISED TO GIVE
HER A 'THOU' BY WAY OF DOWRY—AND—AH—I'M NOT QUITE READY WITH IT JUST NOW."
"MY DEAR MR. DE COURCY, YOU CAN EASILY GET OVER THAT DIFFICULTY. 'GIVE HER
SAY TWO HUNDRED DOWN, AND PROMISE THE EIGHT HUNDRED IN THREE MONTHS' TIME."
"YES—UM—THAT'S VERY GOOD. OF COURSE THE EIGHT HUNDRED IN THREE MONTHS
I CAN PROMISE EASILY ENOUGH, BUT—ER—IT'S THE TWO HUNDRED DOWN THAT I CAN'T
MANAGE."

Vaguely affecting the race;
But Compensation and Pensions and such,
Those are the kind of thing to touch
The heart in a tender place.

"Lambs may differ about the war,
How it should end and what it was for;
Mightier matters will make them one
When the general flock is polled."
So was finished the long-drawn fight,
And soft-winged peace with the second
night
Fell on the family fold.

O. S.

COMING TO TERMS;

Or, Small by Degrees and Beautifully Less.

First Suggestion (close of 1899). South
Africa to be abandoned by the British
and rechristened Krügerplussteinland.
England to pay an indemnity of £40,000,000.

Second Suggestion (March, 1900). Peace
to be restored on the condition that
Krügerplussteinland be an independent
sovereign State.

Third Suggestion (Sept. 30, 1900). Any
thing your Majesty may deign to wish.



OUR LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

Fair Captain. "OH, GET THE BALL, WINN! DO RUN! DON'T WADDLE!"

"CASSANDRA" CUTTINGS.

April 1. (*Paris Telegram*.) "Every detail of the invasion of England is now arranged. I learn, on the very best authority, that a comprehensive timetable has been issued to every military and naval officer. The first transport is timed to reach Dover at 3.26 A.M., June 31, and the sinking of the last British ironclad is fixed for four o'clock on the same afternoon. The entry of four army corps into London was originally arranged to take place at 8 A.M. on the 5th, but, in deference to the wishes of those generals who dislike early rising, it possibly may be postponed until 10.30. After prolonged deliberation, the President of the Republic has selected Buckingham Palace in preference to Windsor Castle as his future abode; there is some reason to believe that the

latter place will be leased to General MERCIER."

Same date—same paper.—We publish a St. Petersburg telegram, proving conclusively that the Russians will have occupied Calcutta within a month from this date.

Same date. (Monte Carlo Telegram.) Startling intelligence! My informant, whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, moves in the very highest circles, and his statement may be relied on absolutely. He has confided to me that the Prince of MONACO, persuaded by the arguments of Dr. LEYDS, intends to invade England on Easter Monday. Fifty-eight men, in his opinion, will suffice for the campaign, the remaining two (army numbers sixty) will be reserved for home defence. The exact hour of his arrival in England is not yet definitely settled.

2nd Edition, April 1. (From a letter to the

Editor, signed "Vigilans."). . . "Despite abundant warning, despite the convincing telegrams which you, Sir, have published, our authorities are as inert, as supine, as inefficient as ever. Let them awake without a moment's delay! Let us spend this very week seven hundred millions on national defence! Is this a time for niggardly economy, when the enemy is at our door," etc., etc.

April 2. (*From a leading article.*) "We have previously referred to the alarmist and mendacious reports, so freely disseminated by a section of the press. *The Cassandra*, we are proud to think, has eschewed this crime from the first. As we have consistently shown, there is not the least likelihood that any foreign power will elect to pick a quarrel with us. The peace of Europe is assured."

SOME POINTS ABOUT ARBITRATION.

[The Award of the Delagoa Bay Arbitration Tribunal was published at Berne on March 29, after more than ten years' delay.]

THE principle of *wacht een bietje*—wait a bit—which has hitherto governed South African politics, has been once more applied with success, as far as the interests and pockets of the Arbitrators are concerned.

The claimants, who expected at least two-and-a-half millions compensation for a flagrant violation of their rights, and will receive about £300,000, after costs have been paid, are now not exactly of the opinion that *everything* comes to him who waits.

After this performance it would be advisable in the future that Arbitrators should be treated like common juries, and locked up without food and firing, when there would be some chance of accelerating their deliberations. At present, arbitration is a method best suited to the Millennium, when time shall be no object.

The problem of What to Do with our Sons is merely a matter of arbitration, *i.e.*, let them imitate the worthy Swiss juris-consults and take up a profession which ensures them a steady income with no trouble for an unlimited number of years.

It is probable, however, that arbitration will henceforward be conducted in person, after the delivery of an Ultimatum, by the Commander-in-Chief of the Power which has the most cogent armaments and explosives. Arguments, like expletives, have apparently had their day—and a pretty long one at that.

Arbitrators and their heirs, administrators, and assigns, will be allowed a hundred years to investigate the question of the commencement of the Twenty-First Century, and the Duplication of the Cube. Other more pressing matters will be referred to Business men.

A POOR MAN'S MOTTO.

I WANT to choose a motto,
Some graceful watchword that 's
More classical than "What, oh,
She bumps," less terse than "Rats!"

Fortis per ardua centum?

How 's that? I've lots of pluck—
Dat Deus incrementum?
Not much to me, worse luck!

Pro patria? A hero

To that were not averse;

There 's *Meliora spero*,
And things could scarce be worse.

But since my income slim is,
And few the quids I touch,
My choice is *Ne quid nimis*,
Or, not a quid too much!

AS WE SEE OURSELVES.

The new weekly, the "Londoner"—an excellent two pennyworth—contains an article by Mr. F. H. Cowen on the impression produced by his own compositions on himself. Charmed with the notion, Mr. Punch has written to several eminent literary persons, asking them to describe the impressions produced by their own compositions on themselves.

THE principal impression produced upon me by the perusal of my own works is a splitting headache, especially acute in the case of my poems. I have a strong suspicion, amounting at times to a conviction, that I generally have a meaning if only it can be found. In my more recent works, however, this feeling is less marked.

A subsidiary impression is amazement at the number of people who read my works and profess to understand them.

G-RGE M-R-D-T-H.

On reading my patriotic poems, my feelings are tremendous. I am as a lion going forth to battle: my hair crimps (a most curious sensation) and I stretch my limbs—a phenomenon which, I am told, occurs also in many of my readers, with the further accompaniment of a yawn. On the whole, I am immensely struck with my own genius, and I know not which to admire the more, the discrimination of Lord SALISBURY who saw in me a fitting successor to TENNYSON and WORDSWORTH, or my own merits, which enable me to wear so worthily the laurels which once decked their brows.

In spite of the odiousness of comparisons, I cannot but institute one between myself and a certain ephemeral poet whom some have the audacity to call the National Laureate; and when I contrast the vulgar diction of his jingling rhymes with the pure and classic language in which my prose is couched, I can only reflect with grief and indignation on the difference between his circulation and my own.

ALFR-D A-ST-N.



"WHATEVER HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF, MURPHY? YOU LOOK ALL BROKEN UP!"

"WELL, YER 'ANNEE, I WINT TO WAN IV THIM 'SHTOP-THE-WAR' MEETINGS LASHT NOIGHT!"

A glow of satisfaction thrills me as I gaze upon the bookshelves which contain my works. There is really some very good stuff amongst them. I don't profess to know what I meant when I wrote some of them, e.g., the *Jungle Book*; but plain tales of ORTHERIS, MULVANEY & Co., were played out, and one had to striko out a d'ferent line somehow. I confess, when I read *The Day's Work*, I have an uncomfortable misgiving that I am running to seed, which, however, is instantly dispelled when I hear the barrel-organ outside my door discoursing the classic and familiar strains of that undoubted work of genius, *The Absent-Minded Beggar*.

R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

Robert Elsmere convinces me that I am a great novelist, my new edition of the BRONTËS that I am a still greater critic. Surely nothing gives one so pleasing a sence of superiority as to patronise a feebler sister, such as the authoress of *Jane Eyre*.

Mrs. H-MPHRY W-RD.

When I read some of the awful rot that I have undoubtedly written, I find myself wondering if I am quite responsible for my literary actions. Can it be that I am as mad as my last creation, *The Worshipper of the Image*?

R-CH-RD LE G-LL-NNE.

THE NEW FRENCH APPLE OF DISCORD.—
The Pom-Pom.



"APPRECIATIONS," LOCAL.

Vicar's Wife. "I SEE, MRS. FIELDSEND, THAT MARY IS HOME AGAIN."

Mrs. Fieldsend. "YES, M'M. YOU SEE, SHE HAS BEEN A YEAR AT CROWE RECTORY, AND EIGHTEEN MONTHS AT EXHOLME VICARAGE, AND NOW WE WANT HER TO GO INTO A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY!"

ALMOST FRENCH.

[*"Les victoires boërs sont à peu près françaises."*
—Quoted by the *"Progrès,"* of Cairo, from a French newspaper.]

I SAT in an Egyptian train,
In clouds of dust,
And wondered if our English rain
Is justly cussed.

A little Arab and his pal,
Unblessed with hankies,
Yelled "*Progrès, Sphinx, Petit Journal*!"
(Not *Sphinx*, 'twas "*Sphanxis*!").

I bought the first, and found a lie
Too rich and rare
To waste its sweetness here, thought I,
On desert air.

I read that all the Boër braves,
Both chiefs and henchmen,
Who've dug so many British graves,
Are really Frenchmen.

I read that Boër triumphs won
On hill, in trench,
(Oh, gnash your teeth, False Albion!)
Are really French.

The Boërs, I read, are proved to be
Down to their toes,
Pure Gauls, the same who as *Belgæ*
Pulled Cæsar's nose.

No doubt, dear friends, their gain is yours,
But, AUGUSTE, tell,
Are you prepared to claim the Boërs'
Defeats as well?

If we can prove, as prove we can,
We're Teutons—see?
May we assert we won Sedan
And took Páree?

Wait till, at least, the end is sure
My good *insensé*,
Ere you make haste to dub the Boer
"*A peu près Français*."

SUGGESTION FOR MR. RHODES. — The P. M. G. told us last week that "With the exception of one Christian firm our Johannesburg interests are now practically Jewish." Hope that "one Christian" will remain "firm." But why not

change the name of the town to "*Jewhannesburg*"?

THE NEW TONGUE.

SCENE.—Any Club.

Brown. Well, old man, it's about time we were trekking.

Jones. Yes, we must inspan now, if we're to get to the theatre in time. How are we going to manage the transport? A hansom?

Brown. It's raining. We'd better form four-wheelers. Got your field-glasses?

Jones. Yes: a pair I commandeered from ROBINSON. Confound it, there's old BOREHAM entrenched behind the paper! He's sure to open fire on us and shell us with heavy remarks.

Brown. We'll do a turning movement and outflank him by the other door.

Shade of Johnson (hovering in the air)
To what has my poor mother tongue descended? There was never such slang in the coffee taverns.



SWAIN Sc

A TRUE IRISH WELCOME!

HIBERNIA. "SURE, YOUR MAJESTY, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, AND IT'S AT HOME YE'LL BE WITH US!"



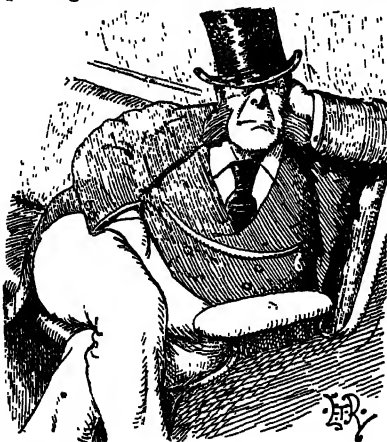
Vicar's Daughter (who likes to be up to date). "I'VE DECIDED TO SELL THIS OLD BICYCLE. JANE, AND TO GET ONE OF THE NEW FREE WHEELS. IT WILL BE QUITE A NOVELTY IN THE VILLAGE, WON'T IT?"

Jane. "WELL, 'ARDLY, MISS. YOU SEE, ME AND COOK, WE GOT NEW BICYCLES SOME TIME AGO, AND THEY'RE BOTH FREE WHEELS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 26.—Irish Nationalist Party of to-day a poor travesty on what it was when CHARLES STEWART was King. Still, it has unsuspected lodes of native gold. One turned up to-night in Mr. DOOGAN. Never heard



"The unresponsive countenance of Chr-st-ph-r Tr-t B-rtl-y."

him speak before. In his way—quite a different one—as delightful as the peerless FLAVIN. When not looking after imperial affairs at Westminster, is a farmer in far off Fermanagh. Looks the part; in personal appearance much nearer the popular idea of JOHN BULL than of average Irishman. Got up to-night in debate on Budget. Followed those other eminent financial authorities, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Question before Committee was, Shall Ireland equally with Great Britain pay an extra twopence a pound on tea? Mr. DOOGAN emphatically says "No!" and he will tell them why. They have heard of Mr. PITT? Mr. DOOGAN pauses for a reply. None forthcoming, he politely assumes the affirmative. On second thoughts, looking over scantily-peopled benches opposite, his eye lingering on the unresponsive countenance of CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, doubt disturbs his mind. Perhaps, after all, they haven't heard about Mr. PITT. Mr. DOOGAN, always punctilious to give the great minister the prefix—as who should say Mr. MILTON or Mr. SHAKESPEARE—recently made his acquaintance in the studious glades of Lisbellaw. Co. Fer-

managh. Impression left on his mind is sharp and deep. Committee would probably like to hear a few particulars personal to Mr. PITT. Mr. DOOGAN, who, in the absence of TIM HEALY, has secured the corner seat on the second bench below gangway, insensibly falls into SOCRATES' peripatetic habit when conveying instruction. Between his sentences he takes a little walk out into the gangway, hastily returning when, to his alarm, he finds himself midway across. Refreshed by one of these excursions, he advises gentlemen opposite to "get up Mr. PITT."

Here the Chairman gets up and reminds Mr. DOOGAN that the question before the Committee is whether an additional twopence a pound shall be clapped on tea.

Mr. DOOGAN takes another little walk; coming back urges that the Act of Union, taken in connection with the war in the Transvaal, imposes on the British Chancellor of the Exchequer the duty of seeing that Ireland has a special allowance of twopence a pound on tea. This naturally leads him up to the observation that "Mr. PITT was a very remarkable man."

Ruthless Chairman up again. Mr. DOOGAN down. Being seated thinks he will remain so; which he does. Gentlemen opposite, just beginning to develop thirst for information about Mr. PITT, left unsatisfied.

Business done.—Tea, Tobacco and Beer Clauses of Budget voted.

Tuesday.—Striking illustration furnished to-night of WILFRID LAWSON'S aloofness from his fellow-man. Don't allude to his views on the War. Constitutional habit with some men straightway to believe that on any subject their own country is in the wrong, and that any one with whom it may chance to be in controversy is in the right. On another and much smaller matter Sir WILFRID'S lack of sympathy with large majority of House was shewn. CUTHBERT QUILTER, delivering his Annual Address on Pure Beer, mentioned sad case of member whose name he considerably withheld. Spending an evening with some friends in Germany, he repaid their hospitality by contributing to the harmony of the evening a number of hymns and spiritual songs. When festivities closed he found



A Study in Liberal Leaders.
(Sir W-ll-m H-ro-rt and the Sir Edw-rd Gr-y of the future.)

to his amazement that he had put away twenty-two glasses of beer. Who kept count was not mentioned. The fact seems to have been undisputed.

Having, on the magisterial bench, brought under his notice various cases of the results of even a slight approach to such excess of refreshment, the hon. member contemplated with alarm the problem of getting home. He felt "all ri" where he was; had somewhere heard that on getting into open air the consequences under similar conditions are incommoding. Cautiously passing the door, he found no ill effects.

"Indeed, when he got home to his lodgings," Sir CUTHBERT says, "he was able to conduct to a successful conclusion two anatomical problems."

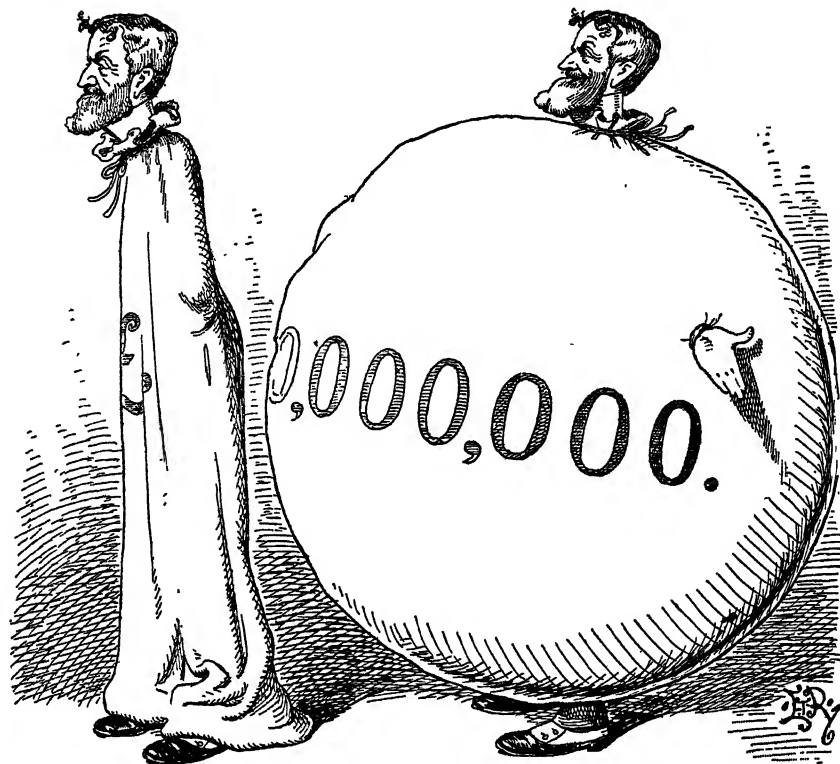
That is a way they have in Suffolk of describing the severance from body of fowl of a leg and wing with intent to sup.

There was scarcely a dry eye in House as QUILTER, catching his breath in effort not to break down, told this story of ineffective endeavour. Twenty-two glasses of beer and no forrader! Only WILFRID LAWSON chuckled with delight.

"Serve him right," he said; "wish all liquor was like that. Best teetotal story I've heard for long time."

Business done.—CUTHBERT QUILTER, like another Fat Boy, makes your flesh creep with weird story from the Rhine.

Thursday.—Sleepy House suddenly stirred to-night by tragic incident. Budget Bill in Committee. Irish members, having talked themselves dry, took refuge in final stage of obstruction. Whenever amendment submitted, or proposal made



BEFORE AND AFTER THE SUBSCRIPTION OF THE WAR LOAN;

Or, "Money o' Michael makes a muckle."

to add clause to Bill, they insisted on taking division. That means waste of from ten minutes to a quarter-of-an-hour. No trouble beyond health-giving walk round lobbies.

On one such occasion the four tellers as usual went forth to tell; two for the Irish members, two for the Ministry.

Only three came back.

When the last member in either division lobby had passed the wicket, the tellers ranged themselves in line before Table ready to march up and proclaim result of division. JOHN ELLIS in Chair, rubbed his eyes, and counted again. Certainly, there were only three. Scouts rushed through lobbies in search of possible fragments. Nothing found—not a boot, not a thumb, not a lock of hair.

It was one of the Irish tellers who thus vanished. Had he been in the same lobby as this compatriot, tragic disappearance easily accounted for. A sudden breach in the union of hearts; a blow; a scuffle; a swift dismemberment; an open window; and below the dumb, darkly flowing tide of the Thames.

But in a division, the tellers begin by dividing. The missing Irish member was last seen in company with Ministerial Whip. ANSTRUTHER might, an' he liked, tell a tragic tale. He opened his mouth only to say he knew nothing. Members looked askance at him, hoping it was all right.

Meanwhile, nothing to be done but take another division, leaving unfathomed the dark mystery of the vanished teller.

Business done.—A teller teetotally disappeared.

Friday.—Curious thing can't make out about Budget. Financial year doesn't close till March 31. Budget introduced more than a month ahead; straight-way at daybreak on following morning new customs and excise duties take effect. New Income Tax doesn't date from morning after Budget, nor from morning of new financial year, but from April 6. Must ask SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to explain the puzzle.

"You can't see the SQUIRE to-day," said the Member for Sark.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, blushing, "he's not going out just now; daily expecting to become a grandfather."

Business done.—JOSEPH WALTON, bursting with information, his coat-tail pockets bulging with papers, his tongue fluent with musical Chinese, flusters St. JOHN BRODRICK about the fearsome Far East.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—Our troops in South Africa are complaining of the lack of malt liquor. Courage, my friends, since you have De Beers within hail.



A Fiscal Anachronism.
(Mr. J. L-wth-r.)



ket on 'Change with
NORTON BELLAMY, and

outside my office or the House I like to forget him.

But long ago he joined the City of London Club, to my regret, and now, in the smoking-room after lunch, during my cup of coffee, cigar, and game of dominoes, he will too often hurl himself uninvited into a conversation that he is, neither asked to join nor desired to enlighten.

Upon a day in January last, my friend, ARTHUR MATHERS, had a chill on the liver and was suffering under sustained professional ill-fortune. From his standpoint, therefore, in the Kaffir Market, he looked out at the world and agreed with CARLYLE'S unreasonable estimate of mankind. As a jobber in a large way he came to this conclusion; while I, who am a broker and a member of the Committee, could by no means agree with him.

"The spirit of common-sense must be reckoned with," I explained to MATHERS. "This nation stands where it does by right of that virtue. Take the giving and receiving of advice. You may draw a line through that. There is a rare—a notable genius for giving advice in this country. The war illustrates my point. You will find every journal full of advice given by civilians to soldiers, by soldiers to civilians, by the man in the street to the man in the Cabinet, and by the man in the Cabinet to the man in the street. We think for ourselves—develop abnormal common-sense, and, as a consequence, I maintain that much more good advice is given than bad."

But MATHERS, what with his chilled liver and business depression, was unreasonable. He derided my contention. He flouted it. He raised his voice in hard, simulated laughter, and attracted other men from their coffee and cigars. When he had won their attention, he tried to crush me publicly. He said:

"My dear chap, out of your own mouth I will confute you. If more good advice is given than bad, every man will get more good than harm by following advice. That's logical; but

you won't pretend to maintain such a ridiculous position, surely?"

I like a war of words after luncheon. It sharpens the wits and assists digestion. So, without being particularly in earnest, I supported my contention.

"Assuredly," I said. "We don't take enough advice, in my opinion—just as we don't take enough exercise, or wholesome food. It is too much the fashion to ask advice and not take it. But if we modelled our lives on the disinterested opinion of other people, and availed ourselves of the combined judgment of our fellows, the world would be both happier and wiser in many directions. And if men knew, when they were invited to express an opinion, that it was no mere conventional piece of civility or empty compliment which prompted us to ask their criticism, consider how they would put their best powers forward! Yes, one who consistently followed the advice of his fellow-creatures would be paying a compliment to humanity and—"

"Qualifying himself for a lunatic asylum!"

Here burst in the blatant BELLAMY from his seat by the fire. He put down a financial journal; and then turned to me. "If there's more good advice flying about than bad, old man, why don't you take some?" he said. "I could give you plenty of excellent advice at this moment, HONEYBUN. For instance, I could tell you to play the fool only in your own house; but you wouldn't thank me. You'd say it was uncalled-for and impertinent—you know you would."

BELLAMY is the only man who has any power to annoy me after my lunch. And knowing it, he exercises that power. He can shake me at a word, can reach my nerve-centres quicker than a tin-tack. Yet, seen superficially, he appears to be the mere common stockbroker; but his voice it is that makes him so hated—his voice, and his manners, and his sense of humour. I turned upon him and did a foolish thing—as one often does foolish things when suddenly maddened into them by some bigger fool than oneself. I answered:

"There's bad advice—idiotic advice—given as well as good. When I've exhausted creation and want *your* opinion, my dear BELLAMY, I'll trouble you for it. And as to playing the fool, why, *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*—not even NORTON BELLAMY. You'll admit that!"

BELLAMY has no education, and nothing irritates him quicker

than a quotation in a foreign language, though any other quotation he's more than a match for. He scowled and meant mischief from the moment the laugh went with me. He ignored the Latin, but stuck to the English of my remark.

"Bad as well as good," he answered. "Just what I say. Only you assert 'more good than bad,' and I declare 'more bad than good,' which means that the more advice I refuse the better for me in the long run."

"You judge human nature from an intimate knowledge of your own lack of judgment, my dear fellow," I said, in a bantering voice.

"Well, I'll back my judgment all the same," he answered, hotly, "which is a good deal more than you will. You talk of common-sense, and lay down vague, not to say inane rules for other people to follow, and pose as a sort of Book of Wisdom thrown open to the public every afternoon in this smoking-room; but anybody can talk. Now, I'll bet you a thousand pounds that you'll not take the advice of your fellow-man for twelve consecutive hours. And, what is more, I'll bet you another thousand that I'll do the other thing and go distinctly contrary to every request, suggestion, or scrap of advice offered me in the same space of time. And then we'll see about your knowledge of human nature, and who looks the biggest fool at the end of the day."

I repeat it was after luncheon, and no man unfamiliar with NORTON BELLAMY can have any idea of the studied insolence, the offence, the diabolic sneer with which he accompanied this preposterous suggestion. I was, however, silent for the space of three seconds; then he made another remark to MATHERS, and that settled it.

"Some of us are like the chap who took his dying oath the cat was grey. Then they asked him to bet a halfpenny that it was, and he wouldn't. So bang goes another wind-bag!"

He was marching out with all the honours when I lost my temper and took the brute at his word.

"Done!" I said.

Think of it! A man of five-and-fifty, with some reputation for general mental stability, and a member of the Committee of the Stock Exchange!

"You'll take me?" he asked, and there was an evil light in the man's hard blue eyes, while his red whiskers actually bristled as he spoke. "You'll back yourself to follow every scrap of advice given you throughout one whole day for a thousand pounds?"

In my madness I answered, only intent upon arranging miseries for him.

"Yes, if you'll back yourself to act in an exactly contrary manner."

"Most certainly. It's my ordinary rule of life," he replied. "I never do take advice. I'm not a congenital idiot. Let us say to-morrow."

Now upon the Stock Exchange we have a universal system by which honour stands for security. In our peculiar business relations this principle is absolutely necessary. And it seldom fails. There is a simple, pathetic trust amongst us unknown in other walks of life. It can only be compared to that universal spirit said to have existed in King ALFRED'S days, when we are invited to believe that people left their jewellery about on the hedges with impunity, and crime practically ceased out of the land. So when BELLAMY and I made this fatuous bet, we trusted each the other. I knew that, with all his faults, the man was absolutely straightforward and honest; and I felt that, having once taken his wager, I should either win it—at personal inconvenience impossible to estimate before the event—or lose and frankly pay.

"To-morrow," said BELLAMY. "Let us say to-morrow. You don't want a thing like this hanging over you. We'll meet here and lunch and compare notes—if you're free to do so, which is doubtful, for I see a holy chaos opening out before you."

"To-morrow!" I said. "And, be that as it may, I would not change my position for yours!"

I went home that night under a gathering weight of care. To my wife and daughters I said nothing, though they noticed and commented upon my unusual taciturnity. In truth, the more I thought of the programme in store for me, the less I liked it; while BELLAMY, on the contrary, so far as I could see, despite my big words at parting from him, had only to be slightly more brutal and aggressive than usual to come well out of his ordeal. I slept ill and woke depressed. The weather was ominous in itself. I looked out of my dressing-room window and quoted from the classics:

"She is not rosy-fingered, but swoll'n black;
Her face is like a water turned to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threatened night ere noon of day!"

which shows, by the bye, that BEN JONSON knew a London fog when he saw it, though chemists pretend that the vile phenomenon wasn't familiar to the Elizabethans.

My breakfast proved a farce, and having wished my dear ones a dreary "Good morning," I crept out into a bilious, fuliginous atmosphere, through which black smuts fell in legions upon the numbed desolation of South Kensington. Only the urban cat stalked here and there, rejoicing, as it seemed, in prolonged night. My chronic cough began at the first gulp of this atrocious atmosphere, and, changing my mind about walking to the District Railway Station, I turned, sought my cab-whistle, and summoned a hansom. It came presently, clinking and tinkling out of nothingness—a chariot with watery eyes of flame—a goblin coach to carry me away through the mask of the fog, from home, from wife and children, into the vast unknown of man's advice.

The cabman began it—a surly, grasping brute who, upon taking my shilling, commented and added something about the weather.

"Your fare, and you know it very well," I answered; whereupon he replied:

"Oh, all right. Wish I could give you the cab an' the 'oss in. Don't you chuck away your money—that's all. You're a blimed sight too big-hearted—that's what's the matter with you."

I felt cheered. Here was practical advice given by a mere toiler from the ranks. I promised the man that I would not waste my money; I reciprocated his caution, beamed upon him, ignored his satire, and went downstairs to the trains. A news paper boy offered me *Punch*. I bought it, and with rising spirits lighted a cigar and got into a city train. It happened to come from Ealing, and contained, amongst other people, my dear old friend, TRACY MAINWARING—cheeriest, brightest, and best of men. The fog deepened, and somewhere about the Temple a violent fit of coughing caused me to fling away my cigar and double up in considerable physical discomfort. MAINWARING, with his universal sympathy, was instantly much concerned for me.

"My dear HONEYBUN, you'll kill yourself—you will indeed. It's suicide for you to come to town on days like this. How often have I expostulated! And nobody will pity you, because you need not do it. Why don't you go to the south of France? You ought to go for all our sakes."

"MAINWARING," I said, "you're right. You always are. Here's the Temple. I'll return home at once and start as soon as I conveniently can—to-morrow at latest."

The amazement which burst forth upon the face of every man in that carriage was a striking commentary on my original assertion that advice is not taken habitually in this country.

As for MAINWARING himself, I could perceive that he was seriously alarmed. He followed me out of the train and his face was white, his voice much shaken as he took my arm.

"Old chap," he said, "I've annoyed you. I've bored you

with my irresponsible chatter. You're trying to escape from me. You mustn't let a friend influence you against your better judgment. Of course, I only thought of your good, but——"

"My dear fellow," I answered, "nobody ever gave me better advice, and unless circumstances conspire against it, I mean to do as you suggest."

"Yes, yes—capital," he said, with the voice we assume when trying to soothe an intoxicated acquaintance or a lunatic. "You shall go, dear old fellow; and I'll see you home."

Now here is the effect of taking advice upon the man who gives it! MAINWARING is a genial, uncalculating, kindly soul who is always tendering counsel and exhortation to everybody, from his shoeblack upwards, yet here, in a moment, I had him reduced to a mere bundle of vibrating nerves, simply because I had undertaken to follow one of his suggestions. Of course I knew the thought in his mind; he believed that I had gone out of mine. So I said:

"Yes, old fellow, I see what you think; but, consider; if I was a lunatic to take your advice, what must you be to have given it?"

This conundrum, if possible, increased his uneasiness. He fussed anxiously around me and begged to be allowed to see me home; whereupon, being weary of his cowardice, I waved MAINWARING off, left the station to be free of him, and hastily ascended Arundel Street.

My object was now an omnibus which should convey me almost to my own door; and my heart grew fairly light again, for if by the terms of the wager, I could legitimately get back under my own roof, the worst might be well over. I pictured myself packing quietly all day for the Continent. Then, when morning should come, I had merely to change my mind again and the matter would terminate. Any natural disappointment of my wife and the girls when they heard of my intention to stop in London after all might be relieved with judicious gifts purchased out of NORTON BELLAMY'S thousand pounds.

At a corner in the Strand I waited, and others with me, while the fog increased—noisome veil upon veil—and the lurid street seemed full of dim ghosts wandering in a sulphur hell. My omnibus was long in coming, and, just as it did so, I pressed forward with the rest, and had the misfortune to tread upon the foot of a threadbare and foul-mouthed person who had been waiting beside me. Standing there the sorry creature had used the vilest language for fifteen minutes, had scattered his complicated imprecations on the ears of all; but especially, I think, for the benefit of his wretched wife. She—a lank and hungry creature—had flashed back looks at him once or twice, but no more. Occasionally, as his coarse words lashed her, she had shivered and glanced at the faces about her, to see whether any champion of women stood there waiting for the South Kensington omnibus. Apparently none did, though, for my part, at another time, I had certainly taken it upon me to reprove the wretch, or even call a constable. But upon this day, and moving as it were for that occasion only under a curse, I held silence the better course and maintained the same while much pitying this down-trodden woman. Now, however, Fate chose me for a sort of Nemesis against my will, and leaping forward to the omnibus, I descended with all my fourteen stone upon the foot of the bully. He hopped in agony, lifted up his voice, and added a darkness to the fog. His profanity intensified the ambient gloom, and out of it, I saw the white face of his wife, and her teeth gleamed in a savage smile as he hopped in the gutter, like some evil fowl. People laughed at his discomfort, and a vocabulary naturally rich was lifted above itself into absolute opulence. He loosed upon me a chaos of sacred and profane expletives, uttered in the accent of south-west London. His words tumbled about my ears like a nest of angered hornets. The man refused to listen to any apology, and, from natural regret, my mood changed to active annoyance, because he insisted upon hopping between me and the omnibus, and a crowd began to collect.

Then his bitter-hearted wife spoke up and bid me take action, little dreaming of the position in which I stood with respect to all advice.

"Don't let the swine cheek you like that," she cried. "He's all gas—that's what he is—a carwardly 'ound as only bullies women and children. You're bigger than him! Hit him over the jaw with your rumberella. Hit him hard—then you'll see."

It will not, I trust, be necessary for me to say that never before that moment did I strike a fellow-creature—either in the heat of anger or with calculated intention. Indeed, even a thousand pounds would seem a small price to expend, if for that outlay one might escape such a crime; yet now, dazed by the noise, by the fog, by emotions beyond analysis, by the grinning teeth and eyes of the crowd, shining wolfish out of the gloom around me, by the woman's weird, tigerish face almost thrust into mine, and by the fact that the man had asked me why the blank, blank I didn't let my blank self out at so much a blank hour for a blank steam-roller, I let go.

If BELLAMY could have seen me then! My umbrella whistled through the fog and appeared to strike the man almost exactly where his wife had suggested. He was gone like a flower, and everybody seemed pleased. There were yells and cat-calls and wild London sounds in my ears; somebody rose out of the pandemonium and patted me on the back, and told me to hook it before the bloke got up again; somebody else whispered earnestly in my ear that I had done the community a good turn; the omnibus proceeded without me, for I was now separated from it by a crowd; the fog thickened, lurid lights flashed in it; my head whirled; the man who had whispered congratulations in my ear endeavoured to take my watch; and I was just going to cry for the police, when my recumbent victim, assisted, to my amazement, by the tigerish woman, arose, clothed in fury and mud as with a garment, and advanced upon me.

There are times and seasons when argument and even frank apology is useless; there are very rare occasions when coin of the realm itself is vain to heal a misunderstanding or soothe a wounded spirit. I felt that the man now drawn up in battle array before me was reduced for the moment to a mere pre-Adamite person or cave-dweller—first cousin to, and but slightly removed from, the unreasoning and ferocious dinosaur or vindictive megatherium. This poor, bruised, muddy Londoner, now dancing with clenched fists and uttering a sort of language which rendered him almost incandescent, obviously thirsted to do me physical hurt. No mere wounding of my tenderest feelings, no shaming of me, no touching of my pride or my pocket would suffice for him. Indeed, he explained openly that he was going to break every bone in my body and stamp my remains into London mud, even if it spoilt his boots. Hearing which prophecy, one of those inspirations that repay a studious man for his study came in the nick of time, and I remembered a happy saying of the judicious HOOKER, how that many perils can best be conquered by flying from them. I had not run for thirty years, but I ran then, and dashing past a church, a cheap book shop and the Globe Theatre, darted into the friendly shelter of a populous neighbourhood that extends beyond. So sudden was my action and so dense the fog that I escaped without loss and, within three minutes from that moment, all sorrow past, sat in a hansom, had the window lowered, and drove off with joy and thankfulness for my home.

So far I had done or set about doing everything my fellow-man or woman deemed well for me; as it was now past eleven o'clock, I felt that the day would soon slip away and all might yet be well.

Then the Father of Fog, who is one with the Prince of this world, took arms against me; there was a crash, a smash, loud words, a breath of cold air, a tinkle of broken glass, a stinging lash across my face, an alteration abrupt and painful

in my position. My horse had collided with another and come down heavily; the window was broken; and my face had a nasty cut across the cheekbone within a fractional distance of my right eye.

The driver was one of that chicken-hearted sort of cabmen rare in London, but common in provincial towns. He had fallen from his box-seat, it is true, and had undoubtedly hurt himself here and there on the outside, yet I doubt if any serious injury had overtaken him; but now he stood at the horse's head, and pulled at its muzzle or some such apparatus, and gasped and gurgled and explained how a railway van had run into him, knocked over his horse and then darted off into the fog. I told the man not to cry, and people began collecting as usual like evil gnomes out of the gloom. The air soon hummed with advice, and personally, knowing myself to be worse than useless where a horse in difficulties is concerned, I acted upon the earliest suggestion that called for departure from the scene. Ignoring directions about harness, cutting of straps, backing the vehicle and sitting on the horse's head, I fell in with one thoughtful individual who gave it as his opinion that the beast was dying, and hurried away at my best speed to seek a veterinary surgeon. My face was much injured, my nerves were shaken and I had a violent stitch in my side and a buzzing in the head; but I did my duty, and finding a small corner hostelry that threw beams of red and yellow light across the fog, I entered, gave myself a few moments to recover breath, then asked the young woman behind the bar whether she knew where I might most quickly find a horse doctor.

"There has been an accident," I explained, "and a man on the spot gives it as his opinion that the horse is seriously unwell and should be seen to at once. Personally, I suspect it could get up if it liked, but I am not an expert and may be mistaken."

"'Fraid you've hurted yourself too, Sir," answered the girl. "I am sorry. Sit down and have something to drink, Sir. I'm sure you want it."

I sat down, sighed, wiped my face and ordered a little brandy. This she prepared with kindly solicitude, then advised a second glass, and I, feeling the opinion practical enough, obeyed her gladly.

She knew nothing of a veterinary surgeon, but there chanced to be a person in the bar who said that he did. He evidently felt tempted to proclaim himself such a man, for I could see the idea in his shifty eyes; but he thought better of this, and admitted that he was only a dog-fancier himself, though he knew a colleague in the next street who had wide experience of horses.

Now my idea of a dog-fancier is one who habitually fancies somebody else's dog. I told the man this while I finished my brandy-and-water, and he admitted that it was a general weakness in the profession, but explained that he had, so far, fought successfully against it. Then we started to find the veterinary surgeon and soon passed into a region that I suspected to be Seven Dials.

"'Ullo, JAGGERS! Who's your friend?" said a man in a doorway.

"Gent wants a vet," answered my companion.

"Gent wants a new fce, more like!"

I asked the meaning of this phrase, suspecting that some fragment of homely and perhaps valuable advice lay beneath it, but JAGGERS thought not.

"Only BARNY BOSHER'S sauce," he said. "He's a fightin' man—pick of the basket at nine stone five—so he thinks he can say what he likes; but he's got a good 'cart."

We pushed on until a small shop appeared, framed in bird-cages. Spiritless tropical fowls of different sorts and colours sat and drooped in them—parrots, cockatoos, and other foreigners of a sort unfamiliar to me.

"Come in," said JAGGERS. "This is MUGGRIDGE'S shop.

And what he don't know about 'osses, an' all livin' things for that matter, ain't worth knowin'."

Mr. MUGGRIDGE was at his counter busy with a large wooden crate bored with many holes. From these proceeded strange squeaks and grunts.

"'Alf a mo," he said. "It's a consignment of prize guinea-pigs, and they wants attention partickler urgent, for they've been on the What-you-may-call-it Railway in a luggage train pretty near since last Christmas by all accounts, and a luggage train on that line gives you a fair general idea of Eternity, I'm told."

Mr. MUGGRIDGE was a little, bright, cheerful person who appeared to frame his life on the philosophy of his own canaries. The shop was warm, even stuffy perhaps—still warm. So I said one or two kind things about the beasts and birds, then took a chair and looked at my watch.

"I can wait," I told him.

"Can the 'oss? That's the question," asked JAGGERS; and he began to murmur something about being kept away from his work and hard times; so I gave him a shilling, and he thanked me, though not warmly, and instantly vanished into the fog—to go on dog-fancying no doubt.

Mr. MUGGRIDGE complimented me on my love for animals. He then began to pull strange rough bundles of white and black and yellow fur from his wooden crate. The things looked like a sort of animated blend between a penwiper and a Japanese chrysanthemum. Indeed, I told him so, and he retorted by strongly advising me to take a couple home for my family.

With a sigh, I agreed to do so, and Mr. MUGGRIDGE, evidently surprised at my ready acquiescence, grew excited, and suggested two more.

"You try a pair o' them Hangoras, and a pair o' them tortoiseshells," he said, "an' before you can look round you'll be breedin' guinea-pigs as'll take prizes all over Europe. Pedigree pigs—pigs with a European reputation!"

"Very well, two pairs," I answered, "since you wish it."

And then I observed that MUGGRIDGE was thinking very hard. I fancy he realised that the opportunity of a lifetime lay before him.

"Yes," he said suddenly, answering his own reflections, "to a gen'lman like you, I will part with it, though it's dead against the grain. But you ought to have it—my last mongoose—a lady's pet—a little hangel in the 'ouse! Five guineas."

"There's a large brown horse fallen down in the next street. That's what I'm here for," I cried aloud, ignoring the mongoose.

"Ah, they will go down; and I've got a lion-monkey, and while you are buying animals, I strongly advise you to have it. Not another in England to my knowledge. Peaceful as a lamb. I wish I could send them, but I'm run off my legs just now. Never remember such a rush or such competition. So if you'll let me suggest, I'd take your little lot right away with you. My cages are specially commended at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and I have a few left by me still. I suppose you couldn't do with a water-snake or two? Yes? Here, SAM! Come down here. A large horder!"

He shouted to a boy, who appeared, and began putting strange beasts and reptiles into cages with lightning rapidity; while I stood and watched, as a man gripped, tranced, turned to stone by the deadly incubus of a dream. All the time Mr. MUGGRIDGE chattered, like the lid of a kettle on the boil, put up canaries and parrots in cages, fastened a string to a poodle, and incarcerated various other specimens of obscure and unattractive fauna that he wanted to be rid of. Then he made out an account, pressed it into my hand, rushed to the door and whistled for a four-wheeler.

(Continued in our next.)

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BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron is able to congratulate Mr. JOHN LANE "of London and New York," on the production of the latest volume of that series *de luxe*, the *Anglo Saxon Review*. By way of frontispiece, we have an engraving, rather hard in outline, from the original life-like portrait by JOHN SARGENT, R.A., of Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, editress of this "Quarterly Miscellany." There is also a charming reproduction of Sir JOSHUA'S "Perdita," from his painting of Mrs. ROBINSON, in the collection of the Baroness MATHILDE DE ROTHSCHILD. No wonder the susceptible FLORIZEL was captivated, and still less wonder is it that, being too susceptible, our "Fat Friend" FLORIZEL soon found other metal more attractive than even his PERDITA, to whom he had vowed himself "unalterable through life." PERDITA had forgotten the warning as to "putting trust in Princes," as she had forgotten much other good advice. There is more to be read in this number than comes within the Baron's present limit of "a short sitting" to tackle, but he hopes to be able to pay a visit to "A Famous French Château," by V. HUSSEY-WALSH, and to ascertain from Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER "What Can be Done for the Drama." The Baron notices the craftiness of this title. Mr. ARCHER does not say what "ought to be done," as though he would give up the subject for ever should his advice not be taken; nor does he let it be inferred that what "can be done" he himself will undertake to do. The Baron hopes to find an early opportunity for returning to this volume.

Reading *The Dean of Darrendale* (HUTCHINSON), my Baronite longs for a stout blue pencil held in relentless right hand. It is probable there would be stricken out most of the passages over which the soul of the author lingers lovingly. That does not imply that the process of condensation would not be invigorating. WYNTON EVERSLEY is embarrassed with a multiplicity of aims. As he progresses with his work, he is not quite sure whether it shall be a leaflet on socialism, a religious tract, or merely a novel. The consequence is that the novel goes to the wall. This is a pity, since there are some living characters in it, notably the Dean, who is introduced to the reader coatless, with unfastened shirt-sleeves, a waistcoat open in front, much befouled as by frequent contact with tar and victuals, a long clay pipe gripped hard beneath a heavy moustache. He is, at the moment, leaning out of the window of "The Anchor," the village inn he bought and transformed into the Vicarage, preferring it to the more canonical abode. He keeps the sign swinging, one room with a sanded floor where wayfarers may drink wholesome drink, and smoke whole-



Olga (who has overheard a conversation in the Drawing-room). "AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU WEREN'T BORN A LADY, COOK?"

Cook. "WHY SHOULD I BE GLAD, MISS OLGA?"

Olga. "WELL, SEE WHAT A LOT OF TROUBLE YOU'D HAVE WITH THE SERVANTS!"

some smoke, the biggest bedroom being reserved for belated tramps. How Parson Salter, as his neighbours call him, how Jimmy, as he styles himself, cares for everybody, and carries the sunshine round with him, is worth reading. By-and-bye WYNTON EVERSLEY will learn not to overload his pages with characters who are simply names, and will spare the reader whole pages of the prattle of a child phonetically rendered. "Oh, if 'ou p'ease, I 'ant to do to Muffie," may be music to the ear of the young mother. But we are not all mothers, and after the tenth page that sort of thing begins to pall.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PRO BOERO PUBLICO.

MR. WRONGRIGHT SHRIEKER was the guest of the evening at a dinner given by "The Enemy-is-always-in-the-right" Society. Sir TEPID WATERSON was in the chair. The toast of "England's Enemy" was replied to by Mr. SHRIEKER, who began by saying that when the nation was "more sober and reasonable," it would change its present opinion about the war—stultifying itself, presumably to please Mr. WRONGRIGHT SHRIEKER. He wound up by the astounding statement that the Dutch gave a contribution of £30,000 to the British Navy! The Kettle, jewelled in every hole, is awarded to Mr. SHRIEKER.

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!"

How an important character does not put in an appearance at the St. James's Theatre, and the consequence thereof.

OF MR. ALEXANDER as *The Man of Forty*, that is, as this particular man of forty, Mr. Frederic Lee Fanshawe, M.P., nothing



Roger and Lewis Dunster.
"Two single gentlemen rolled into one."
H. B. Irving.

can be said except what is laudatory. Why he should have accepted this piece will ever remain a managerial mystery, unless the explanation be that it was written to order, and that the terms of the contract were strictly fulfilled. As far as "make-up" goes Mr. ALEXANDER artistically forty-fies himself every night for the part which he plays as a sprightly man of forty and millionaire to boot probably would. He is a *piano-forty* man in his amatory moods: and he is *fortissimo*, when casting light comedy to the winds he becomes terribly in earnest. Every part is well represented. Mr. H. B. IRVING as the Double Dunster, *i.e.*, the good and the bad Dunster, is excellent. Mr. AUBREY SMITH, as *Algie Portman*, the victim of matrimony, is a capital sketch of character, and his reconciliation with his fast wife, well played by Miss GRANVILLE, is one of the best comedy scenes in the piece. Miss ESMÉ BERINGER's burlesque actress, *Claire De Spenser*, is purposely objectionable, but she cleverly contrives to enlist the sympathy of the audience for her before she disappears from the scene. Mr. BONNIN, as *Raymond Barker*, M.P., is capital in himself, but somehow, author and stage-manager between them have contrived to turn what ought to have been a comedy episode into mere burlesque.

Miss JULIE OPP as Mrs. Egerton, the bad Dunster's wife, has a thankless part with which she does the best that probably can be done in the circumstances. Mr. RADIE, as *Captain Dennis Garner*, is unobtrusively good as the lover of the eccentric

young lady, *Elsie Fanshawe* (charmingly played by Miss FAY DAVIS, the most unconventional of our *ingénues*), who is so certain that there are "visions about."

The third act is far and away the best, and its termination so satisfactory, in leaving uninteresting problems unsolved, that, not having sufficiently studied the programme, we were leaving the theatre, complimenting the author on the clever finish with which he had redeemed his somewhat commonplace use of familiar materials, when we were politely informed that another act was yet to come! Then, for the first time, it occurred to us that we had missed a great point, perhaps the point of the piece!! What was it? Why, *Roger Dunster*, *i.e.*, the Good Young Dunster, who gets £400 a year as permanent secretary to Lee Fanshawe, M.P., had informed his employer that, on this sum, he was about to marry, that he was engaged, and that his marriage synchronised with that of his generous friend's. But though this fact had been, in the course of the three acts, frequently alluded to, and, indeed, had been emphasized on more than one occasion, the Good Young *Roger Dunster*, even in his most confidential moods when closeted with Lee Fanshawe, M.P., had never once mentioned the name of the lady to whom he was engaged! Lee Fanshawe had never even asked for it; and we, alas, had been as uninterested in the matter as Mr. Lee Fanshawe had shown himself.

Ah! Now, here was something that the author, the crafty Mr. WALTER FRITH, had kept up his sleeve. He might use up old materials; he got 'em cheap, and they served his purpose: but the novelty in the design—there was the point! A lady kept in the background, and to be brought out as a startling revelation in the fourth act! So we returned to our seat expecting great things. Alas! "*Cherchez la femme!*" She never came: the expected didn't happen. The Good Young Dunster's future bride did not turn out to be Miss



"TRENTÉ ET QUARANTE."
Mrs. Egerton Opp and Geo. Fanshawe, M.P.
Alexander.

Claire De Spenser (we never thought she would), and there was only one girl left in the cast for him to marry, and that was Miss Vachell, a lady-journalist, played by Mrs. MAESMORE MORRIS, whom he had met (as it suddenly recurred to us) in the first act, and with whom he had had a long and not uninteresting scene;



Miss Elsie—"the Ingénue"—
Fay Davis.

"Oh, papa, what a funny man you are!"

after which they had parted on such terms as really were quite enough to suggest a "union of hearts" at some later period of the evening. No; Mr. FRITH has provided the Good Young Man of the name of *Roger Dunster* with an invisible wife; and with her non-appearance, all interest in the virtuous Dunster collapsed, and that good young party himself soon disappeared from our gaze, probably to meet the mysterious lady. Not even the excellent acting at the St. James's can make the fourth act anything but *de trop*. In the third act is the one great chance of success for the piece.

WAR HAPPILY AVERTED.

FRESH INSULT TO ENGLAND.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

PUNCH EXPELLED FROM PARIS.

THE above was the heading of a contents-bill, which the Fighting Editor was preparing on the reception of a despatch from our Paris correspondent, stating that "*Punch* had been ordered out of Paris." Later intelligence, however, revealed the fact that the *Punch* referred to was not the Sage of Fleet Street, but our old friend M. GUIGNOL, who has, after many long years of joyous sojourn in the Elysian Fields, been summarily banished to the Sahara of the suburbs. We condole with M. GUIGNOL, we sympathise with the Parisians, and we invite the exile, if the authorities will permit, to take up his quarters on the Thames Embankment. He is far more entertaining than the County Council Band, and quite as virtuous.



AMONG THE IRREGULARS.

Regular Officer. "WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE ME, SIR? YOU MUST SEE I AM AN OFFICER!"

Imperial Yeoman. "AYE, YE MAY BE. BUT YE DUNNA BELONG TO OUR GANG, YE SEE!"

FOOT-NOTES TO HISTORY.

Being extracts from the work of Dr. Boreham, published 3000 A.D., and designed to elucidate certain obscure passages in Prof. Dryasdust's "Ancient Britain."

Majuba Hill.—At one time, apparently, a place of some importance. In a fragmentary print, dated 1900 A.D., I find the words, "To-day, Majuba Hill has been wiped off the slate," from which I infer that the place disappeared suddenly, owing to some catastrophe. Its former site has not yet been fixed by antiquarians.

Select Committee of Enquiry.—In the 19th century, it was the privilege of rich prisoners of State to select their own judges. The punishment appears to have been graduated according to their wealth, millionaires escaping scot-free, while others served longer or shorter periods in inverse ratio to their bank accounts.

Leader of the Opposition.—An obscure office which fell into disrepute at the end of the 19th Century. The function of the leader was to follow his party, and when this proved impossible, to take to bed.

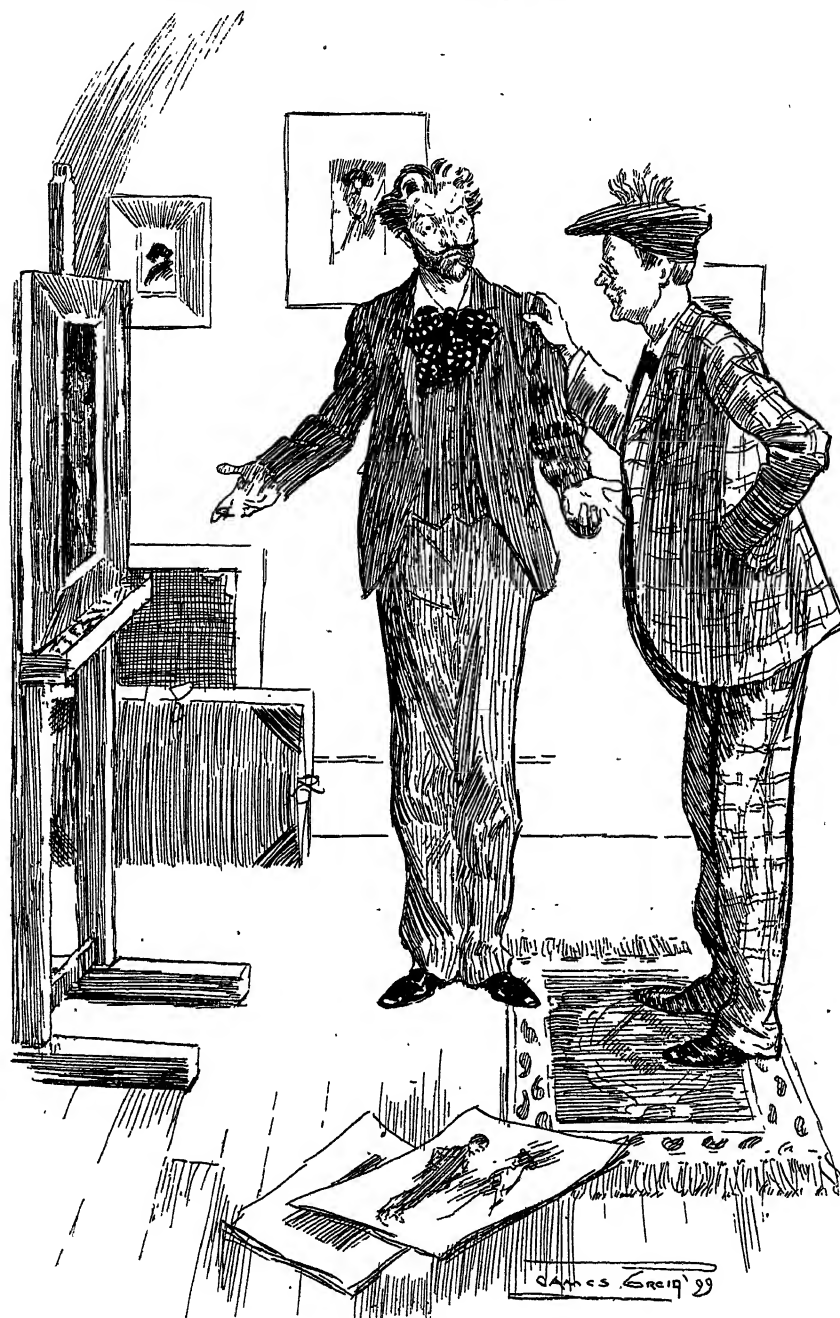
Equal Rights for all White Men.—The cause for which both sides fought in the war of 1900. By the phrase the Britons implied annexation of the two republics; the Boers, Dutch suzerainty in South Africa.

Joseph Chamberlain.—Recent research has proved, beyond question, that there were two persons of this name. One was a Radical of the most advanced type; the other was a Tory minister. One was a Little Englander (cf. the fragment *Against Lord Salisbury, circa 1880*.—"I am prouder of having

warred against disease and crime and ignorance in Birmingham than if I had instigated the invasion of Afghanistan"); the other was a Jingo (cf. the *Highbury Speech, et passim*). JOE CHAMBERLAIN, the Radical, was a bitter opponent of Lord SALISBURY, under whom the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN held office as Colonial Secretary, and he denounced in the strongest language the very war of which the latter took all the glory. (Cf. the fragment *For the Boers, circa 1883*.—"If the Orange Free State joined with the Transvaal, no doubt Lord SALISBURY would declare war on it too. If the whole Dutch population of the Cape rose, Lord SALISBURY, with a light heart, would lead this country into a war more disastrous in its consequences, more certain to be fruitless of any good results than any war in which we have been engaged since we tried to compel the allegiance of the American colonies.") In short, whatever JOE CHAMBERLAIN was, the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN was *not*; and to imagine them to be the same person is to conceive a far greater anomaly than the proverbially strange case of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Mr. Punch. From the frequency with which Prof. DRYASDUST quotes this writer, it is evident that he regards him as our most reliable authority for this period. He is the only author whose works have come down to us in their entirety, doubtless on the sound principle of the survival of the fittest.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE L.C.C.—Great opportunity for a "Society Clown"! Employment for him during the day in various parts of London, where he can produce all his newest and oldest songs, jokes and witticisms, with a view to "diverting the traffic."



QUOI ?

First Artist (six months in Paris). "YES, THIS IS THE BEST THING I'VE DONE."
Second Artist (just arrived). "MON, DINNA LET THAT DISCOORAGE YE!"

BANK HOLIDAY GRUMBLES—IN ADVANCE.

(By Our Prophetic Pessimist.)

It is certain to rain all day long.
 Everything in the shape of an excursion sure to be overcrowded.

If early rising is needed, as a matter of course no one will be called in time.

Breakfast not ready, and boots neglected to be cleaned.

Not a cab to be seen, and all the omnibuses full inside and out.

De tination—if ever reached—will be distinctly disappointing.

Spot visited will have shops closed and "places of interest" inaccessible.

Good hotels expensive and indifferent hostelrys messy.

Promised enjoyment a failure if the day spent away from London.

In town, city and West End like the place on a Sunday, with churches closed and public-houses open.

Free exhibitions rather duller than

usual, and halls and theatres blocked with sightseers.

Only possible finale, early to bed, with a splitting headache.

Farewell problem—according to common form—"is the Bank Holiday worth the scandal?"

A LITTLE LEARNING.

[In the *Methodist Times*, Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES depicts the emotions he felt the other day when he looked down upon the harbour of Syracuse and read "the immortal words in which HERODOTUS sums up" the story of the great Athenian defeat. "Let HERODOTUS," he exclaims, "describe the terrible scene in his own pregnant and burning words."]

BELOW me, through the live-long day,
 The dancing wavelets splash and play
 Along the margin of thy bay,
 O sunny Syracuse,
 And as I stand, remote, alone,
 I take HERODOTUS—I own,
 Not in the flesh but in the BORN
 (Quoth Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES).

With what a fire his story glows!
 How dignified and stately flows
 The cadence of his Attic prose!
 How vividly one views
 The shattered ship, the ribboned sail,
 The sea-fight, as one reads the tale
 Here in this ancient classic Dale!
 (Quoth Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES).

But what a thing is man! How blind
 And ignorant his little mind!
 Not one Sicilian I find
 To whom it is not news
 That this sad tale was told by thee,
 HERODOTUS! Apparently
 Thy work is known to none but me
 (Quoth Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES).

ON THE LATEST MISHAP.

First Civil and Military Critic. What! Ten thousand Boers hiding in ambush and not discovered by any scouts! Impossible! My dear fellow, ten thousand Boers want some hiding!

Second C. and M. C. They do! and let's hope it won't be long before they get it; and a jolly good "hiding" too.

THE VERY PLACE FOR HIM.

Out-of-work Acting Manager (to Comedian, "resting"). The fact is, I don't know where to look for a shop.

Comedian (ever true to the trade). Why not go to the front, old man? You'll be in your right position there!
 [Acting Manager squirms, but doesn't see it.]

PAX AFRICANA.—A certain authoress belongs to the "Stop-the-War" party, but she cannot assuredly be called with any justice Mrs. OLIVE-BRANCH SCHREINER.



The Marquis of Salisbury (to himself). "I THINK THAT WILL STOP HIS MOUTH."

[Lord LONDONDEERRY has been appointed Postmaster-General *vice* the Duke of NORFOLK resigned.]

Sirley Sanderson. 1900



"NURSE, CAN I HAVE BABY'S EYES WHEN IT BREAKS?"

REGENT STREET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I do not suppose that there is a more dangerous place for crossing the roadway in the whole of Europe than Piccadilly Circus, and the charming way in which carriages, cabs, omnibuses and vans are permitted to endeavour to exterminate the pedestrian gives me the greatest delight as I stand under the Shaftesbury Fountain, noting the general discomfiture.

But Piccadilly Circus is nothing to Regent Street itself, where from Oxford Circus downwards any would-be suicide can easily be accommodated. It is a quaint, and, from my point of view, laudable scheme on the part of the police to stop the traffic on one side and land the "gutter-skippers" on a "refuge." When once there the poor creatures have no means of completing their transit, for the constable on the O. P. (or Opposite Policeman) side has not the least desire to further their movements. Then the fun begins. The refugees, tired of being made prisoners, endeavour to escape. Most of them do, after several attempts, but it is delicious, again from my point of view, to observe the near shaves which most of them get, and now and again an accident, possibly fatal, occurs. Long life to the system, which means short death. Try it yourself, Sir, and oblige

Yours, with professional card,

"MR. MOULD."

References to MARTIN CHuzzleWIT & Co. kindly permitted.

TO ANTAGONISTIC FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.
—FRENCH leave and Dutch courage.

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

To the Office of Tobacco.

One card postal for the stranger and three stamps—post of twenty-five, if he you please, Mrs.

How, this halfpenny is english?

Ah, pardon! See there one franc.

It is italian? I come of him to receive of one boy of coffee.

I not have but two pieces of hundred halfpennys. And the one of shes is mexican, by blue! Are they all thieves the boys of coffee! Happily the other is good. Her see here.

Should have you by hazard of the english tobacco?

Ah no! Of the corporal only.

He there has yet something that he me must, one box of matches—candles. But of the

Au Bureau de Tabac.

Une carte postale pour l'étranger et trois timbres—poste de vingt-cinq, s'il vous plaît, madame.

Comment, ce sou est anglais?

Ah, pardon! Voilà un franc.

C'est italien? Je viens de le recevoir d'un garçon de café.

Je n'ai que deux pièces de cent sous. Et l'une d'elles est mexicaine, parbleu! Sont-ils tous voleurs les garçons de café! Heureusement l'autre est bonne. La voilà.

Auriez-vous par hasard du tabac anglais?

Ah non! Du caporal seulement.

Il y a encore quelque chose qu'il me faut, une boîte d'allumettes—bougies. Mais des

matches that one can to match, allumettes qu'on peut allumer, well heard.

Ah, you not of them have but Ah, vous n'en avez que des of the french. françaises.

All to fact unuseful. Good Tout à fait inutiles. Bon day, Mrs. jour, madame. H. D. B.

DISCUSSION BEFORE "JOINING THE LADIES."

First Convivial Party. I rec'leckpictcherin Punsh where chap d'cided whether he wash shcrew'd or no if he could pronounsh wordsh "Bri'sh Conshtoo'shun."

His friend (quite half a bottle ahead of his companion). Yesh—but I know better teshtan that—if you can pronounsh plainly "I'm a Fish'ry-Commish"—no, I mean "Fish Com-mish"—no—(very distinctly)—"Fish-er-ree Com-mish'ner." (Triumphantly.) There!—then—(collapsing)—you're all ri'.

[But on second thoughts they don't "join the ladies."]

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—Here is a Unionist suggestion, which, though it is more judicious to put in the form of a question, must not be considered as coming "in so questionable a shape" as not to command universal assent; viz., why not in future let Dublin be the capital instead of London, say for seven years at a spell, turn and turn about? Surely no one, whether English, Irish or 'Scotch, could possibly object to doublin' his capital, even if only for seven years, eh?

A SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

(To "Long Tom.")

How do I pass thee? Let me count the ways.

I pass thee to whatever length or height
Thy case may reach, so thou art out of sight—

Showing a neutral's most ideal grace.
I pass thee through from Delagoa Bay's
Convenient port, by day as well as night,
I pass thee freely—almost, if not quite—
I pass thee surely, and earn KRÜGER'S
praise.

I pass thee as machinery meant for use
In distant gold mines, with a child-like
faith.

I pass thee as pianos, if they choose,
Or other bulky things, without a breath
Of least suspicion! Nor shall I refuse
To pass thee with a wink until my death.

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

VIII.—CRANFORD.

(Revised by M-d-me S-r-h Gr-nd.)

THE serenity of Cranford had been pleasantly ruffled. A large poster outside the Assembly Rooms announced an important lecture upon "The Marriage Problem," by Mrs. IDEALA BETH. Tickets of admission were eagerly sought for, and Signor BRUNONI (the world-renowned conjurer), who had secured the rooms for the preceding night, had to be content with an audience consisting chiefly of a few children from the National school.

The eventful evening arrived, and the rooms were crowded. Even Miss BETSY BARKER left her favourite Alderney cow for this occasion (horrible looking thing a cow!), whilst Miss JENKYNs, Captain BROWN and his daughters—in fact, all the local lights put in an appearance. "All the 'beth' people are here," observed Captain BROWN (it was the first joke he had ever made in Cranford), for which weary witticism he was cut by his neighbours for the next few weeks. Then the lecture started. Mrs. IDEALA BETH was a wonderful woman: handsome, accomplished; a clear thinker, a finished speaker, in short, a kind of Girton Venus with a dash of Hypatia thrown in. And then how telling, how true, and how penetrating her remarks! Marriage, she said, was often a failure. It *might* be tolerable, were it not for the men. (Captain BROWN began to wish he hadn't come.) Good-looking men were especially unreliable—(applause from some elderly spinsters)—more particularly when they had white teeth set too far apart—(Captain BROWN, who had lost most of his teeth, now felt easier)—or when their eyes were of a gray-green colour. At this point the rural postman suddenly beat a retreat, followed by indignant scowls from the ladies, who mentally



A GOOD IDEA TOO.

She. "ISN'T IT SAD TO THINK THIS IS OUR LAST DAY!"

He. "OH, I DON'T MIND SO MUCH. YOU SEE, I'M GOING TO TAKE MY GEES OVER TO SOUTH AFRICA. THE SEASON IS HARDLY OVER THERE, I BELIEVE."

resolved to give up postcards as a means of correspondence. Altogether, the lecture was a great success. Some of the men spoke rudely about it; but then men, as a rule, are such dull-witted, ill-tempered brutes. As a result of the lecture, Miss JENKYNs inaugurated a series of physiological teas, at which delicate questions relating to sex were cheerfully discussed over muffins. Miss JESSIE BROWN had quite a tiff with the Rector because he would not publish her essay on "The Deterioration of Man" in the parish magazine. Birthday books with quotations from HUXLEY and CARPENTER became the fashion. Of course a few foolish, conventional people objected to all these changes, and at a debate, where it was carried by a large majority

"that the novel be turned into a medical tract," Miss BETSY BARKER voted with the minority, but what else could be expected from a person who had a favourite cow! A. R.

LONG LIFE TO THE PRINCE!

WELL might H.R.H. the Prince of WALES have said, quoting SHAKESPEARE,

"This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A Prince's courage."

Mr. Punch, with all loyal British subjects, and for that matter with every one everywhere, most heartily congratulates H.R.H. on his providential escape from the pistol of the would-be assassin. *Ad multos annos!*



"COULD YOU EAT ONE OF THOSE CAKES, LITTLE BOY?"
 "ONE O' THEM LITTLE JAM THINGS? WHY, I'D HEAT SIX ON 'EM!"

ARMA VIRUMQUE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I venture to hope that you will allow me sufficient space in your influential columns to make known the inconvenience which attends the wearing of the khaki. I am proud to describe myself, and with truth, an Imperial Yeoman. Is it right, Sir, I ask, that my uniform should be a cause of mockery and insult to the man in the street? All went well with me, I was dined, treated, and worshipped in my native suburb, until the local authorities took it into their suburban heads to organise a torchlight procession for the benefit of my fellow heroes in South Africa. In the said procession were many cars, illustrative of the war, while on each car stood a group of khaki-clad heroes, who were really more or less peaceable civilians. Myself, I went in uniform to watch the procession from the street, and was continually jeered at by passers-by, and asked why I had left my car, how much money we had made, where the procession was going, and whether I was not adjectively glad that I was not a real Yeoman. Maddened and infuriated, I was at length compelled to rush home and change into mufti, since in that garb only were peace and civility to be found. I trust, Sir, that you will give publicity to the woes of, Yours, etc.,

Tr. 05, I. Y. 500.

RATHER ROUGH ON HIM.

Garrulous Stranger (in smoking-room of Riviera Hotel). Yes, Sir, I remember the Duke well; when I was up at Oxford we met nearly every day for a chat.

Quiet Man (in corner). May I ask at what college you were?

Garrulous Stranger. None, Sir. I was a non-collegiate member of the University.

Quiet Man (with a smile). Quite true, you were non-collegiate, for, now I come to think of it, you were a clerk at OLD-CRUST, the wine-merchant's.

[G.S. glances at Q.M. and then bolts.]

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
 IN MONTHLY PARTS.

V.—THE SPRING SECTION.

(For April.)

APRIL 1ST.—"There is nothing," said Lady WOLVERMINSTER, "so tediously obvious as the unexpected. That is why it is so exhausting to be made an April fool."

"For myself," remarked ETHELWULFA, with her cynic smile, "it is in Spring that I always feel most autumnal."

"Or a March hare, for that matter," continued Lady WOLVERMINSTER.

Ell-n Th-rn-cr-ft F-wl-r.

2ND TO 5TH.—White-frothed as the wind-kissed foam when the Day and the Night to a pæan of passionate pomp lie each in the other one's lap,

At the call of the Mother of Months through the marrow of Spring uprises the symbol of Youth that is yeasty, the surge that is sap;

And the anguish of EROS is on me, the bitter-sweet blopm that is blasted and blown to a pulp with the Seasons that eat as a flame,

Dim-felt through the veil of a vista resembling the length of this line from its birth to its bier, from the dawn to the death of the same.

A. C. Sw-nb-rne.

6TH TO 8TH.—REBECCA GINS walked down the lane putting her feet forward alternately. There were hedges on both sides; one on the left, one on the right. The young leaves were a pale green. Overhead ran the telegraph-wires. The poles were about thirty-five yards apart. A robin sat on a spray of blackthorn, which moved under its weight, now down, now up. The reddish colour of its breast, and the grey-brown of its plumage, contrasted with the white of its perch. Rain had fallen and the ground was wet, especially in the ruts. The second-hand feather in REBECCA'S hat drooped a little over her left ear; and the third button of her off boot was wanting. Smoke went up from the chimneys, taking the direction of the wind, West, with a touch of South. Between the fleecy clouds the sky suggested a tone of blue. All these phenomena (including the feather,



Irish Driver. "YES, YER 'ONNER, IT'S A NASTY BIT O' ROAD, IT IS, AN' IT'S LIKELY YE ARE TO 'AVE A FALL OUT, IF YE AREN'T DRIVIN' CAREFUL!"

which was out of sight) escaped REBECCA'S notice. She was not gifted with that grasp of essential detail, which is the sign of an artistic nature, nurtured in the best School of Realism.

G-rge M-re.

9TH to 12TH.—As the blossoms of Spring is thy laughter, my Persian Delight,

When the Moon of Fecundity handleth the coursers of Night.

As the blush of the Peach of the Garden ere wapes begin,
Even such is the Pink of Condition my Bloomer is in.

Heart-searcher! The cherries of Sa'di are pale to thy lips,
And thy cheeks are a posy of pomegranates minus the pips.

At the voice of my DŪDŪ the mock of the turtle is dumb,
And the humming-bird, swooning for sweetness, omitteth to hum.

Sir Edw-n Arn-ld.

13TH to 18TH.—It is a commonplace of your anthropologist that the symptoms of atavism are more marked in early Spring. In the case of young BAMBOROUGH, a strain of the old Jacobite stock of Northumberland which stood for the "King" at Preston always announced itself with a certain exigency about the close of Lent. It was apparent not so much in an attitude of direct opposition to the House of Hanover as in a general restlessness under authority, a *penchant* for rising to occasions. Had Oxford known him in the '15, when ORMOND failed to rouse Devon, he would probably have risked his head in the North with MAR and DERWENTWATER and the boy RADCLIFFE. As it was, he was merely gated by his Dean for cutting chapel.

As he sat in his tapestried chambers after College Mess, his oak was suddenly unsupported, and in burst the Hon. BOBBIE LACKLAND in a gold and purple dressing-gown. "Just had a

wire from Mortlake, old boy," he cried, slapping BAMBOROUGH on the chest. "No. 1 in the boat has wrung his withers, and they want you to stroke Oxford in the race to-morrow."

"When do they start?" asked BAMBOROUGH wearily.

"Eleven sharp, against the ebb," replied LACKLAND.

"As you please, then," said BAMBOROUGH, with a yawn. "I have a wine here to-night; but I can run up to town in the tandem about daybreak, instead of turning in. Suppose a tenner would see the porter? Have a cigar or two."

The reader will draw his own conclusions from the data here submitted. I, for one, shall not be hurt if he traces in the methods of these young gentlemen an inherent lack of probability.

Andr-w L-ng, in collaboration with Ou-da.

(To be continued.)

O. S.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

Ethel (reading from paper). Oh! Mamma, here are people wanting us to give up Hot Cross Buns.

Mamma. It's that KENSIT again, I suppose. He'll be wanting to do away with Union Jack next and alter the names of King's Cross, Charing Cross and Now Cross. A regular Crossing Sweeper, that's what I call him.

[Is not reassured by explanation.]

SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATION (for Butcher's boy leaving supply with kitchen-maid)—

"These my joints,
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them."

—*Henry the Fifth, Act IV., Sc. 3.*



Bernard Partridge fecit.

Lecturer. "GOOD EVENING, SIMPSON. GET ME OUT OF THESE THINGS QUICKLY, I'M WET THROUGH!"

Attendant (pleasantly). "NEVER MIND, SIR, YOU'LL BE DRY ENOUGH ON THE PLATFORM!"

SOMETHING LIKE AN OBJECT LESSON.

(An up-to-date School Board Chronicle.)

THE Elderly Class, under the supervision of the Government Instructor, assembled in the wood outside the little village of Mudcomb on the Slooze. The body was composed of Old Boys and Elderly Spinsters. There were half a dozen of each sex, and the aggregate age total reached six hundred.

"Now, my dear pupils," said the G. I., "I hope you will pay attention to what I have to say. You are aware that the Board of Education have recently issued a circular. Now, Master PARR, I must really request you to put away your snuff-box."

The Old Boy, thus brought into prominent

notice, hurriedly concealed the article specified.

"I must absolutely insist upon attention," continued the G. I. "How can you expect to teach others if you cannot yourselves be taught? To resume, the circular insists that School-masters and Mistresses who happen to be of urban upbringing, are 'to seize every opportunity of gaining closer insight into the special conditions and problems of rural life.' A most excellent suggestion, in my opinion. So to carry out the proposal of the Board, I will ask Master PARR to be so good as to climb that tree and bring down the bird's nest which he will find on one of its loftier branches."

"I am afraid I am scarcely equal to the task," said the unfortunate Old Boy, "I

have done nothing of the sort for nearly half a century."

"Let me attempt it," put in a School-master of forty-eight. "I have brought with me a folding ladder, which I fancy may be useful."

"I am not certain that that would be quite fair, 'BABY,'" returned the G. I., with a smile, giving his junior pupil a favourite nickname.

But "BABY," with the impulsiveness of comparative youth, had already commenced the ascent, and within three-quarters of an hour, had returned with the object of his quest.

"It was toughish work," he panted out upon reaching the ground, "and as you saw, my descent was more speedy than dignified."

"I hope you have not hurt yourself," returned the G. I., kindly. "I am quite sure the Board had no intention, when framing their instructions, that you should run into needless danger. The Board, using me as an instrument, have enabled you to 'gain full knowledge of the main principles and phenomena of rural life and activities.' Once more I quote from the circular."

By this time the sun was setting, and the G. I. thought it was time to dismiss the class with a few parting words.

"My good friends," he observed, "when next we meet it will be my duty to introduce you to the domestic economy of the beehive. I will ask one of you to deal with a swarm of honey-manufacturers. Then I think some of you might calm the ruffled temper of a furious bull. And so forth and so forth."

"I am afraid, Sir," put in Master PARR, "that I shall have to seriously reconsider the obligations attaching to my position before our next meeting."

"Do not be discouraged," replied the G. I., seeing that his backward pupil was voicing the intention of many of his colleagues. "I can assure you that had you lived in the country these little tasks would have been familiar to you. You will soon acquire the knack of their achievement."

"May I ask a question?" timidly murmured an Elderly Spinster.

"Certainly," was the response.

"I would ask, then, why do you think, Sir, that the Board of Education has selected us for this course of instruction?"

The G. I. was silent for several minutes while he considered the matter.

"Well," said he at last, "I would suggest that the Board of Education must have come to the conclusion that you have reached that advanced age known technically as second childhood."

And thoroughly satisfied with this solution to the problem that had puzzled them, the Old Boys and the Elderly Spinsters hurried back to Mudcomb on the Slooze to send in their resignations.



GOOD WISHES!

(Opening of the Paris Exhibition is announced for Saturday, April 14.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.—A night wi' BURNS, or, to be more precise, wi' CALDWELL. Has for some time been comparatively mute; war in South Africa and Budget Bill, chief topics of recent weeks, not exactly out of his line. Nothing is that affords opportunity for speech-making. But there are varying points of attraction. These two are instinct with public and private interest. What JAMES likes is something dour.

Last Session—or was it the year before?—Lord Advocate brought in a Bill amending the Scotch Local Government Acts.



"Sitting under" C-ldw-ll.

An excellent preparation for the holidays.

Something like a Bill, that was. None of your leaflets, things of one clause, that satisfy a weak-kneed, slim-backed Southerner. The Scotch Bill was about as long as the Crinan Canal; nearly as thick as Arthur's Seat is high. If you had taken it out leaf by leaf, it would have made a girdle lightly clasping Edinburgh town.

What a day JAMES *did* have with it, to be sure! Nay, what weeks of relentless delight. When the Bill, now an Act of Parliament, is casually mentioned, you shall see a sudden softening of his expressive countenance, a lingering look in his eye, a watering about the lips suggestive of reminiscence of banquets that are no more.

"O ships of mine whose swift keels cleft
The enchanted sea on which they sailed;
Are these poor fragments only left
Of vain desires, and hopes that failed?"

Thus JAMES, turning time after time to



"A little bit of Georgie Hamilton."

the Orders of the Day and finding nothing promising among the list of Bills. To-night the cloud lifted. Fortune came to him with glowing hands both filled. To begin with, there was the Ecclesiastical Assessments (Scotland) Bill. For three-quarters of an hour JAMES dallied with its enticing details. Next came the Lunacy Board (Scotland) Bill. In a speech of nearly an hour's length he moved its rejection. *Item*—the Army Annual Bill, fourth Order of Day; JAMES thoroughly thrashed it out in Committee, coming up smiling with a few observations offered on the third reading. The Palatine Court of Durham Bill suggested a fifth speech.

Midnight now approached, meanly envious of JAMES's predominance. JOKIM, encouraged by the circumstance that JAMES had talked the House into a state of coma in which it didn't care what happened, tried to run through the Naval Reserve Mobilization Bill. JAMES up like a shot. If he only talked till stroke of midnight, Bill must necessarily stand over. Could "do it on his 'ed," as the gentleman in



Running over the Points of the Railway Accidents Prevention Bill.

(The Right Hon. C. T. R-tch-e.)

the dock says, when sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. His task accomplished, he sat down blushing in response to hearty burst of cheering that acknowledged his prowess.

"Don't mention it, Lord Advocate," said JAMES, when privately congratulated. "No trouble at all, I assure you. Indeed, I've had quite a pleasant evening."

Business done.—Mr. CALDWELL makes six speeches on five Bills.

Tuesday.—For a man of Scotch birth, and plain manner, one who has translated the old puppet play, *Dr. Faustus*, has contributed to classic literature a *Hand-book on Food and Drugs*, HEDDERWICK a little flustered to-night. Has on



Hon. Alfr-d Lytt-lt-n has an innings.

the paper a resolution affirming desirability of direct representation of the Colonies in House of Commons; prepared luminous speech in support of his thesis. Question is, will House be sitting when his turn comes? Precedence taken by WEDDERBURN, who has a motion raising question of famine in India. SAM SMITH to second it. House, after all, a delicate organisation. Can stand only a certain amount of mental excitement. By the time SAM SMITH, following WEDDERBURN, makes an end of speaking, a little bit of GEORGIE HAMILTON will go a long way; thereafter will be disposition to get out of the whirl of things.

To put the case in another way, there was every prospect of early count-out. HEDDERWICK confirmed in this suspicion by brief conversation with the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. Button-holing him, he said, "Now, what line do you mean to take on my motion?"

"Well," said the SAGE in softest ac-

cent, with blandest smile, "as soon as you get up I will make a straight line for the door."

That not encouraging. Supposing others in a not very full muster follow same course there would be no quorum. But, like the gentleman in the song, in the House of Commons you never know where you are. True, as soon as HEDDERWICK rose and, taking an apposite text from his immortal work on Food and Drugs, skilfully turned it to the uses of argument in favour of direct Colonial Parliamentary representation, some one called SPEAKER's attention to undeniable fact that there weren't forty members present. Bell rang; at least a score trooped in; HEDDERWICK

Quelles alouettes! Friskiness not most prominent quality with Lord High Chancellor. This afternoon humour irresistibly mastered him. As SPEAKER of House of Lords his duty to call over Orders of the Day; see that various bills and motions set down thereon are duly dealt with. List this afternoon extended beyond first page; two bills all to themselves on second page.

Fancy the MARKISS must have been in the little plot. Just before it burst upon appalled House he crossed over, seated himself on Woolsack, and whispered something in Lord Chancellor's wig. SARK says he saw HALSBURY wink in return. That probably freak of disordered imagina-

after Colony was invaded. Went on to Rhodesia and so back to Westminster.

His talk worth hearing and his book worth reading by British and Irish friends of the gentle Boer. No question of his sincerity or impartiality. His plain unvarnished tale shows in clear light the cupidity and tyranny of Boer government, the patience, perseverance and foresight with which Mr. KRÜGER secretly prepared for war when he found it necessary, sooner or later, either to fight or to grant good government.

A pathetic chapter in the little book is that which describes the peace, plenty and contentment of the Free Staters before the Spider of Pretoria dragged



"RUNNING DOWN" FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

(The Ministerial Marionettes refuse to work any longer.)

was safe, and his speech may be read in *Hansard*.

Business done.—Private members had a turn.

Wednesday.—Many Happy Returns of her Birthday to Mrs. ANN HORNIMAN, of Coombecliffe, Croydon, mother of the member for Penrhyn, grandmother of that sturdy young man's eight month old daughter. Mrs. HORNIMAN has just scored 101 and not out.

Some people with healthy minds and sound bodies are very hard to bowl. Member for Sark says it's all due to a diet of Pure Tea obtainable in Packets only.

Business done.—Irish Bill on, which brought up Irish Attorney-General with one of his delightful speeches. Pity they should be confined to Wednesday afternoons when audience is scanty and dull. ATKINSON is the best speaker, the wittiest man, Irish Bar has contributed to Westminster since days of DOWSE. PRINCE ARTHUR should find him more fitting opportunity than has hitherto fallen to his hand.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Such larks!

tion, concurrent with conception of the MARKISS and Lord High Chancellor getting up little surprise for House. However it be, as soon as MARKISS returned to Ministerial Bench Lord Chancellor, looking down first page of Orders, seeing it was completed, on nod from MARKISS, declared the adjournment, unmindful of the two bills over leaf.

In vain noble Lords in charge of them pleaded their right. When on board a well-regulated ship, report is made to Captain that it is twelve o'clock, he responds, "Make it so." Lord Chancellor had said House was adjourned. Nothing to be done but to make it so.

Business done.—Railway Accidents Bill read second time in Commons.

House of Commons, Friday.—EVELYN CECIL back from South Africa full of what he heard and saw "On the Eve of the War." MURRAY publishes his impressions in a little volume adorned by some charming sketches made by Mrs. CECIL, and photographs snapped on the spot by the member for East Herts. CECIL was at Ladysmith on the day of the declaration of war; remained in Natal three weeks

into his web the fine fat fly of Bloemfontein.

Business done.—Lord High Chancellor assures House of Lords that story about his fixing up a joke with the MARKISS yesterday "an absurd statement." Never made a joke in his life.

TO DELAGOA.

(A Berne-ing Question.)

AH, railway HELEN! promised ground
Filched from our husbandry of freight!
Abduction has an ugly sound,
Better their plan who arbitrate.
Why art thou wasted? Hast thou found
Avoirdupois gone out of date?
And if twelve ounces make a pound
After ten years, is this Troy weight?

A DEFINITION OF PAYMENT.

Janet. What's the meaning of paying in kind, Tom?

Tom. Well, supposing that I owed you half a sovereign and gave you a kiss instead, that would be paying in kind.

Janet. I'd rather have the half sovereign. [But she didn't get it.]



(Continued from p. 252.)

GRIDGE. "Twenty guineas and my book, on the *Insect Pests of Household Pets*, thrown in."

I rallied myself here; in the last ditch, so to speak, I made my effort, and while the horrible boy was converting a four-wheeler into a menagerie of screaming, snapping curiosities, I explained to MUGGRIDGE that I only had five pounds upon me. He put out his hand and said something about a cheque for the balance, but, seeing my advantage, I declared that I had ordered nothing beyond the four guinea-pigs, needed nothing else, and should pay for nothing else.

Then he asserted that I might have the lot for ten pounds, as it was a pity to take them out of the cab again.

Still I refused, and he tried to get sentiment into the argument.

He said:

"It's a reg'lar 'appy fam'ly. I should most call it cruelty to animals to separate them things again."

Still I was firm, and he became desperate. He said:

"Gimme the fiver then and clear out. It's robbery—that's what it is, an' I'm sure the beasts won't do you no good. But gimme the money an' I'll fling in a tortoise, to show there's no ill-feeling, if you'll go at once."

I said:

"Listen to me. I do not want your tortoise. I'm a married man with two grown-up daughters. We all detest animals of every sort—especially tortoises. I shall send your guinea-pigs to a children's hospital, where they may or may not be welcomed. For the rest of these creatures, I have no earthly use, and I refuse to take them."

"That's not good enough for me," declared Mr. MUGGRIDGE. "I've wasted a whole morning upon you,"—I'd been in the shop a bare quarter of an hour—"and time is money, if birds and animals ain't. Besides, you hordered 'em."

YOU'RE a ready-money gentleman, like me. Seen it in your eye

the minute you come into my shop," said Mr. MUGGRIDGE.

He advanced threateningly, and I stepped forward with no less indignation; but as I did so, my arm knocked over a cage containing two long, black, red-beaked birds, which turned out to be Cornish choughs. These now uttered wild, west-country exclamations, flapped and fluttered and screamed, knocked over other cages in their downfall, and angered a badger or some kindred beast that dwelt in a box covered with corrugated iron wire.

Then, while I gathered myself from the ruins, ill-luck cast me against a bowl of gold-fish, a sea-water aquarium, the guinea-pigs, and a consignment of large green lizards that suddenly appeared without visible reason in the full possession of their liberty. These things fell in an avalanche, and MUGGRIDGE's shop instantly resembled the dark scene that preludes a pantomime. It is not strange, therefore, when you consider what I had already been through, that I was among the first of the intelligent animals present to lose my nerve and my temper.

Frankly, I aimed a blow at MUGGRIDGE in an un-Christian spirit; but missed him and fetched down a green parrot.

Suspecting the emporium to be on fire, chance passers-by—always ready to thrust themselves into the misfortunes of other people—now rushed amongst us. A policeman entered also, and Mr. MUGGRIDGE, evidently disappointed to find his plans thus shattered and his scheme foiled, endeavoured to give me in charge. I explained the true position, however, or attempted to do so; but my self-respect deserted me; I raised my voice as MUGGRIDGE raised his; I even used language that will always be a sorrow to me in moments of retrospection. We raved each at the other and danced round the policeman, while gold-fish flapped about our feet and green lizards tried to ascend our trouser-legs. The constable himself turned round and round, licking a pencil and trying to make notes in a little book. Presently I think he began to grow giddy and faint-hearted. At any rate he realised the futility of working up an effective case. He shut his book, showed anger, and took certain definite measures.

First he swept a few promiscuous spectators out of the shop; then he thrust the infuriated MUGGRIDGE back behind his counter and finally turned to me.

"I'll have no more of this tommy-rot, or the pair of you'll have to come along to the station," he said. "As for you,

MUGGRIDGE, it's your old game, plantin' your rubbishy, stinkin' varmint on unoffendin' characters before they can open their mouths—I'm up to your hanky-panky; and you"—now he addressed me—"if you're not old enough to know better than come buyin' these 'ere mangy hanimals, an' loadin' a cab with 'em, just because this man asks you to, you ought to be shut up. If you take my tip, you 'll go and 'ang yourself—that's about the best thing you can do. Anyway, you must clear out of this 'ere."

I was deeply agitated, hysterical, not master of my words or actions; I had reached a physical and mental condition upon which the policeman's words fell as a fitting climax.

"Thank you!" I said; "I've had some unequal advice to-day—good, bad, indifferent. But there's no doubt that yours is the best, the soundest, the most suited to my case that I'm likely to get anywhere. I will go and hang myself. Nothing shall become my life like the leaving of it. Shake hands, constable; you, at least, have counselled well."

I pressed his palm and was gone. I forgot wife, children, business, honour, and heaven in that awful moment. I, a member of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, passed through the streets of London like a mere escaped lunatic. My shattered, lacerated nerve-centres cried for peace and oblivion; I longed to be dead and out of it all. My self-respect was already dead, and what is life without that? I thought of the future after this nightmare-day, and felt that there could be no future for me. So I vanished into the fog—a palpitating pariah with one frantic, overmastering resolution—to hang myself, and that at once.

II.

BUT a man cannot forget the training of his youth, the practice of his adult years, and the support of his middle age, in one demonian hour. As I passed wildly through dim, bilious abysses of filth-laden atmosphere, though my body was soon lost, and hopelessly lost, in the fog, my mind became a trifle clearer, and steadfast principles of a lifetime reasserted themselves. I determined to go on with my shattered existence; indeed, I felt tolerably sure that my fellow-man, who had kept me thus busily employed, would presently prevent me from carrying my purpose to its bitter end. I grew a little calmer, recollected the terms of my wager, and so proceeded with the directions delivered by the police constable, doubting nothing but that my next meeting with a human being would divert the catastrophe, and once more set me forward upon a new road.

Presently a little shop loomed alongside me, and I perceived that here might be procured an essential in the matter of destruction by hanging. A mean and humble establishment it was, lighted by one paraffin lamp. The stock-in-trade apparently consisted of ropes and door-pegs—in fact, the complete equipment proper to my undertaking. Time and place agreed; it was, indeed, just such a gloomy, lonesome, and sequestered hole as a suicide might select to make his final purchases. From a door behind the counter there came to me a bald and mournful little man with weak eyes, a subdued manner, and the facial inanity of the rabbit. Hints of a fish dinner followed him from his dwelling-room, and through the door I could catch a glimpse of his family, four in number, partaking of that meal.

"What might you want?" he asked, but in a despondent tone, implying, to my ear, that it was rarely his good fortune to have anything in stock a would-be customer desired to purchase.

"I want a rope to hang a man," I answered, and waited with some interest to see the result.

The small shopkeeper's eyes grew round, a mixture of admiration and creeping fear lighted them.

"My gracious! You're him, then! To think as ever I should—"

Here he broke off, and, in a frenzy of excitement, opened the door behind him and spoke to his wife. I overheard, though not intended to do so, but he could not subdue his voice. I think he felt confronted by the supreme event of his life.

"JANE, JANE! Creep in the shop quiet and look at this here man! By 'Eaven! it's the public executioner! To think as ever I should sell a rope to him! Hush!"

He turned and while he addressed me with dreadful humility, the woman, JANE, crept into the shop and stared morbidly upon my harrowed countenance.

Then she whispered to her husband:

"That's not him, for I seed his picture in the *Police News* last week. It's a new one, or else his assistant!"

Meantime I was being served, and it seemed that the little man suddenly awakened to the dignity of his calling before my sensational order. He began handling a wilderness of rope ends and discoursing upon them with the air of an expert as he rose to this great occasion.

"A nice twisted cordage you'll be wanting, and if you'll leave the choice to me, nobody shall be none the worse. I've been in rope since I was seventeen. Now Manila hemp won't do—too stiff and woody, too lacking in suppleness. That's what you want: suppleness. The sisal hems, from South America, are very pretty things, and the New Zealand hemp is hard to beat; but there's another still more beautiful cordage. Only it's very rarely used because it comes rather expensive. Still, when a fellow-creature's life's at stake, I suppose you won't count the cost. Besides, the Government pays, don't it? That's a Jubbulpore hemp—best of all—or bowstring hemp, as I'm told they use in the harems of the East, though what for I couldn't say. I've got a very nice piece—ten foot long and supple as silk. Just try it; and any strain up to two hundred pound. Hand-spun, of course—a lovely thing, though I say so. But it's a terrible thought. Jute's cheaper, only I won't guarantee it; I won't, indeed. You want a reliable article, if only for your own reputation, and one more thing: I suppose there's no objection to my using this as an advertisement? People in these parts is all so fond of horrors; and as it's Government I ought to be allowed the lion and unicorn perhaps?"

I bought the Jubbulpore hemp as the man advised. It cost thirty shillings, and the vendor wrestled between pleasure at the success of his extortion and horror at the future. But I told him he must neither advertise the circumstance, nor dare to assume the lion and unicorn on the strength of it. This discouraged him, and he lost heart and took a gloomy view of the matter.

"A awful tride, if I may say so without offence," he ventured. "Would it be the Peckham Rye murderer as you're buying this rope for, or that poor soul who lost his temper with his wife's mother down Forest Hill wye?"

"Neither," I answered. "It is a man called HONEYBUN."

"HONEYBUN! Ah! A ugly, crool nime! What's he done?"

"Made a fool of himself."

"Lord! If we was hung for that, there wouldn't be much more talk of over-population—eh? Well, well, I s'pose he'll be as 'appy with you and that bit of Jubbulpore as we can hope for him. A iron nerve it must want. Yet Mr. KETCH was quite the Christian at 'ome, I b'lieve. Not your first case, of course?"

I picked up the rope and prepared to depart.

"My very first experience," I said.

"Pore soul!" exclaimed the feeling tradesman, but he referred to the criminal, not to me.

"For Gord's sake don't bungle it!" were the last husky words I heard from him; and then I set forth to hang ARTHUR HONEYBUN, who deserved hanging if ever a man did. I told myself this, and made a quotation which I forget.

And now arose one of the most sinister concatenations easily to be conceived in the life of a respectable citizen. Here was I

on the brink of self-destruction; I only waited for some fellow-creature to restrain me. *But nobody attempted to do so!* My folly in disguising the truth from the little rope-merchant now appeared. Had he known, he had doubtless shown me my dreadful error in time; now it was too late, for the world pursued its own business wholly regardless of me and my black secret and my hidden rope. Apparently there was really nothing for me to do but to lose my wager or hang myself—an alternative which I well knew would represent for my family a total pecuniary loss considerably greater than the sum involved.

I wandered down a lonely court and found an archway at the bottom. One sickly gas lamp gleamed above this spot, and the silence of death reigned within it. Had I been in sober earnest, no nook hidden away under the huge pall of the fog could have suited me better. Some evil fiend had apparently taken charge of my volition and designed to see the matter through, for I pursued this business of hanging with a callous deliberation that amazed me. I even smiled as I climbed up the arch and made the rope fast upon the lamp above it. Not a soul came to interrupt. The lamp blinked lazily; the fog crowded closer to see the sight; the fiend busied himself with my Jubbulpore rope, and arranged all preliminaries, while I sat and grinned over the sooty desolation. I felt my pulse calmly, critically; I indulged in mental analysis; endeavoured to estimate my frame of mind; and wondered if I could throw the experience into literary form for a scientific journal. I remember being particularly surprised that the attitude of my intellect towards this performance was untinctured by any religious feeling whatsoever.

Then came a psychological moment when the fiend had done everything that he possibly could for me. My task was merely to tie the loose end of the Jubbulpore masterpiece round my neck and cast forth into the void. How strange a thing is memory! For some extraordinary reason Dr. JOHNSON's definition of fishing flashed into my mind. I could not recall it exactly at that terrible moment, but I remembered how it had to do with a fool at one end of a piece of string.

Still not a footstep—only the rumble and roar of all selfish London some twenty yards off—never a hand to save me from a coward's doom. I grew much annoyed with London; I reminded London of the chief incidents in my own career; I asked myself if this was justice; I also asked myself why I had been weak enough to turn into a blind alley—evidently an unpopular, undesirable spot, habitually ignored. And then I grew melancholy, even maudlin. I saw my faults staring at me—my negligences and ignorances; and chiefly my crass idiocy in not undertaking this matter at Piccadilly Circus, or some main junction of our metropolitan system where such enterprises are not tolerated. It is, of course, a free country, and the rights of the subject are fairly sacred, speaking generally; but we draw the line here and there, and I knew that any attempt to annihilate myself upon some lamp-post amid the busy hum of men must have resulted as I desired. Interference would have prevented complete suspension there; but here the seclusion was absolute, and simply invited crime. The fog had now reached its crowning triumph, and threatened to deprive my trusty Jubbulpore hemp of its prey, for I was suffocating, and asphyxia threatened to overwhelm me at any moment.

"Where the deuce are the police?" I asked myself at this eleventh hour. It was a policeman who had placed me in my present pitiable fix, and—blessed inspiration! why should not another of the tribe extricate me from it? When in danger or imminent peril it is our custom to shout for the help of the law, and surely if ever a poor, overwrought soul stood in personal need of the State's assistance, it was ARTHUR HONEYBUN at that moment. So, with nerves strung to concert pitch, I lifted up my voice, and called for a policeman. In these cases, however, one does not specify or limit, so my summons was couched generally to the force at large.

There followed no immediate response; then three boys assembled under my arch, and they formed a nucleus or focus about which a small crowd of the roughest possible persons, male and female, collected. Last of all a policeman came also.

"Now then!" he said, "what's all this, then?"

The miserable boys took entire credit to themselves for discovering me perched aloft. They pointed me out and called attention to the Jubbulpore rope dangling from the lamp, and elaborated their own theories.

Very properly the constable paid no attention to them, but addressed all his remarks to me.

"You up there," he asked, "what d'you think you're plyin' at?"

There was no sympathy in his voice. He appeared to be a tall, harsh officer—a mere machine, with none of the milk of human kindness in him. Or perhaps a beat in Seven Dials had long since turned it sour. Moreover, he felt that the crowd was on his side—a circumstance that always renders a constable over-confident and aggressive.

I felt unstrung, as I say—distracted, and more or less hysterical, or I should have approached the situation differently; but I was not my own master; I sat there, a mere parcel of throbbing nerves escaped from a hideous death. So, instead of being lucid, which is a vital necessity in all communion with the police, I uttered obscure sayings, went out of my way to be cryptical and even spoke in spasmodic parables, but of course there exists no member of the body politic upon whom a parable is wasted more utterly than your constable.

"You are surprised, and naturally so, to see me here," I said.

"There are, however, more things in heaven and earth, policeman, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. I am the creature of circumstances—in fact, of a series of circumstances probably unparalleled. A colleague of your own—it may be a personal friend—is responsible for my position on this arch. Yonder wretched boy has not erred; I had seriously thought to destroy myself. I was driven to the very threshold of that rash act. *A fronte precipitium, a tergo lupi*, policeman. I am here perched between the devil and the deep sea—a precipice in front, a pack of wolves in the immediate rear. Now, be frank with me. I place myself entirely in your hands. I desire your honest and dispassionate advice."

But this is not the way to talk to a policeman; perhaps it is not the way to talk to anybody.

The deplorable boy had another theory.

He said:

"The blighter's off his onion!"

Then somebody else, dimly conscious that I had used a foreign language, suspected that I might be an anarchist. The policeman merely told me to come down, and I obeyed without hesitation, and gave myself up to him. I felt that situated thus, at least I was safe enough, if he would only do his duty; but he appeared to believe in the opinion that I was a foreigner.

"Where d'you come from?" he asked; "if you're not English, it's a case for your bloomin' Consul."

"I come from South Kensington," I answered, "and I am English to the backbone, and it's your duty to convey me to the police-station, which I'll thank you to do."

Here again I made a mistake. No man likes being told his duty—whether owing to a natural aversion from thinking of it or doing it, or for other reasons connected with pride I know not; but the constable, upon this speech of mine, displayed annoyance, and even some idea of leaving me to my own devices. Seeing that he showed an inclination to let me escape into the fog without a word of advice, and desiring no such thing, I spurred him to his office. I said:

"If you do not arrest me, I shall persuade some other member of the force to do so, and, as I have already made a note of your number, it will be the worse for you."

Upon this he started as if a serpent had stung him; the crowd

choered me, and my object was attained. He felt his popularity was slipping away and so set about regaining it.

"All right, all right, my bold 'ero!" he said. Then he blew a whistle and summoned two colleagues.

"Dangerous lunatic—wants to be took up," he explained.

"Clean off his chump. Tryin' to 'ang 'imself."

Then he turned to me, and adopted a conciliatory tone.

"Now, then, uncle, come along quiet," he said.

I suggested a cab, and offered to pay for it, but the constable held such a thing unnecessary extravagance.

"Won't hurt you to walk," he said. "And we'll go quicker than a four-wheeler in this fog."

So, with a large accompaniment of those who win entertainment from the misfortunes of their betters, I started to some sheltering haven where it was my hope that the remainder of the day might be spent in security and seclusion, behind bolts and bars. In this desire lurked no taste of shame or humiliation. I was far past anything of that kind. My sole desire, my unuttered prayer, was to be saved from all further human counsel whatsoever. If an angel from heaven had fluttered down beside me and uttered celestial opinions to brighten that dark hour, I should have rejected his advice—very likely with rudeness.

I thought of the cynical sagacity of NORTON BELLAMY. How wise he had been! And what a fool was I. I pictured his face when my story came to be told. I heard his horrid laughter, and my self-respect oozed away, and I almost wished I was back with the Jubbulpore hemp upon the arch.

Then in the moment of my self-abasement, at the supreme climax of my downfall, I looked out through a yellow rift in the accursed fog, and saw NORTON BELLAMY himself!

At first indeed I did not credit this. The fog had lifted somewhat; livid patches and streaks of daylight relieved the gloom, and a dingy metropolis peeped and blinked through it, fungus-coloured and foul; but suddenly, painted upon the murky air, there took shape and substance a moving concourse of figures—of heads under helmets—and I, remembering the spectre of the Brocken, for a moment suspected that what I saw was but the shadow of myself, my policemen and my crowd projected over against us upon the dusky atmosphere.

Yet as that other company approached, the splendid truth burst upon me. Vagrants; policemen and rioting boys mainly composed it, but in the place of chief dishonour walked NORTON BELLAMY! He too, it would seem, had violated the laws of this country; he too, by devious and probably painful ways, had drifted into Seven Dials and there lost his freedom; an even-handed Nemesis, whose operations yet remained hidden from me, had clearly punished BELLAMY for rejecting the advice of his fellowman, even as she had chastened me for accepting it. And from cursory appearances it looked as though BELLAMY had endured even more varied torments than my own. One might have thought that attempts had been made to clean the highway with him. He was dripping with mud; he lacked a hat; his white waistcoat awoke even a passing pity in my heart. And yet the large placidity, the awful calm of a fallen spirit sat on BELLAMY. He had doubtless exploded, detonated, boiled over, fumed, foamed, fretted and thundered to his utmost limit. His bolt was shot; his venom was gone; he stood before me reduced to the potency of a mere empty cartridge case.

We met each other's glance simultaneously, and a sort of savage and foggy beam of joy flitted across his muddy face; while for my part I doubt not that some passing expression of pleasure, which tact and humanity instantly extinguished, also illuminated my features. Our retinues mingled and for a moment we had speech together.

Needless to say the discovery that we were friends proved a source of much gratification to the crowd.

"Great Scott! You!" gasped out BELLAMY. "What have you done?"

"Practically nothing," I answered; "but what I have suffered no tongue can tell and no human being will ever know. It is sufficient to say that I am here because I was deliberately advised by a fellow-creature to go and hang myself."

"They told you to do that?" he asked with keen but suppressed excitement.

"They did."

He was silent for an instant, pondering this thing, while joy and sorrow mingled on his muddy countenance. Then he answered me.

"I'll write you cheque the first moment I get back to the office. You were right. There is more good advice given than bad. I've proved it too. If I'd done half what I was told to-day, I—"

Here our respective guardians separated us, and we marched to our destination in silence; but about five or six minutes later we sat side by side in a police-station and were permitted to renew our conversation.

"You've had a stirring day, no doubt," BELLAMY began, while he scraped mud off himself. "Tell me your yarn, then I'll tell you mine. But how is it, if somebody advised you to go and hang yourself, that you are here now? You'll have to explain that first as a matter of honour."

I explained, and it must be confessed that my words sounded weak. It is certain, at any rate, that they did not convince BELLAMY.

"I withdraw the promise to write a cheque," he said shortly.

"On your own showing you dallied and dawdled and fooled about upon the top of that arch. You temporized. If you had followed that advice with promptitude and like a man, you wouldn't be here now. This is paltry and dishonest. I certainly sha'n't pay you a farthing."

I told him that I felt no desire to take his money, and he was going into the question of how far he might be said to have won mine, when we were summoned before the Magistrate. Here Fate at last befriended me, for the Justice proved to be Master of my Lodge of Freemasons and an old personal friend. Finding that no high crime was laid at the door of BELLAMY, and, very properly, refusing to believe that I had been arrested in an attempt on my own life, he rebuked my policeman and restored to us our liberty. Whereupon we departed in a hansom cab, after putting two guineas apiece into the poor-box. This I need hardly say was my idea.

Then, as we drove to a hatter's at the wish of NORTON BELLAMY, he threw some light on the sort of morning he himself had spent. The man was reserved and laconic to a ridiculous degree under the circumstances, therefore I shall never know all that he endured; but I gathered enough to guess at the rest and feel more resigned in the contemplation of my own experiences. He hated to utter his confession, yet the experiences of that day rankled so deep within him that he had not the heart to make light of them.

"A foretaste of the hereafter," began BELLAMY; "that's what my day has been; and if such a fiendish morning isn't enough to drive a man to good works and a better way of life, I'd like to see what is. You say your trouble began in the railway carriage coming to town. So did mine. But whereas your part was passive, and, by the mere putty-like and plastic virtue of ready obedience to everybody you finally found yourself face to face with death, I reached the same position through a more active and terrible sort of way."

"Nevertheless," said I, "taking into consideration the difference between my character and yours—remembering that by nature you are aggressive, I retiring—nothing you can say will make me believe that you have suffered more than I. Physically perhaps, but not mentally."

(Continued in our next.)



TROUT STREAM MEMS.

By a Member.

"GOT FLIES HOPELESSLY FAST IN TREE BRANCH. DEAR, DEAR! HOW EASILY I CLIMBED THE VERY SAME AFTER A BIRD'S NEST BUT A FEW SHORT YEARS A— CONFOUND! DO BELIEVE THAT BULL'S OUT AGAIN!" [Happily the Bull was only a harmless Cow this time.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF the late HARRISON AINSWORTH, author of *Dick Turpin* (it wasn't so called, but this "Mr. Dick" was its hero) and Jack Sheppard, BULWER LYTTON, author of *Paul Clifford*, GEORGE BORROW, who knew all about the "Romany," Miss BRADDON, in her most sensational efforts, and ANTHONY TROLLOPE, unequalled in his description of the higher and lower clergy, and their wives, had combined their talents in order to produce a novel, the result might presumably have been a work which, in style and plot, would not be very dissimilar from *The Bishop's Secret*, written by FERGUS HUME, and published by JOHN LONG. *The Bishop's Secret* is near akin to *Lady Audley's Secret*. *Lady Audley's* first husband turns up when she has married again, and she promptly makes him disappear, by popping him into a well and covering him up, all snug and comfortable, with the lid. In this story of Mr. HUME's the husband of the Bishop's wife turns up again. What happens afterwards is *The Baron's Secret*, which he cannot "let out at any price." It would be doing Mr. FERGUS HUME, author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, an injustice were the Baron even to drop a hint as to the undeniably clever manner in which he has given a quite original turn to what is merely ordinary commonplace stock-in-trade material of the melodramatic novelist.

Mr. KINLOCK COOKE's *Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide*,

Duchess of Teck (JOHN MURRAY), will be found generally interesting and instructive. Princess MARY was popular with all classes, having gained the affection of the people by her royally good-humoured bearing, which was, as it were, a practical and evident corroboration of the stories about her unaffected geniality and warm-hearted kindness to all with whom Her Royal Highness was brought into contact. That the public rightly gauged Princess MARY as one who took very little pleasure in Court life and etiquette, this little extract from her diary, taken at haphazard, fairly indicates:—

"Behind the FIFES' fishing cottage we saw a fire kindled and preparations making for Her Majesty's tea; she was riding up the glen, so for discretion we hurried on to our carriage, and, wrapping ourselves up to our very noses, the wind being piercingly keen, drove on towards home. . . . Home by 6.30; had tea to warm myself."

So Princess MARY bolted away from the prospect of tea with the QUEEN, and hurried off to enjoy the "cup that cheers," in her own room, with, it may be, "FRANCIS" and "HELENA." The Memoir, which offers many of these pleasant glimpses to our view, has already achieved a popularity worthy of its subject.

ALLEN RAINE in her latest novel, *Garthowen* (HUTCHINSON), wisely sticks to Wales. As far as novel writing is concerned, this is a hitherto undiscovered country. As my Baronite remarked of one of her earlier novels, ALLEN RAINE is beginning to do for Wales what a score of novelists, following more or less closely in the footsteps of WALTER SCOTT, have done for Scotland. Her latest story has all the tenderness, the humanity, the sympathy with beauty in Nature and goodness in man and woman, that made *Torn Sails*, *A Welsh Singer*, and *By Berwen Banks*, delectable. It is avowedly the story of a Welsh homestead, and by simple art the reader is made to live with the inmates. *Morva*, the heroine, is worthy of her musical name. One of the most attractive and best drawn characters in the book is the old woman Sara, who has a local reputation as a soothsayer. Her adventurous journey from her mountain home into bustling Cardiff is a delightful narrative.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PERIPATETICS.

"We have got some way in advance from the three 'R's,' when a Government department actually perceives the importance of training children to observe the phenomena of Nature, and of stimulating their interest in natural history and other branches of science, not by dry lectures in a stuffy school-room, but by taking them into the woods and lanes, where they can see for themselves."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs,
And pick up a wrinkle for School Board exams.,
And erudite essays to write;
Or robbing the nests in the hedgerows beyond,
Or fishing for bleak with bent pins in the pond—
How much you can learn from the sight.

The impact of marbles dynamics will show,
The fight in the air of the stones that you throw
The laws of momentum involve;
The sparrows you catch in the traps that you set,
The moths and "red admirals" caught in your net
Give problems in plenty to solve.

So pastimes and sports, that were once your delight,
Dear children (now Time with its progress and flight
Has shown the more excellent way)
Henceforth to your eyes object lessons may yield;
While teachers will haunt you in playground and field,
And thus make a toil of your play.

THE "WAR-GAME."—Day by day we read of the arrival at the Cape of ships with "drafts." Evidently the game we are playing with KRÜGER as our opponent is "The Game of Drafts." It is to be hoped our adversary will remember that every move must be "on the square."

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

(April.)

In this month the text-books instruct you to sow Hardy Annuals. The follow-



ing is the best way to do this. Buy at the nearest greengrocer's a few dozen penny packets of seeds, each of which has a brilliantly coloured illustration on the outside. Take a number of short sticks and attach to each one of the packets, and, taking care that the picture on it faces the house, dot these about your flower-beds. By this simple method your garden will present a cheerful blaze of colour, and you can easily fasten on new packets when the colours of the first lot begin to look washed-out. Some gardeners sow the contents of the packets around the sticks, but to me this seems a waste of time. If you happen to have a canary he will appreciate them quite as much as the sparrows would, and, if you think it cruel not to provide food for the latter, by sowing a row or two of the most expensive sweet peas you will afford them ample enjoyment. If they have not found this meal within a few hours, you can place two or three bird-scarers by the row. Next day not a single pea will remain.

* Nothing can excel the Dandelion as a decorative flower, while its roots can be turned into a refreshing and medicinal beverage. The Dandelion will thrive well in most soils, but few amateurs seem to succeed in raising it to perfection. Much harm is often done to it by injudicious weeding. The best means of avoiding this is to hire a professional gardener at an exorbitant price. Having followed this plan myself, I now have a magnificent show of Dandelion plants on my lawn and in almost every bed in my garden. In fact, I am now able to spare a few roots to my less fortunate readers. In return for a cheque for one guinea I will forward, carriage paid, my Collection A, consist-

ing of twelve strong Dandelion plants, to any address in the United Kingdom.

"As the sun's heat increases," say the text-books, "constant care must be taken to ensure ample ventilation for frames and greenhouses." If you happen to have a boy at home for the Easter holidays, present him with a catapult. By the time that he departs, the "ample ventilation of the frames and greenhouses" will have been more than sufficiently ensured. It is not unlikely that you will hear from your neighbours of his having performed the same service for them.

"PUZZLED" writes to ask me to explain the cause of his failure in tomato-growing. Perhaps he did not prune the bushes sufficiently, or sowed the seed too thickly, or didn't paint the trees with lime. Or, if they grow like potatoes, he may have dug them too soon. With the successful management of a large garden on my mind, I can't remember petty details about tomatoes. But I may casually mention to "PUZZLED" that, as I happen to know from my own experience, they sell 'em very good and cheap in tins. A. C. D.

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

THE amount of Mr. Punch's Fund for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street now amounts to—

	£	s.	d.
Donations	11,154	14	10
New Annual Subscriptions...	508	3	6
Endowment Fund	2,810	0	0
Total	£14,470	18	4

And yet Mr. Punch has still the effrontery to hold out his cap and "ask for more." The Unconscionable Beggar! But of course there is more, not only "where that came from," as not a few of our friends are "hardy annuals" (subscribing by the year), but plenty more where the above-mentioned sum *didn't* come from, namely, the pockets, purses, and wherever the money is kept belonging to those who have as yet not responded to the call. Mr. Punch will have the pleasure of



"calling again." He will come as "the Pied Piper," and, gaily playing the same tune, will lead crowds of "yellow boys" jingling to the coffers of the Hospital.

A Performance in aid of this Charity

will take place at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, under the direction of Mr. CHARLES MORRISON. On that occasion, namely, the afternoon of Thursday, May 3, will appear, and be on sale in the Theatre, "Mr. Punch's Souvenir Book," which, though for quality and quantity combined it will be absolutely priceless, will be sold for a comparatively small consideration in coin.

Applications for seats can be made at the Box Office of the Palace Theatre, and at all librarians. First come first served.

N.B.—All subscriptions and donations marked outside, "Children's Hospital Fund," will be always most thankfully received by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd.,
10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

WHITHER? AT EASTER.

A Cockney Holiday-maker declares that
There's no Place like Home.



"WHERE shall I wander this Easter time?"
(I said to LOUISE, one day)

"To cleanse me anew from the City grime,
No longer in town can I stay.

To get me away from the desolate Park
And the dankness and damp of the Row,
By motor or train by cycle or bark,
Where, my LOUISE, shall I go?

"To the country house shall I hurry me
down,

O'er the furrows and pastures roam,
Or drive out ten miles to the country
town,

Or plod through the clinging loam?
To dine at the Vicarage or at the Hall
With the yokels I would not know,
To be doomed to the gloom of a County
ball?

Not I! Then where shall I go?

"Shall I hie me away to the chill seaside
'Neath the leaden and sullen sky,
Where the hostelry wet with the paint
undried,

Sighs in vain for the sun to dry.
Where the chambermaid never will answer
: a bell,

While the lunatic waiter is slow,

And the fumes of the kitchen the joints
foretell

Not I! The where shall I go?

"Shall I traverse the Channel and bravely
dare

The unspeakable woes of the sea,
To look on an *Exposition* bare?"

(Says Loo, "You don't go without me!")

"To be called a '*Fashoda-rosbif*' with
grimace,

About old Oom PAUL to be chid."

"I'll go where you like," says my wife.

"In that case

I'll stop, dear, in town." And we did.

THE IMPERIAL BABE.

["It is reported that the Duke and Duchess of York intend to christen the infant Prince with a series of names representative of the various colonial groups."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

Britain.

My daughters all, we do proclaim,
We wish to give our Prince a name
That shall most pleasantly recall
Associations of you all.

South Africa.

My patron saint is UMSLOPÓ-
-GAS. Please to name your infant so.

Canada.

And if the choice now lies with me,
I'll add the title CHIWOKEE.

Hong Kong.

If I'm to be remembered, why,
The baby Prince shall be HO KAI.

Australia.

I'll call the infant, if he's strong
Enough, KERÓAJÍNGALÓNG.

New Zealand.

And let the darling be, say I,
TIÓNIWHÁIORÓNGOMÁI.

Chorus of Colonies.

The name is fixed, our task is o'er;

The appellation is

Most admirably suited for

His Royal Highness, viz.—

Prince ALBERT VICTOR UMSLOPÓ-

-GAS CHIWOKEE HO KAI,

KERÓAJÍNGALÓNG TIÓ-

-NIWHÁIORÓNGOMÁI.

CONFESSIONS OF A TRIPPER.

(After Easter.)

OH, yes, I have had a magnificent time.
Got over any amount of ground. Been
here, there, and everywhere. Any num-
ber of places on my itinerary.

Went to Paris? Certainly. Very
crowded, but hadn't time to stay long.
Yes, must have been through the Boule-
vards. Only regret not able to see the
Exhibition. No time; take it on some
other occasion.

In the railway? Unquestionably. Why,
I spent three-fourths of my time in the



THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!"

"COME ALONG, MAJOR! READY FOR BREAKFAST?"

"DO I LOOK AS IF I WAS?"

railway. Lots of railways, and cuttings,
and tunnels, and night-travelling.

Did I pass through Switzerland? Quite
sure I did. Can't remember exactly what
town I visited. Fancy I was at Geneva
and Interlaken, and I am almost certain
Lucerne. But places are so confusing
when you are only able to give about ten
minutes to each.

Certainly Italy. Yes, lots of Italy.
Venice? Why, of course! Remember
some water suggestive of the Regent's
Canal. At Rome? Why, again, of course.
Must have seen St. Peter's. Rather like St.
Paul's. But we arrived at Rome at night
and left early the next morning. But of
course I have been in Rome, and thoroughly
enjoyed it. And Germany? Berlin? Yes,

I think so. And the Rhine? Yes, we
went by the railway along the banks.
At night. That's why I don't remember
much about the castles. There was no
moon—a misfortune.

No, I don't think we went to Norway—
but I am not sure. And we missed out
Russia because we had no time. But in
spite of these omissions we must have
travelled for hundreds, perhaps thousands
of miles.

And what do I think of it all? Very
beautiful! Can I describe anything? Well,
not much. Stay, there was a very
good English chemist at Florence!

And what is my general impression?
Well, that I am tired to death, and only
too glad to get back to work again!



Lady. "LITTLE BOY, TELL ME, USED'N'T THAT LANE TO GO UP TO MANOR FARM?"
Small Native. "MAY BE A' DID, BUT A' AIN'T MOVED SIN' I KNAW'D IT."

POLITICS IN NURSERY-LAND.

(From Our Special Baby Correspondent.)

Latest Nursery Intelligence.—It has transpired that three blind mice, who recently pursued the wife of a farmer, have had their tails cut off. The lady in question executed the deed with the assistance of a carving-knife. The future treatment of the mice now demands attention.

EXTRACTS FROM COMMENTS OF THE NURSERY PRESS.

The Infant Prodigy Mail.—Without claiming omnipotence and superhuman penetration we would like to point out that the action of the mice was long ago foreseen by us, and that every detail of the incident was transparent to our most cherubic printer's boy. We feel, how-

ever, that the inadequacy of the punishment shows clearly that the farmer's wife is too old to pursue a thoroughly drastic policy, and we would suggest that the farmer's daughter in the future should take her place. In this way younger blood will be brought in. There is nothing like young blood.

The Morning Feeder.—The brutal militarism of the farmer's wife is to be greatly deplored. Her action with the carving-knife shows that the great forces of steel-trade Capitalism are rampant. We do not understand how any one can object to be pursued by mice. The entire episode is a melancholy illustration of sharp dealing.

The Baby Times.—It is with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction that we gather from this morning's intelligence that the

rodents, who recently pursued the agricultural spouse, should have been punished for their impertinence. To those who appear to favour a Pro-mouse policy, we would point out that for long mice have been closely associated with villainy, as witness the historical intimacy existing between the white mice of the notorious *Count Fosco* and their master, as related in *Collins' Reports*. Our only regret is that the punishment was limited to the removal of the caudal appendage. This ill-timed leniency, this policy of "cut and run," will, if we mistake not, be subsequently regretted.

The Dollminster Gazette.—We are glad to find ourselves in agreement, both with the action of the farmer's wife and with the action of the mice. In following the farmer's wife, they surely followed a natural instinct, whilst on the other hand some kind of reprisal was quite legitimate. Whether a dessert-knife instead of a carving-knife would have been more in accordance with humane treatment is arguable. We cannot quite agree with the *Lex talionis* policy, and at the same time we are unable to endorse the forward policy of the mice.

GLOSSARY OF WAR TERMS.

(Recent Additions.)

Ambuscade.—A carefully-laid trap into which a light-hearted force is brilliantly led to display magnificent gallantry.

Contract.—Document explaining the reasons for bad boots, faulty forage and putrid provisions.

Defeat.—An obsolete word that once meant "orderly retirement."

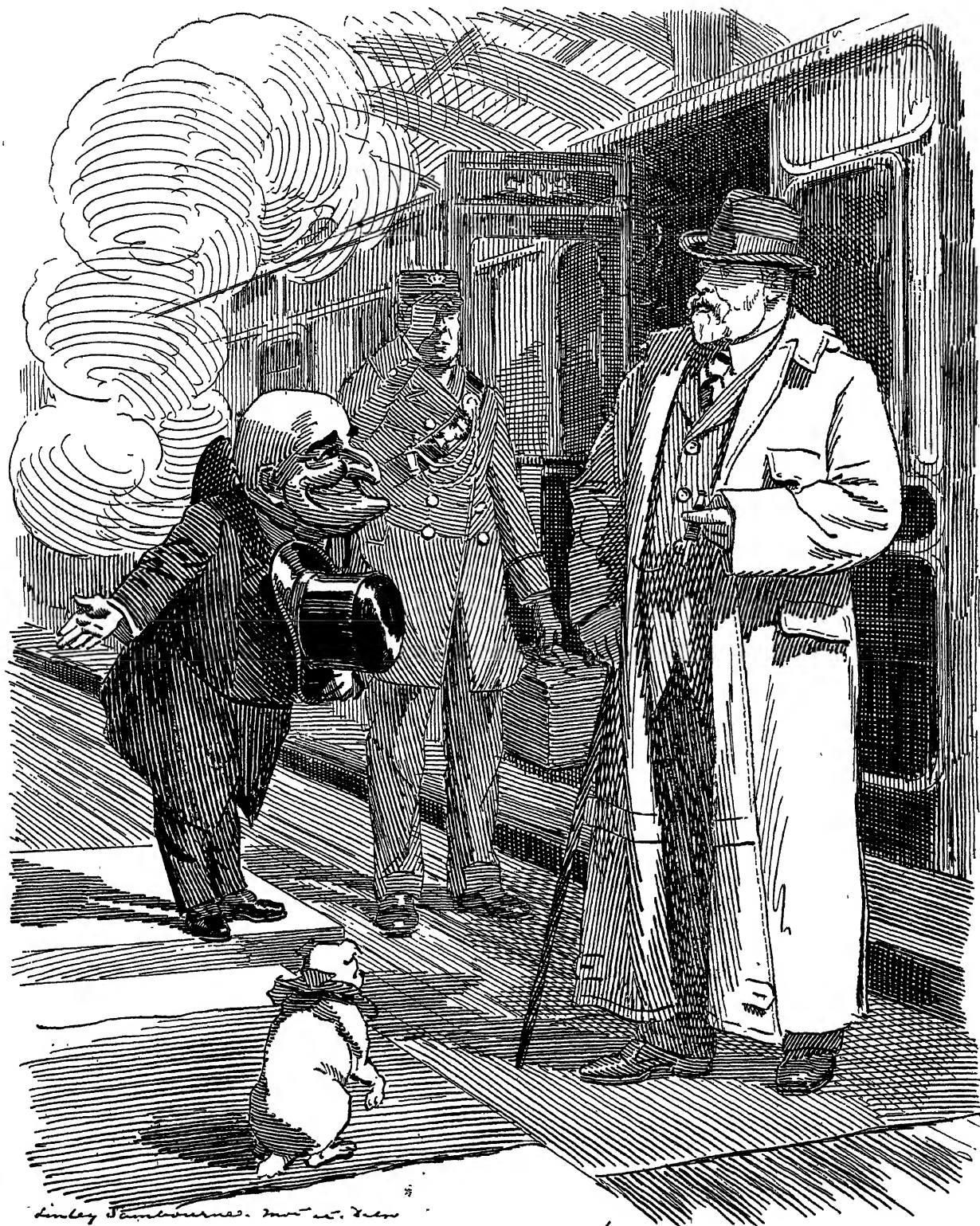
Map.—A chart upon which names are sprinkled without any special significance as to exact locality.

Outpost Duty.—The practice of passing the enemy without observing his presence and inability to understand "how he came to think of such a clever thing." See also "Ambuscade."

Peace.—A word that is not likely to be required for the next six months.



Victory.—The result of avoiding mistakes and discovering coming events from a longer range than the length of one's nose. For extended definition see ROBERTS and KITCHENER.



"GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES!"

Mr. Punch (to H.R.H.). "GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR, SAFE AND SOUND!"



TATTERSALL'S OF THE FUTURE.

Auctioneer (quoting from Catalogue). "LOT FIFTEEN. A PERFECT HACK. BEEN CARRYING LADY PEDAL AT BATTERSEA DURING THE SEASON. SOUND IN WIND AND SPOKES. OWNER GONE ABROAD. NOW, MAY I SAY THIRTY!"

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Five Ocklock.

BUT see! I am back-breaked. I not have nothing eated since two hours and half, and we have doed of the unbridled courses, always to foot.

What hour is he? Four hours. Hold, it is the hour of the five ocklock!

I not can more. Search one restoring, one coffee, one pas-try, not import what, the first comed, I die of hunger.

See there one pastry.

One five ocklock complete, to the female english, assoun that possible, if he you please, miss.

Of the grilled bread, of the butter, of the mufins, of the buns, of the spongy cakes, of the sandwitchs, of the eggs on the plate, of the tea, and of the rum.

How, you not have nothing to

Le Five Ocklock.

Mais voyons! Je suis éreinté. Je n'ai rien mangé depuis deux heures et demie, et nous avons fait des courses éfrénées, toujours à pied.

Quelle heure est-il? Quatre heures. Tenez, c'est l'heure du five ocklock!

Je ne peux plus. Cherchons un restaurant, un café, une pâtisserie, n'importe quoi, le premier venu, je meurs de faim.

Voilà une pâtisserie.

Un five ocklock complet, à l'anglaise, aussitôt que possible, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle.

Du pain grillé, du beurre, des mufins, des buns, des spongy cakes, des sandwitchs, des œufs sur le plat, du thé et du rhum.

Comment, vous n'avez rien à

eat, save of little cakes to manger, sauf de petits gateaux de chocolate, of the tarts of au chocolat, des tartes de cherrys, and of the glazed cerises, et des marrons glacés? chestnuts?

It is fearful! But I am to end of forces.

Bring therefore one dozen of cakes, of the tea, of the rum, and two glasses of Oporto.

Tell therefore, see there one jolly daughter to the blue eyes and to the chestnut hairs.

There, to side of the old un. She is charming. One should tell one female English.

Ah, for sure! She drink of the tea.

What delicious little woman, the dye so fresh, the cheek so rose!

Ah no, she speak french. It is one female French.

Not great thing! It is not my type. This dye so charming, she him buy at the head-dresser, well sure, as all the female French. It is idiot, not true?

C'est affreux! Mais je suis à bout de forces.

Apportez donc une douzaine de gateaux, du thé, du rhum, et deux verres d'Oporto.

Dites donc, voilà une jolie fille aux yeux bleus et aux cheveux châains.

Là, à côté du vieillard. Elle est charmante. On dirait une Anglaise.

Ah, pour sûr! Elle boit du thé.

Quelle délicieuse petite femme, le teint si frais, la joue si rose!

Ah non, elle parle français. C'est une Française.

Pas grand' chose! Ce n'est pas mon type. Ce teint si charmant, elle l'achète chez le coiffeur, bien sûr, comme toutes les Françaises. C'est idiot, pas vrai? H. D. B.

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

By A. A. S.

[A Bond Street mystic was fined a few days ago for fortune-telling.]

'Tis 1900—so declare

The calendars' veracious pages;
The plain man else would surely swear
We're still within the Middle Ages,
When credulous folk were none too rare.

Look at the tribe of rogues that thrive
On modern superstitious ninnies!
Bond Street each afternoon 's alive
With eager dupes who spend their
guineas
Within Imposture's busy hive.

Flamboyant "seers" of either sex,
And ev'ry kind of hocus-pocus,
The West End nowadays annex;
The gipsy-van was once their locus,
But Mayfair-wards they've all made *treks*.

They "give one furiously to think,"
The palmist and the sage who gazes
On crystal or clairvoyant ink,
The scribe of horoscopic mazes,
Winking the ancient augur's wink!

The law is strict with MARY JANE
And her itin'rant fortune-monger,
When, crossing palms, the maid is fain
To mitigate her soul's heart-hunger
With facts about her future swain.

So may police-courts keep a hold
On bigger hawks whose fees are fatter,
Whose "clients" swarm in tale untold;
A few pounds' fine 's a trivial matter,
As long as fools provide the gold!

OFFICER, GENTLEMAN, AND SCHOLAR.

(A protest from S. A.)

It seems very hard. It does indeed.

Pray observe that, to obtain a commission, the British officer had to acquire all sorts of knowledge.

Think of the years spent at the military tutor's, popularly known as "The Crammer."

As I have not kept up any "subjects" much since leaving the coach, I forget all I *did* learn. But I know it was a great deal.

And then the courses at Woolwich or Sandhurst! Morning, noon, and night, learn, learn, learn.

Take the literary examination, of the Militia. Think how much the subs had to scramble through in passing that.

So different, so very different from the good old purchase days.

When money ceased to be the gate into the barrack square—save in way of kindness to the Crammer—how learned all the youngsters became!

Why, the preparation for soldiering was as hard as qualification for medicine, and a good deal harder than reading for the Bar.

It was admitted everywhere—by the Press and among the public—that the



Fond Mother (reading letter from only Son at the Front). "CHARLIE SAYS OUR GENERALS ARE PERFECT IDIOTS!"

officer of modern days was an ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, and now—because a few of us—not only officers and gentlemen, but gentlemen and scholars—happen to neglect the simpler rules of strategy, we are called "Absent-Minded!"

Because—no doubt thinking of all the very useful knowledge we acquired in our pre-regimental days—we make a mistake or two, we are called sharply to account and told "we have no brains!"

Too bad! Really too bad! Enough to make fellows give up soldiering in disgust and get back to the paths of useful knowledge—for civilians.

THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The above is the title of a book written by a gentleman signing himself "X"—an unknown quantity. I have not yet cut the pages and consequently know nothing of its contents. But I can guess the subject. Who have the best right to bear arms? That is the question. Of course, the persons who have best right to *bare* arms are those who are shapely, both above and below the elbows.

Yours heraldically,

BRACELET QUEEN-AT-ARMS.



MOST CONSIDERATE.

Mrs. Snobington. "WE HAD MEANT TO CALL LONG BEFORE THIS, REALLY, BUT WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS, SOMEHOW, WE ALWAYS KEPT PUTTING OFF THE EVIL DAY."

BREAKING THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

(A Note from One who has all but done it.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that so many of my countrymen (the word includes both sexes) patronise Monte Carlo, it is well that they should be provided with an infallible system. Some people think that a lucky pig charm or a piece of Newgate rope produces luck. But this impression is caused by a feeling of superstition—neither more nor less. What one wants in front of the table is a really scientific mathematical system. This I am prepared to give.

Take a Napoleon as a unit, making up your mind to lose up to a certain sum, and do not exceed that sum. Now back the colour twenty consecutive times. Don't double, but simply keep to the unit. When you have lost to the full extent of your limit, double your stake. Keep to this sum for another twenty turns. By this time it is a mathematical certainty that you must either have won—or lost. Of course, if you have won you will be pleased. If you have lost, keep up your heart and double your stakes again. This time you will be backing the colour with a stake four times as large as your original fancy. Again go for twenty turns, and see what comes of it.

Of course, if you still lose it will be unfortunate, but you cannot have everything. And with this truism, I sign myself,

ONE WHO WISHES TO BENEFIT MANKIND.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

(For April, continued.)

19TH TO 24TH.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE COLOSSUS.

Heavy with pride of DE BEERS, and elate with the last financial statement,

That more than matched his military fame,
Sighing for lands where the names are the names of Imperial epoch-makers,

Homeward the conquering Colossus came.

Coldly his memory dwelt on a certain independent Colonel

With non-civilian views about the fray;

Dwelt on a heliogram—"If C. J. R. continues restive,
Clap him in quod. Yours truly, K. of K."

O for the time when the Raid was a thing of the future dimly purposed,

Ere yet the apple-cart was upside down;

O for the hour when his arm was the column that propped the Privy Council,

His name a talisman to charm the Town.

There lay the Solent ahead, with the railway journey up to London,

And scarce a satellite to kiss his feet;

Never a cheer, and the eyes of the City devoid of speculation,
And all approaches dammed in Downing Street!

Henry N-wb-lt.

25TH.—Vive l'Exposition Universelle qui vient de commencer! Vivent tous les invités, à l'exception des Anglais, dont j'ai été, moi qui vous parle, le protégé en exil! Conspuez l'Albion, qui venait autrefois au secours de nos blessés! Perfide! Ingrate!

R-ch-f-rt.

26TH TO 30TH.

Villanelle.

ROSE is out with driver and cleek,

Dainty of limb as a daffodil-bell:

Where is the middle of yester-week?

Now is the season for love to speak

Couched in a bunker of asphodel:

ROSE is out with driver and cleek!

HELEN's nose was a pure antique,

ROSE's is rather more *spirituel*:

Where is the middle of yester-week?

Airs of Boreas, rude and bleak,

Cease to play on the lambkin's pell:

ROSE is out with driver and cleek!

Keen is the bird's maternal beak:

Seldom an early worm can tell

Where is the middle of yester-week.

O but the sense is far to seek!

This is the way of the villanelle.

ROSE is out with driver and cleek!

Where is the middle of yester-week?—A-st-n D-ba-n.

O. S.

AN AXIOM BY ONE WHO LOOKS FOR APPRECIATION TO A COMING GENERATION.—The Sham-rock is generally the emblem of real grit.

APEY THOUGHTS.

[The *Academy* tells a story of a monkey which was discovered tearing the article on DARWIN'S *Origin of Species* out of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.]

DESCENDED from us? These degenerate creatures,
With their hideous, human, expressionless features?

Great heavens! this DARWIN a monkey would be,

But, please you, tho' devil a monkey is he!
Man may copy our ways; he may chatter and fuss

In Parliament, after the manner of us;
He may give himself airs, like a lord or a flunkey,

But it isn't the habit that maketh the monkey.

Can he swing by the tail from the top of a tree?

Not the trace of a caudal appendage has he,
And so long as he's none, he will certainly fail

To make me believe in his dubious tale.

MR. PUNCH'S EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

["In one respect at least the present war in the Transvaal is unique—it has produced more poets than any similar crisis in English history. Since the commencement of hostilities the papers have refused war poems by the thousand."]

Daily Paper.

BEHOLD a Wonder! Seven, at most,
The world had once, it now can boast
Eight wonders known to men—
The eighth, a mortal like yourselves,
Who in the Field of Letters delves
With his precarious pen!

A man who's not ashamed to own
He has not on the bugle blown
One military note;
Who has not wrought the Boers bane,
Nor, metaphorically, ta'en
Old KRÜGER by the throat—
Who has not wailed about defeat,
Nor stray successes tried to greet
With vapourings inept;
Who has not verse in torrents shed,
Which editors refuse unread,
Or, even worse, accept.

A rhyming hand who has not lent
Against War Office, Government,
Committee of Defence;
Nor cudgelled with poetic fists
Our absent-minded strategists
In case of "accidents."

A man, in fine, who's nobly left
His rhyming-dictionary's deft
Assistance on the shelf—
And he whom I would indicate,
Whose self-restraint has been so great,
Is—obviously—Myself!
My simply overwhelming claim
To everlasting future fame



Squire (engaging Coachman). "ARE YOU MARRIED?"
Coachman. "No, SIR. THESE 'ERE SCRATCHES CAME FROM A CAT."

Will rest on this—that I'm
In Mr. Punch's army corps
A volunteer, who's shed no gore,
Nor ink—in warlike rhyme!

THE TOURIST AND THE FLAG.

[Messrs. COOK AND SON announce a tour to the South African battlefields.]

O FLAG! whose benefits so fair
We would with others freely share—
Aye, forcing on reluctant nations,
At bayonet point, their own salvations,
And bidding them accept our mission
On pain of instant demolition—
O flag! howe'er they disagree,
The sages that have studied thee,
Alleging, these, that trade must grow
Beneath thy folds; while those say, "No,
That is a most mistaken view:
There's no connection 'twixt the two."
O flag! however this may be,
And whether trade doth follow thee,
I know not, I; but this is true,
Beyond all question tourists do.

No matter where thou art unfurled,
In whatso region of the world,
They swarm, they flock, and Messrs. COOK
Interminable tourists book
To Eland's Laagte, Bloemfontein,
(Where passengers may stop to dine
Before proceeding on their way
To further north Pretoria).
In myriads behold they come,
And almost ere the guns are dumb,
The picknickers' champagne will pop
Upon the plains of Spion Kop.
O flag! O tourist! Powers twain
That all the world resists in vain,
When 'neath the one the other picks
The wings and legs of festive chicks,
And strews the battlefield with bones,
Newspapers, orange peel, plum stones—
Then is the reign of darkness done,
And Freedom's fight is fought and won.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—
Q. Who was the forebear of [Cyrano de Bergerac? A. P. Of hideous Naso.



THE TERRORS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

At a Charity Ball.

Stout Lady. "EXCUSE ME, LADY GODOLPHIN, BUT I SHOULD SO LIKE TO MAKE SOME NOTES OF YOUR CHARMING COSTUME—MAY I?"

Lady Godolphin. "PARDON ME, BUT REALLY I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF—"

Stout Lady. "OH, I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND: I'M 'GIRLIE,' YOU KNOW—I DO THE FASHION ARTICLE FOR CLASSY BITS!"

THE RECENT CAPTURE OF LONDON.

[Mr. KRÜGER has lately encouraged his Burghers with the news that London has been captured by the Russians. As the circumstances attending the capture have been dishonestly kept out of the London Papers, we hasten to give the facts.]

THE news of the landing of the Russian forces and their advance upon London produced the effect which modern wars have never failed to produce in England. A Public Meeting was called in St. James's Hall. The chair was taken by Dr. CL-RK.

Dr. CL-RK, in opening the meeting, said that a "Stop-the-War" Party had been formed as soon as the news of the approach of the invaders had been re-

ceived. It now only remained for us to stop it. This could easily be done by acknowledging ourselves to be in the wrong. He had been in the employ of the South African Republic for some years, and could assure them that the Briton was much blacker than he was painted.

Mr. L-B-CH-RE pointed out that the Russian invasion was obviously a Stock Exchange manoeuvre, with a view to influencing the price of Consols. In proof of this he pointed out that Consols had fallen. He promised a list of the names of all persons who had sold them since 1885. He suggested that the cost of the invasion should be got out of Mr. RH-D-S.

Mr. C-RTN-Y said that the invasion was wholly due to the mistaken policy of his Party. He was starting a "Conciliation Committee," with himself as chairman, to put matters right.

Sir EDW-RD CL-RKE took the same view as Mr. C-RTN-Y.

Mr. CONTRITE SCHR-N-R said that everything was the result of the wickedness and greed of England. He advocated a policy of non-resistance. We must turn the other cheek. We had only to give in and of course the war would stop. How could it do otherwise? (The speaker was here interrupted by expressions of dissent.) He claimed the right of Freedom of Speech. The English were wrong in this war as in all their wars. If they resisted the righteous attack on London by Russia, they would repent it. Should London, however, be so unfortunate—and, he would add, so criminal—as to repel the attack, he trusted there would be no idiotic jubilation on the subject. (Uproar.) He claimed the right of Freedom of Speech.

At this stage a rush was made at the platform. Mr. SCHR-N-R was swept off his feet, and the Hall was wrecked.

On the following morning a letter appeared in the *Times* from Professor D-C-Y, who, while not agreeing with the objects of the meeting, &c., pointed out that, unless anybody might say anything anywhere in England, without fear of assault, the country would go to the Dogs.

INCIRCUMSCRIPTIBLENESS.

(A word included in the new Oxford Dictionary, and explained as the quality of being incapable of limitation.)

SEE the modern Dinosaurs,]

Oxford-reared,

Drag his clumsy length before us

Truly weird.

See his ugly head a-dangle

All crack-jawed,

Near to Balliol' quadrangle

In the Broad.

Watch his fearful front and forehead

Roman born,

And his body sprawling horrid

Through the Corn.

Then his tail, ah! will he ever

Get it by,

Writhing in the vain endeavour

Down the High,

Twisting like "a school" of porpoise

Round a ship,

Flicking Oriel and Corpus

With the tip.

Monster! Tho' 'tis hard to credit

Thee with sense,

Yet thy use to those who edit

Is immense;

Thou canst teach a gaping nation

Through the eyes,

Negating limitation

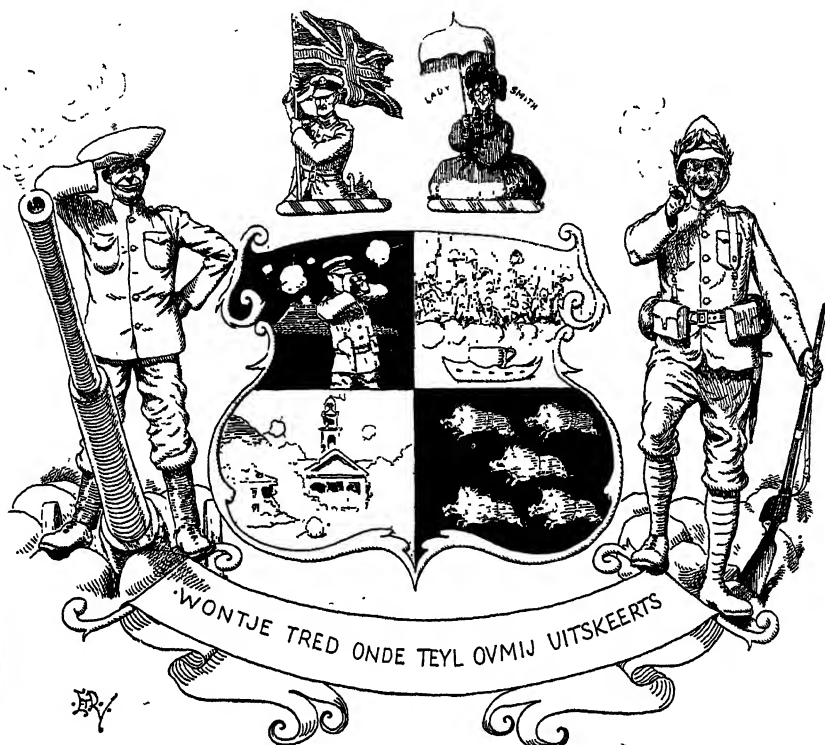
By sheer size.



A DELEGATE MATTER.

SERVANT (to EUROPA). "SOME GENTLEMEN, MADAM, FROM THE TRANSVAAL, TO SEE YOU VERY PARTICULAR!"
EUROPA. "UM—ER—WELL—SAY—'NOT AT HOME'!"

READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE WHITE, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., V.C., 1ST VISCOUNT LIMPETT (BARON LARDER) OF LADYSMITH.

Arms—Quarterly: 1st, Under a grand chief, bearing the word "Ladysmith," in letters of gold, an archibald hunter, daring in sortie, vigilant, masterly in resource, upholding to the end an historic shield of defence, studded proper in detail, and semée of torture-shell Creusônées Bulwanées on week-days; 2nd, On a cup of maintenance chevril or mules, doled out in inadequate daly, couped up chagrinois in famine, an heroic band tommeé atquinóis, gonbonée with hardship, issuant gaily, tattered, frayed, and war-stained from sangars, jubilant in relief; 3rd, Hemmed in by a cordon proper dopper psalmly of investment, sejant squatty slouchy vrowsy on the kops, wily in ambush, a colonial township, newly historic, showing a town-orle capped with a cupola pounded, pommelled, and partly demolished in brickwork; 4th, Before a tanned and dogged army of deliverance, reversy cheeky tardy in arrival, but heroically persistent in pressure, a flight of sangliers or heraldic boers passant among the hills, making use freely of the spurs, urgent squedadulée through the Natal coal-fields on the scuttle. *Crest*: 1st, A lion-hearted bayard, guardant sanguine, of valour and self-sacrifice, emergent in triumph from a siege, bearing in steadfast hand the banner of England nailed proper to the mast, encircled with laurels, and wavy in despitte; 2nd, An antique colonial lady (Smith), netted and enmeshed reticulée in ringlets, hemmed in proper with bombazine, cut skimpy in materiel, but hooped round steely crénélinée in the outskirts for defence. *Supporters*: Dexter, in a land-battery exposed and beset proper, a redoubtable British sailor at gaze, arrayed khaki and turned up timely tarry rompy on the nail, trainant and dirigeant unerrant deady in aim a 4-7 naval gun, charged choc-à-bloc with lyddite; Sinister, a typical British soldier of the garrison similarly arrayed in garb khaki, and wreathed round the brows with laurels richly earned. *Second Motto*: "General BULLER, I presume?" *Additional Motto*: (Curiously enough the same as Mr. KRÜGER'S) "Dontje uischje maget het!" Mr. Punch cordially wishes "Equal Whites for all Right Men!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 9.—Dr. FARQUHARSON, in addition to being one of the best, and therefore, one of the most popular men in the House, is also one of the most modest. Rising to address it, he sounds, and through his remarks repeats, a deprecatory cough expressive of the hope that he does not intrude. On a memorable occasion, in debate on BRYCE'S Access to Mountains Bill, it was necessary for the purport of his argument that he should mention certain pro-

prietorial rights in a mountain. Many a man in such a position would instinctively, perhaps unconsciously, have swelled in proportion at least to Arthur's Seat. FARQUHARSON, on the contrary, visibly shrank when he casually observed, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I—(here came the deprecatory cough)—own a mountain in Scotland." Just as another would say, "I have in my pocket a crooked sixpence," or, "I possess an umbrella with an ivory handle."

According to visitors at hospitable Finzean, the Chieftain carries his modesty in this matter so far that when, by devious

routes, he has made his way to the top of his mountain, he never presumes to find his way back by the shortest route, leading visitors miles astray in search of a non-existent, certainly an indiscoverable, short cut.

Up to-night on Second Reading of Agricultural Holdings Bill. The same characteristic of modesty strongly marked. "If, Mr. SPEAKER," he said—(cough)—"I am confused in my speech—(cough)—I hope I may be excused."

Members looked up in pained astonishment. Had the Chieftain been lunching out, and too liberally sampling the dew off his own mountain or another's? No; it was all right; had only been spending a few hours in endeavour to master details of WALTER LONG'S Bill. Effect worse than mixing his liquor. Other members joined in his testimony to the obscurity of its drafting; agreeing that it was difficult to understand as a Bill, resolved to pass it as an Act of Parliament, and see what the farmers would make of it.

Business done.—Agricultural Holdings Bill read second time. House adjourned till 26th for Easter Holidays.

THE ART OF PARODY.

Hints to Beginners.

ALFRED A-ST-N.

Ingredients.—1 British Lion, 1 England's Darling, 3 oz. patriotism, 3 oz. loyal sentimentality, 1 lb. commonplace, classical idioms *ad nauseam*.

Take the British Lion, stretch his legs, well stiffen his tail and crisp his mane; stuff him with commonplace, patriotism, loyal sentimentality and classical idioms; decorate with England's Darling, and serve on a dish of Britannia metal.

Unseasonable at any time.

R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

Ingredients.—1 TOMMY ATKINS, 1 volley of oaths, ditto slang, vulgarity to taste.

Take the TOMMY ATKINS, being careful not to clean him. Stir the ingredients well together till they circulate freely. It should be done briskly bef. re a sharp fire, and served with patriotic toast after dinner.

Or—

Ingredients.—1 crank, 1 screw, 1 piston-rod, 1 cylinder and any technical terms; nonsense *ad lib*.

Make a hash of the technical terms, and stuff the whole with sage nonsense.

CH-RL-S ALG-RN-N SW-NB-RNE.

Ingredients.—Some nice melodious adjectives. String together metrically and flavour with agnosticism.

G-RGE M-R-D-TH.

Take any sentences from his own works, and transcribe *verbatim*.

QUITE OUT OF THE COMMON.

(Continued from p. 270.)

"DON'T interrupt; I've heard you; now listen to me," said BELLAMY. "It began, as I say, in the train. An infernal inspector desired to see my season-ticket. Of course he was within his right, and I had a whole carriage load of fools down on me because I refused to show it. This day has taught me one thing: there's not a man, woman or child in the country who minds their own business for choice if a chance offers of poking their vile noses into any other body's. The people who have interested themselves in me this morning! Well, that railway chap was nasty, of course, and took my address; but nothing more worth mentioning happened, except a row with a shoeblack, until I got to my office. There the real trouble began. You know GIDEON? Who doesn't, for that matter? I had the luck to do him a turn a week ago, and he came in this morning with a tip—actually went out of his way to cross Lombard Street and get out of his cab and look in.

"He said, 'Good morning. Buy Diamond Jubilees—all you can get.' And I didn't look up from my letters, but thought it was JONES, who's always dropping in to play the fool, and remembered our loathsome bet. So I merely said, 'Sha'n't! Clear out!' Then I lifted my head just in time to see GIDEON departing—about as angry as a big man can be with a little one—and my clerks all looking as though they'd suddenly heard the last trump.

"I tore after him, but too late; of course he'd gone. Then I dashed to his place of business, but he'd got an appointment somewhere else and didn't turn up till after twelve, by which time the tip was useless. And he showed me pretty plainly that I may regard myself as nothing to him henceforward. After that I was too sick to work, so went West to see a man and get some new clothes. Like a fool I never remembered that with this bet on me I couldn't lie too low. It was all right at the hairdresser's, as you may imagine; but I'm accustomed to let my tailor advise me a good deal, and you can see the holy fix I was in after he'd measured me. I got out of that by saying that I'd drop in again and see his stuffs and his pictures by daylight; then I had a glass of port at LONG'S, and, remembering my youngsters, went to find a shop where I could get masks and wigs and nonsense for them, because they are proposing to do some charades or something to wind up their holidays before they go back to school. Then, in the fog, I got muddled up and lost myself about a quarter of a mile from where we met. First I had a row with a brute from Covent Garden Market, who ran into me with a barrow of Brussel-sprouts. We exchanged sentiments for a while and then the coster said, 'I don't arsk of you to pick 'em up, do I?'

"Well, of course, as he didn't ask me to pick them up, I immediately began to do it. And the man was so astonished that he stopped swearing and called several of his friends to make an audience. So that was all right as far as it went; but just then a bobby appeared out of the din and clatter of the street, and ordered me to move on. Of course I wouldn't, and while I was arguing with him, and asking for his reason, a fire-engine dashed out of the bowels of the fog and knocked me down in a heap before I knew who'd hit me.

"Everybody thought I was jolly well killed, and I could just see the air thick with blackguard faces, getting their first bit of real fun for the day, when I suppose I must have become unconscious from shock for the time being. Anyway, on regaining my senses, I found myself in a bed of mud and rotten oranges, with three policemen and about fifty busybodies, all arguing cheerfully over me, as if I was a lost child. Most of them hoped I was dead, and showed their disappointment openly when I recovered again. Two doctors—so they said they were—had also turned up from somewhere, and taken a general survey of me while I was in no condition to prevent them. After that I need hardly tell you I've lost my watch.

"The question appeared to be my destination, and now the policeman who had told me to move on explained, at great length, that depended entirely on whether I was physically shattered or still intact. If I was all right save for the loss of my hat and the gain of an extra coat or two of mud, the man had arranged to take me to a police-station for interfering with a fire-engine in the execution of its duty, or some rot of that sort; but if, on the other hand, I was broken up and perhaps mortally injured, then it struck him as a case for a stretcher and a hospital.

"They were still arguing about this when I came to. Upon which the constable invited my opinion, and explained the two courses open to him. He seemed indifferent and practically left it to me; so, as I felt the police-station would probably represent the simplest and shortest ordeal; and as, moreover, so far as I could judge at the time, I was little the worse in body for the downfall, I decided in that direction. I told him I was all right and had mercifully escaped. Whereupon he congratulated me in a friendly spirit and took me to the police-station."

Thus BELLAMY; and when the man had finished we spoke further for the space of about two minutes and a half, then parted, by mutual understanding, to meet no more.

"I'm sorry for you," I said. "We were both wrong and both right. The truth is that there's a golden mean in the matter of advice, as in most things. Probably the proportions of good and bad are about equal, though I am not prepared to allow that our experiments can be regarded as in any sense conclusive."

"And as to the bet, I suppose we may say it's off?" asked NORTON BELLAMY. "I imagine you've had enough of this unique tomfoolery, and I know I have. I'm a mass of bruises and may be smashed internally for all I know, not to mention my watch."

"Yes," I replied, "the wager must be regarded as no longer existing. We have both suffered sufficiently, and if we proceeded with it, *quod avertat Deus*, some enduring tribulation would probably overtake one or both of us. And a final word, BELLAMY. As you know, we have never been friends; our natures and idiosyncrasies always prevented any mutual regard; and this tragedy of to-day must be said to banish even mutual respect."

"It has," said NORTON BELLAMY. "I won't disguise it. I feel an all-round contempt for you, HONEYBUN, that is barely equalled by the contempt I feel for myself. I can't possibly put it more strongly than that."

"Exactly my own case," I answered. "Therefore in future it will be better that we cease even to be acquaintances."

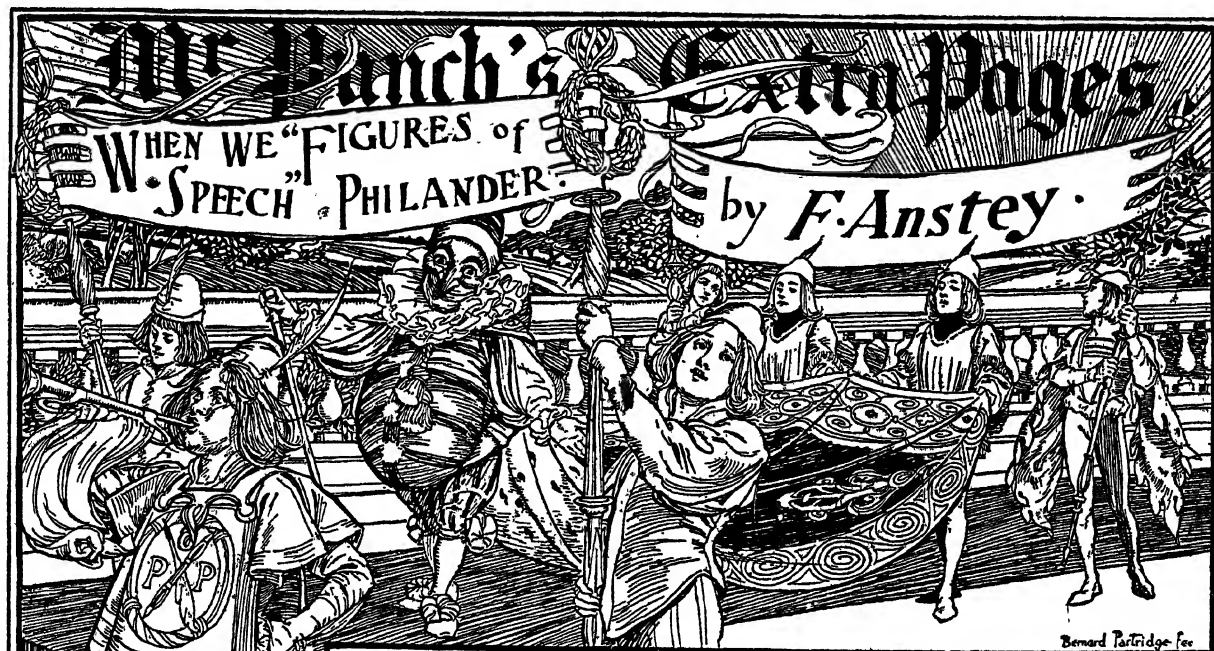
"My own idea," said BELLAMY, "only I felt a delicacy about advancing it, which you evidently didn't. But I am quite of your opinion all the same. And, of course, this day's awful work is buried in our own breasts. Consider if it got upon the Stock Exchange! We should be ruined men. Absolute silence must be maintained."

"So be it," I replied. "Henceforth we only meet on the neutral ground of Brighton A's. Indeed, even there, it is not necessary, I think, that we should have any personal intercourse. And one final word: if you will take my advice—"

He had now alighted, but turned upon this utterance and gave me a look of such concentrated bitterness, malice, and detestation that I felt the whole horror of the day was reflected in his eyes. "YOUR advice! Holy angels and Hanwell!"

Those were the last words of NORTON BELLAMY. He felt this to be the final straw; he turned his back upon me; he tottered away into his hatter's; and, with a characteristic financial pettiness, raised no question about paying for his share of our cab.

John Phillips



(The very latest Norwegian Drama, condensed and re-arranged for the purposes of "Punch.")

ACT I.

CENE—Out-
side the
Bath Hotel,
Norway.

Professor BLUEBEK, the
famous but elderly sculp-

tor, and his wife, Mrs. MAIA BLUEBEK, are discovered sitting at a table on the lawn. As it is just after breakfast, they are drinking champagne. (N.B. Not the "Little Eyolf" brand.) He is in a black velvet jacket and his lightest Summer trousers. She is young and vivacious, with teasing, rather tired eyes, and an elegant new travelling costume. Each is reading the day before yesterday's newspaper.

Maia (sits as though waiting for the Professor to say something—which he doesn't—then lets the paper drop with a yawn). Oh, dear, dear me! how overpoweringly dull all this is!

Professor Bluebek (smiling indulgently). Well, perhaps you are right, mein Kind. But you must remember that we are Norwegians, and have been married at least four years. Also that you have been living in altogether more spacious and distinguished surroundings than you were accustomed to at home.

Maia (yawns). I have. And yet somehow I feel as bored as if I was on a night journey, and stopping at every little roadside station where nobody ever wanted to get in or out!

Blub. (gloomily). And always two persons on the platform walking up and down, talking in a low voice about nothing. That is so like life in the Norwegian drama—always two people who will talk about things that happened years ago—and didn't really matter much even then.

Maia (with a searching glance at him). There is something wrong with you too.

Blub. (starts). Dear me, have you noticed it? (Changing to a livelier tone.) Perhaps this Norwegian champagne—and so early in the morning, too! But then I have got my great big masterpiece really finished and out of hand—which is what so few Ibsenian characters ever succeed in thoroughly managing.

Maia (nods thoughtfully). Your large marble group of "Figures

of Speech becoming Matters of Fact"? You finished that years ago. And you have never done anything since—except now and then a portrait-bust.

Blub. Only those: yes. But has it ever struck you that, while they are all striking likenesses, they have also a cryptic resemblance (which I throw in gratis) to pompous, opinionated donkeys, dull dogs, sentimental swine, and neurotic geese?

Maia. I think I have heard the fact commented on. But are such portrait-busts ever really popular?

Blub. Extremely—with the sitters' friends. (Empties his champagne glass, and laughs.) Oh, I haven't done so badly over them. I lead a very jolly sort of life—in a way.

Maia (looks suspiciously at him). If it wasn't that you were getting so tired of me?

Blub. (gallantly). Not particularly tired. At least, no more tired than any well-regulated Norwegian husband ought to be of his wife.

Maia (trying to control herself). When you married me, you promised to take me up to a high mountain, and show me all sorts of things. We've never been really up anything but molehills, and there was no view worth mentioning from them!

Blub. That was only my fun—a mere figure of speech. I can't climb. I haven't the head for it—or the wind.

Maia (with a touch of sarcasm). Not even the wind? I did not expect you would ever run short of that!

Blub. Of that, too, Frau Professor. (Enter the Bath Inspector in gloves, who takes his hat off politely.) Good morning, Mr. Inspector. Tell me, now—are any of your patients in the habit of taking baths at night?

Inspector (considering). No, none of them is so ill as to require nocturnal tubbing. Why?

Blub. Only because last night I saw a white figure in a bathing costume flitting among the trees, closely followed by another in black.

Insp. Oh, those parties? Why, look, here they come. Keep perfectly quiet, please, and whatever you see, pass no remarks.

[They stand back, as a slender lady in cream-coloured cashmere crosses towards a pavilion on the left with a measured stride. She has a stiff face, eyes that see nothing, and hay-coloured hair, with a few straws carelessly thrust into it. Following her, comes a Female Confidante in cream-coloured cotton, with brown, piercing eyes and a "thinking part," who also moves with a measured stride. Waiters come obsequiously forward with napkins, but are waved back by the strangers, who enter the pavilion.]

Blub. (stands staring, as if magnetised). Do you happen to know who that lady is?

Insp. She has registered herself as "Madame VON BALM-KRÖMPET, of Schloss Kohlhiatsch, with Companion."

Blub. BALMKRÖMPET? Schloss Kohlhiatsch? H'm!

Maia. Do you know any person answering that description, eh, BLUEBECK?

Blub. (shaking his head). No. She cannot be a Norwegian—they are all quite—

Insp. Excuse me, but I fancy she must be perfectly Norwegian—from the way she goes on.

Blub. (half to himself). That too!

Maia (teasingly). One of your innumerable models?

Blub. No, little Frau MAIA, that she cannot be—because, you see, I have never in reality had more than a single one. (Looking off.) But who is that lank, sinewy sportsman there, with the matted beard and hair, and the loud voice?

Enter Squire ULFHEIM in a felt hat with a feather and high boots, followed by a servant with a couple of dachshunds in a leash.

Ulf. What the devil—confound it all! (Pounces on the Inspector and bonnets him; the Inspector retires. To BLUEBECK more quietly and politely.) Blast it, aren't you the famous sculptor BLUEBECK I used to know? (With his arms akimbo.) I'm a dirty bear-hunting tyke, I am, and proud of it. Ugh!

Maia (regarding him fixedly). There seems to me something about you that is more attractive than BLUEBECK.

Ulf. Spoken like a woman of spirit! After all, a sculptor and a bear-hunter are in much the same line of business.

Blub. Are they really? I don't quite see—

Ulf. Why, devil take 'em, don't they each try to dig something out of the rock that comes out very differently from what they expected?

Blub. (deep in thought). There is some truth in that.

Maia (with eyes on ULFHEIM). But you don't really shoot the bears when they come out of the rock?

Ulf. Don't I, though? Unless, of course, I shoot 'one of my trusty, absolutely loyal comrades instead by mistake. I mean my dogs. Come and see them gulp down great thumping meat bones. That is a treat, I can tell you!

Maia. Oh, wouldn't it be thrilling to see them do that!

Ulf. Ah, and afterwards you might come up a high mountain with me. Wouldn't that be tip-top? You and the Professor, of course, blast him!

Maia. I shall be delighted. But BLUEBECK is not a climber.

[She goes out with ULFHEIM and the dogs. Almost at the same time the Strange Lady comes out of the pavilion, holding a basin of bread and milk, across which she looks at BLUEBECK with vacant, expressionless eyes.]

Blub. (jumps in his chair, then rises and says in a low voice). The same old game, IRENE! The same meeting of former comrades!

Irene (in a toneless voice, putting away the bread and milk). We had to have it, ARNOLD. But perhaps I ought to mention that I am dead. Who was that lady with you just now?

Blub. Oh, her? Nobody. Only my wife.

Irene. Oh, is that all? And do you still go on chipping out statuary? How is the masterpiece getting on?

Blub. It has got on really wonderfully—gone all over the

world, and been exhibited, in coloured lights, with an orchestra playing at the turnstiles! Quite a dazzling success! And I owe it all to you—my model! Why did you disappear so utterly?

Irene. I had an important engagement to pose as a Living Picture at the Variety Halls. In Paris, I too had a dazzling success. In London—well, they are not so thoroughly advanced. After that, I dabbled a little in matrimony.

Blub. Really? And—er—where is your husband?

Irene. Oh, in some cemetery or other, with a bullet rattling in his skull. I drove him mad. I had such fun with him!

Blub. (shakes his head reproachfully). You always had such an absolutely keen sense of humour. Did Herr VON BALMKRÖMPET shoot himself?

Irene (not understanding). Herr VON—? Oh, I see—you mean my second husband! No, he didn't.

Blub. Your second—? Just so. Er—how is he?

Irene (shrugging her shoulders). Oh, he's all right. I killed him myself with a fine sharp dagger I always take to bed with me.

Blub. (lost in admiration). You positively think of everything, IRENE! Er—were there any children?

Irene (trying to remember). Nine, I think—or was it eleven? I forget exactly. Anyway, I murdered them all pitilessly, one after the other.

Blub. (holding up his forefinger). Oh, come now. I'm sure you're exaggerating, IRENE. Not the whole lot of them!

Irene. Every one. One must find some work to do in the world.

Blub. And such a priceless treasure as this I wilfully cast away! IRENE, we are sitting together, you and I, just as in the dear old days!

Irene. Just. A little distance away. You always did sit a little way off. You were so unutterably shy.

Blub. (moving nearer). I had to be then, IRENE, but now that I am a married man—

Irene (smiles almost imperceptibly). It makes all the difference. Still, you did treat me very badly. You never once kissed me! Not once!

Blub. (looks impressively at her). I was an artist, IRENE.

Irene (nods with a touch of scorn). That's just it. If you had ever offered to kiss me, I should have stabbed you with the pin I always kept ready in my hair for the purpose. Still, a woman does expect some little attention of that sort. How do you get on with your wife?

Blub. (slack and weary). Oh, don't ask me! I've got to take her on a tedious coasting trip presently to the Polar Sea.

Irene. Why not trip upon the high mountains instead—like an Ibsen character?

Blub. Are you at all likely to be going up yourself?

Irene (with sidelong eyes). Perhaps. If you've the independence and manly courage to meet me there.

Blub. I get so giddy whenever I climb. But if I could—if only I could!

Irene. Can we not do what we will? If Master Builder Solness could clamber up a steeple for the sake of that Miss Hilda Wangel, surely you can potter up a peak to please me?

Maia (enters, glowing with pleasure, and catches sight of IRENE). Oh, I'm sure I hope I don't interrupt. The situation seems familiar, somehow.

Blub. and Irene (gloomily). It is. We've simply got to do it in the Norwegian drama.

Maia. I know. I merely wanted to tell you, BLUEBECK, that I've arranged to go up to the high mountains bear-killing with that charmingly hideous and repulsive Mr. ULFHEIM. (Insinuatingly.) You don't mind?

Blub. Not I! In fact, I—I may be taking a stroll myself in that direction.

Maia (hastily). Oh, but you mustn't trouble to do so on my account.

Blub. I will not, little Frau MAIA. But I've taken quite a sudden fancy for mountaineering. I won't be more in your way than I can help.

Maia. How dear and good you are to-day, BLUBEEK!

[She goes off. The Female Confidante appears at the Pavilion door, still thinking hard.]

Blub. Then, IRENE, you really will take me up a high mountain?

Irene. Rather! (as she goes towards Pavilion, the Confidante making way for her politely). "JACK and JILL will go up the hill"—eh? Ha-ha-ha! "To fetch a pail of water!" He-he-he! [Exit.]

Blub. (looks after her and whispers). "And JACK fell down and cracked his—" Will she insist on—? Or are both our crowns already—? [He feels his head meditatively.]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—At a High Mountain Hydropathic, with a distant view of a lake and peaks, with blue-white snow and crevices and things. In the foreground, a hillock with a stone bench on the top, on which Professor BLUBEEK is sitting with a plaid round his champagne-bottle shoulders. A brook gurgles somewhere, and children in town-made clothes are dancing and singing in the background. Time: Summer, towards sunset.

Enter MAIA in the costume of Hilda Wangel.

Maia (calls to BLUB.). Hullo, BLUBEEK, is that you? (Panting.) I've been looking for you everywhere. (Throws herself down on the heather.)

Blub. (nods indifferently). How odd. I've been hunting all over the place for you. You weren't at table d'hôte, were you?

Maia (drowsily). No, I had dinner in the open air with that disgusting bear-killer. And, please, I want to go out all night bear-hunting with him—if you've no objection.

Blub. (with superiority). I? None in the world. You're a married woman, so you can go anywhere.

Maia. Yes, and there'll be the dogs to chaperone us, so nobody could say anything. I like that bear-slayer ever so much better than you. He's not an artist, and besides, he's so repulsively ugly, too!

Blub. (almost pleadingly). But I am repulsively ugly myself, little Frau MAIA!

Maia (a little oppressed). I know. I've often remarked it. But somehow there's not the same attraction about your repulsiveness. I can't think why—(looks innocently at him)—unless it's because you're my husband and he isn't. All really nice-minded women feel like that—at least, they seem to—in Norway.

Blub. (writhing on his seat). Yes, we can't help our nerves—especially if we never try. I myself—

Maia (observing him closely). You yourself are beginning to philander after that pale lady who is a little wrong in her upper story, and used to be a model of yours. (With a flash of insight.) I tell you what, BLUBEEK, it's my belief you have grown tired of being so constantly with me!

Blub. (bursts out). Tired? I will tell you the honest, manly truth, MAIA. You bore me blue! There, now you know it! (In a friendly but earnest tone.) Forgive my candour, but I too have undergone the customary marital inward revolution. I find myself thinking so constantly of that pale lady with the beautiful bewildering bee in her bonnet. She may be mad, but she does so thoroughly understand me!

Maia (trying to repress a subtle smile). To do that she would certainly have to be. But it's really very simple. If you like her best, attach yourself to her. I sha'n't mind. In our fine large house there must surely, with a little goodwill, be room enough for three.

Blub. (uncertainly). That arrangement has been so frequently

tried in Ibsen dramas. But do you think it has ever really worked in the long run?

Maia (in a fit of suppressed laughter). I didn't know that any Ibsen drama had ever had a long run. Still, if it doesn't work, we can try another Ibsenian method. We will part entirely, and I will find something new and free and easy for myself here and there in the world. So you needn't worry about me. (Suddenly points off.) But here comes your lady-lunatic striding along the plain, like some cracked statue escaped from the stonemason's yard. [Rises.]

Blub. (gazing with his hand over his eyes). Doesn't she look like a Figure of Speech incarnate? (To himself.) And her I could remodel and shift into the background! Her!!

IRENE enters, and smiles at the children in town-made clothes with a gibbering gentleness; they run away uneasily.

Maia (looks significantly at him). Well, BLUBEEK, I'd better leave you to talk things cosily over with her. (Untroubled.) I have my own plans to settle. (Calls to IRENE.) I say, Madam, will you go to my husband? He says you are the only person who really understands him. [Goes towards her.]

Irene. If he is an allegory or a symbol, I must try to understand him.

Maia. You must, indeed, Madam. As for me, I have married an elderly conundrum, and have decided to give it up.

[Goes down the path to Hydropathic.]

Irene (rolls her eyes stonily at BLUBEEK). I couldn't come before. I've been dreaming. I'm not awake yet.

Blub. (pick his way down the hillock). Don't believe it, IRENE. You are wide awake. And you will wake me up presently. (After a short silence.) You haven't your—your talkative friend with you to-day, I see.

Irene (glances furtively around). She's not far off. She's a witch. Some fine day, when she isn't looking, I shall kill her. Fancy, she has disguised herself as my shadow, when she knows perfectly well that I am only a sort of symbolical shadow myself. Look me in the face and tell me if you consider that ladylike behaviour on her part!

Blub. I—I daren't look you in the face. You have a shadow that tortures me, and I have the crushing weight of my own conscience.

Irene (with a glad cry of deliverance). And the Gardener's Aunt has the penwiper which was eaten by the lion. At last! Now we are talking!

Blub. Just as in the old beautiful days. You have come back to me, home from the uttermost regions!

Irene. Home to my lord and master all the way from Kohl-natsch! Weren't you expecting me?

Blub. I might have known that— But why did you disappear so utterly?

Irene. I can explain everything. I did it for your sake. After standing to you as a model till your great big statue was really finished out of hand, I laid one more sacrifice at your feet. I effaced myself, so as to lay your life waste, and prevent you from ever creating anything again. I hated you with an A, because you were an artist; with a B, because you were bashful; and with a C, because you were so intolerably self-controlled.

Blub. (looks doubtfully at her). I don't remember that I was ever so self-controlled as all that. Still, I now thoroughly comprehend your motives for going. Only I don't quite understand why you have come back.

Irene. I came back to see what your marble masterpiece, "Figures of Speech becoming Matters of Fact," looks like now. It has got itself finally knocked off.

Blub. (uneasy and alarmed). But it isn't here. I don't take it about with me. It is installed in some great important museum, far away down in the basement. You would have considerable difficulty in finding it, even with a catalogue. I wouldn't

attempt it if I were you. You—you mightn't care about it. There were certain alterations I had to make at the last moment.

Irene (half unsheathing a sharp knife). Alterations? Without consulting your model? What alterations?

Blub. Pray be calm. Simply a few slight modifications in the—a—costume.

Irene. How could you modify what did not exist? Did you not represent me as a Figure of Speech in the altogether?

Blub. I learned worldly wisdom in the years that followed, IRENE. My conception became in my mind's eye something more complex. There wasn't room on your little round pedestal for all the topsy-turvy imagery I wanted to add.

Irene (gropes for her knife, but desists). What imagery? Not Italian?

Blub. No, pure Norwegian. I—I imaged what I saw going on around me in the world. I simply couldn't help it. I enlarged the pedestal into a platform. And on it I placed swarms of neurotic men and women, with trolls inside them, just as I knew them in real life.

Irene (with breathless suspense). But I still stand there in the middle, a radiantly new young woman transfigured with the joy of life—in the altogether?

Blub. H'm. I was obliged to add a knickerbocker suit, a stick-up collar, and a billycock hat. (With assumed cheerfulness.) For the sake of being more true to the facts of life, you understand.

Irene (with an evil gleam of hatred in her eyes). I understand that instead of a Figure of Speech you have made me a Figure of Fun! Still—(mastering herself)—so long as I am in the chair on your platform, right in the middle of the foreground, presiding over the proceedings—!

Blub. (evasively). Er—I shouldn't describe it as quite in the middle—or exactly in the foreground. For I had to shift you to a back seat, or something of that sort.

Irene (suddenly firing up). Now you have done it. I really must knife you after that! [On the point of striking.]

Blub. (eagerly taking off his hat and mopping his brow). No, don't. Wait till I tell you where I've put myself. I'm in front of the group, IRENE, weighed down by remorse at a small wash-hand stand, washing my hands of the whole complicated business.

Irene. I always knew you were a poet! (Strokes his hair softly with a lurking evil smile.) You great silly, elderly baby!

Blub. (annoyed). I'm not a poet, or a baby either. I'm an artist—a Norwegian artist.

Irene (with a soft expression). Do you remember the little speech you made when your wonderful large work was really done? You pressed my hands and said: "Many thanks for a beautiful, priceless episode!"

Blub. Did I really say that? (Lost in recollection.) So it was—a very beautiful, priceless episode.

Irene. It was certainly priceless enough. You never even asked me to stay to lunch. So I went, for ever.

Blub. You take these little things so wonderfully to heart, IRENE!

Irene. Do I? Perhaps I do. Let us go and play at ducks and drakes in the brook, as we used to in the dear old days.

Blub. Let's. (They go to the brook; and BLUBBEK picks up a stone and jerks it.) Wasn't that a lovely duck, eh?

[Absorbed in the game.]

Irene. Why, it didn't hop far. It was more like a Wild Duck—or an Ugly Duckling.

[She throws.]

Blub. Then it will turn into a Swan, and draw you about in a boat.

Irene (completing his thought). No, for that it would be always too much of a goose.

Blub. It might be a goose with yellow legs—yes. (Throwing more stones into the brook.) Do you remember when we used to play this game on the lake of Taunitz?

Irene (with a smile of gentle recollection). And you hit a boatman in the eye. That was only an episode though, ARNOLD—(with malign eyes)—a priceless episode.

Blub. (shakes his head). Not priceless—it cost me a rix-dollar. What fun we used to have! By the way, I've bought that little hut on the Taunitz. I got it cheap because it was so insanitary. We—(stops and corrects himself)—I live there usually in the Summer.

Irene. With the second Mrs. BLUBBEK?

Blub. With her, too. When we are not on some circular tour. Look here—how would you like to come and live with us, and open all that is locked up in me? Think it over—you might do worse!

Irene (looking far before her). Now, that you are a married man, isn't the invitation just a trifle late?

Enter ULFHEIM and MAIA, in hunting costume, followed by servant with dogs.

Maia (calls out). Oh, there you are, Professor! I'm off on an adventure. I'm going to put life in the place of all the rest.

Blub. (calls out). And a very pretty way of putting it, too, little MAIA!

Maia. Isn't it? And I've made up a verse about it, too. All out of my own silly little head. It goes like this:—

(Sings triumphantly)

I am free! On the spree! As a lark
Slipping out of its cage in the dark!
I am free as a lark! What a lark!

Blub. It almost seems so. You remind me of that Mrs. Helmer in the Doll's House. Only she came back. Good evening to you.

Maia (tossing her head). Good evening, Professor.

[ULFHEIM roars with laughter as they go out together.]

Blub. I—I shouldn't wonder if a Summer night on the mountains was rather agreeable.

Irene (softly, urgently). Shall we try it too—just you and I?

Blub. (uncertainly). Oh, really, I don't quite— isn't it rather too late?

Irene. It would be only an episode.

Blub. Only that. And we needn't go too far either. I—I don't mind taking just a little turn.

Irene (with a wild expression in her eyes). No more do I. . . . Ssh! . . . Don't look round. (The Confidante's head, still thinking hard, is visible among the bushes.) She's in there. . . . No, Professor, do you hear, you must not go on the mountains with me. I couldn't think of allowing it. It would be most improper. We must part, ARNOLD, yes, part—for ever! (Bends over him and whispers.) On the upland! To-night. Ten sharp. (To the Confidante.) I'll come quite quietly, Nurse, quite quietly.

[She goes out; the Confidante gets out of the bushes and follows her.]

Blub. (to himself). I'm afraid the night air on these mountains—at my time of life—!

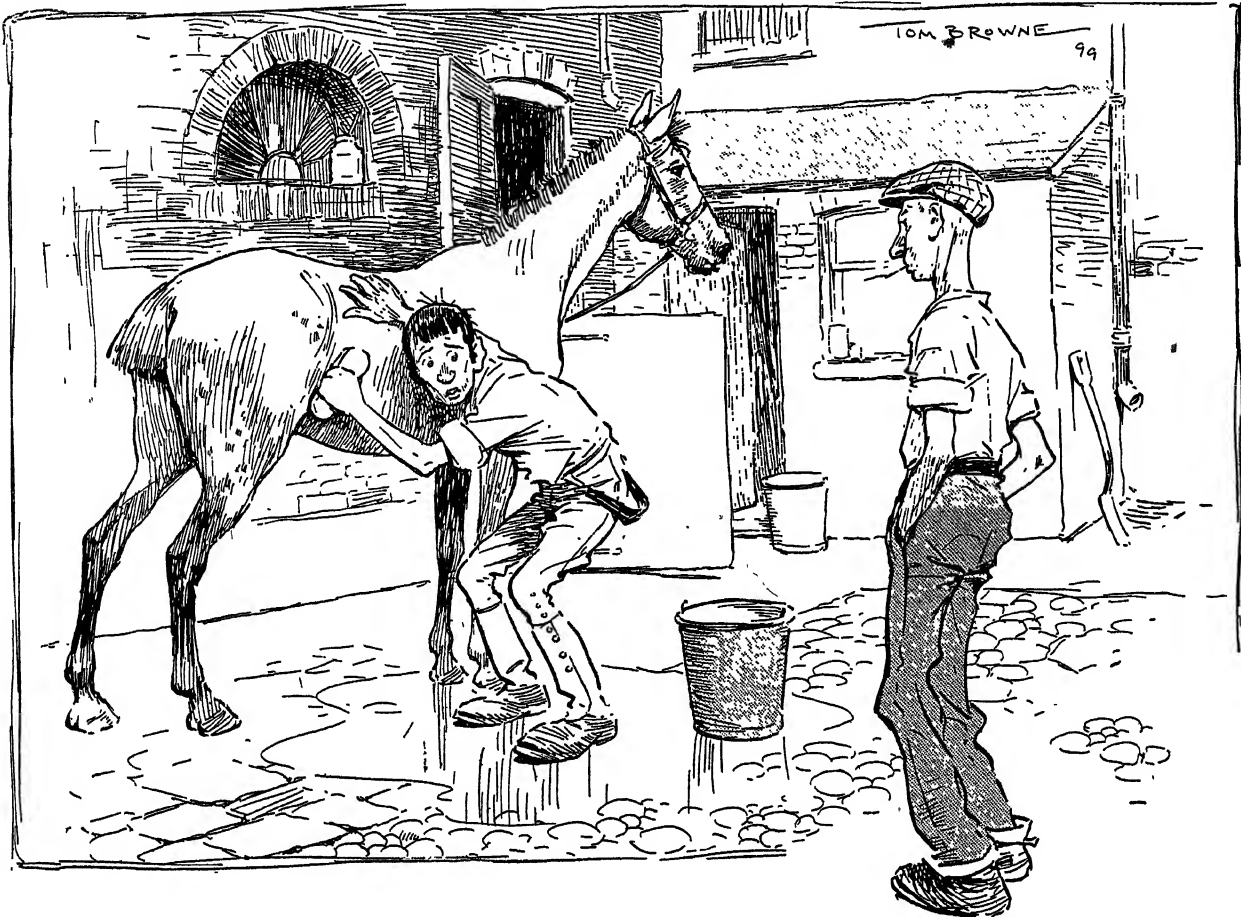
Maia (is heard singing triumphantly up above). I am free as a lark! Such a lark!

Blub. (more hopefully). After all, it is never too late for larks!

[Remains sitting motionless.]

CURTAIN.

(Continued in our next.)



Man Cleaning the Horse. "NAA THEN LAZY, W'Y DON'T YER DO SOME WORK?"
M. C. H. "WOT ARE YER GOIN' TER DO?" *N. H.* "ELP YOU."
M. C. H. "COME ALONG THEN."

New Hand (loafing). "I'M AGOIN' TO."

N. H. "ALL RITE. YOU GO ORN, I'M AGOIN' TER DO THE 'ISSING."

A WHIP OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

(Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance.)

THE Wifebeater, etc., stood surrounded by his weeping family. He had been before a Police Magistrate and had been bound over to keep the peace.

"Ah," sobbed his wife, "if Mr. WHARTON'S bill had passed there might have been a chance for me—and, 'ENERY, for you."

"Say not so," said 'ENERY earnestly. "Believe me, if I had been flogged I would have lost the dignity of my manhood. It has been beautifully observed there may be in me 'sparks of self-respect and a sense of human dignity which, if carefully watched and tended might, in the course of time, burn into a purifying glow, but which would be in great danger of extinction by such measures as the bill proposed!" And now to the drink!"

"Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY, don't touch the drink!"

With a curse and a kick 'ENERY rendered NANCY senseless.

"It was ever so," he murmured as he poured out half a tumbler of ardent spirits.

"Ah, it's well that I cannot be flogged. I preserve my self-respect!"

He took a drink and pondered. Then he added in an undertone, "Bcsides, flogging 'urts!"

AN OBJECT LESSON.

(A Dramatic Sketch that has had an original.)

SCENE—A lecture-hall. Large audience, composed chiefly of country labourers, in the dark. Clerical Lecturer discovered in his rostrum.

Clerical Lecturer. We have now seen the troops depart with the assistance of a map of the Isle of Wight. Our next view will be Alexandria. (Scene changes on the disc.) Yes, that is Alexandria. You will see the bathing-machines on the sands of the desert, and yonder is the old lighthouse that attracted the attention of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. [Applause.]

Voice from the Dark. Please, Sir, I don't think it's Alexandria. It's Ramsgate.

[Confirmatory applause.]

Clerical Lecturer. Well, be that as it

may. We now show a map of the Transvaal. And now you will be able to trace for yourselves the advance of our troops.

[Scene changes on the disc.]

Voice from the Dark. Please, Sir, it ain't a map of the Transvaal, it's a District Railway chart of London.

Clerical Lecturer (annoyed). I cannot see how the mistake can have occurred. But let it pass, and now we shall see the young Khedive. (Touches bell and picture on disc discovers a picture of a farmyard.) There is, I fear, something wrong. (Laughter.) I really am very much annoyed. (To assistant, aside.) Why are we having all these mistakes?

Assistant. Please, Sir, I think I have brought down the wrong slides.

Clerical Lecturer. You know I ordered "With the British Army in the Transvaal." You know that?

Assistant. Yes, Sir, and I am sorry to say that through some misunderstanding, I have brought down the slides for "A Week's Holiday in a Sussex Farm-house."

[The audience begin to get out of hand, and the curtain falls upon what promises to be a melancholy fiasco.]



Fond Wife. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BERTIE'S NEW HAT, DEAR?"

Her Candid Sister. "WELL, DEAR, I THINK IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEBODY HAD BEGUN EXCAVATING TO FIND HIS BRAINS, AND HAD GIVEN IT UP IN DESPAIR."

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Walk in Carriage.

WHAT charming after-noon! If we goed to the Wood, it should be one walk very agreeable.

You are of my advice, Mister X.? Eh well, take one carriage.

He value better to descend to the entry of the Wood and to march one little. Nothing of more assuming than one cab to the hour to the Wood.

Of him see there one who not is bad. Hay, coacher! To the Dauphiness Door.

What animation all the long of the Boulivahde (*prononciation anglaise*), but one self walk softly. It is the paradise of the strollers. To London, to the contrary, one traverse the streets to step of course. It is as that that we others English we gain of the silver. "Times is money."

We follow the Boulivahde of the Nasturtiums, and the Boul-

La Promenade en Voiture.

Quelle charmante après-midi! Si nous allions au Bois, ce serait une promenade très agréable.

Vous êtes de mon avis, Monsieur X.? Eh bien, prenons une voiture.

Il vaut mieux descendre à l'entrée du Bois et marcher un peu. Rien de plus assumant qu'un fiacre à l'heure au Bois.

En voilà un qui n'est pas mal. Hé, cocher! A la Porte Dauphine.

Quelle animation tout le long du Boulevard, mais on se promène doucement. C'est le paradis des flâneurs. A Londres, au contraire, on traverse les rues à pas de course. C'est comme ça que nous autres Anglais nous gagnons de l'argent. "Times is money."

Nous suivons le Boulevard des Capucines, et le Boulevard

de la Madeleine. Voir la Rue here the Royal Street, and at the end the Place of the Con-

cord. See you to the corner this triangular ark, and the droll of woman to the summit, this Parishes-Parisian in middle aged costume? It is the entry of the Exhibition.

Maintaining we follow the Elysian Fields. Not is it that it is one avenue superb?

Truly to London he we fail one street as that. The Pickadilly Street and the Widehall Street not are also large.

See there to left the Great Palace and the Little Palace, all the two all beating news, and the new Avenue. What ravishing perspective until to the Invalids!

We traverse the Round Point of the Elysian Fields. See there the Ark of the Star to the end. We take to left. It is the Avenue of the Wood.

See there the Dauphiness Door. Go to foot until to the Inferior Lake.

That of world, to horse, to foot, in carriage, in automobile! He do very good here.

This lake is more proper that the one of the Hyd Park. But naturally to London all is improper.

If we goed we to repose one instant to the Flag?

He must to command of the consummations. Boy, one glass of gin and one lemon squashed.

By a such time each Flag of the Wood is roof.

de la Madeleine. Voici la Rue Royale, et au bout la Place de la Concorde.

Voyez-vous au coin cet arc triangulaire, et la drôle de femme au sommet, cette "Parish-sienne" en costume moyen âge? C'est l'entrée de l'Exposition.

Maintenant nous suivons les Champs Elysées. N'est-ce pas que c'est une avenue superbe?

Vraiment à Londres il nous manque une rue comme ça. La Rue Pickadilly et la Rue Widehall ne sont pas aussi larges.

Voilà à gauche le Grand Palais et le Petit Palais, tous les deux tout battant neufs, et la nouvelle Avenue. Quelle ravissante perspective jusqu'aux Invalides!

Nous traversons le Rond Point des Champs Elysées. Voilà l'Arc de l'Étoile au bout. Nous prenons à gauche. C'est l'Avenue du Bois.

Voilà la Porte Dauphine. Allons à pied jusqu'au Lac Inférieur.

Que de monde à cheval, à pied, en voiture, en automobile! Il fait très bon ici.

Ce lac est plus propre que celui du Hyd Park. Mais naturellement à Londres tout est malpropre.

Si nous allions nous reposer un instant au Pavillon?

Il faut commander des consommations. Garçon, un verre de gin et un citron pressé.

Par un pareil temps chaque Pavillon du Bois est comble.

H. D. B.

A STAGGERER.

THE President Preacher,

And Biblical teacher,

Exclaimed, "I will stagger humanity!"

He opened the Book;

At the very first look

He met with the text, "All is vanity!"

CONGRATULATIONS!—Had "Pretty, pretty POLLY PERKINS, of Paddington Green" only lived to welcome JOHN AIRD, M.P., as "First Mayor of Paddington," how delighted that young lady would have been to present a splendid bouquet to the chief representative of authority in Paddington, i.e., to JOHN AIRD (of AIRD & SONS), the man with the iron will, the future Baron CAIRO, or BARON ASSOUAN-ASSIOUT, the great friend and Banker of the venerable Father Nile. The new Mayor of Paddington does not, we believe, come into office until November, but, *en attendant*—

"Here's to you, JOHN AIRD,
Here's to you with all our heart,"

as, raising our glass, we salute Jovial JOHN AIRD with all our "heart and voice." Viva!



Dr. Prim. "Miss Lucy!! Smoking!"
Miss Lucy (an advanced young lady with classical knowledge). "It's classical and correct. 'Ex Lucy dare fumum.'"

A COUPLE OF CRITICISMS.

No. 1. From the "Bookcutter."

MR. BROWN has certainly surpassed himself. Never has better work come from his study than *Heartstrings*. He seems to have probed humanity to its utmost depths. How excellent is his sketch of the Dean, how graphic the narrative of the murder at the cross roads! The last absolutely bristles with interest. The reader, once with the book in his hands, devours every page until *finis* is reached. *Heartstrings* is, in a word, magnificent.

No. 2. From the "Paper Basket."

MR. BROWN in *Heartstrings*—what a title!—is absolutely at his worst. And this is a strong assertion when the feebleness of the author is recognised. MR. BROWN has about as much knowledge of human life as the white bear nearest the North Pole. Characters and incidents are alike ridiculous. The Dean is impossible—away from the afterpart of a Christmas Pantomime. No insaner encounter than the murder at the cross roads has been "thought out" without the gates of Colney Hatch or Hanwell. Who will ever read it? Only the reviewer, and even he—unless he possess cast-iron determination—will never get beyond the Preface. *Heartstrings* is, in a word—rot!

KEY TO THE ABOVE.

First Critic. Just been reviewing *Heartstrings*. I know BROWN, the author—he's a good chap.

Second Critic. So have I been reviewing *Heartstrings*. I don't know BROWN, but somebody has told me that he's a stupid ass!

A 'BUS BALLAD.

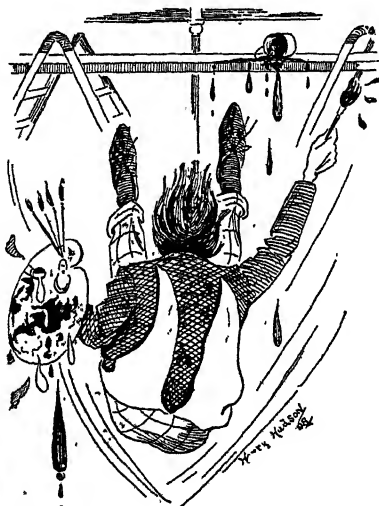
OH, come with me to the Circus, love,
 And there let us take our stand
 Amid the gathering throng who shove
 So rudely on ev'ry hand;
 Our destination is nought to us
 As long as we're side by side,
 We'll make our choice of an omnibus
 And go for a penny ride.

How fast these vehicles onward come,
 They're all very nice, no doubt,
 But then you'll notice, my dear, that
 some
 Are full both inside and out;
 They come from north and from south and
 east,
 They come from the golden west,
 And really I don't mind in the least,
 So choose which you think the best.

See, here's a chariot rosy red,
 Oh, does it appeal to you?
 Or shall we patronize one instead
 That's painted a vivid blue?
 The people struggle and pant and push,
 So make up your mind, my queen.
 Suppose we venture to Shepherd's Bush
 On top of an emerald green?

But as we linger, come more and more,
 And who shall their charms describe,
 For some bear Union Jacks before,
 (Now these are the Road Car tribe;)
 A pirate 'bus you should always shun,
 And if you're advised by me,
 You'll do your best to embark on one
 That's branded L. G. O. C.

Ah joy! the one you have fixed upon,
 In spite of its heavy load,
 Will welcome cagerly, later on,
 A race up the Edgware Road;
 Then hold on tight to the garden seat
 When once we have started, pet,
 For competition is always sweet
 So long as you're not upset.



Coming off with Flying Colours.



AN IDEA FOR OUR SCULPTORS.

The Greeks had their "Discobolus." Why should not the English have their "Bowler"? It would be the most popular statue of all at Burlington House, and would be considered by the great British Public a thousand times more graceful and life-like than all the "antiques" put together.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE CAVALRY.

SCENE—Smoking-Room of the Parthenon Club. Two Youths discovered.

First Youth. Pity you are not one of ours.

Second Youth. What have you to do to become one?

First Youth. Oh, simple matter enough. Plank down the money.

Second Youth. As how?

First Youth. Oh, in keeping up the credit of the regiment. We go in for a coach.

Second Youth. Rather expensive amusement, isn't it?

First Youth. Well, we don't think about that. We must keep up our prestige. Then we do a lot of entertaining. That mounts up to a pretty sum.

Second Youth. I am not surprised. Anything further?

First Youth. Well, we patronise golf, and, when we can get some, hunting.

Second Youth. More expense, eh?

First Youth. Only necessary outlay. Then, of course, we have a few games of cards, and keep the ball rolling generally. You ought to join. You would like it.

Second Youth. Not impossible; but I'm afraid it wouldn't suit my Pater's pass-book.

First Youth. Think so! Why, with your pay, you can do it well on six hundred a year.

Second Youth. Haven't got it.

First Youth. But my father has—he's a self-made millionaire. Did well in soap.

Second Youth. Ah, my father's only a poor country gentleman. Did badly in land!
 [Mutual regrets and curtain.]



RETURN OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA FROM IRELAND.

Hibernia. "COME BACK TO ERIN!"



Mabel (à propos of new Evening Dress, which has just arrived from the Dressmaker). "OH, MOTHER, HOW LOVELY! DO WEAR IT TO-NIGHT!"

Mother. "No, DEAR, NOT TO-NIGHT. THIS IS FOR WHEN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN COME TO DINNER."

Mabel. "MOTHER, DEAR, DO LET'S PRETEND, JUST FOR ONCE, THAT FATHER'S A GENTLEMAN!"

IN THE NAME OF THE LAW—SAUCE!

(A Minor Consideration, at the Service of Geese.)

THE Inspector put in his head and requested the doctor to depart.

"I cannot," said the physician; "my patient is in the most critical stage of his malady."

"Can't help that. Look at the clock. Well, if you refuse—you know the penalty."

Then the Inspector appeared in a cottage and touched the arm of a parson.

"No more of this," he said, "you must come away."

"Impossible," returned the divine, "my duties—"

"None of that," interrupted the man in authority; "I know what you would say. But look at the clock."

But the parson refused to consent, and his name was duly entered in the Inspector's book.

A little later the official called upon a man of science, a soldier, a sailor, a tinker, a tailor, in fact upon representatives of almost every class. His interference was the same in every case. At length he came to a journalist.

"How long have you been at work, Sir?"

"Half round the clock."

"And how much longer shall you be at it before your day's labour will be over?"

"When I complete the other half," was the prompt reply.

"I never heard of anything so disgraceful! I must really arrest you."

"Why?" asked the astonished press-man.

"Because I am an Inspector under the Eight Hours Act."

"Oh!" exclaimed the journalist, "that statute does not apply to me, it is only intended for the relief of the working man."

And the journalist continued his movement round the clock.

DARBY JONES ON THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

HONOURED SIR,—After Mr. MUSKER's speedy three year old, with the Lavish Odds of 3 to 1 on him, had been disqualified for the Wood Ditton Stakes at Newmarket, many a Bereaved Backer re-named him *Down 'Em*, but keep your Eyeball on J. MUSKER, Esquire, and his Muskerteers. Enfeebled as I am, bitten to the Quick of my thumb-nail by the Ingratitude of my Too Prosperous Nephew ASCOTT HEATH, I nevertheless venture to wrench my muse for Your Esteemed Benefit from the Slumber of Oblivion in connection with the grand old City and Suburban Contest. Here let her warble!

The *Tinderbox nag* has a very big chance,

But the *Cup* I don't fancy at all.

Attraction might lead them a spirited dance,
And the *Unknowing One* have a call.

But the *Feathery Pork* should be well to the fore
With *Reynard the Cute* by his side:

So I'll take the *F. P.*, to add one to his score,
If the *Leading Man* loses his stride.

Plovers' Eggs and Early Asparagus are now in season. Trusting to taste of these Luxuries of the Spring on your always Well-Appointed Equipage by the Rails, I am, Honoured Sir, Your Ever Faithful but Slighted Henchman,

DARBY JONES.

THE QUEST OF THE REMOTE.

["The Uganda railway telegraph line reached the Nile at Ripon Falls a few days since, thus establishing telegraphic communication between London and the sources of the Nile."—*Reuter's telegram.*]

WHY so eager, curious man,
Earth's remotest parts to scan,
Railing, wiring, blasting, boring,
North, South, East and West exploring,
Till her hidden places lie
Open to your peering eye?

Lo! upon his ruthless trips,
Earth's mysterious robe he strips:
Hurries to South Kensington
With the beard of PRESTER JOHN;
Rocs and unicorns pursues,
Traps and brings them to our Zoos.

Ophir he will penetrate,
With a mining syndicate;
Avalon his motors see,
He will bike in Arcady;
While Laputa's situation
Forms a first-class coaling station.

Oh! to some far spot to fly
Where no vulgar crowd can pry;
In whose grateful solitude,
Free from all disturbance rude,
We might spend an hour at ease.
"Pullman car, Utopia, please."

EN SUISSE.—Brigands are still found on the mountains—managing hotels.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

I've attempted a frontal attack
On the trench where the editor lies,
I have tried to get in by the back,
But I've never converted my tries.
My manuscripts always return,
Be they poems or studies in Manx,
With contumely editors spurn,
And politely decline them with thanks.
One accepted (the joy that I felt!)
An article trenchant and keen,
With political aspects it dealt
In a spirit of Radical spleen.
When the cheque, that was proffered as
pay,
I tendered at various banks,
My visions of wealth slid away,
They politely declined it with thanks.
When my heart was embittered and sore,
Declensions infesting my head,
My broker—I sadly deplore
That I didn't believe what he said—
Implored me to take his advice
About patents in bicycle cranks—
The shares more than trebled their price,
And I had declined them with thanks!
A curse on the negative phrase
That has frequently served me so ill!
I expect to the end of my days
It will haunt me seductively still.
For now the affair of my life
With the rest of my miseries ranks,
Since the lady I sought as my wife
Has politely declined me with thanks.

THE PLAY PRODUCER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. I believe, as a theatrical manager, you consider yourself somewhat of a public benefactor?

Answer. That is the attitude generally assumed in the profession to which I have the honour to belong.

Q. At public dinners, and on other occasions when the drama is mentioned, you usually refer to your calling as Art?

A. Quite so. Using a capital letter to emphasise the word.

Q. And yet, I suppose, you do not pretend to pay greater respect to the drama than a barrister to the law?

A. In my heart, no; for I feel with the counsel, that the labourer is worthy of his reward.

Q. I believe that you look upon the British public as the guardian of your interests, and your judge?

A. I do; but then I am not prepared to accept some of the occupants of the gallery on the first night of a new piece as the British public.

Q. Give a reason for that refusal.

A. It is common knowledge that a number of persons attend the initial performance of a theatrical novelty influenced by the same passions that cause some men to become *habitués* of the feats of lion-tamers.



Non-Sporting Lady (to Mr. Slips, who has been expatiating on the merits of his best Greyhound). "IS HE ANY GOOD AT RATS?"

Q. Do you mean that they wish to be present at a *flasco*, ending with a ruined play or a mangled acrobat?

A. Yes, that is my impression, which has been shared by generations of theatrical managers.

Q. Do you consider this mania for cruelty peculiar to the nineteenth century?

A. Certainly not; as the ladies attending the Roman sports had a *penchant* for holding their thumbs at an inclination fatal to the wounded gladiators.

Q. Then what would you recommend to reverse a first night's condemnation?

A. An appeal to the people and confidence in the play for at least a month.

Q. What do you believe would be effected by this confidence?

A. The influence of the wreckers would be destroyed, and the British public would have a chance of judging for themselves.

Q. And has this plan ever been beneficial?

A. Very frequently.

Q. So you presume that what has succeeded in the past will succeed in the future? *A.* Exactly.

APPROPRIATE THOROUGHFARE FOR A LIGHTING EXHIBITION.—Berners Street.

A TRUE SON OF ALBION.—Sir GEORGE WHITE.



TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

Edith. "NURSE SAYS, THERE IS NO PLEASURE WITHOUT ITS PAIN."
Nelly. "YES, I KNOW THAT'S TRUE. EVEN BREAKFAST IN BED
 HAS ITS CRUMBS!"

SOME ONE HAD BLUNDERED.

Sir Redvers B-l-l-r.

My Lord, I concocted a neat little plan
 Which I left in the hands of this excellent man,
 But, without telling me, he decided to change it,
 And left it to General COKE to arrange it,
 Who should, I believe, have been THORNEYCROFT who
 Had had my instructions what he was to do.
 When therefore my tactics miscarried, I wondered,
 And I gathered that possibly some one had blundered.

Sir Charles Warren.

My Lord, I was ordered to act on a plan
 Which would never occur to a rational man;
 I altered the plan, and the chief came to see,
 When I begged he would take the command over me.
 At first, like a woman, he would, then he wouldn't,
 And he couldn't decide if he should or he shouldn't.
 And that's why in vain our artillery thundered.
 I think it's self-evident some one has blundered.

Lord Roberts.

If a girl, I should say that your conduct was meekness,
 But, Sir REDVERS, in soldiers we call it mere weakness;
 While you, Sir CHARLES, fussed like a governess who
 Is taking her class for an airing to Kew.
 What? Organisation? There's none in the camps!
 You hadn't got oil for the signalling lamps!
 It's a wonder you were not all murdered and plundered.
 A pair of you! Certainly, some one has blundered.

Public Opinion.

Sir REDVERS devised an impossible plan
 Which he trusted to WARREN, an obstinate man;
 Lord ROBERTS sent home some despatches, and there
 He freely expressed what he thought of the pair.
 The War Office published these documents plain,
 To the joy of their foes, and the grief of the sane;
 And while they were reading them, all the world wondered,
 And promptly concluded that every one blundered.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Arden Massiter, by Dr. WILLIAM BARRY, author of *The New Antigone*, *The Two Standards*, etc. (T. FISHER UNWIN). Dr. BARRY'S new novel, or rather romance, is of "imagination all compact." Now, imagination, the Baron holds to be the language of genius. And genius, in his humble judgment, means discerning that which is dark to ordinary vision. Dr. BARRY, who knows Italian life as few Englishmen know it, has eyes to see beneath its external phenomena the workings of great elemental forces. And in these fascinating pages he has put before us what he sees, with the pen of the consummate literary artist. The Baron has no intention of unveiling the thrilling plot of *Arden Massiter*. But he must say that some of the descriptions have seldom been surpassed in picturesque vividness. A few touches from Dr. BARRY'S masterhand suffice to transport the reader to the scene depicted. The Baron will quote a few lines by way of example, from a page at which the book chances to lie open:

"The hill descended by broad lapses of pasture, fringed with chestnuts, into the ravines and valleys that went rolling forward till the plain of the Sacco divided them from other hills and woods. So balmy an air touched one's forehead, that May itself seemed to be roaming through the land; a screen of light silvery clouds hid the sun, curiously veined in places with sapphire and burnished gold."

Every word tells: and the reader sees what the writer saw. It is the unmistakable note of a proper and spontaneous form: of inspiration at once profound and simple, as that of Nature herself.

Out of an old oak chest, long lying unnoticed in the University library at Upsala, a Swedish Professor, of all persons in the world, came upon a heap of manuscript containing a story of passionate love. They were the letters that passed between SOPHIE DOROTHEA, wife of our good King GEORGE I., and PHILIP KÖNIGSMARCK. At their date the first of our Hanoverian Kings ranked as son of the Elector of Hanover. In early youth he married SOPHIE, the daughter of Duke GEORGE of Celle. She was a beautiful girl in her sixteenth year. Moreover, she had 100,000 thalers a year, "and that," as GEORGE'S mother frankly wrote, "tempted him, as they would have tempted any one else. My son GEORGE LOUIS," adds the fond mother, "is the most pig-headed, stubborn boy who ever lived." From the first he neglected his child-wife, and shortly after the marriage openly entered into close relations with a lady-in-waiting at the Court, one ERMENGARDA MELUSINA VON SCHULENBURG, later known in English history as the Duchess of KENDAL, whose tall, lean figure gained for her in common parlance the name of THE MAYPOLE. On the scene thus prepared stepped the gay cavalier KÖNIGSMARCK, who deliberately laid siege to the heart of the hapless Princess. When she capitulated she surrendered entirely. Her share of this frantic letter-writing testifies to her absorbing love. Retribution came, not from the hand of the outraged husband, engrossed with his VON SCHULENBURG, but from that of the elderly mistress of Prince GEORGE'S father, who wanted KÖNIGSMARCK for herself. In the peace following a Sabbath day, on the night of July 1, 1694, the Countess PLATEN tracked the cavalier to the lady's chamber. She placed four halberdiers in the passage, bidding them fall upon him when he came forth. When he lay done to death, she came out with a candle, and looked upon her work. He cursed her with his dying breath, which she stopped by stamping on his mouth. Ah! the good old times. As for the Princess—mother not only of our kings-to-be, but ancestress in equally direct line of the German Emperor—she was haled to prison. In her twenty-eighth year, in the prime of life, the bloom of beauty, the doors of the Castle at Ahlden closed upon her, and there she dwelt for thirty-three years. *The Love of an Uncrowned Queen*, Mr. WILKINS calls his story, which HUTCHINSON publishes in two handsome volumes. It is the most human, therefore the

most attractive, romance my Baronite has read for many a day.

A handbook, or pocket-book, most useful for "this present distress" is *A History of South Africa*, by W. BASIL WORSFOLD, appearing as, if the Baron reckons aright, the 7th volume of the Temple Encyclopædic Primers, published at 29, Bedford Street. The only fault the Baron finds with this book is that, full as it is of information, it is just a little too full of "matter." At least a quarter of it might have been omitted, whereby its readability would have been considerably improved. Also, there should have been side-headings, let in, or marginal references, so that a reader in search of some particular event, or date, would at once find it. The index at the end serves its own particular purpose, but, of course, does not give dates. In all books of this sort intended for handy reference, the marginal general and particular reference, with date, is indispensable to its perfection. This apart, the little book "as she is wrote," will be found, as the Baron has already indicated, very useful.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

LYDDITIS.

(Some more or less distinguished sufferers under its far-reaching influence.)

["Lyddite has the effect of temporarily obscuring the reasoning faculties, even when the sufferer has escaped without a scratch."—*The "Times" War Correspondent.*]

THE Irish Nationalist leaders when they imagined, some weeks ago, that their respective parties were going thenceforward to dwell together in peace and unity.

The perfervid authoress who maintains that the Boers are simple, straightforward, law-abiding, stay-at-home peasants.

The free Hibernian press in its assertion that the Cork Militiamen were "drugged and driven like dumb cattle to the war."

The amiable enthusiasts who, while recommending Great Britain to sue for peace, with the prospect of a South Africa under the suzerainty of Oom PAUL, think that we shall thereby bring about the millennium.

The Boer leaders who, having played the white flag dodge for four months, flattered themselves they were going to get an armistice out of ROBERTS at Paardeberg.

The European pretenders and anarchists who accuse England of being the home of every kind of injustice and tyranny, and are the first to seek shelter within her boundaries when they get into hot water in their own countries.

The journalists of Paris and Berlin who, having presumably studied arithmetic in their youth, never give less than 3,500 British killed and 17 guns captured when they refer to battles in Natal.



Phil MAY 1890

"SURE, TERENCE, IF YEZ GO TO THE FRONT, KAPÉ AT THE BACK, OR YE'LL BE KILT, OI KNOW UT!" "FAITH, AN' ISN'T THAT THE WAY OI GET MY LIVIN'?"

A BALLADE OF THE EPHEMERAL.

["In the course of a century only six and a half books a year would be left out of 500,000."—*Mark Twain before the Committee of the House of Lords on Copyright.*]

AH! cynic, spare your idle threat
To books whose aim and mood is light,
Consigning them without regret
To dread oblivion, dark as night;
Your solemn warnings why indite?
Why press your point with jibes and sneers,
On all who venture aught to write
That will not last a hundred years?

The afterglow when sun has set,
The butterfly with fitful flight,
The perfume of the violet,
The lily's frock of dainty white;
The hour when youth and maiden plight

Their troth with smiles and blissful tears—

Ah me! there's many a delight
That will not last a hundred years!

Then why not twist the alphabet
To passing forms and verses slight,
Fit phrase and fleeting epithet—
Less lasting haply, but more bright?
Descend from that forbidding height
Whence you dispense your flouts and
fleers;
Must everything your scorn excite
That will not last a hundred years?

Envoy.

Nay, scribbler, let the cynic smite,
What though your work soon disappears?
And be not downcast at his spite—
That will not last a hundred years.



THE VERNACULAR.

"YER KNOW THAT YOUNG GERMIN FELLER AS COME TER STY IN OUR 'OUSE SIX MONTHS AGOW? WELL, W'EN FUST 'E COME, I GIVE YER MY WORD 'E DIDN' KNOW NOTHINK BUT IS OWN LENGWIDGE; BUT WE BIN LEARNIN' 'IM ENGLISH, AN' NOW 'E CAN SPEAK IT PUFFICK—JES' THE SIME AS WOT YOU AN' ME CAN."

THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS FOR THOSE WHO LIKE THEM.

It is not khaki that makes "the gentleman going south." It may take him into the Music Hall.

Patriotism often begins with the press and ends with pressure.

Pessimism is the admission of failure of the pessimist.

War is the recreation of kings and the business of the newspaper contents-bill.

To the Boer captive the voyage to St. Helena may end at Earl's Court.

The Parisians are always making exhibitions—of themselves. This may not be new—it is historical.

To concoct an aphorism one must have

pen, ink, and paper, and an idea. The first may be your own, but the last is sure to be somebody else's.

The public are seldom bought without being sold.

When a man fancies himself he seldom has other admirers.

It is old fashioned to consider two and two as four—to the economical the product is three, and to the extravagant five-and-twenty.

She who writes—wrongs.

In law a man must support his mother, but not his mother-in-law.

If a man's wife is his better half, what a precious bad lot must be the remainder.

Speech may be used to conceal thoughts, or the want of them.

To be smart others must suffer, either in pocket or reputation.

The elder son takes a prominent part in the County and the younger in the County Court.

A thought comes from brain, and an aphorism from machinery.

THE PASSING OF SILOMO.

Bloemfontein.

"There are only two important items of news . . . We have had a terrific rain-storm lasting for two days . . . Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT has left."

Our Special Correspondent.

FIERCE broke the thunder o'er the stricken veldt;

The forked levin leaped along the lands;
A plaguèy darkness such as may be felt
Impeded all the military bands;

The tents were like a phantom fleet at sea;

For two delirious days the rain went on;
At length the storm was hushed—but where was he?

Where was the knightly ELLIS? He was gone!

As when on sable coursers fringed with fire

Rapt Genii disappear amid the blast;
As when from earth the truant gods retire
Toward the inane in thunder—so he passed!

Vainly they tracked him round the sodden scene;

Vainly they probed each eligible spot;
Some said, in Latin, "*Fuit!*" (He has been);

And others, from the Hebrew, "He is not!"

Who knows? Perchance in yonder *Ewigkeit*

He is ordained to shine, a shooting star!
Perchance on Swaziland to swoop by night
Apparelled like an awful Avatar!

There are who hold he sallied by the train
In human guise, armed with a god-like gamp,

And is expected to appear again
Elsewhere at need to coach another camp.

Whether his wingéd feet consent to perch
On high Olympus or some local kop,—
Here where SILOMO left us in the lurch
Our courage falters, yea, our spirits flop.

Keen warrior-nose to scent the battle's whiff,
His brain an Album full of martial scraps—

With him away it almost looks as if
The very seat of war might well collapse!
O. S.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Ten minutes saved in a railway run is not worth twenty lives lost in a railway accident.



ADVANCED AUSTRALIA!

AUSTRALIA. "IF YOU PLEASE, MOTHER, I WANTED A LITTLE MORE FREEDOM, SO I'VE HAD THIS LATCH-KEY MADE. YOU DON'T MIND?"

BRITANNIA. "I'M SURE, MY DEAR, IF ANYBODY CAN BE TRUSTED WITH IT, YOU CAN."

[Clause 74. "Australasian Federation Bill," abolishes appeal to Privy Council.]



"WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I."

He. "THAT'S ABSURD! DO YOU THINK I'M AS BIG A FOOL AS I LOOK?"

She. "I THINK THAT IF YOU AREN'T, YOU HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO BE THANKFUL FOR!"

"NO BOTTLES."

"No Bottles"—in the window set,
This legend, which the fly-blow mottles,
Warns dealers that they here will get
No bottles.

Not two Spoonerian tits or jottles
I personally care—and yet
There's sadness in the words "No
Bottles."

Of that old port which used to wet
My friends' appreciative throattles
I now have left—to their regret—
No bottles!

PUBLISHERS, PLEASE NOTE.

PEOPLE all tell me it is so difficult to write a book. Not at all. Have just written one myself—a real good one, too—at least, my Aunt, who has read the MS., says so, and she ought to know. I took the manuscript to a publisher, and was shown into a room smelling of mutton chops and tobacco smoke, and there left to wait for half an hour. When I was ushered into the presence of the bald-headed miscreant, I nodded pleasantly, and began:

"You may like to secure this book,

which I have just written. I should be inclined to take a couple of hundred down, and a royalty of—" But here I broke off suddenly, as he advanced towards me, and, with a genial smile, grasped me firmly by the slack of my trousers and the back of my neck, and conducted me to the door. He was a Number One sized man, so I thought it hardly worth while to argue with him. I went on down the street to another publisher. This gentleman told me I might leave the MS. and it would be "considered."

I called several times within the next two months, but in vain, as far as an answer was concerned. At length I obtained my coveted interview with Mr.—, well, I won't mention his name. I have no wish to ruin the fellow, and am writing this more in sorrow than in anger. He eyed me curiously as I entered the room. I wondered whether he was thinking, "Is this the coming DICKENS, or perchance a second THACKERAY?" But he wasn't: that was made evident by his first few words.

"I have read this—this story—you call it a story, I presume? and I am certainly rather surprised——"

HAND IN HAND.

SCENE—A Sanctum. Palmist and Customer discovered.

Palmist (examining hand). You are decidedly hopeful. You have firmness largely developed.

Customer. Wonderful! My character exactly.

Palmist. You will be successful in your present undertaking.

Customer. Marvellous! I am sure I shall.

Palmist. You have a most generous disposition.

Customer. There, I am afraid, you are a trifle out.

Palmist. And that finishes our *séance*. Half a guinea, please.

Customer. Afraid I can't do that. It would be breaking the law.

Palmist. Breaking the law! Why, what have you to do with the law?

Customer. A good deal—as a policeman!

[Makes an arrest.]

AGE AND HONESTY.

SIR,—I am no wine-drinker; nor am I any-sort-of-wine-drinker. Just betwixt and between. Occasionally I examine menus to see what brands are popular at the tables of the best dinner-givers. Suddenly, after *Choët et Mandon*, *Gommery* and *Preno*, *Fuinart Rils & Cie.*, etc., etc., I find, as announced to be served with the *Sorbets à l'Italienne*, "Still Sillery, 1846." But can it still be Sillery at that time of its life? Wouldn't it be a trifle off, just a wee bit Silly Sillery, if not "gone" altogether? Wine-merchants may answer my query. Would a "Sillery," fifty-four years old, be worth a swillery in 1900? Surely it would not be merely "still," but absolutely "dead."

Yours, KORSIUS DRYNKER.

A FAVOURABLE EXAMPLE OF "THE HAPPY DISPATCH" will be the one we hope to receive from Lord ROBERTS announcing the taking of Pretoria, or, at any time, the capture of KRÜGER.

BY A HAYMARKET GARDENER. — Apparently, *Tess* at the Comedy Theatre is a dramatic plant that is not very likely to thrive, because there is so little that is Hardy about it.

"Ah, hah!" I exclaimed, "I thought it would astonish you."

"It does indeed," he said mournfully. Then in abrupt tones, he added, "Have you never learnt a trade?"

I was mystified. It sounded rude: you never know how to take this sort of person.

"Er—no," I answered.

"Ah, that's a pity!" he said. "Now, why not try carpentering? You see, my firm has a certain reputation for sanity to keep up, and even if you paid all the expenses of publication, we should, in self-defence, be obliged to decline the production of this thing. It has all the grossness of ZOLA, without one spark of his genius; all the aggregated faults, flabbiness, and folly of English writers, minus a single one of their virtues; and, in short, its publication would at once stamp the partners in this firm as weak-kneed criminals, or raving lunatics. Shall I proceed?"

I said "No, that that was as much as I should require to go on with, just at present," and then I left.

I still say it is quite easy to write a book. It's these confounded publishers who stand in one's light.



A FOOTBALL MATCH.

(Drawn by Harry's Son.)

THE NEW FRANCHISE.

(An anticipation, suggested by Mr. Yerrburgh's letter in the "Times," advocating a "rifle, drill and gymnastic franchise.")

SCENE—Muggleton Parva. Mr. STUMPER, the Conservative candidate, is discovered conducting a house-to-house canvass down the village street. He knocks at a cottage-door, and Mr. HODGE, a middle-aged rustic, appears.

Mr. S. Ah, good evening, Mr.—er—(hurriedly consulting list)—HODGE. I trust that, as an enlightened supporter of the constitutional cause, we may reckon on your support at the election?

Mr. H. Like enough, if so be as I'm allowed a voät, Sur. But, dear heart alive, it be cruel hard along o' them new-faängled rules. Twice a week this vive months they've been a-drilling I, an' ma shoulder be main sore with the drafted shuttin'. But 'tis the gymnastics which bates me fair. Pretty sport, I rackon, fur a man o' my time o' life, to twisty-tangle his legs over ropes and poles afore he can voat! But I does it, Sur—Saturday nights I does it reg'lar—though it do fetch the langwidge out of I, surelie!

Mr. S. (warmly). Bravo! That's the right spirit! What, after all, is a little trouble of this kind when it brings you the priceless possession of a Parliamentary vote?

[Proceeds to next cottage. Its owner, Mr. GILES, appears to have returned but recently from the "Red Lion."]

Mr. G. Nunno, I bain't goin' to voat for yer, Mister—so you can just go away

—go ri' away. (Seizes Mr. STUMPER's coat, and speaks in an undertone.) Fact is, ole pal, they won't pass me for my shuttin'. Tried? Blessyereartansole, yes! Shutted two of Farmer JINKS' cows an' Squire's greenhouse—but there's summat wrong wi' ma rifle, 'twon't hit the target no-how. Stop till I shows yer. (Disappears within, and returns with rifle held uncertainly in Mr. S.'s direction.) See, I holds her so, and I puts ma finger to trigger so, an'—

[Mr. S. runs for his life, and collides with Vicar, going his rounds.]

The Vicar (in reply to the usual question). Most unfortunately, Mr. STUMPER, I am debarred from giving you my vote by the sufficient reason that I have no vote to give. I attended the instruction in drill—despite the—the somewhat florid language of the Sergeant-Major. But—(pathetically)—do I look fitted, at my age, to go through a course of gymnastics—with my chronic liver attacks, too? No, you had better apply to JIM NOKES, my under-gardener. JIM can neither read nor write, he pays no rates or taxes, and he knows as much of politics as the village pump. But he has managed to pass in shooting, drill, and gymnastics, and, therefore, has received the franchise which the Squire and myself are denied. Good evening!

[Mr. S. is meditating postponing the rest of his canvass, when he is abruptly accosted by a pale and excited youth.]

The Youth. 'Ere, I wants a word with you, Sir. If so be as you gets a majority, me an' my friends'll 'ave you hunseated for bribery and corruption—so I tells you

fair! This afternoon I 'ad a few words with Sergeant STUBBINS, our gymnasium inspector, over the 'Ouse o' Lords. Being a Radical myself, an' 'e benighted Tory, we got a bit warm-like. And what 'appens? Goes an' reports me, 'e does, as "incompetent in the Parallel Bar exercise," so I loses my vote! If you'll step round with me to the gymnasium, I'll show yer if I'm a good gymnast—and if I can use the gloves, too!

[Mr. STUMPER endeavours to decline the invitation as scene closes.]

A. C. D.

COUNSELS OF PERFECTION.

["I hold the office of dramatic critic as sacred as the exalted functions of Her Majesty's judges."—Mr. J. T. Grein in "Dramatic Criticism."]

You who are privileged to ply
A critic's lofty function, why
Of weariness complain?
Four acts of drivell wherefore shirk,
Finding your arduous duties irk
And go against the Grein.

You dogmatise on plot and cast,
With rules and maxims hard and fast,
In phrases cut and dried;
Adelphi's virtues you commend,
And still old Drury's shows commend
And IBSEN still deride.

Alas! to higher regions rise;
Before a wondering public's eyes
A loftier standard raise;
Nor longer plays to sham success
With puffs of unfelt censure bless,
Nor damn them with feigned praise.

WHEN WE "FIGURES OF SPEECH" PHILANDER.

(Continued from page 288.)

ACT III.

SCENE—A wild riven mountain-side, with sheer precipices and all the usual appurtenances. Conveniently situated on the slope of a stone-scrée is a ruined hut. Dawn is breaking, but the sun is not yet up. Enter MAIA, flushed and irritated, followed by ULFHEIM, holding her fast by the skirt.

Maia (indignantly). A kiss, indeed! What do you take me for? This is the last time I come out bear-hunting with you of

a night! You're a nice person, I don't think! Behave, can't you! (Smacks him over the cheek.) Where's that castle you talked so much about? (Gaily.) Out with my castle, Mr. ULFHEIM! The castle on the table! No, that's a bit out of The Master Builder. One does get so mixed.

Ulf. Devil take it—there's the castle, blast it!

[Points to the hut with a flourish.]

Maia (dusts her skirt). What? that pig-sty! Isch! Isch!

Ulf. What precisely do you mean by "Isch! Isch!"

Maia. It is an expression that any lady may use when she is upset. And I did expect at least a roof and a green front door

with a brass knocker. I shall go back to the hydro. I shall get there in time for *table d'hôte* breakfast, and nobody will be unkind enough to make any remarks.

Ulf. No, look here—dash it all! (*Soothingly.*) Why shouldn't we two tack our poor shreds of life together, eh? and make something really human out of the tatters?

[*Laughs in his beard.*]

Maia. People always try that in Ibsen dramas; but it never really comes to anything. Even tatters wear out—in time.

Ulf. (*with a large gesture.*) Then we can stand free and serene, as the man and woman we really are.

Maia. I really don't think that would be quite—no, I'd better go back to the hydro, though it is so full of half-dead flies.

Ulf. But I can offer you a castle—a real genuine one: semi-detached, with quite a large back garden, and gas and water laid on all over the premises.

Maia (*suspiciously*). Are there any works of Art in it?

Ulf. (*reluctantly*). Well, no—unless you count the two spotted china dogs on the mantel-shelf, and a group of wax fruit in the window. An apple and two of the plums are smashed, but the wool mat is still almost as good as new.

Maia (*relieved*). That's all right. So long as there are none of the Professor's portrait busts! (*Resolutely.*) I'll come. Carry me down the precipice to your castle at once.

Ulf. That will be no easy job—but I'll have a try at it. (*Goes to edge of precipice and looks down.*) Hullo! I say, here's your loving husband coming up with the lunatic lady!

Maia. How very awkward! Can we not get down by some back way?

Ulf. Only on our heads.

Maia. It's exactly like a situation in some Palais Royal farce, with all the fun left out. (*Nerving herself.*) But I suppose we must face it out.

Ulf. Spoken like a true bear-killer, comrade! (*The heads of Professor BLUEBECK and IRENE appear over edge of precipice.*) Chilly morning, isn't it? You out after bears, too?

Blub. Not precisely after bears, no. (*Coldly, to MAIA.*) I presume you, too, have been out on the high mountains all night—like this lady and myself?

Maia. You said I might, you know. (*Indicating the abyss.*) Did you come up from below there?

Blub. (*still only half visible above edge of precipice.*) How else do you suppose I came?

Maia. And did the other lady come that way, too?

Blub. (*savagely*). No. She came up in a hansom cab. But we don't intend to part in future. (*More politely.*) I think it only fair to mention it. [*He and IRENE reach the top.*]

Ulf. Well, the question is: now you are up, how in the world you are going to get down again. Because the storm-blasts will be on us soon, and you'll be caught unless you're precious careful.

Irene (*with a shudder*). I know, and there is going to be a snowslide. For this play has simply got to end up badly.

Ulf. I should advise you to shelter in this hut while I get this other lady down. I'm used to blasts and snowslides and all that, and I can send a party up with ropes to fetch you away. Now, MAIA, come along with me, dash it all.

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Maia. By-by, BLUEBECK, this disgustingly uncouth creature will look after me. Take care of yourself, keep that plaid round your neck, and don't catch cold, whatever you do.

[*Goes down with ULFHEIM.*]

Irene (*in growing terror*). Did you hear? A party coming up! With ropes! To fetch us away! To the asylum!

Blub. (*trying to soothe her*). Not to fetch us away, IRENE. Only you.

Irene. I'm sure you're every bit as mad as I am. You know you are!

Blub. Me? No, no. I'm sane enough. There's nothing in the least peculiar about me, IRENE. Besides, I am a symbol.

Irene (*looks sadly at him*). As if a cymbal cannot get cracked with overwork sometimes. But we will not be taken alive! Not while I have the knife that I always take to bed with me. I find it such an unspeakable comfort. Once I wanted to stab you in the back with it—but I didn't.

Blub. (*astonished*). Didn't you, IRENE? Why in the world?

Irene (*darkly*). Because it suddenly struck me that as you are not really a live man, it would be rather a waste of time to kill you.

Blub. You don't understand me. I don't think I'm dead. At all events my love for you is not. You are still the woman I have dreamed of all my life!

Irene (*passionately*). What? I! A woman who has appeared in Living Pictures at the Variety Halls!

Blub. On a turntable, and then in such splendidly-coloured limelights! Not by a hairbreadth can you be lowered in my eyes after that, IRENE!

Irene (*with head erect*). Nor in my own. I was but living my own life. On sixty pounds a week!

Blub. Let us both live our own lives, together. It is not too late, IRENE!

Irene. Yes, ARNOLD, it is too late. We are both too old now ever to really draw as living pictures.

Blub. How utterly you are astray! There is life seething and throbbing in the old dog yet!

[*Throws his arms violently around her.*]

Irene (*with a shriek*). ARNOLD! (*Carried away by professional enthusiasm.*) Do you really mean it? Then let us go and practise posing on a peak, in the limelight and the glittering glory. What do I care? The whole audience may freely look on us, ARNOLD!

Blub. All those who remain and have kept awake—yes. (*Seizes her hand.*) Will you follow me, oh, my grace-given bride?

Irene (*as though transfigured*). Will I? Just won't I, my lord and master!

Blub. (*drawing her along with him*). We must first clamber over these canvas rocks, IRENE, and then—

Irene. Yes, over the canvas rocks, through all the gauzes, right up to the summit of the property peak that shines in the limelight—and then, if only the limelight man has not taken too much punch to drink—

[*Professor BLUEBECK and IRENE, hand in hand, climb up the canvas snowfield, and soon disappear among the lower gauzes. Keen storm gusts hurtle and whistle from the prompt side. The Female Confidante appears upon the stone-scrree, still busily thinking. She stops and looks around, silently and searchingly.*]

MAIA can be heard singing triumphantly somewhere under the stage.

Maia. I am off on the wings of a lark,
With my boorish and bear-fighting spark!
Oh, Liberty is such a lark!

[*Suddenly a sound like stage thunder is heard from the flies, and a practicable avalanche glides and whirls downwards with rushing speed. The legs of Professor BLUEBECK and IRENE can be dimly discerned waving wildly in the masses of snow by which they are carried rapidly along.*]

The Female Confidante (*stands silent a moment; then sees her way to a line at last and says*). Last time I saw that done was at Droogy Lane in 'Arts are Trumps!

MAIA's triumphant song sounds from lower down still.
What a lark! What a lark! What a lark!

: CURTAIN.

J. Anstey.



E

I.

VER since Lady HABART had been able to look in a mirror, and she was

a precocious child, she had been a warm admirer

of her personal appearance; and long before mastering the multiplication table she had become convinced of her own abnormal cleverness. She was indeed excessively clever; she was one of those persons who can multiply by thirteen as easily as the common herd by two; but a gift for mathematics is fatal to a woman, her skill in the manipulation of figures and her jugglery with accounts invariably land her in the Bankruptcy Court. Lady HABART was no exception to the rule, and of late her thoughts had often wandered to future interviews with the Official Receiver; she had considered the explanations she would offer to that most pertinacious of enquirers. This was the first occasion in her life upon which she had shunned publicity, and she came to the conclusion that it was scandalous to allow the newspapers to publish details about the private affairs of widowed gentlewomen. Her mind was also disturbed by the vague prospect of dreadful penalties if she contracted debts for more than twenty pounds; it seemed so vulgar not to get one's discharge.

The most casual observer would have noticed how distressed was Lady HABART, for she had overpowdered her nose; and she was too true a gentlewoman ever to commit such an enormity, except when suffering from the very greatest perturbation of spirit. . . . Lady HABART had realised early in life that woman is essentially artificial, and consequently that artifice can always heighten the charms of even the most beautiful; so she lent a delightful wave to the straightness of her hair, and altered the cold brown with which Nature had endowed her to a delicate reddish gold that exactly suited her great blue eyes and her rose-like mouth. She had never seen a mouth she preferred to her own. She was a consummate artist, and few men noticed that the lady's pencilled eyebrows and long black lashes owed half their beauty to her exquisite taste; and if they did they cared not. They saw

that Lady HABART was charming and did not mind how she came by her advantages; when pressed by their womankind, they acknowledged that she was made-up; but so were many other people, and she certainly made up uncommonly well. Lady HABART's enemies said her clothes were outrageous, but that was solely her misfortune, for she was the type of woman who would have looked over-dressed apparelled in nothing more elaborate than fig-leaves. She was exactly the woman whom one would suspect of wearing artificial jewellery, and her bosom friends whispered that the suspicion had grounds—but this was generally disbelieved. It is best to keep to solid fact, and it was as plain as a pikestaff that Lady HABART was very delightful when she liked, that she was beautiful and under thirty.

Lady HABART was in her boudoir reading Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's latest novel. Being a widow, she thought it the proper thing to do. She was also dining that very evening with some literary people—there are literary folk who give dinner-parties to which quite nice persons go—and her inner consciousness told her that this particular work would undoubtedly be discussed. Now, one can never feign such ignorance of a book as when one has read it, and she understood that the men who talked would be much annoyed if she knew all about it. . . . But it was impossible for her to fix her attention, her heart beat uncomfortably, and at every sound she started. She put her book down, and taking out her handkerchief, withdrew from it a little flat powder-puff and passed it over her face. . . . At last the door opened and a young man entered, tall, good-looking, fair, and resembling Lady HABART. He was her brother. He was one of those men whom one sees everywhere, and who always have ample ready money, although no one can imagine where the deuce they get it. GUY CHERRITON was the son of a general on half pay who had left a very small fortune, and GUY appeared every year to spend at least half his capital. He was always well-dressed, well-groomed, and well-behaved. People supposed he would eventually marry an heiress and settle down.

"Well?" said Lady HABART eagerly.

"He won't hear of it," answered her brother.

"Oh!" she cried. "You are so hopelessly stupid!"

As I have hinted, Lady HABART was up to her eyes in debt; her brother, GUY, had been to a money-lender, trying to get time for the payment of old debts, and if possible to contract a new one. But money-lenders have lost their faith in Countesses.

"Did you tell him that I simply couldn't pay?" she asked distractedly.

"He said you'd have to. If you don't fork out within a week he'll make you bankrupt."

"What a loathsome brute he is! I wish I'd never had anything to do with him. I wish I'd gone to a Jew instead of to a Christian. Christians always swindle one more."

She walked up and down the room, and in her agitation put more powder on her face. She stopped suddenly in front of her brother.

"Why d'you stand there like an owl? Why on earth don't you do something?"

"What the dickens can I do!" he said crossly. "I haven't got any damned money."

"Oh, it's no good beginning to swear—that won't help me. And besides, it's bad form."

"How about your diamonds?"

"Oh, really, GUY, you are really too idiotic. You must know that I've been wearing paste for the last two years. . . . What's to be done! Nobody will trust me now. I can't get any clothes unless I pay ready money—tradesmen nowadays are so disgustingly independent. . . . Did you tell SMITHSON that I'd sign anything?"

SMITHSON was the Christian money-lender.

"Oh, I said we'd both sign anything, and he told me it was no good wasting clean paper on such a pair as us."

"Why didn't you knock him down?"

Brother GUY shrugged his shoulders, while Lady HABART stood in front of a looking-glass, frowning.

"I do look frightful," she said. She arranged the curls of her fringe; then her features relaxed and she slowly smiled at herself. Her teeth were perfect. She assumed a languorous expression, and her blue eyes became very caressing.

"I think," she said softly, "I'll go and see him myself."

"Oh, you won't be able to bamboozle him," said her brother, immediately divining.

She assumed an air of great dignity. "I shall merely state the facts, and I have no doubt that he'll be reasonable. He's a very gentlemanly man really."

Her brother shrugged his shoulders again. Lady HABART was not a woman with whom one could argue; reason is always the undoing of her sex, and she was too clever to listen to it.

She rang the bell to order the carriage, and going to her room began to dress. She discussed within herself whether she should go in the simplest costume possible to show the disordered state of her mind, or whether she should clothe herself magnificently to prove her great importance. It was a very difficult question, but eventually she decided on the latter, thinking to impress the money-lender. She dressed as carefully as if she were about to visit her dearest enemy, and finally surveyed herself in the glass. But then she changed her mind.

"He's sure to have lots of actresses who go to him frightfully dressed up. It'll be far nicer to be quite simple."

She was very pleased with the idea and smiled contentedly as she caused her maid to robe her in a gown, the simplicity of which was only equalled by its costliness. And it was gray, than which no colour suited her better. In her carriage she looked at herself in a little mirror.

"I really don't look more than three-and-twenty," she murmured.

II.

LADY HABART was shown into a gorgeous waiting-room.

"Captain SMITHSON will see you in two minutes," said an attendant, who looked like a butler in a family that came over with the Conqueror.

Once upon a time money-lenders were unwashed Hebrews in shabby clothes, malodorous, speaking English with an abominable accent; and the newspapers tell us that even now there flourishes a worthy Pole who answers more or less to this

description. But Captain SMITHSON—of the Militia—was a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. He had been to a public school and afterwards to Oxford, where he had distinguished himself by his classical attainments. He always had a box at the Opera for the season, and every morning could be seen in the Park riding a horse which had obviously cost a fortune. He once thought of taking over the Exshire hounds, for he was as sportsmanlike as he was gentlemanly. He was the sort of man of whom one might swear that he would invariably do the right thing at the right moment. Captain SMITHSON did not use a poky and ill-smelling office in the city, but received his clients in a palatial suite of chambers not three minutes' walk from Piccadilly.

After a very short time Lady HABART was invited to step into Captain SMITHSON's private room. It was decorated with priceless china, with mezzotints and Chippendale furniture; nothing could be more chastely elegant. He came to the door to meet her—a handsome man of thirty with an excessively military appearance; his fine moustache was carefully waxed, he wore an eyeglass, and his clothes fitted perfectly. He was dressed with the absolute irreproachableness of a tailor in Savile Row and an haberdasher in Bond Street. He was justly proud of his figure.

"I'm so sorry I kept you waiting," he said with a slight drawl, shaking Lady HABART's hand. "So good of you to take the trouble to come and see me."

"Oh," she replied, with her most gracious smile, "I'm always pleased to come here, you have such lovely things; I simply adore china."

"Yes, I know you do," he replied enthusiastically. "Now just look at these two plates that I got at CHRISTIE'S yesterday—look at the drawing of those figures and the colour."

"Perfectly exquisite," replied Lady HABART, whom nothing bored so much as porcelain. "How clever of you to have picked them up."

"But do sit down."

"You're very kind."

Captain SMITHSON stroked his moustache, waiting for the lady to speak.

"I expected to find my brother with you," she said, with her usual air of veracity. "We arranged to meet here, you know."

"I'm sorry, he left an hour ago."

"Did he really," cried Lady HABART, with the utmost surprise, rising from her seat. "How very annoying!"

"Oh, don't go, Lady HABART. Do sit down."

Lady HABART seated herself immediately. "Did he talk to you about—about that loan of mine?" she asked.

"Let me see," said the money-lender, as if he were thinking. "I think he did. I daresay you remember that the money is due on Monday next."

"Oh, well, Captain SMITHSON," said Lady HABART, with a sweetly innocent laugh, "I can't pay it."

Captain SMITHSON smiled, but his smile was merely a clever facial contortion; his eyes were quite grim, no one could have seen in them the least trace of amusement.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, dear Lady HABART," he said.

"Come now," she said, putting her pretty hand on his arm. "You're not an ordinary business man, you're one of us, aren't you?"

"I must have the money next Monday," he replied shortly. He was becoming grave.

Lady HABART began to think him singularly ill-bred.

"I think you're very unkind," she murmured, and looked at him languishingly. "You know I'm absolutely in your power. . . . I think you might treat me as a friend."

There was a sofa in the room, and Lady HABART wished they were sitting on it side by side. It is impossible for a woman to be really nice to a man who is ensconced in a writing-chair two feet away from her. A writing-chair is a very chilling thing. She drew her seat a little closer to his. Captain

SMITHSON watched her with amusement. She could not guess that fair ladies went through the same pantomime seven times a day.

"I wish you'd come and see me and talk about it comfortably over a cup of tea," she said. She smiled bewitchingly. "There are many men who'd give their heads to get such an invitation out of me."

Captain SMITHSON looked at his nails, thinking he must go to the manicurist when he had dismissed his visitor.

"I don't think that would be any use," he remarked gently. "I must have the money on Monday."

"Beast!" said Lady HABART under her breath, and aloud: "But my dear Mr. SMITHSON, I haven't got three thousand pounds in the world!" Her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears.

"A woman in your position can always get money."

"You are cruel!" she cried, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "I feel so faint," she sobbed.

Captain SMITHSON smiled.

"If you put your head down—between your legs—the faintness will pass off immediately. It's merely a question of driving the blood back to the brain."

Then Lady HABART lost her temper. She had been as seductive as she knew how, and the vulgar creature had declined to be seduced. She was about to put her handkerchief away, and tell the wretch in sarcastic language what she thought of him; but she restrained herself. It was no good making an enemy. She lowered her veil and in faltering accents bade him farewell.

"When are you going to file the petition?" she asked.

"Oh, you'll find the money," he said.

III.

LADY HABART'S carriage was waiting half-a-dozen doors lower down at a very smart dressmaker's. People recognising it would naturally suppose the owner within, trying on expensive costumes. Lady HABART stepped in and ordered the coachman to drive her home. She was furious. She was clever enough to see that the money-lender had been laughing at her, and she saw now that she had made herself ridiculous. She felt no particular humiliation, but she could not make up her mind whether Captain SMITHSON was a brute or a fool.

"I should have thought any man would see that I'm not exactly hideous. Perhaps he's got some odious wife hidden away somewhere. I daresay Jews are better after all."

The remarks that Lady HABART made to herself often sounded inconsequential, but in her own mind the meaning was always clear. . . . She drove along in a storm of indignation, railing against the fate which had caused her invariably to come across in this world persons of egregious stupidity. If her husband had not been a drivelling fool he would never have broken his silly neck in the hunting-field. Thousands of men rode to hounds every winter, and it was so unnecessary for a man who practically could not leave his wife a penny to go and kill himself. She got on so well with her spouse that it was most irritating of him to come to a premature end: for a month the defunct Earl had adored his Countess, for six months he had loathed her, and for the remainder of their two years of married life had been completely indifferent, which is the most comfortable situation for married couples. She had looked upon him as a rather disagreeable acquaintance, but except when she was not feeling very well had always treated him politely.

Her only consolation in the fact that Lord HABART had been unable to will away a penny of his property was that at all events he had not enjoyed the spiteful pleasure of leaving it to a charity, and cutting her off with his blessing. She knew that such a form of humour would have thoroughly appealed to his limited intelligence.

But her carriage was blocked in Piccadilly, and quite close

was a man in a hansom, looking at her. She seemed to know the face, but for the moment could not recollect who the creature was; she had not decided whether she should bow when her horses moved on. Then she remembered.

"Good Heavens, how lucky I was not to recognise him—he might have cut me!"

She looked at herself hurriedly in the mirror and was pleased to see that, notwithstanding her past emotions, she did not appear at all discomposed. On getting home she telephoned at once for her brother.

"It's no good," she cried. "I can't get anything out of SMITHSON. It was absurd of you to make me go to him. He's simply a vulgar beast."

"I told you it was no good going."

"You always say, 'I told you so;' you can never help bringing that in. . . . I want to know how I'm going to live?"

It is rather a bore when you have preyed all your life on society, that society should eventually turn upon you. In the five years of her widowhood Lady HABART had mortgaged her annuity, and for the last eighteen months had lived entirely on usurers and confiding tradesmen. She loathed them for wanting their money.

"It's some comfort that they'll only get about sixpence in the pound," she said. "I shall be even with them there."

It never occurred to her that they had any legitimate cause for complaint against her. . . . She looked at her brother reading a paper.

"I wish you wouldn't read that odious sporting rag," she remarked. "You never get the least good out of it—all the horses that you tell me to back come in nowhere, or break their legs or do anything but win."

She smelt her salts, then the bottle in which they were reminded her of the giver.

"Oh, GUY, d'you know whom I saw to-day? FREDDY RAMSDEN."

"He's been in town some time."

"Why on earth didn't you tell me?"

GUY shrugged his shoulders. The fact was that FREDDY RAMSDEN had been engaged to Lady HABART when she was nothing more than pretty DOLLY CHERITON, and she had jilted him as soon as the late lamented HABART hove in sight. One does not by preference talk to women either of the lovers they have jilted or the husbands they have divorced.

"Oh, of course I jilted him. He was only the younger son of a country squire with twopence halfpenny a year, and HABART had twenty thousand. I didn't know it was all tied up in that ridiculous fashion."

"You'd have been better off if you had married FREDDY," said GUY.

"Don't be odiously moral, GUY, for Heaven's sake! How could I know his eldest brother was going to die and leave him the estate; you do irritate me. . . . I've been frightfully unfortunate; it's always the people I wanted to live who died, and those who might do me some good by dying simply live on for ever. . . . I rather wish I hadn't cut him. I really didn't recognise him at first, he's frightfully altered."

"You'd better marry him now," said her brother.

"Don't be brutal, GUY; I can never forget poor HABART."

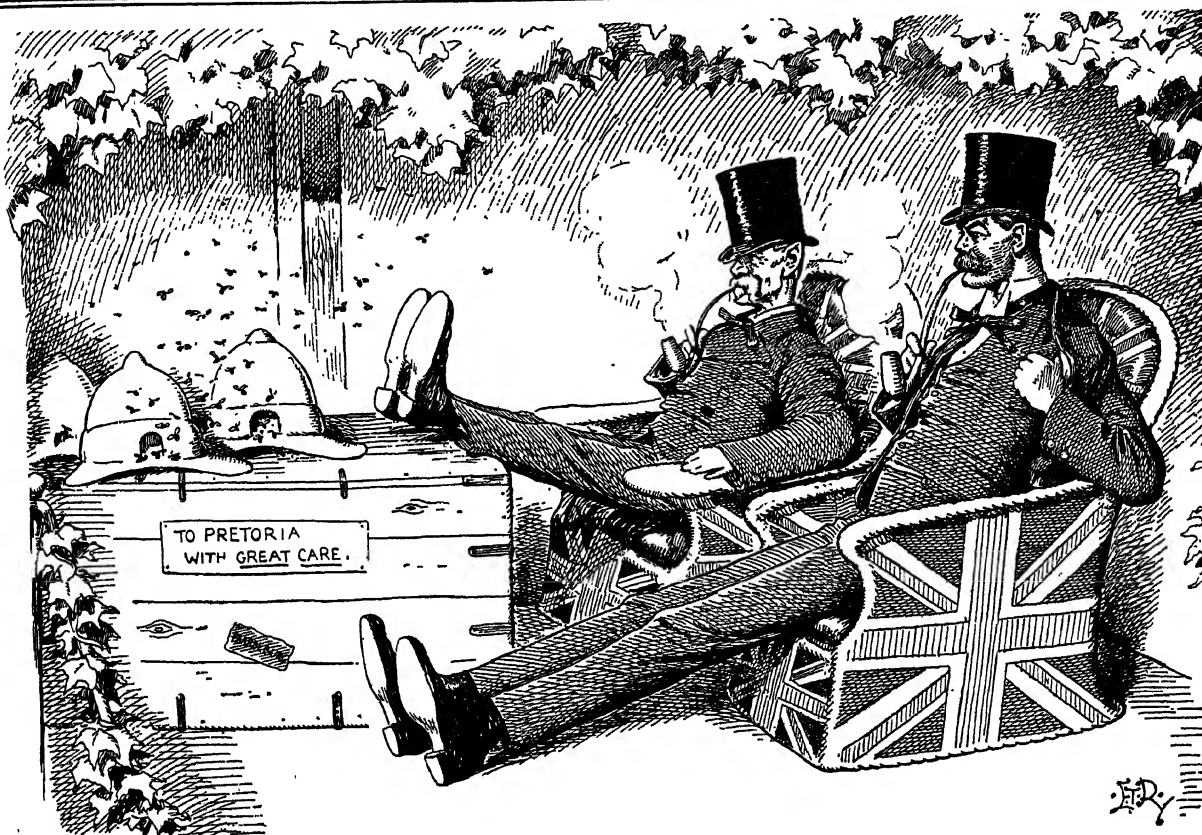
GUY lit a cigarette with a smile.

"What are you sniggering for in that idiotic manner," asked Lady HABART sharply. "One would think you had good teeth."

"My boots are so pointed," he replied, "they rather amused me."

"You needn't tell lies. I hate people who are not frank. You know quite well that I was awfully cut up when they brought poor HABART home on a stretcher. It was on the very day of the St. Olphert's ball."

(Continued in our next.)



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

(On the "Stoop," Bloemfontein.)

"CHARMING SPOT THIS, KITCHENER. DON'T HALF LIKE LEAVING IT! WISH WE COULD HAVE SETTLED DOWN ALTOGETHER, LIKE THE RESERVISTS! AWFULLY OVER-RATED PLACE, PRETORIA, I EXPECT!"

THE MODERN SOCRATES.

["We need a modern SOCRATES to convince 'the man in the street' that his confident opinions on these matters are absolutely without value."—From a Leading Article in a Morning Paper, April 25.]

SCENE—The Strand at mid-day. The Modern SOCRATES, attired in the philosopher's robe, is discovered at work. He has just buttonholed an Elderly Gentleman, who is struggling vainly to escape.

The Mod. S. Nay, Sir, the excuse will not serve. Rather does it make clearer your ignorance of the meaning of words. You say that you have "no time." Perhaps then you will answer this question: What is time? Is it a necessary condition of human thought? Has it an absolute existence? For these are matters of which the importance is truly great.

The E. G. (wrathfully). Look here, Sir, if you don't let go of my coat, I shall call a policeman. I've got to meet a friend at Charing Cross, I tell you!

The Mod. S. Once again, oh most addle-headed of mankind, you employ words, not rightly discerning their meaning, but altogether otherwise. For what is a

friend? Most clearly he is one whose affection is not lightly shaken. Nor, if he be worthy the name of friend, will absence or presence alter his regard. Therefore of two things, one. Either the man to whom you speed with so unseemly a haste is no true friend, in which case it were well to banish him from your mind, or, being a true friend, he will not hold you in less regard because he does not see you face-to-face. Thus, oh most dense of brain, having deprived you of all excuse for flight, I will proceed further to expose your ignorance to the bystanders who, I perceive, are beginning to collect around us. And first, you will please define to us Freedom, Sanitation, Oligarchy and Environment!

[Elderly Gentleman goes for the Modern SOCRATES with his umbrella, and a policeman hastily appears as scene closes.]

(Cutting from "The Chemists' and Druggists' News.")

... "but the great feature of the week, beyond all question, is the extraordinary demand for hemlock. The best quality, imported from Athens, is being quoted at fabulous prices." A. C. D.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

["Wanted, a Distressed Lady, to mind and attend Elderly Lady, and make herself generally useful about house; salary £7 to £8 a year to suitable person."—Advertisement in *Irish Times*]

YUS, they've called me, as yer know,
By a score o' nimes or so—
"Slivey," "Gin'ral," "Ere!" "Ullol!"
Or "You, untidy!"
Which I hawsvers one an' hall
When I 'ears them lodgers bawl,
But I've never 'eard 'em call
Me yet a lidy.

'Ere's a hoppertunity
For the likes o' sich as me!
Wot although the wiges be
A bit low—tidey?
For ter be a little short
Is in course as simply nort
When compared with being thort
A bloomin' lidy.

Then ain't it a delight,
When the folks is so perlite,
To be slivin' dye and night
Just like man Friday?
An' for food, 'oo cares a fig
If the joints ain't over-big?
'Tain't correct to be a pig
When one's a lidy.



Visitor. "WHAT! YOU WANT TO GO TOO? BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT BIG ENOUGH. YOU KNOW THE BOERS ARE GREAT, BIG, STRONG MEN."
Bobbie. "WELL, BUT I S'POSE THERE'S BOER CHILDREN, AREN'T THERE?"

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

IX.—WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

(Revised by Ell-n Th-rn-yr-ft F-wl-r.)

I RANG the bell for Mrs. DEAN. No self-respecting person should be beyond the reach of smart dialogue. Its therapeutic value is tremendous, for it stimulates the circulation beyond the dreams of advertisement. When Mrs. DEAN entered I regarded her hopefully; there was a self-conscious smile upon her face that augured well for her carefully thought-out specimens of unconscious humour which would illuminate succeeding chapters.

"Mrs. DEAN," I said, "if your scandal telling is as good as your cookery, I shall have an agreeable time of it. Tell me about my neighbours at Wuthering Heights!"

"That I will, Sir," responded Mrs. DEAN, "though don't forget the hot whiskey for your cold. Ah! if poor dear DEAN had paid the same attention to things spiritual as he paid to things spirituous, what a saint he would have made." As my good housekeeper seemed lost in a train of thought, I blew my nose as a kind of danger signal, and the train came to a standstill. "They're a strange lot at Wuthering Heights," commented Mrs.

DEAN. "I was there for many years, a kind of nurse and cook, though Mr. HEATHCLIFF, he often said that old JOSEPH beat me at cooking, judging by the way he cooked the domestic accounts. Deary me! Mr. HEATHCLIFF was a one, to be sure . . . but he would talk epigram all day long, and as I did a bit on my own account, and Miss CATHY was brilliant also, it was a depressing place, was Wuthering Heights! Soon no one came near us; we talked our neighbours out of their senses. My husband was a bit nasty about it. 'Epigrams,' he said, 'are like women; you smile like anything when you first see 'em, but after a while you get mortal sick o' them!'"

"True, Mrs. DEAN," I put in. "Besides, a verbal spendthrift comes sooner or later to a logical bankruptcy."

"That's right, Sir, but I pulled up in time. Mr. HEATHCLIFF hailed down so many witticisms as to stun me. Then he rallied me upon my gloom, but I paid him out for it. 'I may be sad,' said I, 'but there's a methodism in my sadness.' This quieted him, for he is one of the free and careless kind."

"Then I must tell you about Miss CATHY, who married EDGAR LINTON. Oh! she did talk clever! As HEATHCLIFF said,

'When that girl marries, it'll be Catherine weal or woe.' I always wonder she married that poor soft, delicate EDGAR LINTON, and at heart so fond of HEATHCLIFF too. He was a strong Britisher, if you like."

"Perhaps she liked her British weakly," I hazarded.

"You're a bit feverish, I'm afeard, Sir," said Mrs. DEAN. "Besides, we must rest a bit now, for we've ever so many more chapters to talk through."

"Quite so, Mrs. DEAN, 'the rest is silence.'" Then lighting my bed-room candle with an epigram, I went to bed.

FIG v. MAN.

["Since the introduction of pigs in the New Hebrides, fewer missionaries have fallen a prey to the cannibalism of the natives."—*Daily Paper*.]

Chorus of Cannibals.

OLD customs get displaced,
And changing fashion varies;
Time was we had a taste
For you, sweet missionaries;
Upon your breasts we fell,
Your many parts we tested,
Your systems studied well
And inwardly digested.

But missionaries may
Be heavy, dull, and dry too,
And sometimes they've a way
Of being rather high, too;
And that's the reason we've
Theology forsaken,
Intending, with your leave,
To stick instead to bacon.

UNCONVENTIONALITIES.

[Monsieur BORDERET, of the Pasteur Institute, who has been at Pretoria for some time past, "speaks in very sympathetic terms of Mr. KRÜGER . . . who has the utmost contempt for European civilization: 'When I was introduced to him . . . he affected to spit on the floor, etc., etc.'"—*Daily Press*.]

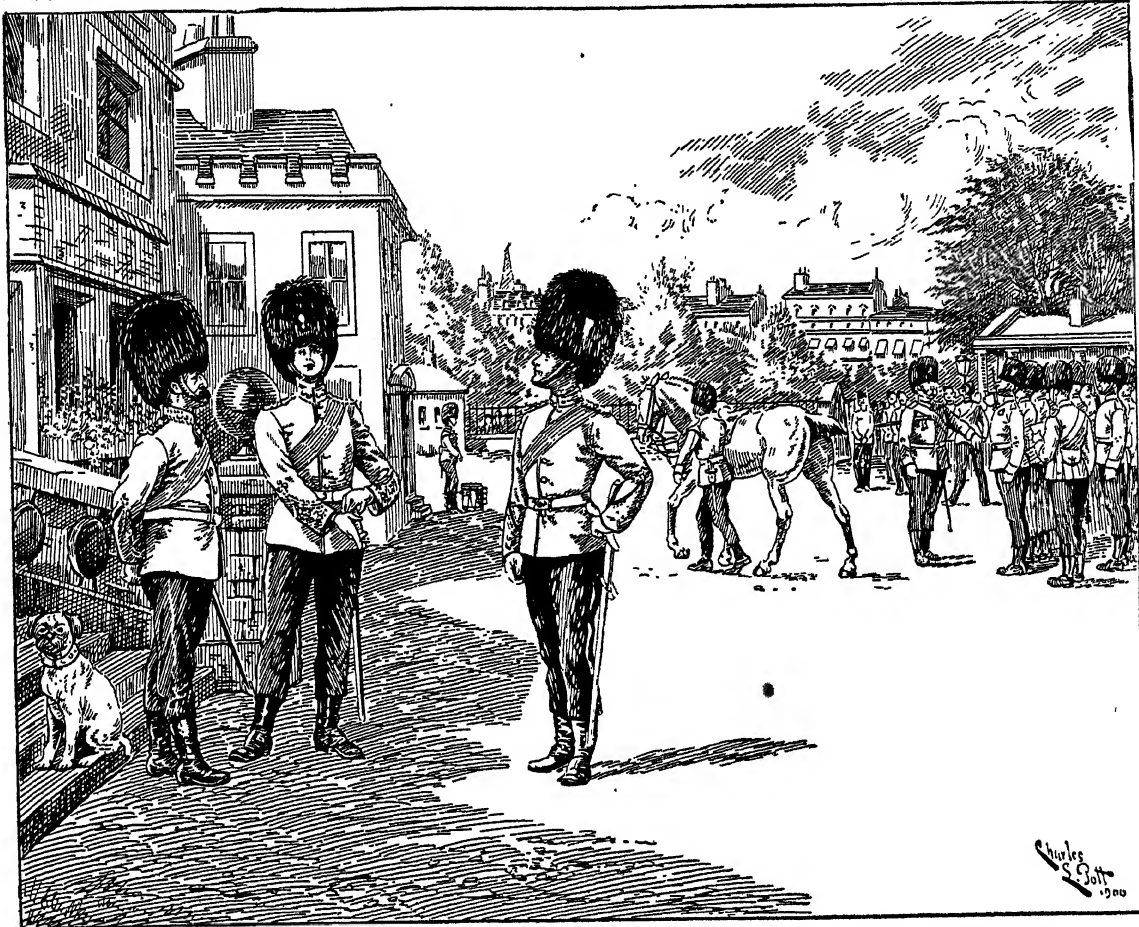
IF contempt for European civilization is to be accounted unto statesmen for righteousness and as proof of their worth, we may shortly expect to hear that:—

LORD SALISBURY was observed to be greatly enjoying himself at a whelk stall in the Boro' Road last Easter Monday.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in a rollicking speech at the Codgers' Hall, observed that he was blöved if old Oompy PAUL wasn't a real daisy.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, after "winking the other eye" at the Home Secretary, suggested that they should go out and have two of Scotch together. To this proposition the Home Secretary cordially assented.

ON his rising in the House last night, to move the suspension of the Twelve o'clock rule, MR. BALFOUR, with a genial disregard for convention, greeted hon. members with a hearty "What 'O, Cockies!"



First Miserable Sub (left at the Depot). "I CAN'T THINK, FOR THE LIFE OF ME, WHAT EXCUSE FOR TWO DAYS' LEAVE I'M TO GIVE THE C. O. I'VE ALREADY WEIGHED IN WITH EVERY ONE I CAN THINK OF."
Second M. S. "EASY ENOUGH, OLD CHAP. KILL YOUR GRANDMOTHER."
First M. S. "CAN'T, DEAR BOY. I'M KEEPING HER FOR THE DERBY!"

AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

English Tourist (surveying the Transvaal Pavilion). Well, there doesn't seem to be much worth seeing here.

Anglophobe Frenchman. Wait, Sir, till the Exhibit is completed by the addition of several Anglo-Saxon generals.

English Tourist. Ah! then I suppose it will be included in the British Annexe.

DIPLOMACY À LA WAR OFFICE.

["The publication of Lord ROBERTS' 'covering letter' with the Spion Kop despatches, provokes an appetite for similar documents on political as well as military events."—Correspondent in *Westminster Gazette*.]

General J. Ch-mb-rl-n to Field-Marshal Lord S-l-sb-ry.

Colonial Office, Oct. 12, 1899.

MY LORD,—I have great pleasure in announcing to your Lordship the complete success of my recent manoeuvres in drawing the enemy into a declaration of war. For many years, as your Lordship is aware, my tactics have been directed entirely to this end, and during the last few months

I have redoubled my efforts. I have harassed the enemy at every point, and have spared no pains to exhaust his patience and compel him to abandon the position which he had taken up. At last, when it seemed as if his cunctator-like caution might baffle my designs, I decided to act more vigorously, and hastening to Highbury, I there made a demonstration against him in such force that the enemy could no longer ignore my attack, and on the 10th inst. he delivered his ultimatum, thereby crowning my efforts with complete success. I have, etc.,

J. CH-MB-RL-N.

From Field-Marshal Lord S-l-sb-ry to the Electors of Great Britain and Ireland.

Hatfield, Oct. 15, 1899.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to lay before you a despatch from General J. CH-MB-RL-N, giving a report of his recent engagements.

The General has no doubt executed a very clever manoeuvre in compelling the enemy to unmask his position, but he might with advantage have delayed his operations until the War Office was in a

state of less inefficiency than it unfortunately is. Nor can I pass without criticism his offensive attitude at Highbury: had he substituted tact for tactics, much evil might have been averted.

I have, etc., S-L-SB-RY.

"SPRING, SPRING, BOOTIFUL SPRING."

Mrs. Manifold. The children will all want new boots this Spring.

Mr. Manifold. New boots! They're always having new boots! I'll be hanged if I don't think that I'm the father of centipedes!

[But the old biped had to fork out all the same.]

ARIES AMONG THE WOLVES.—We have frequently read of the bell-wether, but until we saw that Mr. A-BEL RAM, Q.C., had been appointed Recorder of Wolverhampton, we had no idea that the Bar and the fold were so closely united. The RAM, of course, owes his promotion to the sympathies of the Woolsack. Long may he prove himself to be first-chop.



Farmer. "THERE'S A FINE FAT PIG FOR SALE HERE. CAN I SEE IT?"
 Boy (calling out). "FA-A-THER! SOME UN WANTS TO SEE YER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MISS FOWLER comes well out of the trying ordeal of writing a third novel, two earlier efforts having taken the town by storm. The worst enemy of a successful artist, whether by quill-pen or brush, is himself. *The Farringdons* (HUTCHINSON) is, in the matter of workmanship, an improvement on its predecessors. The dialogue is not less brilliant when Miss FOWLER lets herself go. But she is, wisely, more chary of her gifts in that respect. The cry of the critical, hitherto, has been that she gives us too little of flesh and blood, too much of epigram in conversation. This last is a complaint with which writers are not overburdened. If it could be arranged, my Baronite would gladly share the burden with the accused. Miss FOWLER sets her story in the framework of the Black Country of which, with its pillar of cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night, there are many moving pictures. This brings her into the homely Methodist circle with which she has evidently life-long sympathy, a mood not permitted to dull the edge of flashing humour. She makes us acquainted with a delightful person in Mrs. Hankey, some of whose sayings are worthy of a place beside Mrs. Poyser's table-talk. "It seems to me," Mrs. Hankey takes occasion to observe, "that husbands are like new boots, you can't tell where they're going to pinch you till it's too late to change 'em." Mrs. Hankey is great on the estate of marriage. Asked how her niece, Susan, is getting on, she replies, "As well as you can expect, Miss, with eight children on earth and one in heaven, and a husband as plays the trombone of an evening." That last is a hint at domestic felicity, terrible in its completeness. It is difficult to understand how a girl of the character of Elizabeth Farringdon could have tolerated either of the men she almost married. But, as Mrs. Bateson, a crony of Mrs.

Hankey's, says, "it's wonderful what a difference the asking makes. Women think a sight more of the sparrow in the hand than of a covey of partridges in the bush." In the end Elizabeth marries the right man, a flawless person who, his hand seized by her just as he is about to pass the gates of death, sits up in his bed and talks to his beloved with surprising volubility and epigrammatic point. THE B. DE B.-W.

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION. EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

First Visit.

SEE here the Monumental Door. Enough ugly, not is it? One her call the "Salamander," species of stove. See you these two statues of gigantic womans to the corners, to the skin colour of mustard? Are shes frightfuls!

Truly this Door not is dignified nor of the french art nor of the Exhibition.

Have you one ticket? It is one english word. One him pronounce *ti-quai*. Me I have buyed one Good of the Exhibition and I of him have changed the heel against twenty tickets.

See there the new bridgo. Go there.

It is magnificent. It is more large than the bridge of Westminster. And the newpalaces are superbs. What blow of eye towards the Invalids!

But see therefore. He not must we to arrest for to admire these French edifices. Seek all of continuation the Pavilion of the England, the chief of work of the country. Roll Britannia!

Well yes, I have the plan. The Street of the Nations is in face. Hold, one her see of the bridge. The vast Pavilion of the Italy is to the corner.

See there the Turkey, the Bosnie, the Hungry, Monaco even, but where therefore self find the England?

It is strong curious. He must to go to seek on the quay. One me has telled that our Pavilion has one certain seal.

We shall go all the long of the quay. This red barrack in wood come of the Norway.

Great Scotchman! That is this that this is that that? One gigantic alembic? Some machine of distillery?

Ah, no! That, it is the swedish chief of work. One should say one toy of infant in card, not is it?

See there in fine the Greece. Eh well, where is therefore the english Pavilion? (To follow.)

Première Visite.

Voici la Porte Monumentale. Assez laide, n'est-ce pas? On l'appelle le "Salamandre," espèce de poêle. Voyez-vous ces deux statues de femmes gigantesques aux coins, à la peau couleur de moutarde? Sont-elles affreuses!

Vraiment cette Porte n'est digne ni de l'art français ni de l'Exposition.

Avez-vous un "ticket"? C'est un mot anglais. On le prononce *ti-quai*. Moi j'ai acheté un Bon de l'Exposition, et j'en ai changé le talon contre vingt tickets.

Voilà le nouveau pont. Allons-y.

C'est magnifique. C'est plus large que le pont de Westminster. Et les nouveaux palais sont superbes. Quel coup d'œil vers les Invalides!

Mais voyons donc! Il ne faut pas nous arrêter pour admirer ces édifices français. Cherchons tout de suite le Pavillon de l'Angleterre, le chef-d'œuvre de la patrie. Roule Britannia!

Bien oui, j'ai le plan. La Rue des Nations est en face. Tenez, on la voit du pont. Le vaste Pavillon de l'Italie est au coin.

Voilà la Turquie, la Bosnie, la Hongrie, Monaco même, mais où donc se trouve l'Angleterre?

C'est fort curieux. Il faut aller chercher sur le quai. On m'a dit que notre Pavillon a un certain cachet.

Nous irons tout le long du quai. Cette baraque rouge en bois vient de la Norvège.

Sapristi! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Un alambic gigantesque? Quelque machine de distillerie?

Ah, non! Ça, c'est le chef-d'œuvre suédois. On dirait un jouet d'enfant en carton, n'est-ce pas?

Voilà enfin la Grèce. Eh bien, où est donc le Pavillon anglais? (A suivre.)



WAR AND FAMINE.
THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF EMPIRE.

A PIECE WITH ONE GREAT FEATURE.

"Is there money in the play?"

"Y a-t-il de la monnaie dans mon nez?"
C. de B.

THERE is one great feature in this play of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and that is the Nose. Having said this, *tout est dit*. But lavishly as it is put on the stage, the question is, will it "pay—through the nose?" Had *Cyrano de Bergerac*, just as it is, been an original work by Messrs. OGILVIE and PARKER (its present translators and adapters), and had it been offered to Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, or to any other manager-actor of equally established reputation, the odds would have been quite a hundred to one against its being accepted. But as at the Porte Saint-Martin in 1897, M. COQUELIN achieved a success in the eccentric part of *Cyrano*, he and his wonderful nose, illustrating M. EDMOND ROSTAND's dramatic poem, became the talk of Paris, and therefore of a considerable portion of that "corner" in London society which plumes itself on representing "the theatrical world." Hearing the praises of poet, piece, actor and nose, all made in France, it was not to be wondered at that Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM should have been provoked into emulating the daring deed of his foreign rival in the comedian's art. "What COQUELIN dare I dare," quoth Mr. WYNDHAM, who, "in his mind's eye," saw himself, as he hoped and expected that others would see him from the front, in a prodigious nose, false as the inspiration to assume it, swaggering, nose and all, with a swashbuckling



air, more of a D'Artagnan than a Don Caesar de Bazan, and, except for some quiet moments, just the opposite of the light comedy "CHARLES our friend," so popular with all London theatre-goers.

CHARLES didn't want to be recognised: it was a great chance for CHARLES. And he has succeeded in making himself quite unrecognisable, until he speaks and acts. Then, once again we have found our CHARLES; and, in spite of his nose, our



"Poète est Nez."
"Par-fait!"

old favourite is with us, the same *débonnaire touch-an-go* CHARLES as ever! The Nose did it; but for the trumpeting of COQUELIN's nose CHARLES WYNDHAM would never have been inspired by his tricksy genius to play the part of *Cyrano*, and to attempt placing a Porte Saint-Martin crowd on the small stage of his new theatre. Following not his own nose, but COQUELIN's, he has been led to renounce for awhile modern light comedy to become an "Invidious Naso," content apparently with being the double of Monsieur COQUELIN.

I have seen COQUELIN, and WYNDHAM, as *Cyrano*, and I say deliberately that, on the whole, I prefer WYNDHAM; but I liked neither. The character might have interested me had the play been good; but, though a brilliant dramatic poem, it is a poor play, a ragged piece of dramatic patchwork. The author's idea seems to have been that hustle and bustle and jerkily-effected combinations are essential to effective dramatic action. The result is a confusion well nigh destructive of any interest in the story.

The composite character of *Cyrano*, as drawn by ROSTAND, suggests a reminiscence

of the gay and gallant *Mercutio*, poet and swordsman, and of *Touchstone*, fool and philosopher. But *Cyrano's* farcical nonsense about his having fallen from the moon, is a long way behind *Mercutio's* charming flight of fancy in the immortal "Queen Mab" speech; while *Touchstone*, giving his somewhat wearisome lecture on the virtue of an "if," has a very decided advantage over *Cyrano's* monologue of fifty-four lines on the various modes of speaking slightly of his nose.

Miss MARY MOORE as *Roxane* is as sweet and bright as the part permits; but being, intentionally, a singularly weak and uninteresting character, it is of value, in the poem, as intensifying our pity for *Cyrano*, but is wholly unsympathetic in drama.

I should doubt if Mr. GIDDENS has ever been quite so utterly thrown away as in this part of the poetic-cook *Ragueneau*. As for the other sixty-nine characters, whether with something to say or a lot to think, my compliments to them all individually and collectively.

The adaptation, which is, however, less of an adaptation than a prose translation of the poem, having been presumably done to order, is passable, but I imagine the translators could have written a better drama themselves on the same subject. How any translating dramatist or actor could have retained the childish scene where *Cyrano* pretends to have dropped from the moon passes my comprehension. How it escaped the man in the gallery on the first night is a marvel! I know that M. ROSTAND is historically justified in introducing the silly scene, and I am not detracting from M. ROSTAND's imaginative



work. I hold that it ought to have remained a dramatic poem, and never, in its present form, to have been acted on any stage, French or English. The last act is most pathetic; but it is one to be read, not seen. THE MAN AT THE FRONT.

TO MY WAITER.

(Who doubtless at the recent Congress supported the declaration that tips were "undignified, immoral, and degrading.")

FORGIVE me, FRITZ! I did not gauge
The depth the iron enters in
A soul abhorrent of this wage
Of sin.

I watched your feet, erstwhile of lead,
Grow swift when bills and coffee came,

But knew not this was nervous dread
Of shame.

When from my change divorced, forlorn,

You laid one shilling by itself,
My dull brain missed the hinted scorn
Of self.

Did later comers vainly call

The while you loitered at my side,
I marked, but saw not it was all
Your pride.

Ah well! I love morality,
I would not willingly degrade,
And so to-night I leave your fee
Unpaid.

MENTAL EGGSAMINATION (by Our Own Irrepressible One, roused from his slumber by the yells of an enthusiastic hen). Why should fowls be so cocky at having laid an egg? Table-cloths, carpets, odds are laid, and by Jove! sometimes women are laides!
[Goes to sleep again.]



Holiday Driver (returning from a Pic-nic). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE 'ARNESSE OF THIS 'ERE 'ORSE?"

A CONTRADICTION.

THE "*Sunday Times Special*," of April 22, under the heading "A Fleet Street Landmark," recounts how Mr. *Punch* invited "a select circle" to see the Princess of WALES pass along Fleet Street in 1863, and mentions as among the notables present, "LEECH, MILLAIS, FRITH, LYTTON, DICKENS, CRUIKSHANK, and TENNYSON,"—a goodly show and worthy of the occasion. Only—not one of them happened to be present, not even LEECH. The "*Sunday Times Special*" then goes on to tell a story about SOTHERN, who had been invited, but found himself prevented by the crowd in Fleet Street from crossing the road, and so asked a policeman to handcuff him and take him across to the *Punch* Office. A good story, and one that Lord Dundreary's intimate friends would characterise as "so like SOTHERN." So it is; and what a pity it is not true! SOTHERN was at the *Punch* Office on that occasion,—is not Lord Dundreary mentioned in "*Punch* at the Procession"? "for which overhaul" the number for March 21, 1863, "and when found make a note of"—but unfortunately his lordship was so unwell that he had neither spirit nor inclination for any practical joking. He entered by the same door as every one else; he had no handcuffs; and feeling very unwell he passed the greater part of the time in a room

at the back, where he was carefully attended to by Mr. FREDERICK EVANS, to whom I am indebted for these details, as, personally, this deponent, then the junior member of the Staff, was among the guests seated outside in front, from which coign of vantage he would most certainly have witnessed the handcuffing, and the bringing in of Lord Dundreary as a prisoner, had these two striking episodes ever occurred. Alas! another illusion gone. F. C. B.

A ROUNDEL OF UNSEASONABLE SPORT.

"PLEASANT month of May!"—we fain
Scan the calendar, and say—
"Lo! we greet you once again,
Pleasant month of May!"

Then your azure skies turn grey;
Stinging hail and drenching rain
Come to mar your sunny sway.

Justly then may we complain
When your ill-timed jests you play;
From such pleasantries refrain—
Pleasant month of May.

RECENTLY HEARD IN CHURCH.—Clergyman. "The prayers of the congregation are desired for So-and-so and So-and-so, also for a family now crossing the Atlantic, and other sick persons."

AT THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION CLUB.

SCENE—The Smoking-room. TIME—Within measurable distance of the dining hour.

Brown. Splendid piece of work that last conundrum of SMITH'S.

Jones. All his riddles are good. But what was *this* one about?

Brown. Why, surely you must have seen it! It was quoted at length in the *Log Roller*.

Jones. I have been away, so haven't seen much of the *L. R.* for weeks—you can't get it abroad.

Brown. Well, the *L. R.* said it was quite one of the most original ideas of the expiring century. Quaint, crisp, and breezy.

Jones. Ah, ROBINSON must have written that. I trace his style. But what was this conundrum of SMITH'S?

Brown. Well, it's rather giving him away to repeat it. But it turns upon the resemblance he has discovered between an open door and a jar.

Jones. I see! Excellent! Quite first-rate! He ought to protect the copyright, or they will be translating it into foreign languages and publishing it abroad.

Brown. I always say "Go to SMITH for stuff—and you get it."

Jones. Ah! You do indeed!

[Scene closes in upon the writing of letters of congratulation.]



VERY MUDDY.

"SHELL OI KERRY YER EROROSS, LIDY?"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO THE AUSTRALIAN DELEGATES IN ENGLAND.

GENTLEMEN,—It seems that one crisis is hardly sufficient for the satisfaction of those who rule over us. If the signs and rumours are to be trusted we are to have another. To South Africa is to be added Australia. The Colonies, whose sons have rallied to the call to arms of the mother-country, are to have their reward, not in the free and generous grant of what they most desire, but in a niggling, pedantic and pettifogging inquisition into their demand for Federation, resulting, it may be, in the destruction of the edifice on which thought and time and labour will have been spent in vain.

You, Gentlemen, have come to this country to ask that the Bill on which your Colonies have agreed may pass without amendment. Are you to be insulted by being told that you have amongst your peoples so little wisdom, so little common sense, so small a sense of loyalty that the Supreme Court which is contemplated in your scheme of Federation cannot be trusted to decide justly even in disputes arising out of the interpretation of your own constitution, but must be subject in these and in all other matters either to the dingy and undignified Privy Council as it now exists, or to some other Court not yet constituted?

Really, it would seem that there are men in this country so foolish as to believe that loyalty and brotherly feeling are only valuable if they can be defined and expressed in the clause of a

statute in a manner that may satisfy a special pleader. Lord HALSBURY, no doubt, is an admirable man; so are all the other law-lords and the members of the Privy Council—but think of the state of mind of Lord HALSBURY and the rest of them if a constitutional appeal from Federated Australia comes before them. They have no special knowledge of these matters; their life and their practice have been pursued in other fields. I can see them with the eye of imagination laboriously and honestly "mugging up" the Australian Federation Act in order to arrive at a decision on some disputed point, and finally reserving their valuable judgments through a period of months on some point which Australian judges sitting in Australia would have decided at infinitely less cost in the same number of days.

Well, Gentlemen, I wish you well in this controversy as in all others. I believe that the great body of public opinion in this country is sound in these matters. You ask in effect for your charter of nation-hood, and the men of the old country, proud of your achievements, heartily desirous of your great and increasing prosperity, and firm, as I hope and believe they are firm, in the belief that brotherhood and alliance depend not on wretched forms and irritating technicalities, but on a free and generous accord of feeling, on unity both of interests and aspirations—they will see to it that what you wish is granted. If your peoples wished to part company from us we know we could not hold you back. But it is your wish to abide with us, unfettered members of one vast realm, free to control your own affairs while sharing our destiny. And that wish of yours, so nobly expressed, is at this moment our chief glory.

Farewell, Gentlemen: you have dined and spoken considerably in this country, and have still much dining and speaking to endure. May your fortitude be adequately rewarded!

Yours with all possible good will,

THE VAGRANT.

NOT FOR PATRICK!

["It has been proposed that the kilt should be the uniform of the new Irish Guards."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEAT! take away the trousers off our pathriotic knees, As if we were a rigment of disorderly M.P.'s?

Och! sorrer take the wicked thought, for histry it teaches, An Oirishman is happiest when foightin' in the breaches.

What! Wear thim bits oo pitticoats that blow about and twirl Around your blushin' knees? No, faith! Oi'm not a bally girl! No! Oi'm an Oirish souldier, an' me blood Oi've often spiltit, But though Oi'm willin' to be kilt, Oi'll die before Oi'm kilted.

LE MARÉCHAL CHAMBERLAIN.

NOUVELLE TENTATIVE DU MINISTRE ANGLAIS.

ON nous mande de Londres que JOË CHAMBERLAIN est devenu maréchal. Ah, misérables insulaires! Vous n'avez plus de militaires, il faut chercher vos maréchaux parmi les ignobles pékins de Birmingham. Conspuez JOË! Croyez-vous que cet homme, plus détestable que l'infâme LOUBET, que l'abominable WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, puisse conduire vos mercenaires, bourrés de rosbif, de plombpouding, de rhum, et de gin, mieux que ROBERTS, qui est au moins militaire?

JOË CHAMBERLAIN, maréchal! Encore un pas vers le pouvoir suprême. Plus tard, dictateur, consul, président, roi. L'empereur JOË 1^{er}. Quel rêve!

Il y a encore une chose à faire. C'est de nommer Sir RHODES Archevêque de Londres.

HENRI TROPFORT.

THEATRICAL QUERY (by one who has read the Gossip of the Green-room). Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER announces a forthcoming play called *The Wisdom of the Wise*. Will this be followed by *The Sagacity of the Whens*, *The Perspicacity of the Wherefores*, and, best of all, *The Fullness of the Hows*?



VARNISHING DAY AMENITIES.

Little Smudge. "OF COURSE, I KNOW PERFECTLY WELL MY STYLE ISN'T QUITE DEVELOPED YET, BUT I FEEL I AM, IF I MIGHT SO EXPRESS IT, IN A TRANSITION STAGE, DON'T YOU KNOW?"
Brother Brush ("skied" this year). "AH! I SEE, GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE!"

"BAR" ONE.

MET Mr. Justice STUFFY in Temple. Was most gracious to me. Glad, as I intend to apply to him for vacant Revisorship at Summer circuit. Said his horse was to run for Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechase, if he could find rider. Suggested me. Felt flattered, though nervous, never having ridden steeplechase before. Surely he can't refuse Revisorship, if I ride for him? Balance risk to life and limb against probable professional advancement. Decide to accept invitation. Mr. Justice STUFFY shakes hands cordially, and we part.

Day of race. Felt disinclined for breakfast. Hands somewhat clammy. Hope I'm not going to be ill. Big whiskey and soda—better. Caught 'Special' for Sudbury. Arrived on course and found Mr. Justice STUFFY standing by his doughty steed. Doughty steed regards me with sinister and unfriendly eye. Feel dry in throat as I weigh out and get into saddle. Wish they wouldn't pin large number to my left arm. Makes one feel unduly conspicuous. Arrive at

post, and start with uncomfortable rush. Feel my horse is taking charge of me, and going much too fast. Over first fence go whole length of horse's neck, and then back again into saddle. Same at next three fences. Arrive at brook. Again travel up doughty steed's neck, but somehow fail, when trying to accomplish return journey. Over D. S.'s head, this time. Kindly hands assist me from the muddy waters. Horse goes on riderless and finishes first. I walk up 'straight run in,' in melancholy and bedraggled condition. Jeered at by *oi polloi*. Meet Mr. Justice STUFFY, who is most ungracious and forgets to thank me for my services. Overhear SILKY, Q.C., a little later, say to him, "Then it didn't 'come off,' my Lord?" Learned Judge replies with asperity, "No; but my jockey did, though!" So unfeeling of Learned Judge. Should like to appeal.

Day after race. Stiff and sore all over. Am paying the costs of yesterday. Go to church and hear "'Brief' life is here our portion." Hope so. Prefer it to steeplechase riding. Fear that Revisorship in Learned Judge's gift, lost to me for ever.

RURAL FELICITY.

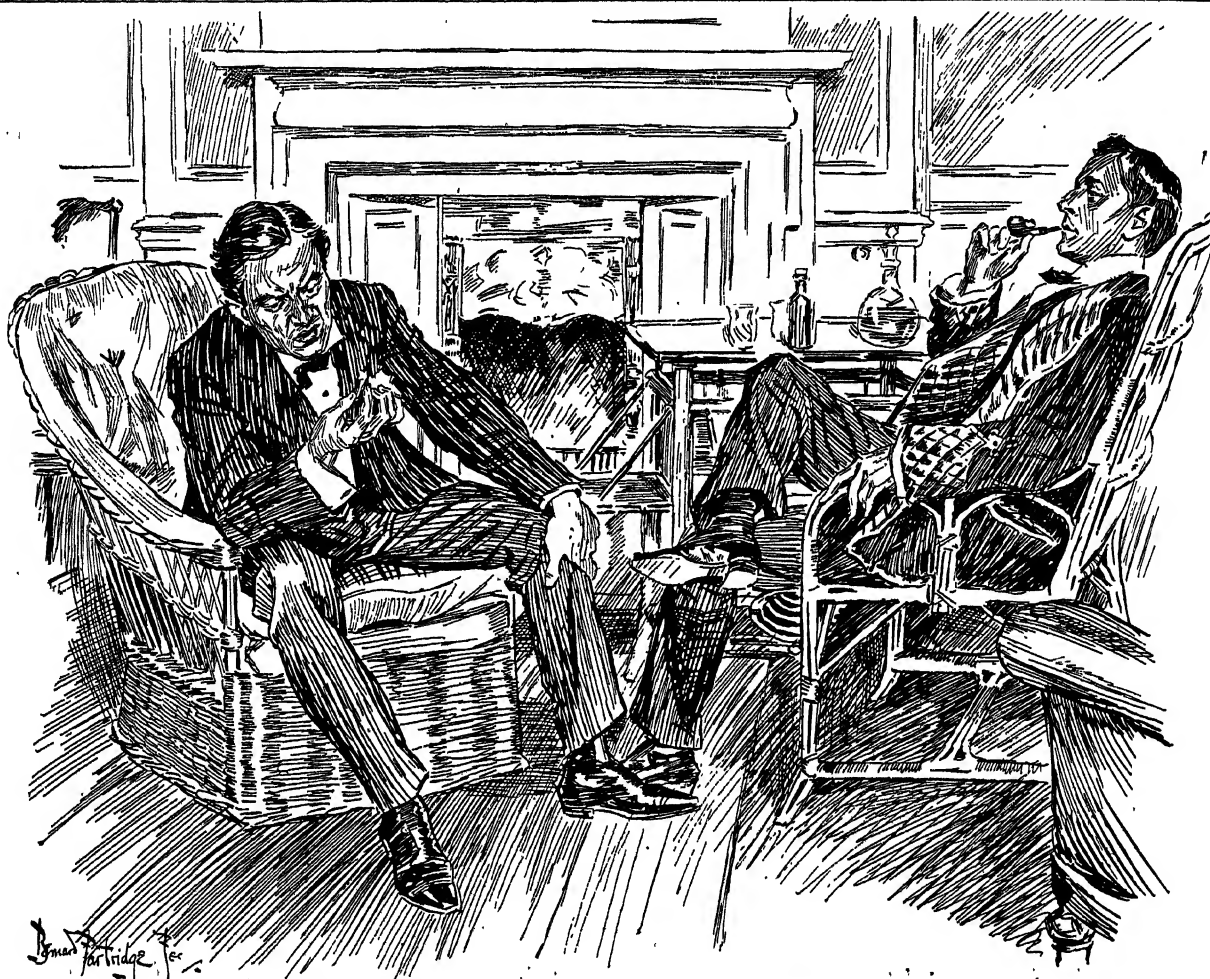
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For some time I have been looking out for a quiet country retreat, and think the dwelling advertised in *The Lady* will suit me down to the ground-rent.

SUSSEX (five miles from Bognor, and three from Barnham Junction).—To be let, for a time, old-fashioned, semi-detached cottage (labourer's) of two rooms, and scullery, &c.; furnished; large garden, well of good water; inconvenient stairs, and shelving roof to part of bedroom; ten minutes from post and church; suit persons of small means; may be seen on appointment.

I can picture myself sitting in the scullery, and then staggering up the inconvenient stairs to bed, to run the risk of braining myself against the shelving roof. But where does the labourer sleep? Perhaps I shall be expected to play Cox to his Box, while *Serjeant Bouncer* bivouacs in the large garden. However, the great question is, *what rent would be asked for this unique domicile?* I really tremble to inquire. Perhaps you will, and oblige

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES CHANTICLEER.



Jones. "WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET THESE CIGARS, OLD MAN?"

Brown. "OH, THEY'RE SOME NEW ONES I GOT THE OTHER DAY—THEY'RE TENERIFFE."

Jones. "H'M! TENERIFFE! TEN A SHILLING!"

BRITANNIA LIBERATRIX;

Or, Lord Spencer's Faerie Queene.

["He (Lord SPENCER) tenders the public impossible suggestions for the application of 'good, sound Liberal principles' to the gentlemen who are now in arms against the Queen. Lord SPENCER has had some experience of the application of these principles to these very people."—*Globe*.]

[The following lines are adapted from "*The Morning Dream*" of the late WILLIAM COWPER, with whose name the British Public has recently become familiar, owing to the occurrence of the centenary of his death.]

AS asleep on my pillow of down
Toward the finish of April I lay,
With my turban attached to my crown
In the mode I adopted by day,
I dream'd in the course of the night
Of the subsequent century's flux;
They were keeping my memory bright
In the village of Olney (in Bucks).

I imagined myself in a boat
Going onward in front of a breeze;
I may add that the thing was afloat
On the breast of the billowy seas;
I was throwing my fears to the wind
As I laughed at the salt-smelling waves,

For Britons have ever declined,
And properly so, to be slaves.

In the stern was a shape like a star!
Into poetry swiftly I dropped,
But I only proceeded as far
As "Imperious Madam!"—and stopped;
For I noticed a shield at her side,
And a lance that was lashed to the boom;
So I lifted my turban and cried,
"BRITANNIA! 'Tis she, I presume!"

"Explain not your presence," I said,
"Say not why you ride on the sea!
Your intentions are easily read;
You have sworn that the slave shall be free!"

Some tyrant is working offence
On Africa's brutalised shore;
And regardless of pain and expense
You are going to bathe in his gore!

"When he marks your approach on the wave,
When he sees you arranging to land,
Then the scourges that lather the slave
Will fall from his paralysed hand;
And the moment the monster receives
The sharp end of your spear in his breast,

Then the joy of the in-gathered sheaves
Will be waft to the Isles of the West!"

"You mistake me," BRITANNIA replied,
And her voice was as soft as a flute,
"These weapons are not to be dyed
With the blood of a barbarous brute;
A brother has erred from the right;
I have gently rebuked him in vain;
But I feel, if I give him a fright,
That it never will happen again.

"'Tis a radical rule of my creed
To forgive and forget a rebuff;
This is bound in the end to succeed,
If you only keep at it enough.
So to prove that my faith is refined,
And my heart has a Liberal bent,
I shall smack him a little behind,
And then leave him at large to repent!"

* * * * *
Awaking, I fell into rhyme,
As I mused on the century's flux,
And the changes at work since the time
Of my sojourn at Olney (in Bucks);
And I thought, with a spasm of doubt—
If this is the way she behaves,
How soon will BRITANNIA get out
Of her habit of ruling the waves? O. S.



SWAIN SC



A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

ENTERPRISING BRITISH ELECTION AGENT. "BEG PARDON, MR. KROOJER—BUT CAN'T YOU GIVE US ANY IDEA OF WHEN THE WAR WILL BE OVER? SO THAT WE CAN ARRANGE FOR OUR GENERAL ELECTION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

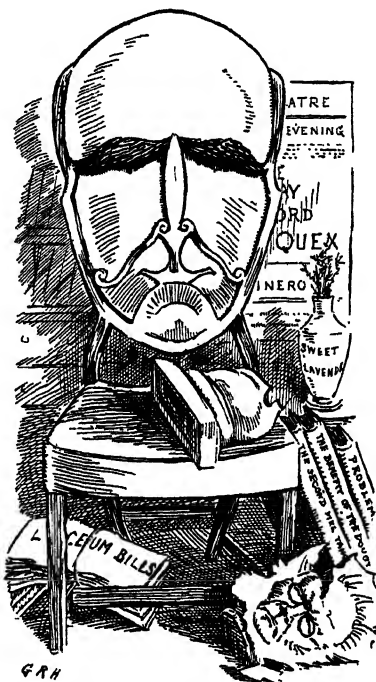
Thursday, April 26.—Boys back at Westminster after Easter Holidays. Nothing irresistibly eager about the crowd. Something like four hundred making further holiday to Monday. This left room and verge enough for CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES and Mr. CALDWELL. The scent of the brine in the grizzly locks of the CAP'EN. Been cruising up and down between Battersea Bridge and solitary Southend-on-Sea. Rocked by breezes, touched with tender light, fed by the dews, and sung to by the sea, TOMMY comes back full of beans.

As for Mr. CALDWELL, he is literally bursting with suppressed information. For more than a fortnight has had no opportunity for making speeches. To-night it comes to him with both hands outstretched. House in Committee of Supply. Possible topics of talk illimitable. As SPEAKER stepped forth from Chair and Chairman of Committees glided into his seat at the Table, strangers in distant gallery startled by curious noise as of some one smiting another on the cheek. It was JAMES, smacking his lips at the prospect before him.

It chanced that, legal votes being to the fore, ATTORNEY-GENERAL in charge on Treasury Bench. Close astern was moored the CAP'EN. Immediately before him sat JAMES, his face aglow with delighted anticipation. Between the two the life of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was not a happy one. When JAMES was not making frontal attacks the pom-pom of the CAP'EN persistently rattled in the rear. Happily Nature has bestowed upon DICK WEBSTER a countenance capable of long sustaining air of serene content. The CAP'EN put the thing in another way when, just now, he observed, "the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has an oleaginous manner of making offensive insinuations." That's the OLD SALT's way of resenting a bland suggestion offered by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that he should not bolster up his case with unfounded statements. "Whatever may be his instructions," added the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, looking round and casually scanning the bench as if in search of the CAP'EN's brief, "he should present his case fairly."

Nothing better calculated to rouse an old sea-dog than to describe him as connected with the law. On board ship few phrases more opprobrious than that of sea-lawyer. The CAP'EN straightway fired off the pom-pom oleaginous quoted.

Later again hit ATTORNEY-GENERAL between wind and water. Talk about excessive lighting of refreshment bars at the Law Courts, just as if they were gin-palaces. ATTORNEY-GENERAL answered that attention of LORD CHANCELLOR had been called to the matter "with result that



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

A DRAMATIC "HAIR" CHAIR.

A converted writing-chair, at one time in use at the Lyceum and other theatres. Has been altered from French and Norwegian designs, but is now entirely original and up-to-date. Has been sat upon lately by a bishop, a Lord Chancellor, and an ex-Solicitor-General, but is none the worse.

illumination of the Law Courts had been considerably curtailed." CAP'EN's weather eye quickly saw an opening. "Ho, Ho!" he said in cuttingly sarcastic tones, "Here's a nice state of things. ATTORNEY-GENERAL making veiled attack on LORD CHANCELLOR. Good deal of obscurity about the law at best of times. ATTORNEY-GENERAL attempts to make out that natural consequence of interposition of his noble friend is to reduce the current standard of light."

Here CALDWELL struck in, and ATTORNEY-GENERAL began to wish that night or BLUCHER-FINLAY would come.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Friday.—A deadly dull night with Post Office votes and the like. PRINCE ARTHUR remained on duty at pillar letter-box. Awfully bored, but gallantly genial. Canny CAWMELL-BANNERMAN stayed away.

Business done.—Fair catch of votes.

NAUSICAA NOWHERE.

Reginald (to ROXANA). Thank goodness the cricket season has come round again. Now I shall be able to get a little exercise on Saturday afternoons.

Roxana (gushingly). Delightful, won't it be! Do you play Association or Rugby rules? Now please explain the game to poor little innocent me!

[But REGINALD isn't taking on "'Vices.'"]

IN STATUE QUO.

MY GOOD PUNCH,—I see that it has been noticed that in more than one place a pedestal has been prepared for GORDON's statue without an appropriate effigy to take its proper position. Naturally some one urges despatch and begs for subscriptions.

I need scarcely say that I—and I speak for my colleagues—have the greatest possible respect for the great Administrator and General, and it is influenced by this sentiment of esteem that I counsel delay.

I would say to those living in London, look around. See, for instance, the statues surrounding the bronze GORDON in Trafalgar Square. What can be more ridiculous than the horseman in a wig and a toga at the South-east corner? What more inconvenient position could have possibly been discovered than that of the top-masted—or rather top-columned—sailor in the centre of the site? Look at the trousers of HAVELOOK, and the sheet of NAPIER? And the statues at Charing Cross are rather favourable specimens of what Londoners have done to keep the memory of their heroes green, or rather slate-coloured.

Before GORDON is given an effigy, either in stone or bronze, pause and beware.

Yours afrescoly,

A SHADE IN THE STREET.

"CASTE."

"KIND hearts are more than coronets,"

I know this must of course be true;

It is the same old sun that sets

On high and low, that rises too.

What matters it for whom you buy

The ring of diamonds and pearls,

A maid, whose birth is none too high,

Or daughter of a hundred earls?

If you're content that she should be—

Well—not exactly as you are,

The trifling difference in degree

May only very seldom jar.

Intolerance we should suppress,

An attribute of fools and churls,

Yet I prefer, I must confess,

The daughter of a hundred earls.

FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

(Arranged by the Clerk of the Weather.)

Monday.—Fur-coat, goloshes, and so' wester.

Tuesday.—Pyjamas.

Wednesday.—The Arctic suit as provided for Captain NANSEN.

Thursday.—Linen dittos as worn in New Borneo.

Friday.—Cloak of hurricane-proof cloth, with portable lightning conductor complete.

Saturday.—Until 2 P.M. Frieze suit, lined with hot-water pipes. After 2 P.M. Full-sized refrigerator.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.



THE PORTION OF PORTIA.

(The Bard judiciously brought up-to-date.)

["In the opinion of Mr. Justice DARLING, the cutting of a pound of human flesh, mentioned in SHAKESPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*, was 'against public policy,' and, consequently, the deed containing the condition was void and of no effect."]

Daily Paper.

SCENE—The Council Chamber. The DOGE on the Bench. PORTIA pleading.

Portia (continuing her argument). Jew, though justice be thy plea, consider this—

Shylock. I appeal to the Court. I object to be addressed as Jew.

Doge (with a bow to counsel). Certainly, the expression is scarcely courteous.

Portia. As your lordship pleases—should consider this, that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation.

Doge (interrupting). I really cannot admit the suggestion. Justice is paramount. Counsel need not speak disrespectfully of justice.

Portia (annoyed, but submissive). I apologise to the Bench. I would add; we do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.

Doge (courteously). I do not wish to interrupt, but I do not follow counsel's argument.

Portia (losing her temper). I must really protest, my lord. If I cannot conduct my case in my own way, I must really retire.

Doge (with some severity). I do not think such a tone is a proper one to be adopted by counsel when addressing the Bench.

Portia (after a pause). As your lordship pleases. I have spoke this much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow this strict Court
of Venice,

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the
merchant there.

Doge (interposing). Stop, stop! That is a matter for the Bench to decide. You must really not waste the time of the

Court in this fashion. Be kind enough to confine your remarks to the point of law. Can you refer to any case?

Portia (stubbornly). There is no power in Venice can alter a decree established.

Doge. Again I must interpose. I need scarcely say, that you have the right of appeal to—

Portia (angrily interrupting). This is the third or fourth time that my argument has been disturbed. The Court is evidently personally against me, and in justice to the interests of my client, I beg to retire from the case.

[Sits down in a huff. Curtain.]

THE SONG OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

WAR! may thine empire still increase
Till journalism ceases,
For when the country falls to peace
My fortune falls to pieces.
I was in grief: my little store
Of funds was swiftly failing;
But now I am in transports, for
With TOMMY I am sailing.

My pen was idle: not for me
Were par- or leader-writing;
But lines and columns there will be
Now TOMMY'S started fighting.
Of BULLER, WHITE, and Co. I'll tell,
And freely I'll advise them,
And if I don't write leaders, well,
At least I'll criticise them.

What if, when we campaigning go,
We're sometimes short of victuals?
Why, laagers we may look for, though
Perhaps not beer and skittles.
And if a correspondent's dwelt
Where shells about him drop, he
Will get good padding from the veldt,
And from the kopjes copy.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE FRONT.—Several Officers have been heard to declare that they would sooner be Court Martialed than Field-Marchalled.

FRIDAY, MAY 4. ROYAL ACADEMY.



MR. PUNCH. "WALK UP, WALK UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN!"



(Continued from p. 306.)

IN a moment Lady HABART gave herself up to the painfulness of her recollections, then passed the cunning powder-puff over her nose.

"I wore mourning for longer than any one I know," she murmured, "and black doesn't suit me a bit. . . . Is he still unmarried?"

"Who—FREDDY RAMSDEN?"

"D'you think I'm talking of the Emperor of CHINA?" replied the lady with asperity.

"I say, DOLLY, your temper to-day is angelic; no wonder HABART took to riding bolters."

"I wish you'd answer my questions, instead of trying to say silly smart things. Can't you see that I'm perfectly distracted? What am I to do? They'll make me bankrupt, and I shall have to go and live in poky lodgings in the country on two hundred a year; and I sha'n't see any one except a lot of disgusting country people. Fancy me drinking a dish of tea with the wife of the local doctor and having to go to church every Sunday." She smelt her salts. "Why don't you tell me if FREDDY's married?"

"No, of course he isn't." He looked at his sister a little and said quietly: "Your only chance is to get married again. If you were engaged SMITHSON would let the matter stand over."

"It wasn't my fault that I got into debt," she said plaintively. "Decent people have to keep up appearances, and it's simply impossible to do that without going bankrupt, unless you're a soap-boiler, or something equally horrible."

"My dear girl, I'm not reproaching you."

To reproach her was the last thing her brother would think of doing—but Lady HABART was in a quarrelsome mood.

"Oh, no, you're not reproaching me in so many words," she said, "but you look as if you thought I was to blame. I'd much sooner you said it outright than keep hinting at it, and looking at me like a dissenting minister. You look perfectly

awful to-day; you're as yellow as a Chinaman; you look as if you took too much to drink last night."

She began to cry, for she felt miserable, and the world was treating her very harshly.

"You're awfully unkind," she said to her brother. Then, after a pause: "But it's no good making myself look frightful. Haven't you got anything to say?"

She had an idea in her mind, but she had no wish to utter it, and waited for GUY to do so. The idea was FREDDY RAMSDEN. But her brother appeared to have entirely forgotten her old lover, and again she inveighed against the stupidity of man.

"I believe FREDDY will come and call," she said at last, driven for once into frankness; "I don't think he could keep away."

GUY sprang up. "If you can get engaged to him before next Monday, you're saved."

A flush came over Lady HABART's face, and she clenched her pretty hand. "I can't make him call. I don't care if he hates me or loves me, if he'll only come and see me."

"I don't believe FREDDY RAMSDEN is the sort of man to get over anything of that sort."

"He always used to say he'd love me for ever," she murmured pensively, "but then—so used I."

"He was terribly cut up when you—er, chucked him over for HABART."

"I wish you wouldn't talk of it like that, you know I wasn't to blame. I was a wretchedly innocent girl and he'd only got twopence halfpenny a year. You all insisted on my giving him up. Papa wouldn't hear of it. . . . I was perfectly heart-broken."

GUY did not think his sister expressed the facts very exactly, but he was far too discreet to remind her of past events. She had a truly feminine way of putting on other people the blame of all her mistakes, of all her actions which seemed discreditable; and she invariably took to herself the whole credit of the good deeds with which she was at all connected. For much that she did was highly creditable to her sex and station; she was deeply interested in the reclaiming of bad characters, and her name was printed in large type on the prospectus of many charitable institutions. Now that certain ill-considered individuals are beginning to cast aspersions upon the Press,

suggesting (most unjustly, of course) that it is slanderous, narrow-minded and stupid, that it panders to all the worst instincts of the mob—it must be counted for righteousness in Lady HABART that she recognised its profound usefulness, and constantly sent to the papers details of her comings and goings, of the functions she gave, and the various deeds of mercy she performed.

"It shows what sort of a chap FREDDY is that he should have spent five years abroad," said GUY after a pause.

"It shows that, like all men, he's very unoriginal. How absurd it is for a man to go and shoot things in the Rockies just because his engagement's broken off. It's such bad taste."

"What would you have him do?" asked GUY.

"Announce it in the *Morning Post* and behave reasonably. They say women have no sense for comedy—men have only the sense for melodrama."

"I'm afraid I must go," said GUY. "I've got to dine with some people, and I must get home to dress."

"Oh, but it's not six yet!" replied Lady HABART.

"I have a long way to get, they live at Dulwich."

"Oh! I shouldn't have thought it was worth your while to know people who live in the suburbs. I thought in those parts they always dined in the middle of the day. Can't you wire that you're ill? You see that I'm not in a fit state to be left alone."

"Well, I hardly know the people."

"Oh, of course, I can't expect you to show the least indulgence to me. If you're going, go at once and let me have a little peace."

"If you really wish me to stay——"

"No, I don't! I shouldn't dine with you in any case, I'm far too ill to sit up. I shall go to bed and have dinner in my room. I only thought it might be convenient to have you in the house in case I wanted anything."

Lady HABART looked at herself in the glass when her brother had gone. She felt sure FREDDY RAMSDEN would come. . . . People said his father had fifteen thousand a year, and all that was his now; of course men's incomes were always exaggerated. She knew that by sad experience in the case of her lamented husband; he had not half the fortune attributed to him; but then the RAMSDENS were bankers and HABART had been merely a landowner.

"I wonder if he loves me still," she said. There was a look in his eyes when he gazed at her, that betokened something. But what was it? She did not care so long as he came, and she felt certain he would be unable to stay away. He had loved her too passionately to forget her; in those days she had been the mistress of his whole soul. He would have done anything for her sake, he adored her like a goddess. . . . She brushed a little fluff off the end of her nose.

"I hate new powder-puffs," she muttered, "they always come off on you."

She arranged a wisp of hair at the back of her head and passed a hand over her ear. She knew her ears were not good, and covered as much of them as possible with her hair.

"I wish I had really beautiful ears," she said, looking at them for a moment; they were too large, the lobe was not detached from the face. She gave a little shudder and hid them again. She took up her book and began to read—but still her mind wandered.

"If I can get engaged by Monday, I'm saved." The thought seized her that he might be no longer free. "He's the sort of man to fall in love with the typical creamy English girl. Thank God I was never that."

The butler opened the door, and even before his announcement, before she saw the incomer, she knew who it was.

"Mr. RAMSDEN!"

He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with grayish hair and a heavy moustache; he was deeply bronzed, and his swartness was emphasized by the whiteness of his collar. He wore his

frock coat a little uneasily, as if he were used to freer things. Lady HABART noticed at once that he gave as little attention to his clothes as when she had known him years before. He had always the look of the countryman, and mentally she decided that such a man should never go to places where he could not wear knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. He was the sort of man of whose gentility dowagers are not perfectly assured till they know he has a very handsome fortune; he was the sort of man whom everybody else would have called at once a thoroughly good sort.

RAMSDEN came forward, and Lady HABART rose from her chair.

"How nice of you to come and see me," she said, "I felt sure you would."

"How strange," he answered, "I felt sure you would not expect me."

His reply was a little disconcerting, but Lady HABART remembered that it was an old habit of his to say unnecessarily frank things, and ignored it.

"Do have some tea," she murmured. "Do you still take it without sugar?"

The tea had stood some time, but Lady HABART supposed FREDDY's agitation such that he would not notice the difference.

The very suddenness of RAMSDEN's arrival upon her thoughts had a little embarrassed the charming woman, but she was recovering herself; she assumed her armour of bewitching glances and sugary smiles; she asked herself why he came and what were his sentiments. She watched him like a cat, but there was nothing in her exterior to betray the excitement of her mind; she was playing admirably the part of the accomplished hostess. It could not fail to strike him after his long sojourn in foreign lands.

"Do you still take tea without sugar?" she repeated, as he watched her pour it out and did not reply.

"It is very polite of you to remember," he said dryly.

"After so long?" she gave a little silvery laugh and turned upon him the light of her blue eyes. She knew how caressing they were. Years ago, their glance would have made his heart beat strangely. . . . "You've been away shooting, haven't you?"

"I've been in Africa," he replied.

"Yes, so GUY told me." She mentally reviled her brother for telling her that RAMSDEN was in America: she might have made so awkward a slip. "That's why you're so brown," she added with another smile. "But you haven't changed a bit. You're just the same FREDDY RAMSDEN I used to know."

"Why did you cut me to-day?" he asked with what Lady HABART considered a rather disagreeable smile.

"I thought you didn't recognise me," she replied promptly.

"You looked at me in exactly the way people look when they're wondering who on earth you are. And I should have felt so ridiculous if I'd bowed and you'd taken no notice."

He paused, looking at her somewhat critically. Lady HABART was pleased to think her frock fitted so perfectly, and she was sitting with her back to the light, so the closest scrutiny was supportable.

"Are you very surprised that I should call on you, Lady HABART?" he asked.

The lady's heart gave a little beat; at last it was coming; she set all her nerves taut for the fray. The approaching battle exhilarated her; for all her delicate exterior, she was a fighting woman, and never felt herself living so intensely as when she had to martial the whole array of her wits against those of another.

"Oh, no; I'm not a bit surprised. I'm very pleased."

"I imagined that you would not greatly care to see me," he answered. "One naturally dislikes the person one has treated vilely."

"I really don't understand what you mean," she cried, with a pretty expression of injured innocence.

"If you remember that I take my tea without sugar, you can hardly have forgotten that—that once you were engaged to marry me."

She vaguely thought it was rather bad taste in FREDDY to put the matter so brusquely; but he was always rather abrupt. She looked down at the tips of her shoes as she had seen actresses look down on the stage when they were representing high-born damsels of three-and-twenty: that was her favourite age.

"Are you still angry?" she asked in a low and effective voice—it should, perhaps, have been a little more husky.

"Not in the slightest," he answered smiling.

Lady HABART looked at him quickly—he seemed amused.

"Why have you come here to-day if you don't care for me any more?"

"How do you know that I no longer care for you?"

"If you did, you would still be angry." She came to the conclusion that a semblance of perfect frankness would be most useful.

"One gets over things, you know," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I'm sorry I made you suffer." Her heart was beating, and she with difficulty repressed her delight; she knew she was acting the comedy perfectly—her voice and manner came to her without the smallest effort. Like every great actress, she almost felt the emotions she represented, and the pathos of her voice very nearly brought tears to her eyes. "I'm sorry I made you suffer."

"It was salutary," he said smiling, but she noticed that the smile was a little painful. "If you had not behaved as you did, I might have gone on loving you to the end of my life. And that, I feel, would have been the most intense degradation that I could suffer."

"You are hardly polite."

"Shall I go?"

"No!"

"Oh, I can't be polite," he cried, "I have suffered too much. D'you know that out in Africa in my solitude, for months I thought of you. I remembered every word you had ever said, every look of your eyes, and I saw that you were selfish, and cold-hearted, and cruel. At first I hated you with all the strength with which I'd loved you. But afterwards—afterwards, I saw how paltry and mean you were, and I only despised you. I longed to be face to face with you so that I might tell you how I loathed you."

"Is that why you came to-day?" she asked.

"Yes."

He rose to go, but she took no notice of his movement.

"You don't despise me one half so much as I despise myself."

He looked at her in silence, with a look of contempt upon his face.

"D'you think I was happy after I married?"

"You were a countess, and had twenty thousand a year. What more could you want?"

"He puts things in such an inexpressibly vulgar way," said Lady HABART mentally, while out loud she murmured: "You have a right to be hard upon me."

"You made me fall in love with you; and you know how passionately I adored you. You promised to marry me, and when you met HABART you threw me over without a thought but of yourself."

"I am very sorry," she said.

RAMSDEN gave a laugh. "What is the good of being sorry? Do you know what you made me suffer? Can you imagine my bitter agony while I tried to forget you? Oh, I hate you with all my heart."

Lady HABART gave a little cry, not of pain, or horror, but of exultation; for she knew suddenly that he still loved her; she had been right in all her suppositions. Her heart swelled with pride and pleasure, with keen appreciation of her own

cleverness. He was looking at her with flaming eyes, and he muttered again: "I hate you."

Then she tried a bold stroke. "But I—I love you all the same, FREDDY."

"You are excessively clever, Lady HABART." His passion was dissipated, and he spoke now with the calm appreciation of the *dilettante*. Lady HABART considered him neither clever nor polite.

"Oh, it is you who are heartless now," she cried, with a finely dramatic gesture. "I suffered also—I suffered too much for my fault." She put her hands to her head and her voice trembled; perhaps she forced the note a little. "I was mad. Of course I was wrong. I know I behaved vilely to you. When HABART came down to Blueriver he turned my head. I was so young then, I was only a child. I didn't love him. I confess I married him for—oh, it's too horrible to think of, it's too inexpressibly vulgar. But I loved you, FREDDY," she concluded, with a heartrending sigh, "I can't call you Mr. RAMSDEN; I've always thought of you as FREDDY."

"I'm glad you suffered."

If the note was forced, RAMSDEN had not perceived it.

"I used to be always thinking of you, FREDDY. And the more I was with him the more I loathed him, the more I regretted what I had lost. Don't you believe I love you, FREDDY?"

"No!" He looked at her angrily; she knew she was stirring in his heart all the old emotions, the passion of the old days was returning to him like an overwhelming flood.

"And then I knew you were unhappy, and I knew it was my fault. I repented bitterly."

"I should have thought your house in Park Lane and your castle in the country would have silenced the qualms of your conscience. It must be more obstinate than I suspected."

"If he only knew," she murmured to herself in the same distracted tones, "how out of repair the town-house was, and how old-fashioned the furniture I had looked forward to it all so much," she cried; "and then when I had it—Oh, I longed to be back again in the country, in your arms, FREDDY; and I longed for your simple, frank old smile."

They paused, buried in contemplation. Lady HABART had forgotten that she was acting a part, and now believed every word she said. It would have been wonderful if her passionate accents had not affected RAMSDEN, for her they touched profoundly. She felt herself the most ill-used of distressed females, and she had not much ground to traverse before thinking FREDDY RAMSDEN vastly to blame for leaving her to the tender mercies of her late husband. Lady HABART turned towards her visitor the best side of her profile.

"Was HABART good to you?" asked RAMSDEN at last.

"He loved me very much," replied Lady HABART, heaving a sigh. But that was so frank a misrepresentation of her husband's feelings that she almost smiled; she was a woman of humour. "Oh, FREDDY, my life was awful; sometimes I felt I couldn't go on with it. I was so unhappy. Often I was on the verge of running away and following you."

"You have lied to me so much."

Immediately she spoke her last words she knew that they did not ring true. He withdrew himself into his shell.

"Don't you believe what I say?" she sighed. "But why should you? I know you'll never believe in me again—I don't deserve that you should Oh, but forgive me, FREDDY." She put out in supplication her bejewelled hands: as she had told her brother, the rings were mostly paste. "Forgive me before we part for ever."

"Would my forgiveness do you any good?"

"You're going to be married soon, aren't you? I do hope you'll be happy—I'd willingly give my life to know you completely happy."

"I shall never get married," he replied.

(Continued in our next.)

PLACE AUX DAMES.

(A *Vade Mecum* for use in Earl's Court.)

Question. If there was not an Exhibition of some sort at West Kensington, would not all the world be disappointed?

Answer. That seems a sensible assumption, when the truth of all roads leading to Earl's Court is admitted.

Q. Have not the Exhibitions hitherto represented such ideas as Greater Britain, the Colonies, and the Victorian Era?

A. They have, with infinite success.

Q. What has been the principal cause of that success?

A. Excellent bands, artistic surroundings, good provisions, and fine weather.

Q. But has not the particular purpose of each Exhibition had its influence?

A. I think not to any great extent. The crowds who throng Earl's Court go there to be amused rather than instructed.

Q. Then you consider the slenderest bond binding the Exhibition to its title sufficient?

A. Quite so. For instance, the Spanish Exhibition would be sufficiently earmarked by a stick of liquorice, and the Industrial Exhibition by needle and thread.

Q. Would not the latter articles be particularly suggestive of women's work?

A. Scarcely. Nowadays, a latch-key would better symbolise the sex that is now the stronger.

Q. Then you think that the present Exhibition at Earl's Court would be just as popular had it had a masculine in lieu of a feminine title?

A. Certainly. As it is intended for the recreation of both the Sons of ADAM and the Daughters of EVE.

Q. Then the Directors of the Exhibition need not trouble themselves about titles for the future?

A. Certainly not. While they maintain

the management of their institutions up to the standard of the present, they are sure to repeat the successes of the past.

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH cannot refrain from making public this letter which has reached him from "Bloemfontein, South Africa," dated "April 6th":



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I enclose cheque for £21 for your fund on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children from "A 7th Hussar and some 9th Lancers."

I fear it will reach you rather late, but your appeal reached us rather late, and we have had other matters to attend to out here.

It will show you, at any rate, that at this time when those at home are doing so much for the soldiers out here, we out here do not forget those at home.—Yours faithfully,

With the true modesty of brave and generous-hearted soldiers, the senders of the above strictly enjoin Mr. Punch not on any account to let any names whatever appear in acknowledging (as hereby Mr. Punch does) its receipt. And Mr. Punch, profoundly respecting their wishes, acts accordingly.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, one and all, who, having so splendidly helped this truly charitable work have thus "encouraged the performance," please to take notice that, though the stream of your generosity may "flow on for ever," yet is Mr. Punch compelled to publish the *Seventh and Last List of Contributors* to his *Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street*, in the number to be dated

MAY 16.

After which date this Fund will be closed, but the Hospital will be open, and it is for that result we have all heartily co-operated.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. CHARLES MORTON and all those professional ladies and gentlemen who so generously gave their services at the Royal Palace Theatre Matinée on Thursday last, the Fund has received much benefit. The result will be published on the above-mentioned date.

One word more—just to those who are in possession of "collecting cards." Do not lose a second. Let the collecting cards collect. They must make their returns, fill them up, and send them in to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LD., 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

THE PATRIOT AND THE KHAKI GENT.

(With apologies to Bret Harte.)

"I WAS with WHITE"—the soldier said.

Said the patriot, "Say no more, But here at the 'Crown' we will drain a glass,"

And they passed through the open door.

"I WAS with WHITE"—the soldier said.

Said the patriot, "Nay, no more: Old Tom, no doubt, is your favourite drink, You shall have long Toms galore."

"Perhaps you have met my soldier boy, A marine—in the mounted corps?

I warrant he fought at Ladysmith Right gallantly 'gainst the Boer!"

"Don't know him, afraid," said the khaki gent,

"And, as I remarked before, I was with WHITE"—"Nay, nay, I know," Said the patriot, "Say no more."

"Enough that a man has been with WHITE, I will drink to all who bore A part with my boy at Ladysmith, Whatever their rank or corps."

"'Ere's luck to him, then," said the khaki gent,

And he laughed and drank and swore, "But I was with WHITE—in India— About eighteen-ninety-four."

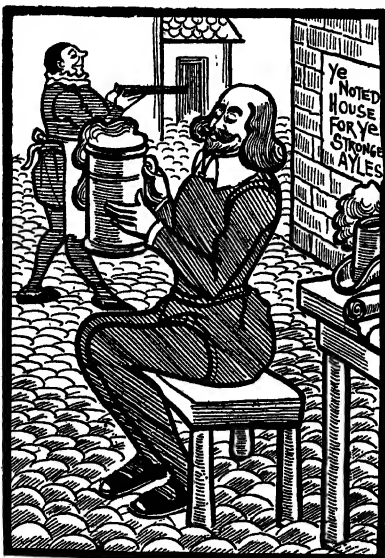
The patriot bolted without a word.

And he left to pay the score That khaki gent who had been with WHITE Some five years be'ore the war.

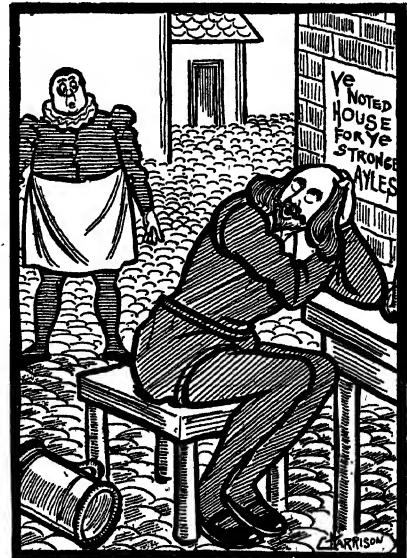
A COMPLIMENT TO B.-P.

Jenkins. Hallo, THOMPSON, I see you've altered the name of your house to Mafeking. What's the reason?

Thompson. Deuced good one. Haven't I been holding out against the Boer rates since last October, and haven't surrendered yet?



"Shakespeare and the first Quart O."



"Shakespeare and the last Quart O."



The Philanthropist of Pretoria—

"OUT OF MY LEAN AND LOW ABILITY
I'LL LEND YOU SOMETHING."

Twelfth Night, Act III., Scene 4.

["Portugal is reported to be trying to float a loan both in Paris and Berlin for the payment of the Delagoa Bay Award, on the security of the Lorenço Marquez Railway. President KRÜGER's offer has been declined."]—*Daily Paper.*

COURTESY A LA SUISSE.

["The recent complaints of the rudeness shown to English travellers in Switzerland by the natives has been officially denied by the authorities of Lucerne."]—*Daily Paper.*

You are an idiot, a fool, and a rascal. (Official explanation.) Terms of endearment denoting feeling of the utmost friendship.

Why do you come here? Why don't you stay at home? (Official explanation.) Merely questions asked to stimulate pleasant conversation.

You are a rosbif, a boule dogue, and plum-pudding. (Official interpretation.) Fine names intended to express the greatest possible admiration for British institutions.

If you speak we will knock you down. (Official interpretation.) Merely a kindly expression of concern calculated to produce repose.

You are one brutal, ugly-faced foreigner. (Official interpretation.) A jocular salutation.

You sell your wife at Smithfield—Long live the Boers! (Official interpretation.) A polite attempt to commence a courteous conversation.

Are you English? (Official interpretation.) The highest praise imaginable.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

VI.—THE MAETERLINCK SECTION.

I.—DRAMA.

MAY 1ST.—Hark! One would say there is a symbol coming down the corridor. Oh! Oh!

2ND, 3RD.—*Nineteenth Deaf Man.* I cannot hear anything; and my eye-sight is defective.

Deafest Deaf Man. I do not know what he is saying. I do not know what anybody is saying.

Least Deaf Man. I am glad that I am not blind. It must be very inconvenient to be blind.

4TH, 5TH.—Where is my pet lamb? I do not see it on the sofa as usual. Ah! ah! I smell mint-sauce. No, I will not take any luncheon to-day. I loved it so. It was not altogether like other lambs. It was more ominous. And now it is cold!

6TH.—Hush! Not so loud. Sister ANN may overhear you. She is a hundred and twenty-five yards away under a willow; but you never can tell how far her soul reaches. Perhaps it covers as much as three acres.

7TH.—Sister MIGRAINE, I have a headache. Have you a headache, Sister MIGRAINE? I think I am going to be very unhappy.

8TH.—I ought not to sit on the edge of a well and keep on throwing my wedding-ring into the sun. What shall I do if I drop it into the water? There! I have dropped it into the water! What shall I do?

9TH.—There is somebody the other side of the door. There is always somebody the other side of a door.

10TH.—My hair inundates my entire being. It is longer than two of me. Oh, see, it has come right down from the balcony. No, no, you must not try and climb up by it.

11TH.—Did I wrench your arms too much? No? Yet I heard your bones sigh together like little mice in a wainscot. Do not look at me so aloofly, as if your soul were forever in the next room.

12TH.—My eyes will not close. Why will not my eyes close? I must very soon say something to somebody.

13TH.—Oh! Oh! I have a pain in my destiny. It is just here. It is not indigestion. On no! it is certainly not indigestion. [This makes a very good ending.]

II.—PHILOSOPHY.

14TH, 15TH.—Events happen; but sometimes they tarry and need encouragement from us. At the age of fourteen we may be aware that we are ordained to die at thirty; yet we may go to meet destiny half-way, by jumping off a precipice at two-and-twenty.

16TH.—One could always tell which of one's schoolfellows was going to die accidentally young. They used to walk apart under trees; generally willows.

17TH.—I have known people who began by being beside themselves, and gradually got quite a long distance away. And they never knew till somebody called their attention to it.

18TH, 19TH.—Each one of us has a star from which descends one woman only, however multifold her disguises. Superficially, one would say that *Bluebeard* had several wives. This is an error. He was actually monogamous.

20TH, 21ST.—It matters not on what subject the predestined talks. It may be that her speech is of a new bangle that she covets. None the less it is on the roof-tiles of the immeasurable that we float together.

22ND, 23RD.—Some people are less fortunate than others; some are more so. For these an event beckons behind every blasted willow. They cannot open a door at the end of the simplest subterranean passage, without running into a booby-trap, or a crouching allegory or something.

24TH.—Who can tell the effect of circumstances upon us? and

whether they are the same as we, or we are the same as they? Sometimes both are identical.

25TH, 26TH.—The persons of the Old Tragedy had no leisure left from the thousand and thousand claims of murder or suicide. Yet the real tragedy of life is found in the domestic bliss of the family circle.

27TH, 28TH.—The spectacle of a mere cow sitting alone with her destiny, chewing the cud, and altogether unconscious of the laws of the Equinox, has in it I know not what of tragic that moves me more than the crash of conflicting mastodons.

29TH TO 31ST.—The true force of the drama lies not in making your characters say the things that are indispensable to the situation; but in making them think the thoughts that do not occur to them. Sometimes these may be represented by a loud aside without parentheses. But silence is also good; for it is, I know not how, by the things we omit to say that the sources of the soul become intelligible. Still, it is all very difficult.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE REV. MR. SHERWOOD, himself a University oarsman of renown, has spent some years of loving labour in the preparation and completion of the history of boatracing at Oxford from the earliest times. *Oxford Rowing* (HENRY FROWDE) leaves nothing to be desired in the way of completeness. It begins, indeed, before the Oxford and Cambridge race became a national institution. But there was always boating on the Isis. 1826 is the first year in which record is found of two eights on the river. The boats were not quite the same build as all the world flocking to the Thames on Boat Race Day is accustomed to see starting from Putney. They served a double debt to pay. When racing wasn't on they were used for picnics and excursions. Amongst its equipment, one, the *Lady Margaret*, was the proud possessor of a "Panthermaticon" containing two kettles, nine cups and saucers, nine teaspoons, nine plates, four dishes, four basins, one salt-box, one mustard-pot, two graters, nine egg-holders, and as many egg-spoons. This ballast was temporarily landed when racing was on. From 1826, Mr. SHERWOOD follows the boats, with full records of every race, and many picturesque particulars. The volume is illustrated with some rare pictures reproduced from ancient engravings and paintings.

Law without Lawyers, an epitome of the Laws of England for practical use, by Two Barristers-at-Law (JOHN MURRAY). My Junior Assistant, a gentleman of the long robe, took up this book with a prepossession against it. "A man who has himself for his lawyer, has a fool for his



WAR PRICES IN THE WEST END.

Caddy. "ARF A CROWN! BLESS 'ER 'EART! I THOUGHT THEY WAS ALL IN SOUTH AFRICA. BLOWED IF THIS AIN'T THE FUST I'VE SEEN SINCE THE HOFFICER GENTS WENT AWAY!"

client," quoth he. To which the Baron replied, "Better law without lawyers than lawyers without law, of whom I have known a good few in my time." On looking into the book, the Junior Reviewer's hostile prepossession disappeared. He reports that his two learned friends have done their work uncommonly well: that they have given a very comprehensive and clear view of the most important legal points relating to domestic and business affairs, and the rights and duties of citizenship: in short, as *Shylock* said to *Portia*, that their "exposition has been most sound," and will help the reader

without professional assistance to keep the windy side of the law.

The Outsiders (GRANT RICHARDS), by R. W. CHAMBERS, possesses a mysteriously attractive outside. This frontispiece on the cover is as suggestive of dark deeds within, as the pictorial series of blood-curdling tableaux exhibited over the entrance of a theatre entirely devoted to melodrama of the deepest dye. But the reader in search of excitement is doomed to disappointment. Here he will come across some simple human characters, good, bad and indifferent, the threads of whose lives can be traced by



VACCINATION RE-NAMED.

The New Doctor. "WELL, MAC, HOW IS THE LITTLE GIRL'S ARM GOING ON?"

Mac. "WELL, SIR, MY GUDEWIFE SAYS IT'S LOOKING JUST FINE WHAUR YE TATTOO'D IT."

a diligent reader through a puzzling patch-work of descriptive writing, relieved here and there by some shreds of epigram.

"I should be the last," says my Nautical Retainer, "to dare to make allowances for the sex of a writer. But when a woman enters a domain of literature which has been reserved by tradition for masculine experience and imagination, and there holds her own with the best, she must be prepared to forgive me if I mix astonishment with my admiration. If I had read Miss MARY JOHNSTON'S earlier tale of adventure, *The Old Dominion*—an omission which I presently mean to make good—I should still have been astonished at the *tour de force* which she has achieved in her new book, *By Order of the Company* (CONSTABLE). The story, laid in old Virginian times, opens with the arrival in Jamestown of a ship-load of marriageable maidens, sent out by 'The Company' for the benefit of such colonists as could raise enough tobacco for the purchase. A throw of Ambs-ace, or double-ace (surely nearer the *canis-throw* than the *Venus*), decides the bachelor-hero, against his better judgment, to secure a bride. She turns out, when irrevocably wedded, to be a lady of rank who has sailed from England under an assumed name, to escape the attentions of the King's favourite,

Lord Carnal. How an honourable respect is paid to her abhorrence of a marriage which has been accepted only in the last resort; how Lord Carnal attempts to recover her; how her husband encounters all conceivable perils in her defence, with a resource not always conceivable; how in the end he conquers her heart by never stooping to win it: all this is told with infinite charm and versatility. Into the main design is also woven much adventure with neighbouring Indians, revealing a very remarkable appreciation of local character and custom. The style, not too oppressively archaic, never loses its piquancy, and the author's fine sense of atmosphere and scenic colour gives to her work a distinction of which the reader is still conscious when most absorbed in the movement of events."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FATHER THAMES LOQUITUR.

["It is doubtful whether there will be any penny steamers running on the Thames this year."—*Daily Paper.*]

GOOD QUEEN BESS, in days of yore,
Was the best of Britain's daughters;
Gay the gilded barge that bore
Good QUEEN BESS upon my waters;
Well she loved in pomp to ride

On the bosom of my tide,
Swiftly, smoothly would she glide—
Good QUEEN BESS, good QUEEN BESS!
BESS, the best of Britain's daughters,
On the bosom of my waters.

Where is all this pageant gay,
Once my pride and exultation?
Out upon this dreary day!
Out upon this transformation!
Laughter comes no more to me;
Dead is mirth and revelry;
Sadly flow I to the sea
In my desolation.

Am I not the same sweet stream
SPENSER loved to watch a-flowing?
Have my eddies ceased to gleam
Golden, when the sun is glowing?
Doth the Pool no longer please,
Where are lying in the breeze
All the ships of all the seas,
Each her pennant showing?

Let me bear them, as of yore,
Britain's sons and Britain's daughters,
Blithe and joyous, as I bore
Good QUEEN BESS, upon my waters!
Let me see their faces fair,
Let their laughter fill the air
With their gladness, as I bear
Girls and boys, girls and boys,
Britain's sons and Britain's daughters
On the bosom of my waters!



THE RIVAL RIVERS.

Paris (to London). "WHAT! NO STEAM-BOATS ON YOUR GREAT RIVER! THIS IS ONE OF THE 'THINGS WE MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE.'"

"THE TEMPEST" IN A TEA-CUP.

No one can have seen the ballets in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Her Majesty's, and Miss JULIA NEILSON (with song) playing "Principal Boy" in that performance, without being struck by the possibilities suggested for future Shakspearian revivals. It is true that the acting parts of the play, though curtailed, are still rather long and heavy, but what of that? That mistake can easily be remedied in any future production on similar lines. The play which calls most obviously for like treatment is *The Tempest*. Probably Mr. TREE has had his eye on it already. The following abridged synopsis of the piece as it should be given will, in that case, be very useful to him.

The play might open with SHAKSPEARE'S Scene II. as follows, Mr. TREE playing Prospero, and Mrs. TREE Miranda.



Miranda. If by your art, dear PROSPERO, you have
Made such a hash of this delightful play,
I pray you do it not! Oh, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave drama
Which had, no doubt, some acting possibilities
Knocked all to pieces! Poor souls, they perished
Cut out, I fear, entirely.

Prospero.

No more amazement; tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done.

Miranda. Oh, woe the day!

Prospero. No harm.

The public like it. I, its PROSPERO, My magic wand (a pencil blue) in hand May well be trusted with a masterpiece. [Sympathetically seeing MIRANDA yawn. But thou'rt inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,

Most people feel it when I speak blank verse,

So give it way.

[MIRANDA does so.

What! ARIEL, I say,

My massive ARIEL!

Enter Miss JULIA NEILSON hanging on a wire from the flies.

Ariel. Here master.

Prospero. Good.

Let's skip some pages and take up the thread

Where you enliven matters with a song.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these crimson stalls
From all "The Halls;"
Courtsied when we have and kiss'd,
'Twill bring much grist
To the Managerial mill,
Fill the Managerial till,
Hark, hark!

(Burthen, dispersedly from the stalls.)
Bravo, bravo!

Ariel. This is a lark!

The rest of this act is rather dull from the modern acting standpoint. It might, therefore, be



omitted, and a grand ballet of fairies hung with electric lights might be inserted instead.

Act II., should present no difficulties to the modern manager. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS might make a great hit as *Stephano*, while Mr. DAN LENO's *Caliban* would be a most interesting performance. The refrain of his song,

DAN, DAN, CA, CALIBAN,

Has a new master. LENO's the man!

would obtain rapturous applause. As the play will be given in three acts, the grand ballet *divertissement* in which Ariel appears in mid-air disguised as a

harpy, will occupy most of Act II. Should *Caliban*, representing the dramatic critics, and made-up to look like Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, resent these excisions, *Prospero* will defend them in the famous lines which follow:—

These our actors
As I have told you, are a bore at best.

The things the British Public really like

Are cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces

And solemn temples, triumphs of the art

Of that egregious wight, the scene painter.

Poor SHAKSPEARE'S unsubstantial puppets fade.

Only the scenes remain. Plays are such stuff!

The play-goer, his dinner half-digested, Yawns through the finest dialogue e'er written,

And every serious drama's little life Is rounded with a sleep!

For Act III., out of SHAKSPEARE'S meagre materials Mr. TREE will evolve a Grand Masque of the Gods. The play will end with *Prospero's* great speech in Act V., slightly altered as follows:—

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,

Ye quite invaluable concomitants Of SHAKSPEARE'S dramas, what a boon you are

To any management! . . . This rough magic [Waving the blue pencil.

Never will I abjure. That heavenly music

Which I have need of, and the dancers too

I will commission from the best purveyors.

I'll play *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *The Dane*

In such attractive guise you'll never know them;

And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown the "Book"!

The curtain will then fall upon the great Shakspearian success of the season.





MR. PUNCH'S WAR CONUNDRUM.

- Q. "WHAT OPERAS DOES THE ABOVE SKETCH CALL TO MIND?"
A. "'CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA,' 'DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER.'"

TENNIEL'S CARTOONS.

THE Picture Show at Burlington House is all very well in its way. But any one taking a walk down New Bond Street would do well to turn in at the Fine Art Society's Rooms and see what our JOHN TENNIEL has on view. Some one with leisure and a turn for figures has reckoned that of the more than 3,000 cartoons with which Mr. Punch has, through his distinguished career, marked the time of day, over 2,000 are drawn by the fine strong pencil of J. T. For the second time he falls in line with others of his craft, and offers to the public, for modest consideration, the pick and choice of his studio.

In date the collection does not go back beyond five years. It includes the last of the long series in which the grand face and stately presence of Mr. GLADSTONE were brought home to British households throughout the world. Mr. G., just home from his historic trip to the opening of the Kiel Canal, is pictured as the typical seaman of the *Black Eyed Susan* school, warning off marauders from the steeple-hatted female in distress representing the Welsh Church. This is the record of a political event that excited much attention at the time, Mr. GLADSTONE having withdrawn his long-established "pair" with Mr. VILLIERS, in order to keep an open mind on the Welsh Disestablishment question. Oom PAUL is a favourite and effective study with J. T. Following him through successive stages of negotiations that ended in war, we have a complete epitome of an epoch-making time.

These pictures, striking whilst the iron was hot, are familiar in the memory of mankind. Looking on the originals, it is interesting to see with what infinite care, what delicate touch, the broad effect of the printed cartoon is gained.

BROWN POTTAGE.

FROM New York, as recently reported in *The Herald*, we learn that Mr. BROWN POTTER is going for a divorce from



the well-known actress, Mrs. B. P. So far the theatre-going section of the great "B. P." is interested. Mr. POTTER has retained a Mr. HONEY as his Counsel. "I want you, my Honey, yes I do!" will the husband and suitor sing, addressing himself, of course, to his Counsel



May Term.

ODE TO AN APPRECIATIVE COW.

["An enterprising musician who combines the occupation of a wholesale milkman with that of a professional organist, used to sing to the cows, and never had a pail knocked over, whereas his assistants were frequently kicked by the animals."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THANKS, pretty cow!
Who, grateful for the melodies I make,
What time the teeming pail
Foams with the lacteal stream of nutri-
ment opaque,
Standest with bland and ruminating
smile,
Listening the while,
Now with a low approving—silent
now—
And flies assailing lashest with a lazy tail.

Not thine the whim
Of her who, moved by the unwonted
strain
(Now sharp, now flat)
Struck from the quivering strings
Of the reverberating violin
By the weird bowings of the storied
cat,
With discords grim,
And swayed to madness soon,
(Like Pegasus, or those to you akin,
Which Nineveh portrays, strange bulls
with wings,)
With sudden impulse at a leap uprose
Over the moon.

But placid, calm and staid,
To generous nature by soft measures
swayed
Your unkicked bucket kindly still affords
Large measures, that you give
Fulfilled with bubbling milk and luscious
cream;
Not like your aged fabled relative
Who by the evil potent music fired,
(Like Io, trembling at the gadfly's
scream,)
With terror listened to the unvoiced
chords,
And at the song expired.

"LITTLE quickness," on a Continental
railway, means the minimum speed of
a British luggage train.

A SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE.

(Some Things We Have Missed at the R.A.)

THE picture by the Leeds policeman, whose canvas for the second time has been accepted—and not hung.

A portrait of Dr. L-DS, who also remains unhung.

A colossal statue of President KR-G-R, complete with hollow crown to his top-hat for the London sparrow to bathe in (subscribed for by members of the British Empire League, as a testimonial to his very successful furtherance of their efforts).

A presentment of Mr. ST-N (bust—Mr. BROOK's benefit), or else lying full-length in lyddite green, executed by Mr. HACKER.

A representation of Mafeking in high relief.

A statuette of General SN-M-N, chased with gun-metal.

A picture of a Society Nurse at Capetown, by Mr. TR-V-S.

Pendant to the same, Mr. TR-V-S by a Society Nurse.

A miniature Englander, by a Loyalist of the Cape Colony.

A view of Pretoria by Lord R-B-RTS.

A survey of the occupants of the Government Bench after the next General Election, by a Leader of the House.

Some aspects of St. Helena by CR-NJÉ.

A panorama of the Transvaal painted red.

A bird's-eye view of London, also painted red "when the boys come home once more." A. A. S.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

(The Effect of the War.)

Anxious Mother (after vainly ringing bells to first-born passing window). Good heavens! RUPERT, what is this dreadful uproar?

Rupert. Awful larks, Mum! We're playing at Britons and Boers. ALFRED has Kitchenered the cook in the scullery, TEDDY is Frenching JENKINS in the pantry, HARRY has Bullered ADOLPHUS by the boothole, NORAH and EMMIE are Gatacreing JANE and SARAH on the landing, REGGIE is Baden-Powelled by the gardener.



in the summer-house, MINNIE is Keke-wicked by ANNE in the conservatory, and I am off to Bobs that old Kruger of a coachman.

[Hurries on waving the Union Jack. Paterfamilias suddenly remembers that the extra days he had asked for have been refused and the holidays end—to morrow!]

"NERVE."

"WARS and rumours of wars," at the present moment, demand throughout the country that every able-bodied man should ascertain what condition his own nerve is in, as well as train himself both to ride and shoot. The following experiments have recently been made by way of testing the nerve:—

BOODLESON boldly asked for his Pass-book at the Bank, and examined it without shrieking.

Little TIMMINS undertook to ride in a steeplechase (and only got out of actually doing it by paying a professional, at the last moment).

THINMEANS faced his wife's last dress-maker's bill, with the calm courage of despair.

BOLDESON went to hear an aspiring amateur recite "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and sat it out.

PUTTER attended a Highland Golf Club dinner, ate haggis, and faced the music of the pipes afterwards.*

RUMTOFF, in the middle of the Stock Exchange, mounted a chair and called "Long live KRÜGER! Down with the English Generals!!" . . . We regret to record that the unfortunate RUMTOFF got in too late with his explanation—that, in fact, before he could speak, there was no RUMTOFF left, and therefore no explanation. His next address will be Woking, S.W.

* This, we consider, rather overdoing the thing. Why strain the nerve to breaking point?—Ed.

PRIVATE VIEWS OF THE R.A.

(Overheard in Piccadilly on May 3, 1900.)

First Artist. Well, of all the Exhibitions I have ever seen!

Second Artist. Surely you are not dissatisfied with the Burlington House show?

First A. My dear fellow, how could any one be satisfied? Why, it's feeble to a degree!

Second A. I don't agree with you. Seems to me that the standard reached is a very high one.

First A. You are right there, all the best things are skied!

Second A. I am afraid your judgment is warped. As to skying, I think the Hanging Committee have exercised the wisest discretion.

First A. Discrimination, indeed! Why, I sent in a picture and they rejected it! That is the reason why I can criticise absolutely without bias.

Second A. The same condition applies to me. I can criticise also, absolutely without bias. I sent in a picture and it was accepted.

First A. All I can say is, I wish the Hanging Committee would hang themselves!

Second A. I prefer them to hang me. And they have done it!

[The speakers are lost in the crowd.]



THU MAY 1900

MacAlister. "WHEN YE COME TAE SCOTLAND I'LL GIE YE PLENTY FUSHIN' AND SHUITIN'."

Brown. "ARE YOU FOND OF FISHING AND SHOOTING?"

MacAlister. "NA! NA! A CANNA FUSH AND AM FAIRD TAE SHUIT!"

INDOLENCE AND INSOLENCE.

(An up-to-date Suggestion.)

ALLOW me to protest.

I see on all sides efforts being made to raise funds for this, that and the other. People seem to think it their duty to succour the suffering and to relieve distress wherever they can find it. Now all this is most embarrassing to those who hold aloof. To give when others do not give, to act when others do not act casts a slur upon the others. I insist, Sir, it is

not right. I contend, Sir, that if it is not against the policy of trade, it is certainly against the policy of good manners. This feverish anxiety to be useful in some form or other, brings into prominence the apathy of those whose temperament is of a more placid character. Should this be?

I say emphatically "No." And when I say "No" I feel that I am voicing the view of those who, equally qualified with myself, have the right to use the signature,

ONE WHO DOES NOTHING.



Old Gentleman: (rigid teetotaller). "I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WRITE TO MR. BROWN, AND TELL HIM I WAS LAID UP WITH RHEUMATISM!"
Factotum. "YES, SIR."
Old Gent. "THEN WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY TELLING HIM I WAS LAID UP WITH GOUT?"
Factotum. "WELL, SIR, TO TELL THE TRUTH, SIR, IT WAS A MORE CONVENIENT WORD, SIR!"

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

Finded.

WE not have yet finded the english pavilion. He must to return road.

It is true, we not him have yet finded. He must to return road and seek yet.

See here the swedish alem-bic, the norwegian barrack, the belgian hotel of town.

That is this that this is that that all little house, enough coquette, who self hide between the Belgick and the Hungry?

That there? Ah bah, some little country. More little that Monaco. Saint Sailor can to be.

What little door of entry, who has about one meter of largeness! He should must to lower the head in entering.

One there shall be smashed. Even to the entry of the Pavilion of the Bosnie, three times more large, one is well shoved

Trouvé.

Nous n'avons pas encore trouvé le Pavillon anglais. Il faut rebrousser chemin.

C'est vrai, nous ne l'avons pas encore trouvé. Il faut rebrousser chemin, et chercher encore.

Voici l'alambic suédois, la baraque norvégienne, l'hôtel de ville belge.

Qu'est-ce que c'est que cette toute petite maison, assez coquette, qui se cache entre la Belgique et la Hongrie?

Celle-la? Ah bah, quelque petit pays. Plus petit que Monaco. Saint Marin peut-être.

Quelle petite porte d'entrée, qui a environ un mètre de largeur! Il faudrai baisser la tête en entrant.

On y sera écrasé. Même à l'entrée du Pavillon de la Bosnie, trois fois plus large, on est bien bousculé.

Hold! Regard the plan. This little house is that one that we have seeked.

Name of one pipe! It is true! It is the Pavilion of the brittanic Empire, more little that the one of Monaco!

Eh well, find you the certain seal of who you have speaked?

Seal? More soon hided! Almost losed.

Tenez! Regardez le plan. Cette petite maison est celle que nous avons cherchée.

Nom d'une pipe! C'est vrai! C'est le Pavillon de l'Empire britannique, plus petit que celui de Monaco!

Eh bien, trouvez-vous le certain cachet dont vous avez parlé?

Cachet? Plutôt caché! Presque perdu. H. D. B.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

ADVERTISED to appear:—*The Cardinal's Snuff-box*, by H. HARLAND. This, of course, is the story of "A Friend at a Pinch," who proves himself "up to snuff." The ideas of the Cardinal himself will be lofty in tone as being "views from an Eminence."

The Purple Robe, by JOSEPH HOCKING. If it were a purple stocking, Then perhaps it might be shocking. Being purple we are led To believe it will be red.

HONOURS EASY.

"LOOK here!" says his friend, "here's a motto for General IAN HAMILTON, 'Nunquam Dormio.' See? He's always Eye-on."

"That's not bad," responded his companion, "only how about his alter ego, myself?" "How do you mean?" "How? Why, I can never speak of him without bringing in myself by saying, 'I an' HAMILTON?' Goodbye."



THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL (to MAFeking). "ALL RIGHT! CHEER UP! 'BOBS' IS A MAN OF HIS WORD!"

OUR OWN "PRIVATE VIEW," R.A.

ON entering the Quadrangle, the first work of Art, "all standin' in the open air," is the magnificent equestrian statue, by E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., representing an oriental gentleman evidently very much annoyed, or more correctly speaking, "put out," at not being allowed to enter the building on horseback. In vain he protests that there are lots of others inside "beautifully mounted!" No, here he is, shut up "in Quad," and at the same time open to the sniping of the London gutter-snipes who, through "the gates ajar," will shout at the unfortunate horseman "G'are! Git inside, can't yer?" To which chaff his only reply must be the veracious retort "'Get inside!' I can't! They won' admit me!" Poor Maharajah! *Post equitem sedet atra cura!* The statue of the Commendatore had the advantage over you! He could come down, and did too, heavily. But then the last that was ever seen of him at the end of any Operatic season was going down hill on a trap (without a horse, too! precursor of the automobile car), and we never heard that he remounted! Alas, poor ghost, but splendid statue.

The first picture that catches the eye in Gallery I. is the portrait of *Lady Armstrong*, by HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A. That this fine artist should have added a "Von" to his name is no vonder, since as a portrait-painter, he is "A Von." What matter titles? 'Tis all "Von" to him! Take our advice and look at *Lady Armstrong* from such a respectful distance as "lends enchantment to the view." All Professor VON HERKOMER's portraits are fine works this year. He has separated *Sir G. C. H. Armstrong, Bart.*, No. 537, by six galleries from *Lady A.*, but let us hope there will be a union of Art after the show is over. His 668, *Miss Elena Grace*, is charming; as to whether the original be Grace before or after dinner, the catalogue is silent; and, though the portrait is a speaking one, it does not tell us this. Three cheers for Professor H. VON H. and a little Von in!

44. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A., gives a masterly portrait—or a young masterly portrait of the juvenile *Earl of Dalhousie*. He might be remembered as "*The White Boy*."

50. *Lord Manners*. By J. J. SHANNON, A. Good Manners.

62. Perfect little picture by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. A soldier writing a letter on a drum to his sweetheart. "*Private*" and *confidential*.

68. Mr. H. H. LA THANGUE, A., gives us a rather dingy-looking child, suggestive of "*The Little Unwashed*."

81. *Andrew Carnegie, Esq.* By W. W. OULESS, R.A. Capital: representing capital too; evidently a determined man who can't give much time to sitting still for a portrait.

87. Mr. JAMYN BROOKS has a good portrait of *Lieut.-Col. Rawes*. How frightened the artist must have been when this military lion first visited his studio, perhaps at feeding time, and as he came along the passage, the trembling artist "heard RAWES without!"

96. Mr. EDWIN ABBEY, R.A.'s "*Trial of Queen Katherine*." To the Red Robe of Cardinal WOLSEY all other things give place. Grand picture. Notable too is his 147, Shakspearian scene of the Duchess of GLOUCESTER's penance.

97. "*West by North*," i.e., delightful landscape of Summer in the English West, by JOHN W. NORTH, A.

107. "*The Danaides*," a Queer Storey, A. See also 526, "but that's another Storey."

110. "Rocked upon the Cradle of the Deep" ought to have been the quotation to this reposeful "*Anchored to the Nets*," by COLIN HUNTER, A.

116. "*A Venetian Autolykus*," and 153, "*A Scene in Venice*," both by HENRY WOODS, R.A. These pictures will dwell in the memory, not only for their intrinsic merit, but because they are

by a painter whose name occupies a position unique in the world of Art. We are all frequently hearing of the Canals of Venice, the Bridges, the Palaces, and of the Stones of Venice, but only once a year, and then in the Royal Academy, do we hear of the Woods of Venice, and what's more, see the excellent product of the WOODS.

136. "*A Wood Nymph*." By V. M. HAMILTON. A Wooden Nymph, eh?

143. Mr. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.'s scene in Windsor Castle will be highly popular.

160. Portrait of *Mrs. Murray Guthrie*, painted by Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.: a truly delicate work. Evidently the lady is a most charming, as well as a most transparent, character.

174. H.R.H. *The Prince*, as Commodore of Royal Yacht Squadron, is painted by Mr. OULESS, R.A., with a breeziness of tone that makes this likeness of the Prince the best in this year's Academy. Evidently H.R.H. is rejoicing in "a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep," and glad to get away from the trammels of a hot uniform or the stiff conventionality of a frock-coat. "Now we sail with

the gale!" Let go the painter!—and the painter has "let himself go," and done his work *à merveille*.

190. Mr. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.'s *Lord Russell of Killowen*, Lord Chief Justice of England, is one of the best, if not the best of all the portraits. Nothing of the "Common Sargent" about this. But not having had enough of my Lord Chief in th's kit-cat size, he must needs paint him at full length at No. 630, which rather suggests the portrait of a near relation to Lord RUSSELL, with a strong family likeness, than the L. C. J. himself. No, the artist has done him chief justice in No. 190.

290. "*The Gates of Dawn*." By HERBERT J. DRAPER. A startling female figure with something on. May be described as, "Lady with very little Drapery."

334. Cool and refreshing scene. "*The Drinking Place*." By STANHOPE FORBES, A. A teetotal picture, as it is watering two horses, of which one is "not taking any."

467. Very pretty picture is this of the two sisters—not "Religious Sisters," or Sisters of Charity—but Sisters of



GIVING THE SHOW (AND HIMSELF) AWAY.

First Artist (speaking of the R. A.). "IT'S A MOST WRETCHED SHOW!"

Second ditto. "THEY TURNED YOU OUT TOO, THEN?"

Beauty, painted by RALPH PEACOCK. Where are they? One is dozing over a book, and the younger and prettier is looking out for something or somebody. What is the story? What is this PEACOCK's tale?

539. O wise young artist, SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A. (as the royal name is repeated, why not simplify it by rolling the two single gentlemen into a plural unit and make it "SOLOMONS"?), here you are, SOLOMON, in all your glory, and B. L. Cohen, Esq., M.P., in all his! Since COLOUR-SARGENT, R.A. painted the Worshipful and Wealthy WERTHEIMER, there has not been such a *Jeu d'esprit* as this!

HUGH G. RIVIERE was in his very best form when he set to work on painting *Sir Squire Bancroft*, and subsequently placing him in a state of suspense before introducing him to "such a nice lot of new friends" as will look him up during the season. He "hangs out" at No. 568, Gallery No. VII., and can get a sweet breath of the country from the proximity of Miss ANNETTE ELIAS' 567, "*Hayricks*," and from "*The Ploughboy*," 569, employed by Mr. LA THANGUE, A. Moreover, he is situated at no great distance from "*A Wood*" (570), and need never be at a loss for "*A Hot Midsummer's Day*" (571), with Mr. HARRY WATSON. What painted gentleman in this Academy is exhibited in more favourable conditions?

646. In "*London from the Tower Bridge*," Mr. COLIN HUNTER, A., shows us the Thames as it is, i.e., without steamers. And

the atmosphere is not very much clearer, if any, in consequence.

729. Again the COLOUR-SARGENT, R.A. An interior of Venice. Look at it closely and you'll see "how it's done;" step three yards away from it, keep it, of course, straight in front of you, and then you'll see "how it looks." A wonderful picture!

957. Hon. JOHN COLLIER has painted "*The Billiard Players*." Full-size table, full-size men; evening dress. "Very clever," Honourable JOHN, "but would it were impossible."

984. WALTER C. HORSLEY gives us *Thomas Wall Buckley, Esq.* Very striking. The artist missed a chance of quotation from *Midsummer Night's Dream* where "Wall" is a distinguished figure. Probably this painting is meant for mural decoration.

1018. *Miss De Chair*. But, Mr. CHARLES VIGOR, most successful in your Vigorous effort, *il n'y a pas de "chair."* The young lady is standing! Didn't she "sit" for her portrait? If not—but there's some mystery here.

1020. *Banks of the Arun, Sussex*. . . JOSÉ WEISS. Delightful: but think what "*A Run on the Banks*" would have been!

And more we cannot do. Perhaps on some other occasion we may be able to direct public attention to many gems hitherto passed unnoticed. *Nous verrons*, and so will the public. *Vive L'Académie!* A FIRST-RATE SHOW!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—The ostrich which (as you may have heard) buries its head in the sand and thinks no one can see it, is an infantile humourist compared with our President of the Board of Trade. Last Session he brought in a measure designed to prevent depopulation of the ocean by prohibiting catch of small fish. Called it the Undersized Fish Bill. In inscrutable fashion it excited animosity of those pillars of the State, JEMMY LOWTHER and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. What attraction subject had for the former, no man knoweth. Had it been a measure to prohibit circulation of undersized York hams, it would have been different. As it is, bill not dealing with blocking motions, nor with Peers poaching on Parliamentary Election preserves, the thing is a mystery.

However it be, this combined opposition greatly hampered progress of bill. Finally stopped it when TOMLINSON joined the opposition. He took quite new ground. Insisted on seeing personal affront in title of Bill.

"What does he mean by undersized fish?" TOMLINSON growled, looking up at RITCHIE's six feet four.

End of it was innocent-looking Bill, designed in best interests of obscure but deserving large families, was numbered with the legislative wrecks of the Session.

Brought in again this year. But RITCHIE, profiting by past experience, dressed it differently, did its hair another way, called it by new name. Figures on Orders of the Day as "*Sea Fisheries Bill*." TOMLINSON quite taken in. JEMMY LOWTHER out of town, engaged in missionary effort. The CAP'EN on deck alert as

usual. When RITCHIE enters, towing the innocent-looking craft with "*Sea Fisheries Bill*" boldly painted on its bows, up goes the CAP'EN'S glass. Presently a smile flickers over his wrinkled face. A coat



Jupiter Tonans Chaplinus.

of paint, a shifting of the spars, a new cook's galley rigged amidships, doesn't deceive him.

"The Undersized Fish Bill, by Gum!" he says, shutting up his telescope with a bang. "RITCHIE may go out to Lourenço Marques and run through to Pretoria maxim guns labelled pianos, but it's no use him trying on that sort of little game here."

Nor was it. The CAP'EN having, as SAM SMITH observed, "blown the gaff," a dead set was made at RITCHIE'S Bill. When midnight struck debate on second reading still going on. For the present the Bill shelved.

Business done.—Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs asks for another two millions to complete the Uganda Railway.

Tuesday.—If there is still room for a picture in the panels of the Central Hall, it would be flying in the face of Providence to neglect the opportunity provided to-night by HARRY CHAPLIN. His manner, attitude, and speech in replying to ruthless Radicals who want ground rents rated, were sublime. With General Election in the near distance question a ticklish one for Government. The big towns have declared in favour of readjustment of system of rating. ALBERT ROLLIT, who knows what's what, supported NUSSEY'S resolution demanding reform.

Business of President of Local Government Board was to give every appearance of saying much on the matter and to say absolutely nothing. For such a task SARK will back CHAPLIN against the world. Through a full half-hour he, with the assistance of carefully scanned notes, discoursed round the subject. A stranger in the gallery, gifted with stone deafness, looking down on the massive figure at the Table, would come to the conclusion that he was delivering a message of life-and-death import. For those who could hear, H. C. strengthened the illusion by positively refusing to be interrupted. From time to time NUSSEY and LLOYD-GEORGE, who seconded motion, rose to point out that he was either misstating an argument or overlooking an important aspect of the question. In such circumstances, usual for Minister to temporarily

resume his seat, giving opportunity for member to explain. That well enough in ordinary circumstances. With President of Local Government Board discoursing on urban and rural rating, with divagations into the theory of ground rents, such interruption was positively indecent. With Jove-like frown, with threatening sweep of right arm, with voice thrilled with honest indignation, H. C. declined to give way.

LLOYD-GEORGE, who has been in training with his constituents, had the hardihood to affect light laugh. Case different with NUSSEY. Rising a second time with suggestion that the right hon. gentleman was still remote from the point, his face was blanched, his knees audibly smote each other. H. C. fiercely fitting his eyeglass, turned upon him a look that literally withered him. At best of times NUSSEY'S voice not his strong point. Now, in full view of Jove standing at the Table—Jove with an eyeglass and a cloud of truculent pocket-handkerchief streaming from his breast pocket—NUSSEY'S voice gradually faded away until it reached a feeble squeak. Whereat he gratefully sat down, and H. C., bending his flaming eyes again upon his notes, proceeded to say nothing with increased rotundity of phrase.

Business done.—Motion for relief of Local Taxation in urban districts negatived by 140 votes to 98.

Thursday.—The sad case of ERNEST GRAY a warning to young members. Here's a man with every chance of making in House position of certain reputable, comfortable kind. An agreeable presence; a pleasant voice; usually knows what he's talking about, and can express himself clearly. Then comes in the fatal flaw of fluency. If he had in his neighbourhood below the gangway any near and dear friend who, at the end of twenty minutes, would pull him down—if need be violently—by the coat-tails, his Parliamentary fortune would be made. Left to himself, he never knows when to stop. Ideas being limited, even in North-West Ham, he goes on repeating himself till designed effect of his speech is spoiled by irritation created in mind of audience.

Pain of situation increased by sense borne in upon House that at the end of the first half hour GRAY is conscious that he has delivered his message and would like to make an end of speaking. Just as there are shy men who, having looked in to make an afternoon call, have not the courage to leave the room, so he goes weakly fumbling along, glibly saying nothing particular for the third time, wistfully looking for effective point at which the curtain may fall. Meanwhile House thoroughly bored.

Business done.—Prof. JEBB, sometime Lecturer at Trinity, reads a paper on Education. Others follow. Tea and other

light refreshments at eight o'clock. Conversation resumed; concluded at midnight. A pleasant, instructive evening. Even JOHN O'GORST in quite subdued mood when his turn came to sum up the debate.

Friday.—In Committee of Supply; Vote for Salary of Secretary of State for War taken. Opportunity lets slip those dogs of war below gangway on Opposition side. They want to know everything, more especially 'why BOBS' despatches slating BULLER, WARREN, and THORNEYCROFT were published, and why nothing has been heard in the way of remark about METHUEN at Magersfontein.

The talk all about war. The Member for Sark sitting by me under shadow of gangway, turns it in another direc-



The Sw-ft M-c-N-ll Windmill at work!

tion. Asks whether I have read letter from a *Daily News* special correspondent, dated from Springfontein, signed "A. G. HALES." Only a column in length, but within that narrow space is framed a picture of what war means unequalled for vividness. Not since FORBES, writing in the same journal, held the world breathless with pictures of the battlefields of the Franco-German War, has anything been done in journalism to equal this.

So SARK whispers to me, whilst SWIFT MACNELL, with the action of a windmill in a storm, shouts at the top of his voice for the blood of Lord METHUEN. Must look up the paper.

Business done.—Ministers had a bad quarter of an hour about publication of Spion Kop Despatches.

MORE MESSAGES.

OUR contemporary, the *Daily Express*, has published messages from the GERMAN EMPEROR and the King of SWEDEN. Not to be outdone, we have also interviewed some personages, who are, we must admit, of less importance. But through us they speak to the British Empire and the world.

The Sultan. Bismillah! Our slave, this Pacha, translates for Us. O Giaour, what dost thou ask? Nay, the war concerns Us not. We love music. If thou wouldst hear some notes like unto those of the bul-bul, in fact, a little piece of Our own composition—Thou must hasten away? Ah, in Stamboul no one hastens. But so be it, thou comest from the frenzied West. At least, before thou goest, smoke one cigarette. And stay! Couldst thou lend Us twenty piastres? It is an odd thing, but We have mislaid Our purse.

The Prince of Monaco. Yes, I speak English. The war does not threaten my dominions, or my civil list. In fact, the burden of my life is trying to spend my salary from the gambling tables. I go deep sea fishing in my steam yacht. It is a harmless excitement. Can you think of any other extravagance? I wish you could. You see, I can't gamble at Monte Carlo, because inhabitants of the neighbourhood are not admitted. You suggest that I might lend a trifle to the Sultan to pay the Americans. I'll think about it.

The Emperor of China. Me speakee Inglis. Not know KLUGER and Tiansvaal. Are they Inglismen? You foleign man you go askee my Auntee. She topside galore. She getee lid of you chop chop, likee she getee lid of me. All light. Chin chin.

Mr. McKinley. Don't bother me. Ask BRYAN.

Mr. Bryan. Get out. Ask MCKINLEY.

Ex-King Prempeh. Nohwk mbly wggbg nbkag xtehmqmgggkzp. (This message is highly important, but unfortunately we have not yet discovered any one who can understand it.)

Ex-King Milan. Ah, mon cher, je vous en prie! Ne m'en parlez pas. Toutes ces choses sérieuses m'agacent. Pour moi, dîner ou souper dans un des meilleurs restaurants de Paris avec quelques petites femmes, ça, c'est la vie. H. D. B.

When all the World is Young.

Mrs. Barkins. I'm sorry to say, Mr. GIBLETS, that those plover's eggs were most unsatisfactory. Indeed, to tell you the truth—(in a disgusted whisper)—some of them contained young birds.

Mr. Giblets (throwing up his hands in holy horror). Young birds, Ma'am! Why, they must 'ave got mixed up with the spring chickens from Brittany.



(Continued from p. 324.)

LADY HABART looked up quickly. "Oh, but GUY told me you were engaged to a Miss—I forget the name. I thought you'd

only come from abroad to get married."

"I have only been engaged once."

"Oh, well, I'm glad. I don't want you to get married; I don't want you to forget me . . . Oh, I don't know what I'm saying—I wish you didn't hate me!"

"Do you think I have no cause, Lady HABART?"

"You used to call me DOLLY—don't you remember?"

"I have no right to, now."

"It would make me a little happier, if you did." She had again lost herself in her part and she was living, not acting. She really felt very miserable and the strain upon her nerves began to tell on her. She could not restrain the real tears that came to her eyes, and she put her handkerchief up, sobbing quietly. It was tremendously effective, and she could not help perceiving it. "I'm so unhappy—I want some one so badly in whom I can trust."

"I will do anything I can to help you," he whispered; he could not trust himself to speak aloud. Few men can stand a woman's tears.

"What can you do! I'm so frightfully unhappy. You don't know what it is to be utterly alone in the world with nobody to stand by one—with nobody to love one."

"Ah, DOLLY, I would have loved you all my life if you had let me."

"It's too late now," she sighed, drying her tears. "I feel that my life is finished—I'm quite young and I feel so old." She remembered that in artificial light she did not look more than twenty-three. "Sometimes I think I should like to lie down and die . . . I used to be beautiful when you knew me, FREDDY."

"To me you are always beautiful."

She smiled at him painfully, thinking the style of his remark more applicable to a woman of at least forty. Her eyes

wandering over FREDDY'S head caught sight of one of the water-colours of her schooldays.

"Do you remember how we used to wander about the fields together at home, when we were boy and girl? And on Sunday evenings when we walked home from church you used to put your arm round my waist. And we used to sit under the big trees and smoke cigarettes."

"Ah, DOLLY," he cried, as the recollections crowded back upon him, "how could you treat me as you did!"

"And we used to play tennis together. D'you remember how frightfully cross you used to get when I beat you?"

He laughed in his old boyish manner, forgetting suddenly all that had gone between. "You only won when I didn't play up."

"Oh, what nonsense! You always used to say that just to aggravate me, but it wasn't true . . . And afterwards you used to lie down on the grass and smoke, while I made you lemon-squashes."

"D'you remember how sick your first cigarette made you?"

"Oh, it was horrible!"

"You wouldn't speak to me for days afterwards, and you made me give you my knife to make it up."

"But you took it back again next day," she said, laughing.

"It seems to me that then there were no rainy days. Our whole life was warm and sunny and beautiful."

"And d'you remember that day I nearly fell in the lake? I was so frightened and you kissed me. You were always kissing me."

"You drive me perfectly mad," he said. "Oh, I know you loved me then, DOLLY. Why didn't you let that sweet life go on for ever!"

She put her hands to her eyes. Surely now he would spring forwards and clasp her in his arms, vowing he adored her; she would sink her beautiful head upon his bosom and burst into another flood of tears; she would offer her rose-like mouth to his kisses.

But he uttered a cry and it made Lady HABART start and look rapidly at him.

"What a fool I am!" he said. "You took me in like a child. You've been humbugging me all through."

"FREDDY," she cried, springing up. "What d'you mean? You're mad."

She could not understand the sudden change. What error had she committed? It was incomprehensible.

"You humbug!" he repeated.

"FREDDY!" A look of genuine horror came into her eyes. How had he seen?

He took up his hat and walked out of the room without another word. Lady HABART sank back into her chair, half-fainting. Had she lost him? But why, why? Oh, it was impossible.

"Oh no, he'll come back," she muttered. At the first moment she was overcome, but her confidence quickly returned. She knew he loved her passionately, he couldn't help himself; he was like a fish with the hook in its mouth, struggling to get free. Every toss and turn forced the steel deeper in, and she smiled at the thought of the bleeding gills. She looked at the time. She had intended to send a note to the people with whom she was dining to say she was seriously indisposed and could not possibly come; but the matter had gone out of her head and now it was, perhaps, a little late. She was restless and excited, inclined to go out, experiencing a need for speech and admiration. She was so sure of her triumph that she could afford to dismiss the subject from her thoughts. There was now really nothing to ruffle her temper, and already she began to feel herself looking more beautiful than an hour ago.

She went to her room in the highest of good humours, and chose to wear her most extravagant costume. Looking at herself in the glass, she thought she had never appeared more fascinating. For once she did not ask herself whether her hair should not be golden red rather than reddish gold—a momentous question which had given her many troubled moments. Her neck was adorable, her eyes flashed, and she felt sure of repeating in a different way her triumph of the afternoon. Finally she descended to her carriage; certainly she was overdressed, but then no one could have been more fashionable. She wondered whether after dinner FREDDY RAMSDEN would walk up and down beneath her windows; he was a sentimental creature, and she thought it very probable. Her absence, however, made such a performance distinctly ridiculous.

"Poor FREDDY," she murmured, "he's so naïf."

Next day Lady HABART was somewhat meditative. She sat in her boudoir awaiting FREDDY'S inevitable visit; her old knowledge of him told her that he had been counting the hours which passed before he could decently present himself again. She had closed her door to every one but him, even to her brother; for she felt certain that RAMSDEN had prepared some speech or other with which to break in upon her, and the presence of a third party would possibly be disastrous. Poor FREDDY was so melodramatic; Lady HABART had a very low opinion of masculine good taste; judged by the standard of her own exquisite *savoir faire* all men were just a little vulgar.

A servant brought her coffee—it was after luncheon—and said that Captain SMITHSON had called.

"What on earth can he want?" she asked herself. The servant added that the money-lender had particularly asked to see her, and on being told she was out had inquired when she would be at home, and then said he would come again a couple of hours later. Lady HABART was still wondering why Captain SMITHSON should want so particularly to see her, when RAMSDEN was shown in. Lady HABART sprang up.

"FREDDY!" she cried with astonishment, "I expected never to see you again."

"I ought not to have come. I am not—I am not worthy to see you. I have come to beg your pardon."

Lady HABART looked at the pattern of her carpet. "It is not you who should do that—I beg your pardon, FREDDY, with all my heart for all I have done."

"I spoke to you like a cad yesterday; I had thought out long ago what I wanted to say to you. When I saw you I felt I couldn't, but—I forced myself."

"You said nothing that I did not deserve," she replied in a low voice, with a humble bend of the head.

"I've come to-day to ask you to forgive me. And," he hesitated, colouring, then with an obvious effort: "and I've come to ask you to marry me. Yesterday I accused you of being insincere, I thought you were humbugging me; but when I accused you—forgive me, I was mad—a look of horror came over your face that has been haunting me all the night. That look showed me that I wronged you." He came forward and took her hands, pleading. "Will you marry me, DOLLY?"

Then an inspiration came to her. She restrained the joyful "Yes" that was forcing itself from her lips against her will. If she accepted him, and he discovered her penniless condition, he would understand that she had been indeed playing the fool with him. She dared not risk it; he would surely make inquiries about her. It was safer to tell him first. She disengaged her hands.

"I can't," she whispered. "Oh! God help me! I can't. I thank you with all my heart for what you have said; but it's impossible, FREDDY. I'm so sorry; I think I could have made you happy."

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Yesterday you swore you loved me."

She passed her hand over her forehead. "Don't you know? I thought all the world knew. I'm hopelessly in debt, and I'm going to be made a bankrupt."

"What! But HABART—"

"He left me nothing. Everything was tied up. I had a little, but—oh, I don't know what happened. I got into the hands of the money-lenders. One of them has just been here clamouring for his money. Oh, God, I don't know what I shall do. Everything will be sold, and I shall be a beggar."

"Oh, DOLLY, I love you with all my heart."

He clasped her in his arms, but she pushed him away.

"Oh, no," she cried, "don't humiliate me. Don't you see that I can't marry you; it wouldn't be honourable. My name will be dragged through the dust. People will say that I married you for your money."

"What does it matter what people say!"

"Oh, I couldn't bear it. I love you too much."

"But if you're in trouble let me stand by you. Oh, now, you must marry me. You owe it to me, I have suffered and loved so much."

"I daren't. Don't tempt me. I should like to so much, but I'm afraid. Afterwards, when you thought of it, you'd believe also that I married you for your money: And if I saw that thought in your eyes I'd kill myself. If I don't marry you it means hopeless ruin and disgrace. You'd think I inveigled you into marriage. I've got to pay SMITHSON four thousand pounds next Monday, and I can't, I can't."

She finished by burying her head on his bosom, while he kissed her repeatedly.

"Say 'Yes,'" he said; "say 'Yes.'"

And at last she cried: "Oh, I can't help it, I love you too much. Take me and do what you will with me."

FREDDY RAMSDEN had not enjoyed such bliss for many years. He pressed her to marry him quickly, and she did not resist.

"And now I want you to do something for me," he said at last. "Will you promise—on your word of honour?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling through her tears.

"I want you to let me give you a cheque to pay that money-lender with. You promised," he added, as she started, and he saw she meant to tell him such a thing was impossible. "You promised."

"You are too good to me," she murmured. She thought herself very clever for having put an extra thousand on to the sum; it would be mightily useful for incidental expenses. She quickly ran up in her mind which bills she was bound to pay immediately. It seemed as if FREDDY could not tear himself away; but at last he left her, promising to return for

dinner, and then Lady HABART hurriedly slipped the cheque into an envelope and sent it to her bank. Four thousand pounds! She gave a little cry of delight. She telephoned for her brother.

The moment he appeared she burst into a torrent of explanation. Never in her whole life had she felt more pleased with herself; the triumph of HABART'S proposal had been nothing to this, for he had been but a second and better string to her bow. RAMSDEN never knew that she had written him his letter of dismissal two hours after accepting the Earl Lady HABART had never felt herself so entirely spiritual as at this moment; never had she been more convinced of the superiority of mind over matter, of man over beast, of herself over everybody else. Though she was a pious woman and fervently thanked her Maker for her success, she thanked her own intelligence more.

"Oh, I was splendid," she cried to her brother. "If I weren't going to be married, I'd go on the stage. What a success I should be!"

She could not contain herself, and she repeated half a dozen times every detail of the two interviews with RAMSDEN. She could scarcely understand that her mind should be so remarkable—she wondered whence her talent came; certainly neither her father nor her mother had ever shown such diabolical cleverness. It flattered her to think herself Mephistophelian. Then in unwonted generosity she began telling GUY all she would do for him—his circumstances had been no better than hers, but his debts were infinitesimal, since no one had ever been so foolish as to trust him. She said she would find him a rich wife—that was self-help after the most approved pattern of the excellent SAMUEL SMILES; it would provide for him also without any expense to herself or dear FREDDY. Dear FREDDY'S money she now looked upon as her own and meant to be careful with it. Of course, FREDDY would go into Parliament—it would give him something to do, and keep him out of the way, and he'd be quite at home among all those old fogies. She would write his speeches herself; she had always had an inclination for public life, and henceforward she would go in for problems, model dwelling-houses, old-age pensions, temperance, and all that sort of thing. GUY listened meekly to all she was going to do for him, for FREDDY, and for FREDDY'S wife. In his heart of hearts he did not greatly believe in any one benefiting enormously by her efforts besides herself. He had for her a very great affection, but few illusions.

But the butler interrupted Lady HABART with the announcement that Captain SMITHSON was again below, insisting on seeing her ladyship.

"What a rude man he is," said Lady HABART. "Isn't it a shame that I should have to pay him the money!"

"I'd better go and see what he wants, hadn't I?" said GUY.

"Yes, do go; and be as rude to him as you possibly can. Treat him like the cad he is. If you get the ghost of a chance, kick him downstairs."

GUY laughed, and was proceeding to carry out the lady's gentle wish, when she stopped him.

"No, don't go; I want to be rude to him myself. He was simply insolent when I called on him."

"Well, I'll get out of the way," said GUY.

"No, stop here and read the paper. Take no notice either of him or me," she replied, touching the bell for the Captain to be sent up.

Lady HABART sat down at a writing-table, and began writing a note to a duchess of her acquaintance. The expression on her face was not amiable. The door was opened, and the butler announced the name. Captain SMITHSON stalked forward with his fashionable gesture, holding the shiniest of top-hats. He stopped as Lady HABART did not rise to take his outstretched hand, and for once was a little embarrassed. Lady HABART had been right in supposing GUY'S presence would add to the humiliation. A man can sometimes bear a woman's

snub, but never if a second man is present. GUY went on reading his paper and Lady HABART continued her letter.

"Er—Lady HABART;" he thought that they possibly had not heard his entrance.

Lady HABART half turned her head. "Oh, is that you, SMITHSON," she said. "I'll attend to you in one minute."

Captain SMITHSON looked at her quickly and then glanced at GUY; he could not understand. They did not offer him a chair, but he sat down to show he was at his ease; but then sitting away from the others he felt himself ridiculous, and he marched up to GUY.

"Anything in the paper?" he asked in as natural a tone as he could assume.

"What?" said GUY, looking up.

Captain SMITHSON repeated his question.

"Absolutely nothing," answered GUY, and at once buried his head behind it again. Captain SMITHSON frowned; he was not a patient man and he was quite unused to such treatment.

"I would be obliged if you could give me your attention immediately, Lady HABART; I'm very busy."

"Really?" said Lady HABART, looking at him for one moment, contemptuously.

He could think of nothing further to say and he waited. He swore he would make her pay for her behaviour; of course, she had the money, otherwise she would never have altered her behaviour so markedly. Lady HABART finished the letter with great deliberation.

"Now, my good man, what can I do for you?" she said at last. She left him standing, as being more menial and humiliating. Captain SMITHSON was in rather an awkward position. He had come to her with a proposition to delay calling in his money for another three months, on terms extremely advantageous to himself. He knew that if the worst came to the worst the present holder of the title would pay the lady's debts and there was no need to press her too hard. But evidently she had the money and his errand had lost its object. Lady HABART impatiently tapped the ground with her foot.

"Please state your business at once."

"I came to see you about our conversation of yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Well, the fact is—"

"But really, I don't understand what right you have to come to my house and insist on being shown in. I look upon it as a piece of the grossest impertinence."

"You forget that you invited me to take tea with you, Lady HABART," he said, flushing.

"I?" said Lady HABART indignantly. "The man's mad. Did you ever hear such a thing, GUY!"

GUY raised his eyebrows and looked at the money-lender as if he were some wonderful beast.

"Your ladyship has a very bad memory," said the Captain sarcastically.

"You are very impertinent. Please ring the bell, GUY."

"You know what to expect if you don't pay me my money, Lady HABART."

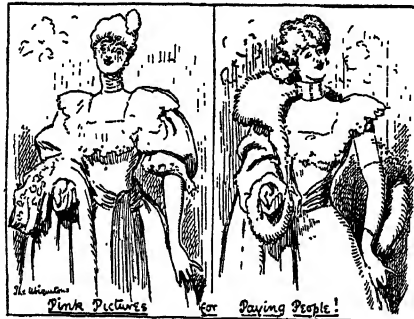
"I am under the impression that it is not due till Monday. Oh, RUSSELL," she added to the butler, "you will show this man the door, and if he comes again you will call the police."

Captain SMITHSON was going to speak, but there were three pairs of eyes upon him; also GUY was obviously athletic and would love an opportunity to throw him downstairs. He walked out like a lamb. When the door was closed behind him, Lady HABART smiled and kissed her brother.

W. Somerset Maugham



"Now if I wuz jist to smother 'e in, I'd likely
get twice t' number o' settins' from maister Clausen
Ed never be missed surely!"



OUR
ART-FUL CRITIC
AT THE
ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALL ROUND THE TRUTH.—Income-tax Inquisitor. What is your profession? Victim. Well, I live by the spheres. Income-tax Inquisitor. A geographer, I presume? Victim. No, I depend upon three balls. Income-tax Inquisitor. Ah! I understand. A pawnbroker! Victim. Wrong once again. I'm a billiard marker!



WHEN STRONG LANGUAGE MAY BE EXCUSABLE.

"WELL, I'M — ! DROPPED MY MATCHBOX INTO THE RIVER, LEFT MY FLASK AND CHICKEN SANDWICHES ON THE SIDEBORD AT HOME, AND I'M A GOOD FIVE MILES FROM ANYWHERE!"

SOLDIERING AT HOME.

(Page from a House-holder's Diary.)

Monday.—Much impressed with the Prime Minister's speech at the Primrose League gathering at the Albert Hall. Why not prepare yourself for war without leaving your own home? Become the complete soldier on your own premises. Will try the idea at once. Send for "The Soldiers' Pocket-Book," and other publications of a martial character. In the meanwhile warn my household to be on the alert.

Tuesday.—BINNS the butler wants to give notice! Says he is not accustomed to being called up at 3 a.m. "for nothing." Idiot! Why, in this manner I was training him for a night attack. The footman, too, kicks at doing his work with a magazine rifle slung across his shoulders. Absurd! How can he expect to prepare himself for home defence unless he adapts himself to an assumed time of war? Dragged up the pony trap to the brow of the hill, to accustom myself to pulling up heavy guns. Very tired.

Wednesday.—Armed with my reference works I insisted upon knocking up some entrenchments. The gardener complained that it interfered with his work. He didn't like "this messing about his

potato beds." Read him a chapter upon "how to besiege a fortress," but he said it was out of his line and he preferred to stick to cabbages. Very difficult to arouse a martial spirit amongst my retainers. The boy in buttons takes to "sentry go" rather, but I fancy it is with the object of raiding the position he is supposed to guard—the store cupboard.

Thursday.—Getting on famously. Have set all the female servants to work upon bandages, etc., for the use of the wounded. My wife says she can get none of the rooms done because the maids are engaged elsewhere. Explain that we are only preparing for war. That if we were really besieged we should have no time for the "doing of rooms." My wife replies that we are not really at war and the whole affair is nonsense.

Friday.—My two boys came home from school and entered into my project with enthusiasm. They, fortunately, have some pistols and blank ammunition. With the assistance of my military works of reference we carried out a miniature campaign. Attacked all the houses for miles round and ended at night with a splendid display of fireworks.

Saturday.—Half-a-dozen summonses and all the servants on the move. Cook says

she won't stay another hour "as everything's at sixes and sevens." My wife has written to her rector brother and threatens a separation. I have done my best to introduce the life military into the house civil. But really it seems to have caused complications. I am quite sure the Premier did not wish to put any of his supporters to personal inconvenience. So I will write for further information. In the meanwhile I close my diary until I receive his Lordship's reply.

TO A WELSH LADY.

(Written at Clovelly.)

THE reason why I leave unsung
Your praises in the Cymric tongue
You know, sweet NELLY;
You recollect your poet's crime—
How, when he tried to sing "the time,"
He made "the place" and "loved one"
rhyme,
You and Dolgelly!

But now, although a shocking dunce,
I've learnt, in part, the Welsh pronun-
-iation deathly.
I dream of you in this sweet spot,
And, for your sake, I call it what
Its own inhabitants do not—
—That is, "Clovelly!"

STEYN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL.

[Ex-President STEYN has been assuring his countrymen that thousands of foreign troops are on their way to help the Boers.]

COME, listen to me, Burghers, and raise your cheers on high,
For the day of our redemption is drawing very nigh,
When the rooineks shall be smitten and be cast into the sea,
And the country down to Cape Town shall be Afrikaner-free!
For the nations have arisen and are flocking to our aid,
A sort of universal help-the-Boer 'gainst British raid.
Full twenty thousand Laplanders are sailing from the north,
And half a million Arabs to the south are marching forth;
Five hundred Russian ironclads are now upon their way
To join a million French marines in Delagoa Bay.
Four Army Corps of Germans are now landing in Natal,
We've even got ten regiments from that sneaking Portugal!
From the wild west of America there come the Cherokees,
And the Emperor in person is commanding the Chinese;
In short, there's not a nation but is longing for the day
When the Absent-minded Beggar shall be made our bill to pay!
When you, my worthy Burghers, shall with loyalty and glee
Proclaim that all your blessings were derived from PAUL and ME!

THE BAR AND ITS GROANING.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—The compiler of the amusing column in the *Globe*, headed "Wig and Gown," complains that at the Annual Meeting of the Bar, only one end of the Long Vacation was discussed. It was suggested that the forensic holiday should commence on August 1. But, complains the *Globe*, nothing was said about the termination of the days of rest. I ask, why should anything have been uttered on such a subject?

Sir, I am convinced, and I have arrived at the conclusion after twenty years' experience in Court and Chambers, that the time of the ending of the Long Vacation does not affect my practice in the least. Yours, &c., A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



"AND WHY DOES YOUR MASTER WANT TO SELL THE HORSE?"

"'E DOAN CARE FOR 'IM, SIR."

"BUT WHY DOESN'T HE CARE FOR HIM? YOU TELL YOUR MASTER THAT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM ABOUT IT."

"WELL, TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, SIR, 'E AIN'T COME OUT O' THE 'OSPITAL YIT, SIR!"

A LYRIST'S LAMENT.

["The War Literature has outrun the demand."—*Daily Paper.*]

I HAVE left your praises, DAPHNE,
All this while unsung,
On my walls the pipe and tabor
Silent idly hung;
While to praise of Khaki bays
I my lyre have strung.

For the fashion of the moment
Warlike song required,
So with bellicose emotions
Promptly I was fired,
Of warriors bold my numbers told,
With battle's heat inspired.

Thus to crude, uncultured strains
I trained my once trim verse;
And a rugged style affected
Kiplingesque and terse;
Deeds strange to me, all crabbedly,
I laboured to rehearse.

Now alas! the Khaki market
Is, I understand,
Overstocked, accumulated
Stacks remain on hand;
Verse while I in sheaves supply
There's really no demand.

Ah! BELLONA, maid deceitful,
By whose ill advice,
I was fain my old allegiance
Thus to sacrifice;
When for a dole I sold my soul,
You bilk me of the price.

"UP WENT THE PRICE OF——"

It had always been a costly product of the British Isles, ever since its discovery in the reign of the Old King who took his name therefrom; but at the close of the nineteenth century it became enormously appreciated in value.

From a variety of causes—the disinclination of operatives to work more than three hours a week, the eagerness of foreign governments to possess themselves of specimens, the formation of a De Beers-like combination among the proprietors in order to restrict the output, the infliction of even more stringent penalties than in the case of I. D. B. for the repression of illicit traffic in the commodity—its rareness increased to such an extent as to tax the cheque-book of a billionaire.

Only one peeress could afford to have a genuine pair of earrings embellished with

this precious substance. A few other highly-placed ladies exhibited imitation necklaces of the same. A variety actress had a complete *parure*, it is true, but then she was engaged to a couple of dukes, at least, so said the American papers.

A few small portions occasionally strayed into the market, and came under the hammer (metaphorically). They more than realised their weight in diamonds, great auk's eggs, Boer Generals' teeth, or whatever is most treasured on the face of the earth.

An especially choice fragment, weighing several hundred carats, was commandeered by Lord ROBERTS from President KRÜGER's private safe, at the end of the Transvaal War. This was, by Act of Parliament, conveyed to Her Majesty for the adornment of her new Imperial Crown, to be guarded in the Tower with the rest of the regalia for ever.

One other nugget was discovered by a private excavator in a suburban back-yard, and, for fear of the reporters and the law of treasure-trove, anonymously transferred to the British Museum, where it took the place of the Barberini Vase.

It was a piece of Best Wallsend Coal.

PUNCH.

SOME TALK ABOUT HIM. BY TOBY, M.P.



Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni. It is fifty-six years last January since I first mounted the volumes of *Punch*, to sit through all time at the feet of my revered Master. I remember the day well. It was cold, as indeed it often is in January. But there was, it seems to me looking back, a certain extra shrewdness in the biting air. It was due to the presence

of my Master, pleased as *Punch* with a little turn he had just given to his ever-loving, always-faithful, portrait of the British Lion.

Students of my old friend DICKY DOYLE's immortal, yet ever fresh, frontispiece will observe that I am seated on ten tomes of the half-yearly volumes. It is generally supposed, in the loose way epoch-making events get obscured in the mist of ages, that *Punch* was born with his front page cover, as Thingummy leaped into life clad in armour. That's a mistake. *Mr. Punch* was thought of in the earliest inception of the design. But I did not step on to the scene till *Punch* was in his fourth year.

Strange as it will seem to a generation that was, so to speak, suckled on *Punch*, and has grown up into thinking nothing is possible but the wrapper of to-day, it had six predecessors. PHIZ did an early one; Sir JOHN GILBERT essayed a Gothic design; KENNY MEADOWS drew a pretty picture; then came DICKY DOYLE with a sort of study for the masterpiece which saw the light in Number 391 of *Punch*, published on January 6, 1849.

Looking back upon it, I find eloquent signs of the times in the books advertised. Here is *A Man Made of Money*, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, which no one reckons of to-day. Here's *Part Three of Pendennis*, by W. M. THACKERAY, with illustrations on Steel and Wood, by the Author; to-day a classic among English novels. Here's the *Comic History of England*, by G. A. ABECKETT; and here are *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, "neatly bound in Fcp. 8vo, and Illustrated by JOHN LEECH, price 2s. 6d."

What price to-day, gentle reader, for this modest half-crown volume, with its peerless pictures of the deathless couple?

Since, in the middle of the century, I was throned on ten volumes the pile has grown out of all bounds. I see in the papers alluring pictures of 25 quadruple volumes handsomely bound in royal red, neatly packed in a bookcase. These, I read, contain all that *Mr. Punch* said and thought, printed and pictured, in his first fifty years, lying between 1841 and 1891. To make even number there is thrown in a 26th volume, consisting of the *History of Punch*, by M. H. SPIELMANN, the BOSWELL of a greater even than Dr. JOHNSON.

My glittering eye rests upon the announcement, "Only One Guinea in Cash. Orders should be booked without delay." I should think so! Will trot off and order a set for myself. Would like to know, by way of change, what it feels like to sit on 25 quadruple volumes, not to mention the SPIELMANN tome. On further inspection, I find that the guinea down is a preliminary performance. On paying it you get your full library of books delivered, afterwards paying fourteen guinea instalments. Cash down, we—I mean they—can hand the lot over

for £15. Considering that the ordinary price has been a trifle over £28, it brings into fresh light the desirability of moving with the *Times*.

That the greatest daily and the most famous weekly in the world should thus work together to spread the light is singularly appropriate. Once upon a time, I made tracks round the world, following the westerling sun and coming back, as the wise have ever done, from the East. I noted with interest how in whatever small town, howsoever remote from centres of population, wherever two or three English were gathered together in a club, there in the midst of them two papers were found. One was the *Times*; the other *Punch*. Further afield on remotest verges of civilization, the expenditure of three pence a day, the lateness, possible irregularity, of delivery, barred the *Times*. But there on the table shone the welcoming face of *Punch* warming the heart with home-kindling thought.

In Yokohama a man, unannounced, approached my kennel at the hotel and laid a volume at its entrance. It was the *Japan Punch*, all written and drawn by his own hand, reproduced in sufficient numbers by some process of copying. He had heard that a humble retainer of *Mr. Punch* was on his way to pay his respects to the MIKADO, and brought his roughly-worked volume as a tribute.

When I send in my guinea to the *Times* Office and have straightway delivered the 25 quadruple volumes, I will lay on top of them this slim booklet from Japan, as a testimony of the universality of sympathy and affection that makes the wide world my old Master's home.

Some one has written—I think in the *Spectator*—that there is no other weekly paper that could stand the market test of the republication of fifty years' issue. That is true, and since the book buyer is a shrewd person, who insists on having value for his money, the enterprise and its remarkable success supply perhaps the highest proof of intrinsic merit. In a fine passage DON JOSÉ once said, with special reference to Mr. GLADSTONE, that great men are like great mountains. We do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. We must go afar off before we see which peak it is that towers above its fellows.*

A humble retainer in a historic household, placed outside the intimate circle, I am, in some degree, able to realize the condition here laid down. I perceive that *Mr. Punch's* supremacy, established half a century ago by LEECH, DOYLE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, MARK LEMON, and GILBERT ABECKETT, maintained in later years by men whose names are household words, is based not wholly upon wit or humour flashed forth whether with pen or pencil. Behind these are a clear head, a kind heart, a lofty idea of gentlemanhood. A long and close study of the House of Commons has borne in upon me the conviction that, as a corporate body, it is wiser than its wisest members, juster than the most judicial-minded, more courteous in manner, higher in tone, than its most perfect gentleman. So it is with *Punch*. Also, like the House of Commons, *Punch* has its far-reaching traditions, its precious personal memories and associations, which those who to-day sit round the old mahogany tree are, above all things, jealous to maintain, so that they may hand them on untarnished to their successors.

How those traditions grew, and what are the personal associations, still cherished in Literature and Art, will appear in the pleasant process of sauntering through this richly-garnished store-house of fifty years.

The Kennel, Barks.





THE ILLUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

Master-Printer Punch (to His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor). "I HEAR, SIR, YOUR SON, THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, HAS A FANCY FOR PRINTING. WHY NOT BIND HIM OVER TO ME?"

[It is said that, like all members of the Royal House the Crown Prince will learn a trade, and that his taste lies in the direction of typography.]



Vicar's Wife. "I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT CHURCH FOR SOME TIME."
Rustic. "NO, I AIN'T BEEN LATELY. BUT I DON'T GO NOWHERES
ELSE, I ASSURE YE!"

THE NEW GALLERY AND SOME OLD PICTURES.

12. Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER here gives us a specimen of a peculiarly lumpy sea; evidently a sea that has been recently "ploughed."

25. A real good "pool" by the A.R.A. whose name is so suggestive of an ecclesiastical Pluralist, or several single clergymen rolled into one, yeleft PARSONS. Delightful.

27. Charming little Woodscape, by Miss ANNETTE ELIAS, which the fair artist entitles "*The Elder Bush*." But where is this reverend "Elder" BUSH? Is he hiding from the Younger BUSH? Neither is visible. But what matter? A good picture needs no BUSH.

34. A refreshing landscape, by JAMES ORROCK, which would be ever so much better could it be seen without reflection, that is without a glass over it. It is a glass too much.

N.B.—This remark applies to the majority of pictures in the New Gallery. Why under glass? Are the pictures being reared as if they were rare exotics?

45. C. E. HALLÉ shows us *Fatima* at a cupboard door, more suggestive of Jam than of the awful Blue Chamber, evidently trespassing on *Blue Beard's* "preserves." But *Fatima* herself is a sweet person with a rare taste in costume.

53. "*Our Little Bill*," by Mrs. KATE PERUGINI. Just when the little Bill was due for the holidays. Welcome Home!

56. "*A Common*," by CAMILLE VERNEDE. True to nature, and quite common.

103. "*A Shady Stream at Haslemere*," by CÉSARE FORMILI. Great CÉSARE, you have selected a lovely little sequestered spot "far from the madding crowd." This is where rests our CÉSARE FOUR-MILE-Y away from anywhere.

124. Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.'s striking portrait of "*Major-General Ian Hamilton, C.B., D.S.O.*" A Major-General represented by a SARGENT.

132. "*Reconnoitering*," by J. T. NETTLESHIP.

Here is a lion reconnoitering,
Just to see who may be loitering.

NETTLESHIP was looking out for the Lion, and the Lion for NETTLESHIP. NETTLESHIP caught the Lion: fortunately the Lion didn't catch NETTLESHIP. Where was the artist? *Lion's Puzzle*—To find NETTLESHIP! *Lion's Motto*, "Grasp your NETTLESHIP." *Artist's Proverb*, "First catch your Lion." We heartily congratulate His NETTLESHIP.

134. "*A Richmond Gem*."

139. G. F. WATTS, R.A., a portrait of "*Wilfrid S. Blunt*," from which it appears that W. S. B. is gradually fading away. Hope he'll last out the Exhibition!

147. "*Ice Bears*." His NETTLESHIP shows a polar bear and cub on an iceberg.

148. "*A Meadow Stream*." Deliciously cool this, Mr. ERNEST PARTON. When the thermometer's up to 98 in the shade—then—"Who fears to speak of '98" in such a delightful nook?

174. "*Charles Harmsworth's*" portrait by EDWIN A. WARD. To EDWIN A. WARD a prize.

175. But why didn't CHARLEY (174) borrow HILDEBRAND HARMSWORTH'S lounging coat with bright blue lining for Mr. WARD to paint him in? This is as spirited a portrait as a HILDEBRANDY'S should be.

181. "*Betty*," by H. GLAZEBROOK. Just a little BET, but a winning one.

185. "*Mrs. Shannon*," presented by Mr. SHANNON, A.R.A. A three-quarter length as being the artist's better half. Most striking picture, so striking, indeed, that her charming *vis-à-vis*, at No. 244, "*Mrs. Temperley*" (another SHANNON), is evidently doubtful as to how she should regard her, whether as friend or foe; which accounts no doubt for her puzzled expression which is neither a smile nor frown, but which might at a second's impulse become either. Therefore it would be pardonable to remember this other painted lady of Mr. SHANNON'S as "*Mrs. UNCERTAIN-TEMPERLEY*."

197. Clever picture by Miss CONNELL of *Princess Badoura*, who is saying to the public, "See, I put silver threepennies all round my head, and a silver sixpence between my eyes, and yet I don't squint!"

219. "*MacLeod of MacLeod*," by Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A. Fine picture; happy expression; no sign of My clouded brow. After this we ought to see the gallery upstairs: "*but that's another storey*."

To the Grafton Galleries. To call upon fascinating "*Emma, Lady Hamilton*," in all sorts of costumes, as immortalised by GEORGE ROMNEY. We come away from the new to the old, and whether it be EMMA HART, afterwards Lady HAMILTON (with the HART suppressed), as St. Cæcilia, as a Bacchante, as Cassandra, as a Spinstress, as a Seamstress, or as reading the news of one of NELSON'S victories, these pictures of her are masterpieces illustrating the familiar story of the Romance of a surpassingly lovely woman. A drama of more than domestic interest told in several tableaux.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PART I. of CASSELL & Co.'s Series of the Royal Academy Pictures for 1900 is now out, and better memoranda of this year's show it would be hard to find. Some of the reproductions in this number are admirable, especially that of "*A Flying Squadron of the Old School*," by THOMAS SOMERSCALES. Neptune is a bad sitter as a rule, though even Neptune has his tranquil moments; but here the artist, like one of his own victorious old men-of-war, has "taken him in action," and caught his exact expression, which the photographer has most perfectly reproduced. "*The Fold Yard*," by YEEND KING, R.I., is another pleasing reproduction of a very charming picture.

Hilda Wade (GRANT RICHARDS), by the late GRANT ALLEN. The heroine of this novel is a kind of *Sherlock Holmes* in petticoats, accompanied by an admiring follower who is to her what "*Do-you-follow-me-Watson*" was to the famous amateur detective. It begins well, and from time to time is interesting; but being

too much spun out, is consequently disappointing. It may be summed up as "*Wade and found Wanting.*"

From the House of MURRAY come new editions of two classics, wide as the world apart. One is HAYWARD'S *Art of Dining*; the other, even better known, GEORGE BORROW'S masterpiece, *The Bible in Spain*. Of their attractions as literature, my Baronite comes too late into the world to write. Of the form of the latest presentation it must be said it is excellent and reasonable in price. BORROW'S work contains reproductions of the original etchings, with photogravure and map. The *Art of Dining* has a portrait of its author which recalls the face of Mr. LAYARD, sometime First Commissioner of Works in one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S early Ministries.

Not the least clever thing about *Little Lady Mary* (SMITH, ELDER) is the device whereby Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON evades the prejudice against a volume of short stories. This one contains three, two good enough to carry the book far. The one from which it takes its name is brimful of life and character and has a quite new plot. A tale of London Society of to-day, its sometime tone of frivolity is deepened by a touch of tragedy. It will not be less acceptable since, unless my Baronite's vivid fancy misleads him, one of the best known ladies in London Society has, unconsciously, sat for the model of the charming *Lady Mary*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A MYSTERY OF THE THAMES.

(Fragment of a Romance found on the banks of that river.)

THE Oldest Inhabitant was pleased to welcome the Eminent Antiquarian. The visit suggested a compliment to the locality. There was not much to be seen at that bend of the river, but that little had evidently proved attractive.

"Have you any quaint vessel of interest?" asked the Antiquarian.

The Inhabitant thought for a moment. There were weird-looking jugs that had been sold with pounds of jam, there were twisted bottles that had contained Greek-grown wine, but neither of these articles could strictly be said to figure under the heading of local manufactures.

"I mean," continued the lover of the past, "on your river."

Then the Inhabitant became enthusiastic.

"Yes, we have indeed a very old vessel. We have seen that vessel for many years plying between the bridges on our dear old stream. See, here it comes."

As he spoke a ship came floating along. It had masts but no sails, and was evidently propelled by machinery.

"A very interesting relic," murmured



PHIL MA
1900

"SURE, PAT, AND WHAT ARE YE WEARIN' YE'R COAT BUTTONED UP LOIKE THAT ON A WARM DAY LOIKE THIS?"

"FAITH, YE'R RIVERENCE, TO HOIDE THE SHIRT OI HAVEN'T GOT ON!"

the Antiquarian. "Strange that amongst so much that is new one should find something so old, so very old."

"Yes, it is very old," said the Inhabitant with pride. "I remember it as a boy, and, no doubt, my father remembered it as a boy before me."

"It seems to me to be Early Victorian, if not even earlier," commented the Antiquarian, who had been inspecting the vessel through his field glasses. "How did it get here?"

"It has been bought and sold many times and oft," replied the Inhabitant. "There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that it will outlive the *Flying Dutchman*."

"Do you know the name of the first commander?"

"Well, they do say it was NOAH—but I may be wrong."

"I think it scarcely dates from Diluvian times," said the Antiquarian, "although it certainly must be very ancient. But you have not told me yet its name. What is it?"

Then came the reply which filled the mind of the visitor with amazement and amusement.

"It is called a Thames Steamboat!"

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR THE WOMAN'S EXHIBITION.—All the fun of the Fair.

PERTE DU SÉNÉGAL.

ENCORE UN OUTRAGE!

SELON une dépêche de l'Afrique du Sud, les Anglais ont saisi le Sénégal. Ces abominables bandits ignorent même l'orthographe du mot; ils l'écrivent "Senekal." Mais c'est évidemment la même chose. Las de tous ces combats inutiles contre les héroïques paysans du Transvaal, les traîtres d'outre Manche ont attaqué une colonie française. C'est vrai que nous autres Français nous ne saurions dire sans hésiter où se trouve cette colonie. Elle est quelque part en Afrique, au delà d'Alger. N'importe! Elle est à nous!

Est-ce qu'il sera permis aux brigands britanniques de mourir au milieu des marais pestilentiels où tant de nos compatriotes ont succombé? Non, mille fois, non!

L'abominable LOUBET, l'ignoble WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, l'atroce DELCASSÉ ne pensent qu'à l'organisation de leur Exposition ridicule. Ils ne s'occupent guère des colonies françaises. Mais moi, TROFFORT,

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT—"THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS."

This portrait—scribed to the Common Sargent, but evidently from another hand—was discovered in the Isle of Wight, and is supposed to be the counterfeit presentment of a famous athlete in his new rôle.

je m'en occupe. Je ne suis pas militaire. Je ne veux pas me battre. Mais j'écris.

Tremblez donc, JOË CHAMBERLAIN, maréchal d'Angleterre! Tremblez donc complices de ce chef du Syndicat anglo-juif! Moi je vous regarde. Ne touchez pas au territoire français. Je le protège.

HENRI TROFFORT.

WELL-MEANT ADVICE.

WHEN the clock is striking seven

From the clinging bed to rise
(Having sought it by eleven)
Makes you healthy, wealthy,
wise,
Fit to find the road to Heaven.

So the copy-books agree.
Yet precisely why a man
May not wise or wealthy be
Who affects another plan,
Is a mystery to me!

A FORCIBLE OBJECTION. —

What is the use of appointing a committee on any matter whatever, when from the very nature of the case it is bound to be *sat upon*, and even its own members *must sit upon it*!

"MAGDA."

LET me at once say to all those for whom fine acting is a great treat, of rare occurrence, that if they let slip the present chance of seeing Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *Magda* they will



have to deplore a lost opportunity. Since Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL startled all London playgoers with her rendering of *Paula Tanqueray*, she has had no part exactly suited to her remarkable dramatic power. Her *Magda* is a grand histrionic display: at the present moment there is nothing like it to be seen in London (except Signora DUSE in the Italian version of this play), nor I suspect in Paris; indeed, it would be difficult,

if not impossible, to find any other actress capable of playing this part so perfectly in every respect as Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

No stronger contrast to Mrs. CAMPBELL'S *Magda*, the vivacious, impulsive professional singer and woman of the bohemian world, could there be than the *Marie* of Miss WINIFRED FRASER, her innocent, warm-hearted younger sister. Motherly and commonplace is their honest step-mother, represented by Miss FRANCES IVOR, while Miss HELEN BOURCHER as *Franziska*, *Marie*'s aunt, is a delightfully acidulated person, who, with Miss PAGE, Miss COLLEN, and Miss LOGAN, ably represents the slight touch of broad comedy that relieves the somewhat severe tone of the play. The hearty boyish lover, *Lieutenant Max*, of Mr. ALBERT

GRAN, could not be improved upon; and assuming that a cockney pronunciation may be taken as equivalent to the "low German" of the kitchen, Miss CARLTON'S *Theresa*, the serving maid, is also acceptable as contributing towards "the relief of *Magda*."

Mr. FRANK MILLS as *Dr. Von Keller*, the cowardly, heartless, but highly respectable seducer, lets the audience into the secrets of the man's hopelessly selfish and worldly nature, with most consummate art. His dress, make-up, and manner, are admirable.

Mr. BERTIE THOMAS as *Pastor Heffterdingk*, plays a most difficult part without any exaggeration; and this is great merit, since as preacher, spiritual guide, confidant, sincere friend of the family, and heart-sore lover of *Magda* in days gone by, there is every opportunity, every temptation to over-act and become sentimentally stagey, and consequently ridiculous. It is an excellent performance.

As the old *Colonel Leopold Schwartzke*, Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ is inimitable. Rarely, if ever, can he have played a part with more consummate art. And such a part! Theatrically speaking, he is "a heavy father" of the heaviest type. He is a domestic martinet; his tyranny is intensified by his consciousness of failing brain power, and as he feels the sceptre of home rule slipping from his grasp, he clutches it all the more tightly, and acts with greater violence as he knows his time is short. He has had one stroke of paralysis, and his brain works slowly, yet by an occasional spasmodic effort he leaps to a truth. Mr. FERNANDEZ is to be congratulated on a very fine performance, which the least exaggeration would render ridiculous and tedious.

Nothing but such excellent acting as I have recorded above could have saved from a certain inevitable amount of ridicule a play made up of such good materials and yet so inartistically constructed that whenever it is requisite for one person to have a scene with another, as many of the other characters as may be on the stage at the time are told to go out into the garden, or into the library, or into some other room, as the case may



CREAM OF TARTAR.

[“At the Eastern Counties Dairy Farmers’ Dinner the other day, he (Professor McCONNEL) stated that music, suitable in quality, and administered at the right moment, was a never-failing means of increasing the supply of cream.”—*Daily Paper*.]

FARMER MANGOLD EXPERIMENTED WITH HERR STRÜMTEUFEL’S BAND, BUT RASHLY ADMINISTERED AN OVERDOSE.

be, and so the duologue is obtained! This simple device occurs not once, but several times. Mr. L. N. PARKER’S writing sounds like a mere bald translation, and if he has not “adapted” dialogue, most certainly he has not improved the crude “stage directions.” However, “it serves,” and the very poverty of the piece makes the distinguished success of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, and of her company, all the more remarkable. The Deuce is in it if the Royalty is not crowded nightly in spite of the DUSE being in it “in another place.”

A FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

THE NEW CANON.

[“The German Censor told the Emperor that before licensing a play he asked himself, ‘Could I see this with my wife?’ The Emperor suggested that a more searching question would be, ‘Could I see this with my daughter?’”—*Daily Paper*.]

Chorus of Wives.

SOME women will say, ere they go to a play,
“This piece my suspicion arouses,
For I hear it is so full of problems, you know—
Could we see such a play with our spouses?”
But I think it is plain to the merest man’s brain
That we women would promptly remove all
Dramatic delights that can shorten our nights
If we wait for our husband’s approval.

Another criterion then we must make,
Not—Is it a drama to which we can take
Our husbands?—That standard we long have
outgrown—
But—Is it a play we would visit alone?

Chorus of Daughters.

Some girls have a way, ere they go to a play,
Of thinking, “Well, isn’t it rather—
They say that the scene—well, you know what I mean—
Do you think we could see it with father?”
Dad pales at divorce; he thinks problems are coarse,
And everything wicked and bad is;
There’s little we’d know if we waited to go
With these very old women, our daddies.

Another criterion then we must make,
Not—Is it a problem to which we can take
Our fathers?—That standard we too have out-
grown—
But—Is it a play we would visit alone?

HOW TO WIN THE DERBY.

(By one who has all but done it.)

TAKE great care in purchasing a really good colt. Don’t let expense stand in your way, but be sure you get for money money’s worth.

Obtain the most experienced trainer in the market, and confide your colt to his care. But, at the same time, let him have the advantage of your personal encouragement and the opinion of those of your sporting friends upon whose judgment you can place reliance.

When the day of the great race draws near, secure the most reliable jockey and every other advantage that you can obtain for your valuable animal.

Then, having taken every precaution to win the Derby, why—win it!



James Patridge.

SCENE—A Scotch Estate. The New Heir has run down to see the Property.

The Heir. "I SHA'N'T BE ABLE TO COME AND SETTLE HERE JUST YET, McTAVISH, AS I 'M ORDERED OUT TO SOUTH AFRICA, BUT——"

McTavish (his Factor—with feeling). "A 'M SORRY, —A 'M VARRA SORRY TO HEAR THAT" —(the Heir is rather touched)—"BECAUSE YE 'LL UNDERSTAN', IF ONYTHING WAS TO HAPPEN TO YE, A DOOT THE ESTATE COULDNA STAN' TWA SUCCESSION DUTIES SO CLOSE."

DEPRECIATIONS.

XVI.

The Boer Delegates are interviewed by the American Press, which has come on board from the tender in New York Bay.

THE voyage? Thank you, we have borne it well,
Meeting with fortitude our daily dole
Of chastening sent by Heaven on whom it loves;

Heartened by faith; remembering how the wind
Is tempered to the ewe-lamb short of wool.
Moreover lo! a goodly thing it is
By fasting, yea, by sickness long endured,
To bring the body under, make it fit
Against the swelling beans Love prepares.

Our views of New York City? 'Tis a spot
Riddled with institutions wise and rare,
Where every cobble laid i' th' public ways
Cries out aloud of freedom, manhood's rights,

The equal rectitude of Irish rule.
So much for prime impressions; these and more
We will confirm at leisure, having seized
An early opportunity to land.

Next, of the parties we should best placate.
You speak o' th' silver platform? Urge us run
The non-expansion ticket? These are terms
That ask intelligence beyond our scope
Who hang upon the lips of brother LEYDS
For lore of politics; yet our ears have heard
O' th' MONROE Doctrine, bruited loud of late,
Whereby the Eastern Hemisphere is taught,
To shun obtrusion on your close preserves;
A gospel not applicable to you,
Except by logic, easy to elude.

Touching, again, your War of Liberty,
Whereof the brazen beneficiaries
Seem tardy in their joy at change of yoke,
If certain tales o' th' Philippines be fact—
How served the Anglo-Saxon bond for bar
'Gainst Europe's intervention, proving blood
Thicker than water? Babble o' sentiment;
Mere unction good at after-dinner hours
To ease exchange of yachtsmen's courtesies;
Not to be understood the serious way
By public men with Celtic votes to catch.

Yet here again we speak as toothless babes,
Unversed i' th' larger suffrage, taught to lean
Upon the good old oligarchal plan,
Having, in fact, one simple rule of life—
To live in peace at other men's expense.
Tammany, Democrat, Republican,
Mugwump, Expansionist—'tis Greek to us,
Yet not so Greek but we will throw our weight
Into what scale is like to serve us best.

And, last, the motive of our coming?
Peace!

The homely Doppler's passionate desire
Since first he learned to handle Creusot guns,
Or play the pom-pom. Peace, that holy state,
The thing expressly stipulated for
I' th' ultimatum, framed to that intent,
But basely misconstrued by men of sin
On whom the gripe of Satan lieth hard,
In Uncle's pregnant phrase, addressed to Raad.

To these, with promise to ignore the past,
We come but now from making vain appeal;
In person, no, since absent-mindedness
Aboundeth, very, wanton, in their streets;



Ⓔ

SWAIN 56

QUITE UNDERSTOOD.

COLUMBIA (to BRITANNIA), "YOU MUSTN'T MIND THOSE NOISY BOYS OF MINE. YOU KNOW, MY DEAR, IT'S ELECTION TIME."

But through th' *Express*, the monarchs' medium,
And mouth-piece made for sovereign States to blow,

So far, in fine, our modest plea has failed,

Whether in print or uttered eye to eye
I' th' Courts of Europe, where the love of us,

Flattered as England's enemy, is large,
But larger yet the love of their own skins.
And, since in factions' mutual hate is found

The opportunity of honest men,
To you, our ultimate resort, we come,
Minds open, conscience clear of prejudice,
Prepared to pose on what darned plank you will.

Your ear a moment—not for publication!
If any local frietion should occur
Demanding lubricants? You understand?
O. S.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—Ministers had a bad night on Friday. Attacked from all sides on matter of publication of brief remarks by BOBS on Spion Kop affair, defence left entirely to official apologists. Dilemma coming on top of some other blunders might, in face of united, disciplined Opposition, be awkward, even with majority of 130. To-night things going wrong in fresh quarter. Uganda Railway, estimated to cost under two millions, turns out to involve a certain expenditure of five.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK, endeavouring to make best of bad business, explains that so-called estimate was based entirely upon conjecture. It seems Mr. Wilkins Micawber was in charge of business. He viewed the scene of operations with airy glance of confidence; went straight on through desert, river, and morass, hoping that somewhere, somehow, something, would turn up to justify his sanguine forecast. He was disappointed. The blossom was blighted. The leaf was withered. The God of Day went down upon the dreary scene.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK lacks Mr. Micawber's mellifluous fluency of speech, as well as his dignified rotundity of figure. But the tone of his remarks curiously reminiscent.

"MR. SPEAKER, Sir," he said in effect. "Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances alike humiliating to endure, humiliating to contemplate, humiliating to relate, Her Majesty's Government are compelled to come down to the House to ask for a trifle of an additional £1,930,000. This granted,



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Miss Chatterton. "YOU ARE A GREAT POET, AREN'T YOU, M. DUMONT?"

M. Dumont. "NO, MADEMOISELLE, I AM NOT POET AT ALL, HÉLAS! I AM ONLY WHAT YOU CALL A—PROSER!"

the cloud will pass from the dreary scene; the God of Day will be once more high on the mountain tops. Refuse it, the result is destruction. The bolt is impending, and the tree must fall."

As debate went on PRINCE ARTHUR moved restlessly in and out. Whilst Leader of Opposition spoke, dexterously exposing the weak points of the policy and administration responsible for the mess, he prepared to reply. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN'S position not without difficulty. It was the Liberal Government, of which he had been a member, that was responsible for the policy of making a railway in Uganda. But, as EDWARD GREY put it, it was "a" railway, not this particular line. Nor were Lord ROSEBURY and his colleagues responsible for management of the affair. Obvious and only game of Leader of Opposition was to make the most of Ministerial blunders, whilst stopping short of action, logical conclusion of which was to abandon the costly enterprise midway.

This CAWMELL-BANNERMAN did with

tact, skill and humour. BRYNMOR JONES, knowing a better way, whilst in favour of making the railway, moved an amendment refusing to find the money for completing it. Leader of Opposition expressed hope that that line of action would not be adopted. For himself he certainly could not vote for the amendment.

PRINCE ARTHUR, narrowly watching gentlemen below gangway opposite, discerned their intention. They would throw over their Leader, affording another object lesson illustrative of the unity of the Opposition. By way of reinstating stumbling Ministers, helping them over a nasty fence, that better than any speech from Treasury Bench, however conclusive. So PRINCE ARTHUR held his peace, and chuckled as he watched fifty-three good men and true, the flower of the Radical party, go forth into the division lobby to flout their Leader.

Business done.—Second reading of Uganda Railway Bill carried by 226 votes against 53.

Tuesday.—It was WILLIAM LAWIES JACKSON who was directly, though quite innocently, responsible for dilemma in which House to-night found itself plunged. Questions on the paper over, he slowly rose from bench under shadow of SPEAKER'S Chair and said something that sounded like quotation from the Burial Service. His voice didn't travel across the floor; but he looked so portentously wise, his tone so sepulchral in its solemnity, that members feared the worst. With strained attention, allusion caught to Select Committee on War Office Contracts. By strange association of ideas that sometimes possesses the perturbed mind, members recalled how, upon a time, JACKSON was Chairman of South Africa Committee. Now he filled same post upon another Committee, likewise called into birth to deal with certain shady matters.

SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE observed that JACKSON had selected a remote place. Might be an accident; certainly, if occasion rose for profiting by the policy of the open door he could bolt. Vague suspicion of something wrong deepened when JEMMY LOWTHER interposed with expression of opinion that proceedings of Committee would become an absolute farce. Only thing for honest men to do was to take a division. What JACKSON had been hoarsely whispering they didn't quite know. Appearances were against him; division insisted upon.

When they came back plot thickened. JACKSON having removed a pace or two nearer the door was on his legs again. There rolled through hushed chamber a fresh quotation from the Burial Service, in which was interpolated reference

to minutes of the evidence of a Select Committee that met in 1873. Instantly CAMERON and half a dozen other members on their feet protesting. Here was deep design disclosed! CAMERON, who was nearer than others to the graveside over which JACKSON presided, assisted common understanding of position by suggesting that meaning of new move was to burke valuable but, for evil purposes, disconcerting evidence.

Only by tact of SPEAKER another division avoided. When, later, JACKSON'S Committee came to the front again on the Privilege Question, pent-up feelings burst forth like a cataract, and the House made itself supremely ridiculous. Which is the accustomed conclusion of Privilege motions.

Business done.—By majority of 192 against 100 House declared certain Liverpool solicitors been guilty of breach of Privilege. By majority of 192 against 139 resolved to say no more about it.

Thursday.—Sitting given up to discussion of problem how to house the London poor. Series of long addresses. Odd to see in Peers gallery one who made no speeches on the question; just went and settled it. No man, not even CHRISTOPHER WREN, has achieved stone-and-mortar memorial of greater interest than Lord ROWTON will leave to London. To the New Zealander strolling over Vauxhall Bridge, or descending from the 'bus near the Elephant and Castle, he might, if he were not a modest man, say, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

MONTY CORRY, to recall a familiar name, embarked much of his patrimony

upon the work. He gave up to it—rarer sacrifice—all his time and energy. The amount of good done in way of alleviating the lot of the struggling labourer is incalculable. And all achieved without speech-making, public meetings or other fuss.

We have our different ways. In the Commons we talk. Outside a clear-headed, big-natured man quietly works.

Business done.—Second reading of Housing of the Working Classes Bill talked around from four o'clock till midnight. Nothing done.

Friday.—On motion of Ministerial Whip, writ ordered to issue for new election in Isle of Wight division of Hampshire in place of Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, who, since his election, has accepted the office of Master of the Rolls.

Thus exit DICK WEBSTER from a scene for fifteen years made pleasant and homely by his kind heart, lucid speech, supreme ability, unaffected manner. He will be missed in the House of Commons, and as few of us are likely to be brought up in the dock of the Court of Rolls, we shall not often meet again.

SARK has some idea of writing his life. Believes it would be equally effective with the history of DICK WHITTINGTON, as showing how Industry and Ability lead from lowest levels to highest aspirations. For one who began life as a Tubman (a bar-tender I know; in vain I ask SARK what is a Tubman), who served some time as a Postman, to rise to almost the highest seat on the judicial bench, is an honour alike to himself and to the institutions under which he has thriven.

Business done.—Small Talk in Committee of Supply.

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH promised, and performs. By the way, the *Punch* Performance at the Palace Theatre Matinée brought in just on five hundred pounds to the Children's Hospital Fund, inclusive of the amount obtained by the sale of the "Souvenir Books."

A propos, the Souvenir Book, worth ten times the price at which it is now being sold, may be had, on application, at the *Punch* Office, and of all Booksellers in London. Its price, "not to put too fine a point upon it," is five shillings. It is positively giving it away. Such a real gem of art for the ridiculously small sum of five shillings! Nobody should be without this admirably got-up work, which is not only a volume in itself, but speaks volumes for Mr. *Punch* and his Artists on and outside the Staff, while eloquently appealing by Literature and Art to every one on behalf of the Children's Hospital Fund. Send orders for these "Souvenirs," and Post Office Orders as well, to

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd.,
10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

Others are taking it up where Mr. *Punch* temporarily has left off. The



Elizabethan Madrigal Singers, which should be a very ancient musical corporation, judging by their title, are giving a concert at the Kensington Town Hall, on May 25, and the entire receipts will be handed over to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. We wish it every possible success.

And, finally, here is the Summary at the closing of the Fund, Friday, May 11—

	£	s.	d.
Donations	12,986	1	9
New Annual Subscriptions...	535	3	6
Endowment Fund	2,810	0	0
Total	216,331	5	3

This is indeed a grand total. Mr. *Punch*, on behalf of the Ormond Street Hospital, begs to sincerely thank his most kind "friends in front" for the hearty support so freely accorded to this most charitable work.

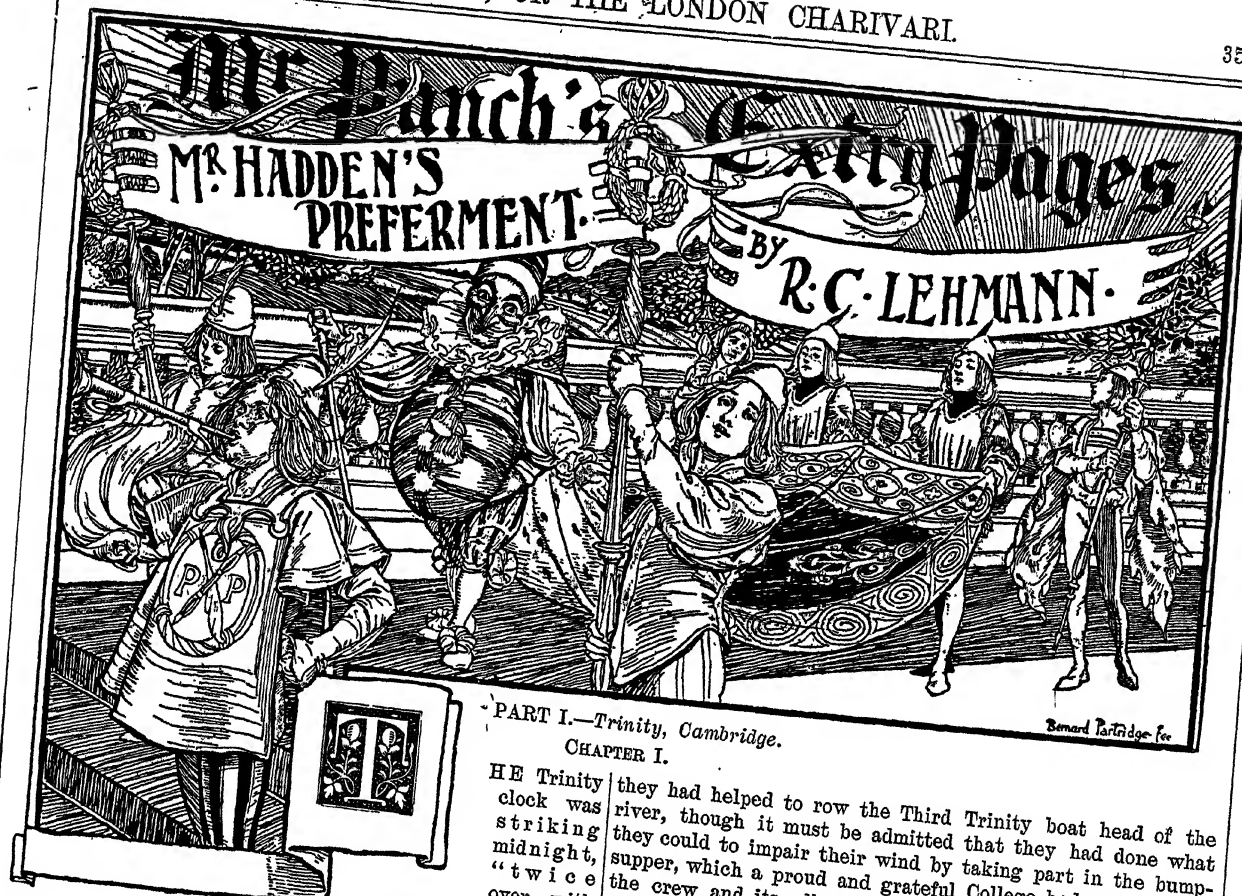
A RENDEZVOUS.

Jones (stopping Brown). Where to in such a hurry? To catch a train?

Brown. No—to meet a bill.

[Exit.]

"THE WINDY SIDE OF THE LAW."—Which side is this? Go into a solicitor's office: you'll soon be able to answer the question when you get near a draught.



PART I.—Trinity, Cambridge.
CHAPTER I.

THE Trinity they had helped to row the Third Trinity boat head of the river, though it must be admitted that they had done what striking they could to impair their wind by taking part in the bump-supper, which a proud and grateful College had provided for the crew and its adherents, and a large sprinkling of their defeated rivals in the College hall.

On the night of a bump-supper a College is not exactly a scene of Arcadian peace, and Trinity had been no exception to the universal rule. There had been champagne, there had been toasts and speeches, there had been fireworks and a bonfire in the backs. Dons, sportively arrayed in blazers, had smiled benignantly upon the scene of revelry and turbulence. Large athletes, betrayed into unwonted affection by Bacchus and their triumphs, had insisted on embracing the Junior Dean. Little reading-men had lapsed into vociferous devilry and had defiantly sacrificed one another's chairs in the bonfire. Everybody had yelled to his heart's content and had executed weird dances round, and even through, the flames. There had been a bombardment of crackers and Roman candles which made it marvellous how any eye retained its sight; rockets had hissed; mortars had exploded—in fact, for one night only, the College had devoted itself to a good imitation of the lighter and more genial side of the infernal regions. Gradually, however, as the hours went on the revelry had died away. First the dons had folded their tents like the Arabs, then tired rowing men had crept to roost; the reading men retired, glowing, to their burrows, and comparative calm descended on the College.

The incident I have described as taking place in the Great Court was the last flicker of the expiring candle. At its conclusion wagered half-crowns had been paid over to the panting victors, and a porter emerging from the shadow of Queen Elizabeth's gateway had appealed to the revellers to cease their noise.

"There's very strict orders," he declared, "against any noise after midnight. You've 'ad a good ole kick up, gentlemen. Now do go to your rooms quiet."

The appeal struck the bolder spirits as a revelation.

"Of course, we'll go to our rooms; haven't been there for hours. Come along;" and with linked arms a dozen or so had clattered away into the recesses of Neville's and the New

celebrated timepiece. Nor was that the only sound that broke upon the stillness of the June night. Loud yells, yells thoroughly unacademic, but distinctly stimulating, echoed across the Great Court. "Put it on, BAX! You'll do it! Now then, DICK, shove along; you're gaining. Yoicks!! Forrard, forrard, forrard! Spurt, spurt, oh spurt! Whoo-ooop! Whoo-ooop!! BAX does it; DICK's gaining!" Such were the unusual noises that brought the Master of the College to his window, as with the last stroke of the clock two flying figures, that had made a mad circuit of the Court at top speed, dashed headlong into a welcoming group of their fellow undergraduates, having just managed, if I may use the beautiful language of the sporting papers, to administer a knock-down blow to the Scythian bearer by the fraction of a second.

They had been engaged in a sporting event which is peculiar to the "great and magnificent foundation" of Trinity. It is the custom there, a custom, I hasten to add, not sanctioned by Deans and tutors, for the undergraduate whose spirits are elated to back himself occasionally to run round the Great Court while the clock is striking twelve. The Court is, I believe, the largest college quadrangle in the world, a fact which tells against the runner. On the other hand, however, the clock probably takes longer over its business than any other known clock, for it first proceeds with great deliberation to chime the quarters, and then attacks the hour twice over. It is possible, therefore, for a youth whose legs are fleet and whose wind is good to accomplish the task. At any rate it had been accomplished on this particular night by WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE—that is how the name figures in the University Calendar, though his friends call him BAX—and DICK CARTER, two undergraduates whose condition was vouched for by the fact that on that very day

Court. The rest lingered for a moment or two discussing the situation with the porter. Then they, too, drifted away, leaving BRAITHWAITE and CARTER alone.

"Good night, all of you!"

"Good night, BAX; good night, DICK. Don't forget breakfast to-morrow—devilled bones and gallons of tea—good night."

Their companions gone, the two runners turned into one of the staircases on the south side of the Court, mounted the wooden stairs, and entered the first-floor sitting-room, in which they "kept" together. Before following them in and listening for a short space to their conversation, it may be as well to introduce them with something more of ceremony.

CHAPTER II.

YOU are to imagine, then, two typical English youngsters, clean-limbed and active, with the clear eyes and ruddy complexion that speak eloquently of health and a sound constitution. Both had been at Eton, where they had rowed in the eight; they had come up to Cambridge together; had rowed, as freshmen, in their college eight, and had both been chosen, glory of glories, to row against Oxford in the following year. These circumstances and their tastes in exercise had thus marked them out as inseparables, a condition to which they had conformed still further by keeping together in one of those double sets of rooms of which there are several in the Great Court. So much for their resemblances. Their points of difference were not few. BRAITHWAITE, whose rowing weight was 12 st. 10 lb., and whose place in the University crew had been No. 4, stood well over six feet in height; his eyes were blue; his fair, shining hair rippled in waves over his head; the well-cut lines of his mouth and his whole air indeed showed firmness, resolution, and intelligence. CARTER was shorter and more slimly built, as befitted one of the best bows who had ever rowed a winning race from Putney to Mortlake; his dark hair lay straight upon his head, his eyes were dark, and a dark shadow, cast by that coming event, his moustache, was already perceptible upon his upper lip. It was an eminently good-humoured face for all its darkness, shrewd and smiling and irregular, the turned-up little nose and the dumpling cheeks contrasting remarkably with the regular lines of his friend's handsome features.

CARTER had paid a prosperous City merchant the compliment of becoming his son; BRAITHWAITE, as the son of Lord MARLOW and the grandson of the Earl of STILLINGFORD, was connected in one way or another with a considerable part of the House of Lords. But wealth and birth had left the one and the other unspoiled, and not even their athletic success had availed to give either of them a trace of that sort of swagger which the ordinary undergraduate resents bitterly in others, even when, as sometimes happens, he practises it himself. Both were, therefore, popular in the best sense of the word in the little world of Cambridge. Indeed, it may justly be said that no wholesomer or manlier lads were to be found amongst the many wholesome and manly lads who adorned the University.

Young BRAITHWAITE had been left an orphan at an early age, and since that time his grandfather, the old Earl, had taken charge of him and watched over his growth and education.

The Earl of STILLINGFORD, as everybody knows or ought to know, is Prime Minister, and leader of the great Conservative party. His political and social duties are therefore innumerable, but none of them has ever interfered with the affectionate care that he has lavished on his grandson. Indeed, the Earl has, on occasion, allowed his interest in the youngster to stand in the way of an important engagement. On the day of the last boat-race he was to have addressed an immense party gathering at St. James's Hall, but as I myself saw him on the Umpire's steamer, frantically waving his umbrella and shouting encouragements to Cambridge, I fear that there must have been less accuracy than is usual in the explanations which were given of

his lordship's failure to vindicate the policy of his party before the assembled political delegates.

However, the two young men are now well settled in their arm-chairs and shall speak for themselves. They ought, no doubt, to have gone at once to bed, but this was their first night out of training, and, the next day being Sunday, a long lie would be more than ordinarily permissible. At any rate, they sat on, and smoked pipes and talked.

"DICK," said BAX, suddenly interrupting the reminiscences of the boat-races, in which they had been indulging, "I'm not coming up next term. I'm going to spend all the Vac. and all next term in reading somewhere."

This startling announcement, for which nothing had prepared him, took DICK's breath away.

"My dear BAX," he expostulated, "you're joking."

"Never was more serious in my life. My mind's made up."

"But look here, BAX; give second thoughts a chance. Sleep on it. Take time to—"

"That's just what I'm not going to do, DICK. I've taken lots of time already—and wasted most of it. My old grandfather's quite right: I've got to pull up, and if I'm going to do that I've got to spend six months at least away from this place, doing solid reading, and thinking seriously about my career." ("Quotation from grandfather," interposed DICK.) "You shut up; it's none the worse for being a quotation. I'm coming round to the idea that the old man knows what he's talking about a deuced sight better than you or I, though he does happen to be close on seventy, and we're only twenty-two."

"All right, BAX, keep your hair on. I know it isn't everybody that's got a Prime Minister for grandfather. I wonder how it feels," he continued reflectively, "to have a big gun of that sort to look after one? Anyway, it must be a bit of a bore for the old fellow. Just think of it! While he's sitting in his ancestral library composing a great speech to show that if some shocking radical hadn't lived every one would have been a thousand per cent. richer, especially the millionaires, and that all he himself can do is to patch together a few shattered pieces of the British Constitution, which every Englishman is ready to defend with his life blood (that's in his peroration)—just as he's trying to write all this down and learn it off by heart, in comes a gold-laced, powdered, silk-stockinged flunkey—I've seen 'em, BAX; they're all like that in the best families—and offers him a pile of letters on a silver tray. First letter wants a peerage; second letter wants a deanery; third letter refuses to vote for him any longer unless he brings in a bill to abolish the London County Council; ten more letters all to the same effect, and, last, a letter from his dear grandson saying he's got a confession to make—bills have run up somehow—doesn't know how it is—they always do run up at Cambridge—will his beloved grandfather forgive him just this once and send him a cheque for two hundred to start him quite clear? Grandfather says 'D—n,' gold-laced flunkey says, 'Beg your pardon, my lord,' and the bits of the British Constitution remain where they are, while grandpapa writes a cayenne-pepper letter to his boy. Oh, yes, it must be a dreadful life to have a grandson at Trinity, dreadful!"

"Not worse than having a son there. Ask your governor, and see if he doesn't agree with me. But, DICK, be serious for half a moment—yes, you can make me a lemon squash; you're not such a bad sort after all. Kind and domestic, and devoted to your parents and all that—I've got to do some real work if I mean to be any good at all in the Tripos. Wish I'd never gone in for it, but I wanted to please the old man, and after all I may scrape into the second class with luck. Well, I've got into the way of not reading up here, and if I came up next term it would be the same old story: I should have to row in the Four; couldn't keep out of it. You know the kind of arguments they use—a man must take some exercise; therefore, why not row?—besides, the honour of the Club requires it—it wouldn't

do to let First or the Hall walk over. So the long and the short of it would be I should have to row, and when one gets keen about a race, and hasn't got a natural inclination for sapping—well, you know what a rare lot of reading one's likely to get through. No, I'm going to make a break; I can spare the term, and then I'll come up again after Christmas and row in the 'Varsity, and if I don't play the fool, I shall get through the Trip all right—"

"And the *Sporting Life* will have a special paragraph next day, stating that amongst those who proceeded to the degree of B.A. was Mr. WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE (19th in the 3rd class of the Classical Tripos), who is not merely the grandson of the Prime Minister, but a rowing Blue—that it is satisfactory to find so striking an illustration of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and that so long as England has such sons she will never, please the pigs, fall behind in the race, and that so mote it be. But, BAX, my resolute, immovable block of old red sandstone, whom are you going to read with?"

"That's just it, DICK. I don't know. Can you help me?"

"You don't deserve to be helped, you know, you really don't," replied his friend, assuming an air of profound depression. "You're going to desert me, leave me alone to face a heartless bed-maker and a cold, unfeeling Dean. No matter, it shall never be said that a CARTER failed a BRAITHWAITE in the hour of his need, even if he had to sacrifice himself. BAX, I've got the very thing for you."

"Don't rot, DICK."

"Hear him," said DICK, appealing tragically to an imaginary audience, "hear him, everybody. Isn't he a dear to talk of rotting to the friend of his infancy? But I tell you, WILFRID ERSKINE Etcetera, I have got the very thing for you, and what's more it's a relation of mine, a beloved uncle, in fact—may I be forgiven for putting a maternal uncle to so base a use—he's a Vicar, BAXENDALE—the Rev. HUBERT EUSEBIUS HADDEN is his ancient name—and he's a mine of learning, oh, ST. JOHN of my heart; was second classic up here in the year one, edits things and emends the old Greek and Latin Johnnies. He's the ticket for you, BAX."

"But, dash it all, he won't take me as a pupil."

"Oh yes he will. You leave that to me. All I've got to do is to ask him prettily and tell him what a real good—ahem—abandoned, scoundrelly, good-for-nothing rogue you are, and he'll take you fast enough. And, oh, BAXY, my boy, I've had a letter from him to-day, and he's coming here on Monday, with Aunt CONSTANTIA and my adorable Cousin MILLIE, and if you're a good boy we'll all lunch together and go to the Trinity ball and fix the whole thing up."

"DICK, you're a ripper. Why, nothing could be better."

"But there's one thing I ask, BAX—in fact, I must insist on it. No flirting with Aunt CONSTANTIA. She loves me fondly, and I will not have her young affections tampered with by any one's eldest grandson; and, oh my, BAX"—a sudden thought struck him with consternation—"what about Henley? You're not going to chuck Henley, are you?"

"No, old man, I'm not. We'll row for Leander and we'll have a good try for the Grand, and then I'll turn into a student, and let my beard grow, and take walks, and sap like beans, and your uncle shall fill me chock full of classical tips, and—oh, it's a lovely, enticing prospect, isn't it?"

"Never mind, BAX; I daresay it'll do you good. And now to bed, my lamp of learning, or else there won't be any night left to sleep in."

CHAPTER III.

A LUNCH at Trinity during what is still called the "May" week is no small or unimportant affair, and the minds of our two young friends were much exercised on the question of a menu suited to their own reputation as Luculli, and to the pleasant but embarrassing fact that they were to entertain ladies. Eventually, however, the preliminary arrangements were duly made, the meringue eggs in their nest of delicately

spun sugar were ordered, the gyp received his instructions, the bed-maker busied herself in conversation and the running of eleventh-hour errands in search of flowers or preserved fruit, and BRAITHWAITE and CARTER felt as the time drew near that they had done all that lay in mortals to command success—even to the extent of purchasing a footstool, not a common article in college rooms, for the benefit of Aunt CONSTANTIA.

The HADDEN party arrived by an early train, and having left their luggage at the "Bull," they still had time for a saunter round the Colleges. Here the Vicar was in his glory. The newer buildings, to be sure, distressed him; he failed to realise their architectural beauty and seemed to think that Cambridge, as he remembered it, was a better place. It was his daughter's first visit to Cambridge, and the old man delighted in pointing out to her the familiar places, peopled with vanished but unforgotten friends, to which his memory fondly turned as though the events that made them dear to him had happened but yesterday. Aunt CONSTANTIA had been through the mill before, and if her interest flagged occasionally it must be remembered that she had breakfasted early and that for a lady of her ample proportions a walk through college courts seemed a superfluous preparation for the lunch to which she looked forward. But MILLIE was all attention and delight. Her laughing eyes lit up with interest as her father recounted his undergraduate exploits, from the daring terror of which, I am forced to admit, he subtracted not a jot as he lovingly detailed them to his daughter.

"There, MILLIE," he said, as they stood in the Trinity New Court, "that was my room, ground floor, Letter C. That's where we had a famous supper after the races in the Lent term when I was a freshman." Aunt CONSTANTIA knew the dare-devil story that was coming, and endeavoured vainly to interpose. "There were twenty of us in that small room; and when it was over I remember somebody suggested a game of football with pillows. MILLIE, it snowed feathers that night; not a pillow was left in the New Court, and next morning—"

"My dear," said Aunt CONSTANTIA, "don't you think we had better be moving on? DICK has lunch waiting for us, and we mustn't be late." The adventure of the pillows, therefore, remained uncompleted, and the party betook themselves to the Great Court rooms in which preparations had been made to receive them.

Miss MILlicent HADDEN was certainly a very pretty girl—not classically beautiful, but something far better—bright, cheerful, and fascinating, with cheeks as soft and clear, eyes as sparkling and true, and mouth as smiling and attractive—there is no other word for it—as ever turned the thoughts of an undergraduate from athletics to the contemplation of undreamt of excellences in woman. The young men of Cambridge are not always, it must be admitted, at their best and easiest in the society of ladies. I have seen the gayest and the brightest of them reduced to a shy and terrified silence by one weak girl. "Where be your gibes now; your gambols, your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now. Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber." Excellent advice, no doubt, but not calculated to restore the equanimity of a youth already depressed by ladies and moving about in worlds not realised.

This lunch, however, was an exception. DICK was among his own people, and BRAITHWAITE, as DICK's best friend, soon found himself on terms of kindly intimacy with the three guests.

"Mr. BRAITHWAITE," said MILLIE, towards the end of the feast, "don't you feel proud of being a man, and rowing in glorious races and being allowed to do as you like?"

"I don't know so much about that, Miss HADDEN. One gets pretty well used to being a man; and even boat-races pall after a time. And as to doing what we like—well, you don't know our tutors and Deans; they're simply terrors. I assure you we're the most down-trodden lot in the world."

"Then," she retorted, with a quick look at the Vicar, who, oblivious of Greek texts and philosophy, was explaining to DICK a private theory of his own for the circumvention of proctors, "then all I can say is that you must all be very different from Papa's friends when he was an undergraduate. Papa doesn't look very terrible,"—the Vicar, as a matter of fact, though his frame was massive and his limbs still strong, was a picture of mild benevolence—"but one mustn't judge by looks, and I know he was very wild and daring at Cambridge."

"Do you know what I'm going to do, Miss HADDEN? I feel I want rousing into wildness, so I'm going to ask Mr. HADDEN to take me in and coach me—not in books—of course not—but in recklessness, I mean, and all that. Do you think he'll be willing to do it?"

"He might, perhaps. But we shall have to ask Plato first."

"Plato? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, Mr. BRAITHWAITE, you don't mean to say you don't know Plato! Where have you lived? Plato is the only dog in the whole world, and we never do anything without consulting him."

However, before the banquet had ended the Vicar had agreed to take charge of BRAITHWAITE. Aunt CONSTANTIA had signified a smiling assent, and, though MILLIE declared that Plato would be deeply offended, her objection was overruled and the matter was concluded. It had also been provisionally settled that the HADDENS were to come to Henley Regatta to see Leander row for the Grand Challenge Cup.

It is not my purpose, even if I had the power, to describe the glories of the Trinity ball held that same evening in the Corn Exchange. MILLIE looked ravishing, and her card filled to overflowing. By a special indulgence she conferred three dances and an extra on BAX, and that young man went home at 5 a.m., his head full of unaccustomed rosy visions, and with far pleasanter views of his coming retirement from Cambridge. Thus dreaming he climbed the staircase and opened his door. A surprise awaited him. As he entered his sitting-room, he was startled to find himself in the presence of three ancient females of a stern and forbidding aspect. One of them was knitting, another was apparently cutting patterns with a huge pair of scissors, and the third had in her hands a knotted stick with which she now and then pointed gloomily at the spell-bound undergraduate.

His first thought was that a party of early bed-makers had strayed into his room.

"Bedders, by Jove!" he muttered, half aloud.

"Oh, youth," said the stick-bearer, shaking her grizzled locks, "speak words of good omen, or be still. We be no bed-makers, my sisters and I. From remote places have we come hither."

"Upon my word, it's deuced good of you," stammered BAX, "but I'm afraid I'm not arranged for ladies at this hour of the morning—haven't got any spare rooms for you. Now, at the 'Bull'—"

"Is it a sacrifice thou speakest of?" interrupted the pattern-cutter. "Know then, that we have no need of sacrifices. We are come to make enquiries of thee. And first as to the legend of thy house. Is it not '*Fatis ob stare paratus*'?"

"Well, yes," admitted BAX, "that is the family motto, though we pronounce it a bit differently."

The hags laughed a solemn, blood-curdling laugh, and she of the knitting-needles spoke—

"Surely it is a jest, for no man can withstand the Fates, whether they decree good fortune or evil. But thou art young and of a goodly countenance, and we are well disposed towards thee: Nay, shrink not. Such timidity ill becomes a youth."

"Let him alone, CLOTTY," said the stick-bearer. "Don't

make him think we can't talk naturally. And as for you, Mr. BRAITHWAITE, be assured that we shall watch over you. But first speak to us of your hopes and fears."

Now, if there is one thing that an English boy hates above all others it is talking about himself, his ambitions, and his intimate thoughts. He looks with deep suspicion on a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve, and who offends convention and his acquaintances by always "gassing about his own beastly self." BRAITHWAITE, therefore, showed not the least readiness to detail his private affairs to the three weird visitors who had invaded his rooms. The lady of the stick, however, pressed him inexorably.

"Speak," she said, "for if we are to help you, it is necessary that you yourself should lay bare your inmost thoughts."

BRAITHWAITE still struggled; he felt he was not good at confessions; and besides, what on earth had these three weather-beaten old ladies to do with him? On what grounds did they claim the right of cross-examining him as to his hopes in life? Anyhow, he was hanged if he was going to tell them anything.

But, even as he silently expressed this determination to himself his resolution seemed to grow weaker; sentences formed themselves spontaneously in his head and clamoured for utterance.

"Speak!" said the three in a solemn and almost menacing chorus.

Something seemed to snap in BRAITHWAITE'S head and words burst from his lips. He told them about his grandfather; he spoke of his own hopes of a political career; his slackness in reading; his gloomy anticipation of failure in his Tripos; his delight at having gained his Blue and helped to defeat Oxford; his triumph in having rowed head of the river; his estimate, a low one, it must be admitted, of his tutor's capacity for controlling him; his money difficulties—all these matters he poured out in a voluble stream without pausing for a moment. How he contrived to shake off all proper reserve he never understood. When he thought of the scene afterwards he grew hot all over and blushed with shame at the memory of his want of modesty and reticence. He spoke of his popularity and his looks.

"I know," he declared, "that fellows like me. I can see that well enough. Oh, yes, I'm fairly popular up here, and of course, you know, I ought to be, for I'm a pretty good oar, and all that, and I'm not bad-looking either—am I?"

It was a hideous, distorted revelation of his inmost self that he offered to his visitors, but he could no more have stopped himself than he could have sunk through the floor of his room, as he wished to. How much more he might have said will never be known. He himself thinks he might even have gone on to speak of MILLIE—MILLIE, whose very name had already become sacred to him. But before he could commit this atrocity, a well-known step sounded on the staircase, the door opened, and to BRAITHWAITE'S immense relief DICK entered the room.

"Why, BAX, old man," he said, "what's the matter with you? What the deuce were you talking about at the top of your voice all to yourself. You look as if you'd seen half-a-dozen ghosts."

"Dick, I'm not—that's to say I'm all right. Never felt better in my life. But who the dickens are these three old girls who— By Jove! they're gone. They were here a moment ago."

"Three old grandmothers," said DICK, cheerfully incredulous; "you've over-danced yourself, and over-eaten yourself, and over-fizzed yourself, and over-talked yourself. You're half-asleep already. Best thing you can do is to go to bed."

(To be continued.)



Hickling (to friend, who finds some difficulty in keeping his cigar alight). "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT MATCHES DO YOU SMOKE?"

L'ENLÈVEMENT.

La nuit. Une rue déserte. Un flacre qui attend. Trois hommes parlant à voix basse. Costumes de touristes anglais. Petites casquettes. Grandes bottines.

Rocheport. Eh bien, tout est prêt. Sommes-nous bien déguisés! Nous avons tout à fait l'air anglais. Membres du Syndicat anglo-juif. Moi je suis ABRAHAM BROVN, JUDET est ISAAC SHONES, et vous, DRUMONT, vous êtes JACOB ROBINSON.

Drumont. Ce sont des noms anglais? BROVN, SHONES?

Judet. ROBINSON? Il y a l'île Robinson.

Rocheport. Mais oui. Vous n'êtes jamais content, DRUMONT. Je connais bien l'Angleterre. J'ai habité le Régent Parc.

Drumont. Mais nous ne parlons pas un mot d'anglais.

Rocheport. Si fait. Je le parle couramment.

Judet. Chut! Il y a quelqu'un.

Rocheport. C'est elle.

Une dame voilée. Tournure élégante. Grand manteau.

Saluts. Poignées de main.

Drumont. Attention! Encore quelqu'un. C'est un électeur. Parlez anglais. Vite!

Rocheport (criant). Aoh yass, ISAAC! Allo, JACOB! Olright. Angliche spoken ire.

Judet. Il nous regarde. C'est bien. Criez encore.

Rocheport (tout bas). En voiture, comtesse. Pardon. Il faut faire semblant de vous pousser un peu. (Criant.) Aoh yass! Ipi pourah! [Tous les quatre se précipitent dans le flacre.]

Rocheport. En route! Ah, sapristi! Nous avons oublié quelque chose. Vus n'avez pas crié.

La Dame (penchée dehors). A moi! Au secours!

L'Électeur. Quel vacarme! Ils ont l'air d'enlever la femme. Pas de sergot dans les rues. Des cabotins probablement. Des pochards. Ah bah, je m'en fiche!

Dans la voiture.

La Dame. Où allons-nous?

Rocheport. Jusqu'aux fortifications. Ce n'est pas la peine d'aller plus loin, et de payer plus cher.

Judet. Encore un électeur. Là, à gauche. Criez, ROCHEFORT.

Rocheport. Aoh yass, ISAAC! Vive CHAMBERLAINE! Ah, il n'entend pas, il s'en va. Et là vous descendrez, comtesse, et vous irez à pied au poste, ou au bureau d'octroi.

La Dame. Oui, oui, je sais. Je me suis évadée. J'ai marché dans l'obscurité. J'ai grand faim.

Rocheport. Pas trop. Je pense à tout. Vous avez arraché une carotte en traversant les champs. La voici.

Judet. Encore des fables, des carottes?

Drumont. Y a-t-il des carottes aux environs de Paris dans ce moment?

Rocheport. Mais si. Puisque je l'ai achetée ce matin aux Halles. Vous n'êtes jamais content.

Judet. Aux Halles? Pourquoi pas un saucisson de Lyon. Mais ça manquerait d'actualité. On ne les trouve pas aux champs, en effet.

Drumont. Est-ce que nous arriverons bientôt? Je suis très mal à l'aise. Vous auriez du retenir une voiture plus large. Et où sont les électeurs? C'est embêtant.

Rocheport. Jamais content! Nous descendons ici. Permettez, comtesse. C'est si aimable à vous de vous déranger ainsi. Mais ce que nous allons gagner de voix! N'oubliez pas, je vous prie, les noms chuchotés par les agresseurs; ABRAHAM BROVN, ISAAC SHONES et JACOB ROBINSON. C'est très, très important. Au revoir.

Saluts. La dame s'éloigne dans l'obscurité.

Rocheport. Pourvu qu'elle n'oublie pas les noms. Mais j'ai fait tout mon possible.

Les hommes s'éloignent dans le flacre.

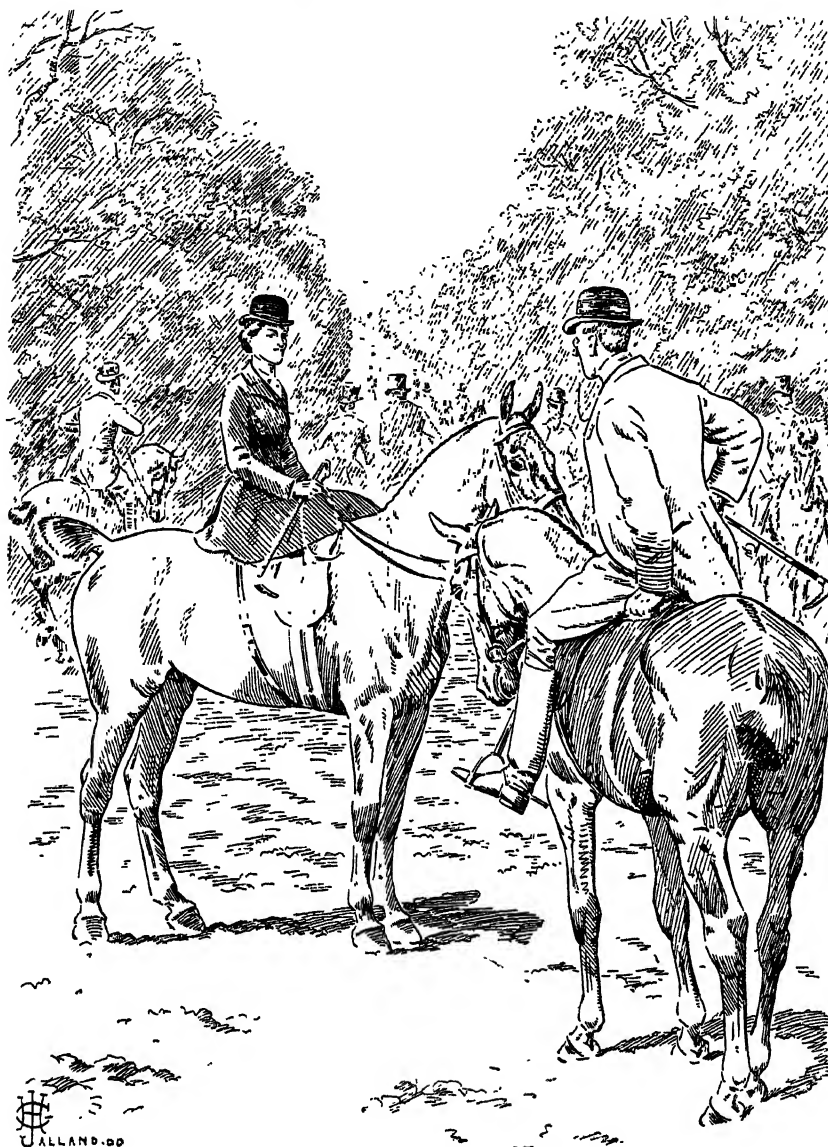
H. D. B.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Second Lady Delcombe* (HUTCHINSON), Mrs. ARTHUR KENNARD finds foundation for her story in the not unfamiliar incident of an English Peer taking to wife a wealthy American girl, whose paternal dollars were made in the neighbourhood of Chicago. What my Baronite finds fresh about it is the manner of the wooing. Lord Delcombe bluntly explains the limitation and necessities of his position. Rita, equally frank (to herself), acknowledges hers. She has money galore, but lacks position and yearns to be a Countess. So for better or worse they take each other by the hand. It is a dangerous experiment, and its development provides opportunity for some vivid sketches of high life above stairs. For the most part it is sad tragedy, leading to confession that, after all, in its flutter of London Drawing-rooms, followed by the intimacy of country houses, English Society in the reign of good QUEEN VICTORIA is, morally, not much better than it was at the Court of Hanover in the time of the Electress SOPHIE DOROTHEA. Mrs. KENNARD's impressions, be they right or wrong, are evidently made from personal observation. All her people are flesh and blood. Happily, though there are some seedy ones, there are many of better sort, including Rita and Aunt Di, who, widely differing in character and disposition, are alike delightful.

Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS, one of the few men who know the Niger region as intimately as *nous autres* know Hyde Park, chats about it in *Ainslie's Ju-Ju* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). He, doubtless upon reflection, selected the form of a novel as the best medium of his communication with the civilized world. The pages of his book are, accordingly, stocked with some wooden models, male and female. My Baronite confesses he does not care for them, their love-making or their plotting. All the same, the book is well worth getting and reading on account of the vivid glimpses it gives us of the strange land at the back of Lagos. The picture of the surf-boat putting out over the bar to intercept the coasting steamer is worth the modest price of the volume.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE, &C.

Lady. "WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THE DERBY THIS YEAR, MR. TOTLER
Mr. T. (a would-be Sporting Youth). "ER—ARE THE WEIGHTS OUT YET?"

QUITE ON THE CARDS.

[According to the *Daily Mail*, "a Cambridge Professor is now earning handsome fees by giving instruction in the fashionable game of Bridge."]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The fact, most probably, will not have escaped you that the stipends of us unfortunate Dons have been reduced in a fashion truly lamentable within these last years. Believe it or not, Sir, it is the solemn truth that in some Common-rooms port is now offered us which cost no more than 108s. a dozen! But on this painful theme I will not dwell. However, Sir, thanks to the suggestion contained in the paragraph at the head of my letter, the tide has turned. Bound by absurd statutes to instil scraps of classical knowledge into the heads of undergraduates, I am combining with this

tuition some teaching of a more practical nature. In a word, Sir, I give my pupils scientific instruction in card-playing, with the result that my classical lectures are crowded. These are but a few of the courses I am delivering this term: "Poker and Plato," "Thimble-rig and Thucydides," "The Ethics of Aristotle, with some remarks on the leading of trumps." And the practical results of my instruction are most gratifying, as is proved by numerous letters from my former pupils. May I quote one or two? Lord DIDDLEUM writes that he is now earning a steady income by baccarat. Before he attended my classes, his skill at the game was contemptible. (And if you fancy baccarat to be a game of chance, a few evenings with Lord DIDDLEUM will cure you of that delusion.)

Again, a schoolmaster writes to me, "Thanks to your classical lectures, I was able to obtain a mastership here, and thanks to your whist-instruction, I am able to add substantially to my stipend at the expense of my colleagues." Still more touching is the language of yet another old pupil, who is anxious that his name shall not be made public. "My present affluence," he says, "is due wholly to you. But for it, at this moment I might have been a briefless barrister or a physician in theory, with no practice. But you trained me for better things; I am already one of the most wealthy professors of the three-card trick now alive."

May I beg you, Mr. Punch, to recommend me to your numerous friends? Mothers who entrust their sons to my training need have no fear for their future. Either they will earn lucrative incomes by their skill at card-games, or, in the unfortunate event of their making mistakes in the business, gratuitous board and lodging will be provided for them by the State. Yours obediently,

A. SHARPER, M.A.,

Fellow and Tutor of S. Botolph's College.

THE DANGER OF DOUBLE-BARRELLED NAMES.

TO MARY-KATE.

O MARY-KATE, the truth to tell,
There's something in a name! A rose
By any other name would smell
Less sweet, as everybody knows;
And this is why "JOHN-THOMAS" lacks
"TOM'S" pleasing qualities, or "JACK'S."

As "MARY-KATE"—your foolish kin
This dreadful danger failed to strike—
You scarcely could have hoped to win
Aught else than general dislike.
(For this, of course, you have to blame
Your double-barrelled Christian name.)

As "MARY," you might very nigh
Perfection's self have come, I own,
Had your relations called you by
That gentle winning name alone.
(If they had not been so contrary
Men might have liked you much as
"MARY.")

As "KATE," with sweet and gracious ways
You might have won all hearts, I know,
If only in your infant days
Your relatives had called you so.
(I think it only right to state
You might have been quite nice as "KATE.")

With but one name, however plain,
I do believe you would have been—
E'en as JEMIMA, say, or JANE—
The sweetest maiden ever seen!
But—it is useless to prevaricate—
You're just the opposite as "MARY-KATE"!

NOTE BY OUR CITY PHILOSOPHER.—
"Those in the swim generally drown
themselves in taking a big Plunge."

CAUSÂ HORNERIS.

THERE is, probably, no one of all the heroes of nursery legends who has had his memory kept so everlastingly green as has the worthy little *Jack Horner*, who sat in a corner eating a Christmas-pie, and who congratulated himself on his vast moral superiority over all his contemporaries. There were other good boys, but what a good boy was he! and being such a good boy, of course, he died early, but he has never, never, never been forgotten; and to commemorate his fame, the fame of *Horner* of mince-pie-ous memory, there was founded, probably in consequence of some munificent legacy left them by little *Jack*, the "Company of the Horners," which held its annual meeting last Tuesday in one of the corners of the City, at the *Salters' Hall*, *St. Swithin's Lane*. A health to the Horners! Glory and Horner!

"CAPITAL."

["Mr. STEYN has now moved the seat of Government of the Orange Free State from Kroonstad to Lindley."—*Daily Press*.]

We believe there is no truth in the rumour that Ex-President STEYN will remove his capital to a convenient pitch in the Old Kent Road.

On the other hand, it is by no means unlikely that, in view of Lord ROBERTS's rapid advance, the car of a captive balloon may be the next place selected for a temporary capital. This would afford a comparatively quiet meeting place for the *Raad*, any other spot being so liable to disturbance just at the present moment.

Mr. STEYN is so interested in the fate of the mines that he contemplates retiring into the bottom of the deepest one he can find, for rest and seclusion.

DIFFERENCE OF ONE VOWEL.—What Mr. SAM SMITH objects to is the use of the censor in Church, and the non-use of the Censor for the Stage.

RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.

[Mr. LE GALLIENNE has just published *Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism*. It may not be generally known that Mr. KIPLING has in preparation a volume entitled: *Plain Tales of Mr. Le Gallienne*. We are fortunate in being able to publish in advance an extract from this work.]

It was a spring day—a cold day—the sort of day that gives you pneumonia and other Things. Therefore it seemed just and good to MULVANEY to drag me to the top of a hill, and there to lecture on literature, while I sat and shivered. (MULVANEY is invalided home from Natal, and if BULLER had taken his advice—but I can't go into that now.) He had a Book in his hand—a pretty book, bound in dark blue. It contained 163 pages. All those pages were about Me.

"Roarin', ravin' mad!" MULVANEY began. "Father av Moses, did ye iver hear the likes av ut! Fwhat possist the innocent babe to do ut, Sorr?"

My friend appeared to refer to the author of the Book. "Mr. LE GALLIENNE is a distinguished literary man," I answered softly.

"Distinguished fiddlestick!—savin' your prudence, Sorr. Whin I lay sick in hospital I sint for a parcel av the crature's litherature—an', belave me, 'twas fair pink wid shame I wint at the readin' av them! 'Twas all about a colleen's clothes—petti-

coats, frills, an' flounces such as DINAH 'ud wash for the orf'cers gurls. Thin the darlint takes upon him to write disparagin' av you and me—the Proide of the Army!"

"Let's hear a bit of it," I suggested.

MULVANEY moistened his finger and turned over the pages quickly. "'MULVANEY's is that effortless life,'" he read, "'which belongs to all really vital creations of fiction.' Effortless life! Sure, an' if the spalpeen chances to cross me path, I'll—here he's at ut again, Sorr: 'MULVANEY is a development, a variation of a traditional type, rather than a creation. And, perhaps, one may as well say here, once for all, that Mr. KIPLING possesses but little power of creating character.' This is the ondacint language he uses—whin 'twas you who created me, TERENCE MULVANEY! Miny a time has an orf'cer checked me—but niver was I misnamed 'a variation of a traditional type' before this day! Here's another, Sorr: 'It seems that MULVANEY—'"

"Yes," I interrupted, "never mind that. What else does he say about Me?"

"More than you'll be wishful to hear," returned my friend, with vicious joy. "You'll be learnin' that you're 'an evil influence,' and that 'no-one ever wrote

so profanely of death as Mr. KIPLING, or with such heartless vulgarity.' Vulgarity! This, mark ye, Sorr, from the author of *The Quest of the Golden Gur-rl!*"

There was a pause. I tendered my pouch, filled with the Only Mixture. For a space we smoked in silence. Then MULVANEY spoke again in a calmer voice.

"Do you remimber his address, Sorr?" he asked.

"No," said I, "but Vigo Street probably will find him."

"Then ye'll give him two messages—from me, TERENCE MULVANEY. First"—he ticked off the points on his fingers as he spoke—"ye'll bid him return to his nat'ral diversion, to twistin' and twirlin' on his shiny little toes for the public to be'old. Let him kape to shakin' his ringlets and tellin' finicky little tales av Narcissus an' frills an' golden wimmin an' suchlike, avoidin' impartinent an' shuparfluous observations on his betters. That's the first pint. Second, I'm none so young as I was, an' the power of me arms is wakened shameful by the fever . . . but . . . I know a convenient little spot, secure from the polis an' onlookers—an', bedad, if you'll persuade him to mate me there, as a ginnilman should, catchweights an' Queensberry rules . . . you understand, Sorr?"

I understood.

A. C. D.



"CAN'T GET WORK! WHY DON'T YOU VOLUNTEER FOR THE WAR? THE COUNTRY WILL LOOK AFTER YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY."

"DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, GUV'NOR."

"BUT I TELL YOU IT WILL."

"'OW CAN IT? I AIN'T MARRIED!"

OPERATIC NOTES.



Monday, May 14.—Winter wind! Very cold! "Chaos has come again," and MELBA, who was to have opened her mellifluous lips and so opened the Opera, was laid up with a cold, and so the bird, that would sing, can't. Great disappointment borne with equanimity by crowded and distinguished House-party, including leading Royalties, Prince and Princess, who kindly consented to appear on this special occasion in order to encourage tune in war-time. Who took MELBA's place? Why, bless our dear eyes! What, SEE-USAN!! May we never if it isn't SEE-USAN. Pretty SUSANNE (so she spells it, and who shall blame her?) ADAMS. Quite admirable was SUSAN, coming out as a real sparkler in the Jewel Song.

Madame BAUERMEISTER, lively as ever as *Dame Martha*. M. PLANÇON, always the gentlemanly, well-to-do *Mephistopheles*. The satisfactory novelty was the *Siebel* of Mlle. MAUBOURG. Signor MANCINELLI sprightly as ever. But what is wanted is either an entirely new audience for the old Opera, or an entirely new cast, or, better still, an entirely new Opera.

Tuesday and Tannhäuser.—Cold night. Opera made in Germany and sung in that language. How could any one be disappointed in a *Venus* represented by SUSAN STRONG? By the way, company is "going strong" in SUSANS: SUE ADAMS, SUE STRONG, —and, any more where they came from? Our old friends are all there. This is as it should be. Two SUSANS and a lot of Elders. *Tannhäuser* is not an extra lively Opera, that is, as a rule, but Herr CARLEN giving, as it were, a new reading of *Tannhäuser*, and playing that character as a somewhat timid and bashful knight, rather uncertain as to what to do with his hands, and a trifle undecided in his voice, imparted into the performance just that little sparkle of humour in which otherwise this Opera is somewhat lacking. Herr CARLEN, expected to be a lion of the season, turns out to be a little hoarse. Perhaps he'll improve as he becomes more London-seasoned. Fräulein TERNINA, as *Elizabeth*, excellent. Orchestra under Herr MOTT. On such nights Conductor's Shakspearian motto "Mottly is your only wear." I omitted to mention the *Herman* of Herr BLASS. There couldn't be a better *Herman* than BLASS, bless him! House excellent, or, as the Conductor would say, "Full inside!"

Wednesday.—*Aida* in Italian, by VERDI. In spite of the admirable Mister LEMPRIERE DICTIONARY PRINGLE; of the charming Miss—ahem—WALKER (odd that this should be another dictionary name); in spite of MAGGIE MAC with two dotlets over her "i" as *Aida*; notwithstanding the startling *Ramfis* (or *Rumfiz*) of M. PLANÇON, and the dignity of Her Reverence Sacerdotessa BAUERMEISTER, *Aida* is for most of us a heavy Opera, relieved by a great duet, a trio, and the trumps played by those who held them in their hands on the stage. To-night the scene was enlivened by unrehearsed effect of sudden descent of curtain before it was expected to fall at the end of second scene; but MAGGIE MAC remained "mistress of herself though 'curtain' falls," and was vociferously acclaimed. Why does not Miss WALKER Italianise her name and be announced as Signora PEDESTRIANI? She is a delightful mezzo-soprano, sufficiently histrionic for *Anneris*. This lady will of course appear in *Die Walkyrie*, or *Wagner's Walkers*.

Thursday.—House filled to overflowing: full of "great expectations," which were thoroughly fulfilled. CALVÉ magnificent: called and re-called. *Calvé Salve!* M. COSSIRA, as *Don José*, *Carmen's* young man, especially good in last act. *Moral*, a good last act covers a multitude of sins. *Toréador* song,

although "somewhat musty," like *Hamlet's* proverbial saying, was excellently given by M. ALLARD, as that gay dog of a Bullfighter, *Escamillo*. Mlle. MAUBOURG, from the Faubourg, a very nice *Mercedes*. All others good as usual.

Friday.—Memorable night. Crowded house for *Lohengrin*. Prince and Princess of WALES present. Fräulein TERNINA excellent as *Elsa*: to be hereafter known as "Her Excellency." After second act a voice, from somewhere, cried "*Mafeking is relieved!*" Within another five minutes, House on its legs cheering! Royalties beaming! Then, without any talented professional assistance from band, choir, or principals, the entire audience spontaneously sang, "with one heart and voice," God save the QUEEN! Best operatic chorus ever heard!

ISLINGTON IN ARMS.

ONCE again the Military are in possession of the Agricultural Hall. Nay, more, they are joined by "the handy man," who shows how "JOE CHAMBERLAIN" is a big gun in more senses than one. Fresh from Ladysmith, the cannon goes through the movement of opening fire, but stops at the point of powder and shell. Then there is every one's old friend, Captain DANN, of the Royal Artillery, who acts as the most courteous Master of the Ceremonies, keeping all things going as merry as a marriage bell or merry Islington itself. The gallant Captain requires no support; but if he did, he would find it in the person of that heroic bugler, Master DUNN, of the Dublin Fusiliers, fresh from the presence of his Sovereign. The youngster is as modest as may be, and keeps the bugle given to him by Royalty at home. Then there is the customary pageant, this year confined to the Auxiliary Forces. We have yeomen "who were ready to meet the foemen" in the days of BONAPARTE. Then the lads who kept the shop in the time of LEECH, and the early sixties are there with "the absent-minded beggar" in khaki and grey. The motto of "Defence not Defiance" is the explanation of the display now, as it was in the days of old. Musical rides, gymnastic displays, attacks, and excursions (any number from the country to the Agricultural Hall) come and go as morning follows night and night morning. The contests, the ornaments, the bands, the company—the Royal Box, seldom unoccupied—and the score of other features of the programme are all worthy of attention. All that Mr. *Punch* can do is to point out that the show is cheap at the money charged for admission. That money goes a long way—into the half empty coffers of the nation's martial charities. So Mr. *Punch* begs to give the word of command—"open purses, produce half guineas, and at the word two or seven take up positions in the reserved seats," and when you have carried out this simple, but very effective movement, why—"dismiss!" On returning home, take out your cheque-books, and remembering the martial charities and the ancient *jeu de mots*, "present alms!"

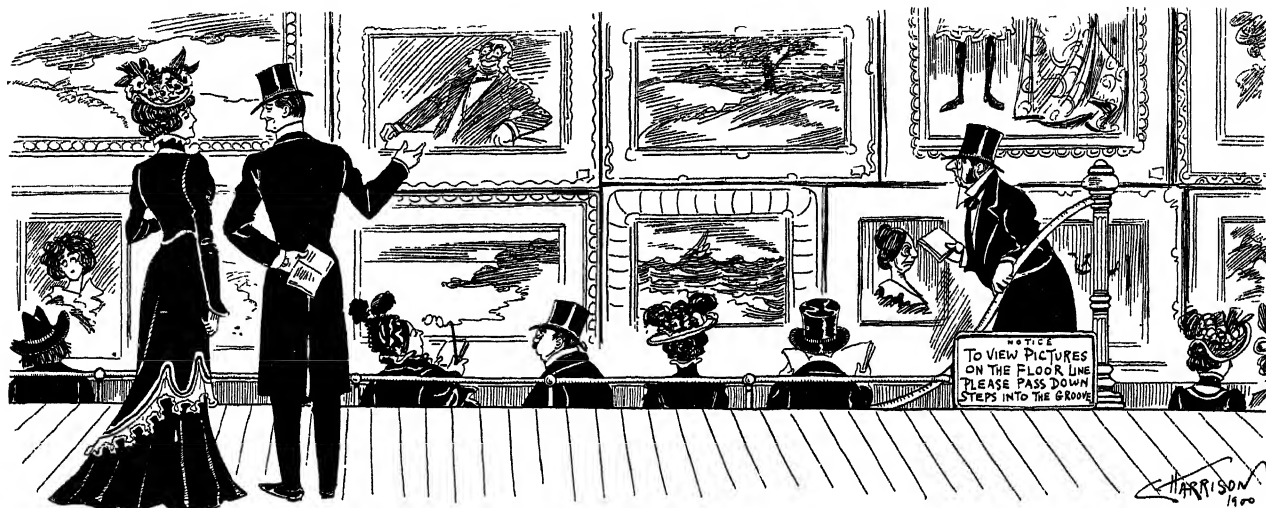


A LEGAL REMEDY.—Mr. Justice BIGHAM, giving his decision in a money-lending case last Thursday, observed that, as one result of risk in giving credit, he himself "had to pay for his clothes three times as much as he ought to have to pay." Surely Mr. Justice has the remedy in his own hands, and when his tailor brings his new clothes home, cannot the Judge, after trying the suit, dismiss it with costs? So he can with his boots, and treat t'other "sutor," in the same way. 1918



"THE QUEEN!"

Three Cheers for Her Most Gracious Majesty, whose Birthday, May 24, we celebrate in London, May 23, and Three Cheers more for the Relief of Mafeking, which is indeed the most welcome Birthday Present that can be set before the Queen.



HOW TO GET A LITTLE MORE SPACE FOR PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. SUGGESTION GRATIS TO THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

SINCERE FLATTERY.

NOT, CELIA, that I viler am,
Or meaner than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
If I were not so pressed.

But I am tied to very thee
By every debt I have;
Thy gold I only care to see,
Thy bank account I crave.

What's most by creditors adored
In thy dear self I find—
The younger son can but afford
The moneyed and the kind.

Why, then, should I seek further store,
And still make love anew?
When COURTS themselves could give no
more,
'Tis easy to be true.

L. C. C. VERSUS L. S. D.;

Or, What it will shortly come to.

THE poor householder trembled at the door of the L. C. C. He had beside him his pale-faced wife and hungry-looking children. But in spite of his appeals for mercy the members had passed him by and treated him with contempt.

"We have to think of the working-man," said one of the haughty occupiers of Spring Gardens.

"But I am a working-man," cried the poor householder. "I work from nine in the morning to nine at night. I'm a City clerk living in the suburbs. I—"

"We have no sympathy with City clerks living in the suburbs," interrupted the member of the L. C. C., and passed in.

The hours crept by and the melancholy group on the doorstep kept the same position. The City clerk living in the suburbs waited, and waited, and waited.

At length the meeting was over. The Chairman appeared.

"How much have you left me, Sir?" asked the poor householder in a tone of piteous excitement.

"We have treated you handsomely. We have borne in mind the requirements of this important Metropolis."

"Yes, yes, but how much have you left me out of each of my few hard-earned sovereigns?"

"We have taken into account the necessity of housing the artisan. We have—"

"Yes, yes. I will take for granted particulars, but how much am I to have out of every sovereign?"

"We intend to retain nineteen shillings and sixpence, leaving to you the remaining half-shilling."

The poor householder heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

"Allowed to retain sixpence in every pound! It is better than I expected!"

"HOW TO LIVE ON FIVE-AND-THREE A DAY."

MY DEAR PUNCH,—I have tried to do it, and am still making an effort in the same direction. It is, however, a little difficult. You see, we warriors are supposed to make good all deficiencies. If there's not enough to pay for the mess necessities supplied by the Government, the deficiency falls upon "the officers." If the band wants an extra drum or an additional trombone, the cost falls upon "the officers." If money is wanted for anything and everything, why, again, the expense falls upon "the officers."

Of course all that is purely regimental. The cost is incurred for the honour of the battery, or the squadron, or the battalion.

But as to personal expenses, that is another affair. With sixty-three pence daily, it is a little difficult to defray the cost of a mess that comes to a shilling or so more. Of course, one mustn't take

wine, and the health of Her Majesty must be drunk in water. This may please Sir WILFRID, M.P., but no one else. Then there are a number of other expenses to come out of—nothing!

Really, the only way to live on five-and-three a day, is to get to the front and under the turf as quickly as possible.

And that idea, I believe, has lent itself to the favourable consideration of the Irish regiments. Yours heartily,

A SUB WHO CAN'T SUBSIST.

THE LATEST VOLKSLEYD;

Or, *The Dutchman's Leydle Dog-tor.*

[Dr. LEYDS has not been heard of for some while.]

Oom Paul sings:—

OH where, oh where ish mein leydle dog gone,

Oh where, oh where can he be?
Mit his tale out short, and his bow drawn long,

Oh where, oh where is he?
I shticks to mein laager, now BOBS ish near
(In Pretoria soon he'll be!),
And mein leydle dogtor I'd gommandeer
To geep me gompantie!

Across de ocean in Germanie,
Oh where and oh where can he be?
Has he gone to sleep, has he gone to sea,
Has he bainted himself khaki?
His bark vas loud ven de fight begun,
He vas free mit Transvaal gold,
But now he has turned his tail and run,
And he don't know his name ven he's told.

Oh where ish mein leydle dog, where on earth,

Vill any von pring him to me?
I'll give him as much as my dog is vorth,
How leedle zat sum may be!
Vill any von make him rejoin to his Boers,
Vhile de Land en Volk's yet free!
I'll feed him mit dog, and I'll feed him mit horse,
If he'll only gom back to me!

MANNING THE ADMIRALTY.

As I was strolling down Whitehall
I noted at the gate
The sentries, helmeted and tall,
Who sat in equine state,
All heedless of the wide-mouthed throng
They sat in solemn pride,
No cavaliers of fabled song,
But ATKINS glorified!

Impressed as any nursery maid
By those two warriors grand,
I passed to where the palisade
Divides the sea from land,
To that grim dwelling where "the Board,"
Controls the winds and waves,
Where year to year the great First Lord
Britannia makes his slave.

Before this autocratic pile
No sentinel is seen,
No jacket blue displays his style,
Nor red of brave marine.
The Handy Man in either hue
Would London like to see,
And so, my Lords, we look to you
To man the Admiralty.

A SUGGESTION FOR EARL'S COURT.

(Excerpt from detailed and wholly unreliable
"Guide to the Exhibition.")

The Magazine Gallery.—This is one of the most interesting portions of the exhibition, containing as it does a choice collection of marvellous mechanical figures. These figures represent well-known types familiar to all students of current magazine literature.

No. I. represents a young gentleman in khaki just back from South Africa, and decorated with the Victoria Cross. A remarkable feature about this exhibit is the extreme unlikelihood (judging from his appearance) not merely that he should under any circumstances have won a V.C., but that he should have gone "to the front" at all. That he was clearly an exceptional personality may be gathered from the brilliant and invariably deadly marksmanship which he displayed, without (so far as one may gather) any previous experience as a shot. Possibly he possessed some of the intuitional genius displayed by that historical crack shot—Tracy Tupman. On a penny being placed in a hollow at the back of his head, he will sing a verse of the "Absent-Minded Beggar." The meaning of this phrase, we may observe, does not imply, as his enemies say, that his brain is missing.

No. II. represents a saturnine looking aristocrat with a heavy moustache. He also has been to "the front," but owing to the presence of a guilty conscience he promptly fell a victim to a pious Boer. He has made a long dying confession (a copy of which may be seen in a glass case in the Chestnut Room of the Exhibition).



'ARRY AMONG THE ROCKS.

"Got 'im First Shot!"

This confession was made to the young man who won the V.C., under the shadow of a kopje. So peculiar was the effect of this confession, that hostilities between the contending forces seemed to have quite ceased, until it was over. It has been suggested by some that he might not have fallen had not his nerves been unsteadied by a succession of visits to music halls, previous to his departure, just before the patriotic turn came on.

The insertion of a penny will induce him to give a sinister smile and to gnaw his moustache.

No. III. A scientific professor with a

vibrating voice and a metallic glitter in the eyes, which characteristics are probably due to the fact that he inherits a lonely mansion just over the Metropolitan Railway. He carries about with him a phial containing deadly tubercles—just as a schoolboy would carry peppermint. He is affable enough, but has a disagreeable trick of poisoning all his acquaintances. By the insertion of a penny the voice will vibrate and the eyes look duly metallic. Twopence will make them look even more metallic. Visitors are requested not to touch the tubercles, which have come from the Novelist's Pharmacopœia.



PROVERBS (PICTORIALLY PUT).

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

PARTICULARLY WHEN IT BRINGS ABOUT A SERIOUS ENTANGLEMENT BETWEEN CHARLIE'S LINE AND MAUDIE'S PRETTY HAIR.
[Charlie is very short-sighted, so he says.]

GIVING THEMSELVES AIRS.

["The latest from Washington is a scheme for the diffusion of air of an arctic temperature in the streets."—*Daily Paper*.]

WASHINGTON, a sultry spot,
Heats the fervid patriot,
Blest invention's subtle craft
Offers him a cooling draught.

Let the Polar breezes blow
Round the doctrine of MONROE,
Till 'tis cold enough to freeze
On to anything it sees.

Should the Anglo-Saxon race
Ever warm to an embrace,
Douche it with a sudden chill,
Spoil an Arbitration Bill.

Foolish gratitude must not
Pass from tepid into hot;

Private hothers being o'er,
Patronise a brother's Boer.

So may kin be made to feel
Blood, like water, can congeal,
Frozen by a climate where
Ice-olation 's in the air.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

["The interest payable to Post Office Savings Bank Depositors, will be proportioned to the earnings of the capital invested."—*Object of the P. O. S. B. Bill*.]

SCENE—Chief Office of the Savings Bank
Department of the G. P. O. Enter
SMITH and BROWN.

Smith. Well met, BROWN, and how goes the world with you?

Brown. Bravely. I suppose you have come on the same errand as myself? To discover the fate of my little nest-egg?

Smith. Just so. By the new regulation the management of our investments is left to the authorities.

Brown. And it could not be in better hands.

First Official (addressing BROWN). What can I do for you, Sir?

Second Official (to SMITH). And I for you.

[BROWN and SMITH give the necessary explanations.]

Brown. Let us wish ourselves good luck!
Smith (shaking his friend by the hand). I echo your words. Good luck to us both. We have the same amount invested. Good luck to us both!

First Official (addressing BROWN). I regret to say, Sir, there's nothing for you.

Second Official (giving SMITH a document). And for you, Sir, a cheque for £500.

Brown. Why have I nothing?

First Official. Because the gentleman in charge of your money, Sir, staked and lost your balance on the Derby!

Smith. And why am I so great a gainer?

Second Official. Because the gentleman in charge of your assets, Sir, backed zero five times running successfully in your interest at Monte Carlo!

Brown (in the worst of tempers). The new system is disgraceful!

Smith (in the best of humours). Nay, BROWN, I think it admirable!

Third Official (interposing). Moderate your views, gentlemen. The chief objection I find in the system is, that sudden fluctuations in deposits cause complication in the accounts.

(Curtain.)

AN APPEAL TO THE L.C.C.

AH me, likewise alas and lack-a-day,
This merry London, if the news be sooth,
Eftsoons will be less merry, age and youth
Both mourning penny steamboats, since,
men say,

Pier-dues they cannot pay.

No more the hoary "Fuchsia," flower of craft,

For us on Thames' broad aged back shall ride,

No more the slow "Lobelia," fore and aft
Full packed, shall vaunt the cornet's
brassy pride,

And ply as she has plied.

Yet from their ashes phoenix-like may spring

A fleet more fair and fast—if that may be!
But, since the Company has had its fling,
The County Council now must do the thing.

O, mighty L.C.C.,

We put our trust in thee,

Make this the burden of our grateful song,
"Sweet Thames! run softly—now we
sha'n't be long!"

EX UNO DISCE OMNES.—*Collective appellation for the Boer Delegates in America:*—"Wessels of wrath."

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

"ALL the world would be mistaken,
Infinite my pain's degree,
Should you leave me here forsaken,
Or decline to marry me."

Such the words I ought to utter
In the part I long to play,
But I only stand and stutter
In my foolish awkward way.

"Better men might love you better,
None could ever love you more,
Let me be your grateful debtor,
Give me of your golden store."
Some such tender, vague expression
Would to her my fond thoughts tell!
But—I fail in self-possession,
And I shrink into my shell.

MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

[X.—THE EGOIST.

(Revised by R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)

"I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General."
Old Bab-bish Room Ballad.

"I CHUCKED him out: such young cubs
are insufferable."

That is what VERNON WHITFORD said as
he looked across at Sir WILLOUGHBY
PATERNE.

"Who was it?" asked WILLOUGHBY with
a languid air.

"CROSSJAY: the silly young swine
has taken to parodying us all lately: this
infernal monkey trick of imitation is
becoming too frequent among young
fellows nowadays."

"Um," said WILLOUGHBY, flicking the
ash off his cigar. "You take a horse-
whip, my dear VERNON, to wreak vengeance
on a gnat. The ear of my soul is tickled
pleasantly by the high-pitched drone of
Imitation. Verbal missiles flung by
intellectual imps scarce dimple the sur-
face of the philosophic mind. You follow?"

"D—n it," cried VERNON, "you'll drive
me mad if you always talk like that. Man
alive, can't you use good, plain, full-
blooded Saxon English, like most of us
do? I've been in India lately among the
hills. All of us like plain tales there—
except good-looking grass widows. Your
style of talk is going out of fashion. Folks
won't stand it nowadays. You can turn
me out of the house if you like, but
speak I must. A word more. For weeks
past you and CLARA MIDDLETON have been
indulging in wordy gymnastics. She's
tired of you—you know that. Now, that
sentimental girl with the lashes—LÆTITIA
HINGUMABOB—is dead nuts on you. Well
—marry her. Bring the story to an end.
For Heaven's sake be more definite and
colloquial!"

"Go on, my son," exclaimed Colonel
DE CRAVE, sauntering up at this moment.
The Colonel had Irish blood in his veins.
"Kape it up," he said, "I'm rale glad
ye've dhrawn the par-ti-cu-lar attinshin
av Sir—"



PHIL MAY 1900

Urchin. "DON'T YER SEE! 'E DON'T WANT TO GO TO DER FRONT, SO THEY'VE
GOT TER CARRY HIM!"

Sir WILLOUGHBY got up. "Abuse I am
inured to," he said, "also swearing,
which is a mental alternative for spitting
. . . but brogue. . ." He shuddered and
withdrew.

* * * * *

Sir WILLOUGHBY married LÆTITIA. His
nerves had been upset, and by mistake
he acted promptly.

Which seems rough on LÆTITIA.

A. R.

LOCH JAW.—Six thousand Loch Leven
trout, so the *Times* informs us, have been
purchased by Mr. T. GOMM (by Gomm!),
a well-known Thames angler, and placed
in the river at Penton Hook. This process
is evidently "Levening" the Thames.

A ROUNDEL OF HUMBLE ADMIRATION.

You were so high, I, least of men,
To view you dared not raise my eye;
I loved, I worshipped you, but then
You were so high.

I muse on days long since gone by,
Of that fair garden by the fen,
Of how we watched the swallows fly.

And, moping in my dismal den,
I laugh to find myself so shy,
Who was already grown up, when
You were so high.

VERY POPULAR CROWNED HEADS.—
Asparagus.



Fair Widow. "YES, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND THAT WHEN I DIE I SHALL BE CREMATED, AS MY HUSBAND WAS."

Gallant Captain. "DEAR LADY, PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT SUCH DREADFUL THINGS. CONSIDER HOW MUCH BETTER IT WOULD BE, IN YOUR CASE, TO—ER—CROSS OUT THE C!"

DEVIL'S ADVOCATES.

Being an extract from a farce of this name recently performed in the House of Commons. Actor-manager, Mr. Samuel Smith.

T. P. O'C-NN-R.

THE teeming brain of Mr. SMITH
Is positively full of pith;
And yet his speech was more absurd
Than anything I ever heard.

What sort of right has he to be
A judge of Immorality?
Let him go back and learn—for shame!—
How to pronounce PINERO'S name!

Please to conceive a play-house guide
Who never yet was seen inside!
No floor of any acting-hell
Was ever trod by SAMUEL!

Did all the solemn things he said
Come from his own unaided head?
Or did he get his leading cues
From posters and the cleric news?

And how does ignorance propose
To rectify these ribald shows?
My view (and SHAKESPEARE'S) is that Art
Should reproduce the human heart!

What does he want? An Irish wit?
A villain ending in the Pit?
A hero faithful to his wife,
And such-like travesties of life?

T-MMY B-WL-S.

Our SAMUEL'S qualms about the *Quex* . . .
Bespeak a specialist in sex;
His homily on *Zaza*, too,
Tends to confirm this point of view.

The honoured Member's scheme of vice
Appears peculiarly concise;
Must we conclude he means to wink
At lying, bridge, the turf, and drink?

Yet, though we grant that from the stage
Lucifer draws his largest wage,
'Tis not the fear of moral taint
That makes the soul of THOMAS faint.

The "semi-nude" I might endure,
Since to the pure all things are pure;

That risk I would consent to take,
If only I could keep awake!

And wherefore buy a sleeping-stall
With drama, gratis, here at call;
Where every evening down the wings
I watch the Comedy of Things?

What actor, pray, can press his suit
Like Captain JOSEPH *Absolute*?
The Rivals, here superbly done,
Have had a most amazing run!

Why occupy a costly pew
Where HAWTREY knocks the Avenue,
When ASHMEAD, all ablaze with stars,
Brings me *A Message straight from Mars*?

Young for my years, I still can play
A Man of Forty any day;
And still repeat the little pranks
I learned from HANBURY *In the Ranks*!

A-G-ST-NE B-RR-LL.

If Mr. SMITH should ever meet
With common persons in the street,
He'll find they have a meagre sense
Of Parliament's intelligence.



THE IMPERIAL DISPENSARY.

THE KANGAROO. "I'VE GOT A SORT OF—ER—FEELING OF OPPRESSION. MY DOCTOR AT HOME GAVE ME THAT PRESCRIPTION!"

MR. CH-MB-RL-N (*Colonial Chemist and Druggist according to the British Pharmacopœia*). "'ABOLITION OF APPEAL TO PRIVY COUNCIL'—OF COURSE, I COULD MAKE IT UP FOR YOU, BUT I THINK I CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHING THAT WILL EXACTLY SUIT YOUR CONSTITUTION!"

They view with noses upward curled
Our childlike knowledge of the world ;
Yet treat us, from their higher plane,
Rather with pity than disdain.

Let us confine our reason's flow
To themes, if any, which we know ;
And such, I confidently say,
Do not include the low-class play.

And if our hearts are frankly hot
To work reform, no matter what,
This very House is vile within ;
Here, then, let Piety begin ! O. S.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 14.—
"Advance Australia," the motto of the day. Injunction observed. Delegates and Agents-General, swarming staircase of Diplomatic Gallery, flooded its benches. Curious to observe how natural instincts and early habits asserted themselves. As in succession Australians burst in upon the new territory, every man proceeded to peg out a claim. Soon not a yard of ground unoccupied. Almost expected to see a Church built, a bar opened, and a mayor elected.

DON JOSÉ, presently rising to move first reading of Australian Commonwealth Bill, faced a crowded House. The apathy that has of late possessed Commons, making it almost impossible to fill the benches, temporarily overcome. Whilst every seat on floor occupied, a thin black line ran along the gallery facing the Treasury Bench. DON JOSÉ observed the ordinary form and fashion of addressing the House of Commons. But he was plainly conscious of the fact that, listening at the door, was Australia in the prime of womanhood, jealous, strong, warm-hearted, quick to take offence.

His task one of great difficulty. The bill he fathered was not made in the Imperial Cabinet. It came from Australia, stamped with the mark of popular approval given at the poll. Put briefly, DON JOSÉ had to assure the Colonies that not for another empire would the mother country flout the desire of her dearest daughter. Anything she demanded should be forthcoming, only—not this. Yea, even this (and here was the masterly turn of the speech) if Australia were absolutely united. But was that the case? DON JOSÉ drew up his reserve of proof of conflicting opinion in the Colony. Queensland, Western Australia, and New South Wales see nothing to hurt in the proposed amendment of Clause 74. The Press is almost unanimous on the same side; seven chief justices, representative of every Colony in Australia, are in favour of maintenance of right of Appeal. In these circumstances, Imperial interests might be permitted to take a look in. So the Clause is to be



"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"—AS AMENDED IN COMMITTEE.

(Performed by the "S-m Smith Opera Company.")

"WE'RE THE OR-NA-MENT-AL PU-RITY BRIGADE,
WE'LL A-MUSE YOU IN A MEL-AN-CHO-LY FA-SHION!"

amended. DON JOSÉ could almost have wept over the spectacle of dissentient opinion in Australia. Recognising its existence, what else could Imperial Government do but step in and decide?

The delegates in the Diplomatic Gallery shuffled their feet and showed dangerous tendency of rising to explain. Peeping over rail of gallery they saw on guard the stalwart figure of the Sergeant-at-Arms, begirt with sword, at his call the veterans who, twenty years ago, were brought to the perfection of training by daily attendance on Mr. BRADLAUGH in his gyrations to and from the Table. Relapsed into grim silence. Presently they beheld DON JOSÉ, with light step, march

up from the bar bringing in a Bill, "than which no more important measure of legislation has ever been presented to Parliament, and nothing throughout the whole course of the QUEEN'S reign will be a more beneficent feature in that long and glorious his ory."

Business done.—Australian Commonwealth Bill read a first time.

Tuesday.—At best of times SAM SMITH is not what is called lively company. He looks forth upon the world and, even in this bright Spring time, he finds that behold! it is very bad. Rising just now to move resolution denouncing "the growing tendency to put upon the stage plays of demoralising character,"



G. L. STAMP.

Policeman (examining broken window). "BEGORRA, BUT IT'S MORE SARIOUS THIN OI THOUGHT IT WAS. IT'S BROKE ON BOTH SIDES!"

JEREMIAH was, compared with him, a boisterous party. His folded hands wrestled with each other in now depths of funereal woe. His voice piped in shriller tone of melancholy. His very whiskers looked limper than ever in contemplation of man's iniquity. Only a dominant sense of public duty could make him sacrifice his shillings, and his habit of going early to bed, in order to wander about from theatre gallery to theatre gallery in search of something nasty. To the pure all things are pure. SAM SMITH, peering about with his umbrella and his opera-glass, found that "of many plays now presented to the London stage some are disgusting pictures of licentiousness."

A serious charge this to bring against an honourable profession from the privileged platform of the most public place in the world. Few men would like to do it. Fewer still would be permitted. But there is something irresistibly child-like about SAMUEL. If not very wise, he is really so well meaning no one can find it in his heart to be angry with him.

"I could fancy him on the stage himself,"

said SARK. "There is a part that would suit him down to the ground. It is found in the Tragedy of *Cambyses*; not much read in these days, but familiar to SHAKSPEARE. You remember how *Falstaff* calls for a cup of sack, that he may weep in *King Cambyses'* vein? In one of the scenes an elderly gentleman is flayed alive in presence of his son. The latter looking on at the performance mildly remarks:

What child is he of nature's mould
Could bide the same to see;
His father flayed in this wise,
O, how it grieveth me!

In my mind's eye, TOBIAS, I can see SAM SMITH feebly rubbing his hands and declaiming this verse in his tremulous voice. He is a great loss to the stage. Quite possible his peregrinations may lead him to adopt it."

Nothing came of resolution, although it had support of Mr. GEDGE and Mr. CHANNING. That gay young spark, HUGH CECIL, talked it out.

One of prettiest incidents of evening was interposition of LECKY. SAMUEL in support of his argument made several

lugubrious references to the author of *The Map of Life*. LECKY listened with growing irritation. At length, on third repetition, he rose, and in piteously pained voice said, "I wish the hon. member wouldn't quote me as an authority on the *demi-monde*."

Business done.—JEREMIAH SAMUEL SMITH utters his Lamentations over the stage.

Friday.—Prodigal Son comes back to-night in person of EDWARD CARSON. Has left the husks of his daily fare, his rude companions below the gangway. Appears on level of rank with BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, being a knight; beyond him, being Solicitor-General. PRINCE ARTHUR, carefully turning up his shirt cuffs, kills the fatted calf. HARRY CHAPLIN looks on, wondering wistfully if there won't be enough for two. CRIPPS gloomily contemplates the scene from the seat of the faithful; moodily meditates on man's ingratitude to man. CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY also has his memories, his dead and dried hopes, though, for obvious reason, they never clustered round the Solicitor-Generalship.

As for CARSON, he, with finely confused metaphor, would let you know, that though he does not spurn the fatted calf, he is not to be muzzled. It is a new kind of situation—a Solicitor-General retaining the privilege of criticising Ministerial action from the Treasury Bench. But, as he proudly says, he is an Irishman, descendant in straight line from O'CARSON, King of Kerry, whose pale face, staring straight up, looking for dawn, the boatmen will show you on moonlight nights gleaming in uttermost depths of Killarney's Lake.

What was that Bill the present Attorney-General brought in last year and CARSON opposed? Is it believed that a paltry promotion, a salary ludicrously small compared with the Attorney-General's, will make an Irishman false to his convictions? Let FINLAY try. *The day the Attorney-General puts down that Bill for second reading the Solicitor-General will give notice of motion for its rejection.*

Business done.—Long waited for news of relief of Mafeking flashes in on Committee on Scotch Votes. Makes proceedings preternaturally lively.

LAST SATURDAY.

MAY 19.—Flags everywhere! If Boers are only imitating our flags, and everywhere *flying*, the war will speedily end. To-day, the two distinguished officers of whom we hear much in connection with the "Good News from Mafeking," are Colonel BADEN-POWELL and General Rejoicing!

SCENE—On the Quay. Ocean liner's syren fog-horn emitting short, sharp grunts.

Little Girl. Oh, Mamma, that poor ship must have a drefful pain in its Cabin!



(Continued from p. 360.)

PART II.—Henley Regatta.

CHAPTER I.

PRactice for the great regatta was now in full swing, and everything

seemed to promise well for a full programme and

brilliant racing. For the Grand Challenge Cup, with which in this story we are more particularly concerned, there were seven entries. France, full of ardour for the *Sports Athlétiques*, in which her sons had been for some years engaging, had sent a crack crew of men whose stalwart bodies and healthy faces gave a rude shock to Britons, who had based their notions of French physique on traditions associated with a regimen of absinthe and frogs. From Canada had come the famous Toronto Argonauts, tough men who made up in solidity of muscle what they lacked in youthfulness. The style of these two crews, however, effective as it might be for half a mile, seemed hardly fitted to carry them successfully over the trying mile and five hundred and fifty yards of the Henley course. Their short swing and their scrappy, unrhythmical action contrasted but ill in the eyes of good judges with the long reach, the steady balance and the firm unwavering stroke of the best English crews opposed to them. But then, as NUTTY WILSON, the No. 3 of the Leander crew, wisely remarked, you never knew. These foreign beggars (oblivious of Empire, he lumped the Canadians with the French) managed to get along somehow in spite of their rotten style, and it wouldn't do to think they were going to be beaten easily.

Against these two crews were ranged the best that England could produce. The London and the Thames Rowing Clubs, undaunted by their failures during the past few years, had again come gallantly to the scratch, and both were declared by their adherents to be dangerous. The Kingston Rowing Club had sent its scarlet-coated representatives; the Balliol College crew, which, though it was not head of the river, had failed only by inches in two successive races to secure that position, had come from Oxford; and, last, but by no means least, either in their own estimation or in that of their innumerable supporters, the Leander crew were there,

a mixed combination of Oxford, Cambridge and Eton, prepared to defend the trophy which they had won last year against all comers.

The usual difficulties had attended the formation of the Leander crew, BRAITHWAITE and CARTER had turned up at Oxford on the appointed day for the customary week's practice on the Isis to find only three others ready to row. HARKNESS, of Brasenose, the great Oxford stroke, and BURNSIDE and COATES, of Magdalen, the last being the Captain of the Club, were the faithful trio. Two Balliol men, who were to have rowed, were required by their College crew, and HARDY, of New College, who was to have rowed No. 5, had broken his wrist in the "rag" that had followed a bump-supper. By dint of ceaseless activity, however, and a lavish expenditure of telegrams, two more Cambridge men had been dragged from City offices and persuaded to row. They had not rowed for a year, but their record was good, their strength undoubted, and their condition much better than might have been expected. One place only, No. 3, remained vacant, and for this COATES had at last, in desperation, secured NUTTY WILSON, who had rowed in the Eton crew two years ago, and had been spending the interval in plucky but fruitless efforts to obtain a commission in the army. Thus, with the important addition of TOMMY GIBSON, familiarly known as the Mouse, the well-known Oxford coxswain, the Leander crew became complete, and a few days of steady practice convinced their veteran coach that in spite of their preliminary disadvantages they had every prospect of turning into a fast and formidable eight. But much had to be suffered and many disappointments had to be endured before this result could be achieved. Indeed, when they first arrived at Henley, barely a fortnight before the Regatta, the general opinion of the towpath critics pronounced them to be "not a patch on last year's winning crew." However, like all Leander crews, they soon began to shake together by the aid of general keenness and good watermanship, they trained well after the easy fashion of Leander, and a week before the Regatta they managed to row over the course a second or two faster than any other crew. This, as NUTTY said, put their tails up, and from that day their improvement was rapid.

The choice of NUTTY—how he acquired the name no man knew, for he had been christened JOHN EDWARD—was in every

respect, last resource though it had been, a fortunate one, for apart altogether from his merits as an oar—and they were by no means small—NUTTY had certain qualities which recommended him pre-eminently. No well-organised crew can do without its butt, and NUTTY was, perhaps, the most brilliant and successful butt ever known. From his shock of stubborn sandy hair down to his big feet, butt was stamped all over him. A snub-nose, a projecting jaw, and a double row of gleaming teeth gave him the appearance of a highly-amiable bulldog. His smile was as good as a dozen letters of introduction; his good humour, even under the most violent acts of assault and battery, was imperturbable; and his conversation was full of the quaintest irrelevancies and solecisms. Anybody who cared to make the effort could deceive him; there was no story, however full of absurd impossibilities it might be, that NUTTY failed to swallow, and no amount of revelations ever shook his simple faith in human nature in general and the veracity of his friends in particular. Eton had scrubbed and polished him for six years; she had made him into a fine oarsman and a well-behaved gentleman, but for the rest her influence had left few traces, and no man ever confronted the Civil Service Commissioners who examined him with a more primitive literary style and a more complete ignorance outside the narrow circle of his cram than did NUTTY.

CHAPTER II.

It was the day before the Regatta, a cloudless day of grilling sunshine early in July. The house-boats were in their places, a terrace of brilliant flowers and gaudy bunting, the booms were fixed, and the hard work of the practice was over for the crews. A general atmosphere of hushed anticipation and excitement held the river, for to-morrow's preliminary heats would settle many questions that had been feverishly debated for weeks past. Thames and London were drawn together in the first heat. Leander were to meet the Frenchmen; Kingston and the Argonauts were in the third, and Balliol, favoured by luck, escaped without a race on the first day, and had to meet either Leander or the French on the second.

The afternoon was yet young, and in the sunshine the heat was intense. The members of the Leander crew, conscious of work well done in the morning and of a training lunch thoroughly enjoyed, were scattered about the shady places under the Bucks bank in various vessels better adapted than a racing ship for repose and contemplation. DICK CARTER and NUTTY had moored a well-cushioned punt in the cool shadow of the Phyllis Court river wall, and BRAITHWAITE, comfortably extended in his Canadian canoe, was lying alongside. All three had brought books, but only NUTTY, who was deep in *Quo Vadis*, was reading. NUTTY, it should be stated, was a devourer of novels of an exciting order, and to his simple nature the events he read of were so interesting that for the time they became almost a part of his experience, and were retailed in NUTTY's own style to any friend who might care to listen to him.

"A penny for your thoughts, BAX," said CARTER, "I never knew you so silent."

"Dick, I'm thinking that on Friday next I shall have a buck lunch with lobster salad and plenty of cake and claret cup, and that, after lunch, I shall smoke one or two cigarettes. Lord! how I hate training."

"Oh, you're going to keep all that for Friday, are you? So you've quite made up your mind we're going to beat the froggies to-morrow, and that Balliol won't be in the hunt with us on Thursday. Don't you make too sure of getting into the final. I saw the froggies going like smoke this morning."

"Rubbish, Dick, we can't help beating them. Balliol are better, of course, but I fancy we shall best them from the White House to the finish if old HARKS only rattles us along at 42 as he did this morning. Now, you don't deny we did a fizzing good piece of rowing. We were clearing yards and yards every stroke."

"Yes," admitted DICK, "it was a good piece—quite the

best we've done. But I don't like to be too confident, especially as we've got the bad station in every heat, and if we get a gale of wind where shall we be? Eh, NUTTY, my pale student? Let's hear what you've got to say about it."

NUTTY waved the invitation aside and remained glued to his novel.

"There, BAX," continued DICK, "look at our beautiful NUTTY and take example by him. You never look at a book, but NUTTY keeps picking up knowledge all day long. I know how he'll end: he'll be a librarian."

Obscure as the meaning of this word might be, NUTTY felt that it implied an insult.

"Librarian be blowed," he remarked hotly. "You've no right to say that, DICK. I never go on the bust, and you know well enough I'm not likely to play the man about town or any of those games."

"My beloved NUTTY, who said you were?"

"Well, you said I was going to be a librarian."

"Understand, oh intellectual one, that there is a difference between librarian and libertine. A librarian is one who—"

"Oh, shut up, DICK; don't be so funny. Let me go on reading."

DICK turned to BRAITHWAITE again.

"Now, BAX, don't you forget you've promised to help me with the HADDENS."

"Of course I will, DICK. I'm counting on it."

"They'll be down in time to see us row in the final, if we ever get so far. I've got tickets for the Leander enclosure, and when the race is over we'll all lunch there together. NUTTY shall come too, if he's a good boy."

NUTTY looked up with a gratified smile. "I'll be there, DICK; but remember I'm not much good at ladies' society. They frighten me a bit, you know."

"Nonsense, NUTTY; there never was a better specimen of the *preux chevalier* than you."

"What's that?" asked NUTTY.

"It's a large animal, mostly tan-coloured, with enormous hoofs, and the longest tusks you ever saw."

"Can you shoot 'em?"

"Certainly you can, if you care to go to Thibet. That's where they grow."

"Talking of animals," said NUTTY, "can you tell me what an orrosh is?"

"A what?"

"An orrosh. It's in this book here. It says," continued NUTTY, referring to the place and reading aloud, "that 'an enormous German orrosh' rushed into the arena."

"Try *Aurochs*, NUTTY," suggested BRAITHWAITE. "It's a sort of buffalo. But I wish you'd tell us what's been happening in *Quo Vadis* lately."

NUTTY required no second invitation. "My eye," he began, "they have been going it and no mistake. They nabbed poor old *Ursus*—he's a Christian, you know, and the strongest man you ever saw—and they've got him into the arena. Well, as soon as *Ursus* got there he went down on his knees and started praying. But those filthy Romans wouldn't have it, and they hooted him, d—n them. By Jove, I should like to wring all their beastly necks for them. *Ursus* couldn't make it out, but he went on with his prayers till suddenly this old orrosh came dashing in with *Lygia* bound on to his head. When *Ursus* saw his queen come in like that on the top of the orrosh he jolly soon chucked praying, I can tell you, and he scooted up like lightning and got hold of the brute by the horns, and screwed its bally head round till he broke its neck. By gum, it was a proper tussle, but the old chap did it, and, of course, *Nero* had to spare his life. Oh my, I simply loathe *Nero*. I should like to have a go at him with bare knuckles every day for a fortnight. I never met such a brute in my life."

"Bravo, NUTTY," applauded DICK, "you're a champion at telling stories. Who wrote the book?"

"Oh, a chap called HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ," said NUTTY, referring to the title-page. "Do you know who he is?"

"Of course I do. It's only one of RUDYARD KIPLING's other names. All these writing chaps have about a dozen names."

"Well, all I can say is," observed NUTTY, with emphasis, "that it's about the best book RUDYARD KIPLING's ever written, and you may tell him I said so. But, look here, I say," he exclaimed excitedly, "what's up with BAX? What's he darting off like that for? Come back, you old fool," he shouted, "come back! You know we've been ordered to keep out of the sun."

But BRAITHWAITE was already nearly a hundred yards away, and was paddling his canoe furiously down stream without paying the least attention to NUTTY's shouts.

He had a reason for his strange proceeding, but it was obvious only to himself. As NUTTY began his story of *Ursus* and the *Aurochs*, BRAITHWAITE happening to take a glance up stream saw a sight that froze his blood. About fifty yards away, and gliding swiftly down stream in his direction was a huge mis-shapen punt in which reclined three old ladies. He did not need a second look to recognise them: they were the identical three who had visited him in his rooms, at Cambridge, on the night of the Trinity ball. What could they be doing at Henley? Heavens! they were coming for him; they were bowing and nodding and smiling to him! How on earth should he explain them to DICK and NUTTY? NUTTY had never heard of the Fates and would be sure to put his foot in it. There was only one thing to do, and that was to fly. So he quietly cast loose from the punt and paddled away at top speed. After a few strokes he turned round. The old ladies were gaining on him, though they had no visible means of propulsion. Another stroke and they were level with him. He felt the game was up and stopped paddling.

Then CLOTHO addressed him, emphasizing her points with her knitting needle.

"Youth of the goodly countenance," she said solemnly, "learn that it boots not to fly from the Fates. But be of good cheer; we are unseen by any eyes but yours, and, moreover, we wish you well. I am, as you remember, CLOTHO; these are my sisters, ATROPOS and LACHESIS."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said BRAITHWAITE. "I've read about you, of course, in the Classical Dictionary, but upon my word I never imagined I should see you twice over. It's a tremendous honour, you know."

"We are permitted"—it was ATROPOS who took up the conversation—"to exercise our natural benevolence. Once in a thousand years it is granted to us to single out a mortal for special favour and to grant him his heart's desire. The years have come full circle, and the long and the short of it is," she went on more familiarly, "that we saw you rowing at Putney, and we all took a fancy to you."

"Aye," said LACHESIS, "your little gauzy shirt becomes you well."

"Do you mean my zephyr?" suggested BAX.

"Your zephyr, if you like to call it so. And light blue was always a favourite colour with us. Do you remember, TROPPEY," she continued, addressing ATROPOS, "the shepherd PARIS wore light blue that morning, and ADONIS, beloved of VENUS, had a shirt of that colour?"

"Yes," said ATROPOS, sighing deeply, "I remember; but, poor things, it didn't do them much good. Now, young man, you must make your choice; say what your wish is, for we may not tarry longer."

By this time they had drifted as far as the Fawley Court boathouse, but although BRAITHWAITE had passed innumerable friends, none of them, much to his relief, had appeared to notice his weird companions.

"Choose!" said the three.

BRAITHWAITE didn't hesitate a moment. "Upon my word,

you know, it's most awfully kind of you. I don't know what I've done to deserve this. The thing I want above all others is to win the Grand at this Regatta!"

As he said this the recollection of Miss HADDEN came suddenly into his mind. He would have given a fortune to recall his words and to substitute "MILLIE HADDEN" for "the Grand." But it was too late, for the sisters had vanished, and he was alone.

"Never mind," he thought to himself, as he paddled back, "I may meet the old parties again, and then, by Jove, I won't forget MILLIE."

CHAPTER III.

ON the morning of the final day of the Regatta there was no break in the glorious weather. Not a cloud flecked the sky, the flags on the boat-houses and the house-boats hung listlessly down their posts, and the Leander men, anxiously scanning the heavens, relieved one another by the repeated assurance that there wasn't a breath of air, and that the Berks station was just as good as the other. They had come well through the racing of the first two days, polishing off the Frenchmen in easy style on the Wednesday, and defeating Balliol after a tough struggle over two-thirds of the course on the following day. The first day, too, had seen the downfall of Kingston and the Thames Rowing Club. Yesterday the Argonauts, game to the end, had been beaten by the London Rowing Club by four feet, and to-day, therefore, the Londoners and Leander, those ancient rivals, were to fight out the final. Opinions were keenly divided as to the result. On the one hand London were hopeful, for their time in yesterday's race was two seconds faster than that of Leander; on the other hand Leander were confident, seeing that London had been pressed by the Argonauts right home to the winning post, and had to row their hardest the whole way; whereas Leander, after shaking off the men of Balliol had taken matters easily, like the old soldiers they were, and felt that their time in that race by no means represented the best they could do. A Leander crew, moreover—and the present crew was a typical one—has the traditional peculiarity of improving with every day of racing, so that it comes to the post on the last day at its very highest point of brilliant excellence.

Mr. HADDEN, with Aunt CONSTANTIA and MILLIE, had arrived in Henley some time before the racing began, and they had found their way to the Leander Club enclosure, whither DICK and BRAITHWAITE had accompanied them. All three were full of enthusiasm. The Vicar was himself an old Leander oar, and a winner of the Grand, and he felt no doubt whatever that Leander ought to win, and to vindicate the superiority of University oarsmanship against the Metropolitans. Aunt CONSTANTIA'S enthusiasm, though keen, was less definite. She would have liked both crews to win, for her good nature shrank from contemplating the disappointment of the vanquished, but seeing that was impossible she felt comfortably assured that her favourite nephew would win, as he, of course, deserved to do. MILLIE had no doubts whatever. Her pretty straw hat was bright with the Leander ribbon, she wore a Leander tie, and her cheeks glowed with a soft and delicate shade of the same becoming colour. She was Leander to the core, and when she told DICK and BRAITHWAITE that they *must* win, that they were never to speak to her again if they were beaten, and that if she screamed as the race passed her they mustn't mind, but only row the harder, she gave new courage to these young men who, truth to tell, were beginning to suffer acute pangs of nervousness, or, as they themselves phrased it, were having a pretty bad touch of the "needle."

And now the bells were ringing to clear the course; the watchful Conservancy boats were warning back the pleasure-oarsmen, and gradually the gleaming streak of the racing river defined itself more and more between the two rows of piles behind which the mass of boats, punts and canoes had taken

refuge. Finally, the last stray intruder had slipped away, and everything was ready for the final heat of the Grand. Another minute passed, the slowest minute MILLIE could remember, and suddenly the Vicar, who was gazing through his field-glasses, declared that they were off. The bang of the ever tardy gun followed, and MILLIE's heart leapt into her mouth.

Ye Naiads, daughters of the hoary Thames, gentle guardians of his golden-hearted water-lilies, sportive playmates of his snowy brood of swans, inspire me while I recount the glories of this matchless race. Many a struggle and much desperate valour of heroic oarsmen have ye witnessed, but never a race more worthy of praise and song than this in which the youths who owe allegiance and sacrificial rites to Leander, father of watermen, met in warfare of flashing oarblades the men from the great City beloved by your Father. And to each of the victors it shall be said on your behalf:—

Huc ades, ô formose puer. Tibi lilia plenis
Ecoe ferunt Nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nais
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

Leander were quickest away; there was no doubt of that. Not for nothing had their coach drilled them time and again in the true method of starting—the instantaneous grip with deep-covered blades, the crashing drive, the lightning recovery, and then, with the third stroke, the lengthened, balanced swing, and the spring of eight lusty bodies in unison from the stretcher. They shot from the starting punt like a huge greyhound loosed from the leash. Yet London, undaunted, came level with them before the Island was passed, and soon after, rowing like demons, began slowly but surely to forge ahead. First a foot of the bows projected itself beyond the Leander ship, then a yard, until at Remenham DICK, the Leander bowman, was level with No. 3 of the Londoners, and was still receding.

Bright rosy hopes began to float before the Londoners. They were still strong; their wind was good. Surely, they thought, we can hold our advantage, aye, and increase it. But Leander were undismayed; no vision of the black skirts of defeat disturbed their confidence, and the MOUSE's shrill voice rising high above the turbulence called on them for ten hard strokes. Right well were they given. HARKNESS's lithe back seemed to lengthen out by a yard. His hands shot swifter and swifter from his chest; his teeth were set, and his whole body hurled itself solidly on to the unwavering stroke. Inch by inch Leander crept up, and so Fawley Court was passed with the two boats dead level. On the bank and behind the protecting piles, from panting runners, and from enthusiasts in boats, the clamour and the encouragement swelled in a mighty volume. Even the Umpire, veteran though he was, felt his blood course faster at the glorious spectacle, as with imperturbable face he watched the fortunes of the race from the bows of his launch. For two hundred yards more the boats rowed practically level. HARKNESS had steadied his crew; he knew that in COATES and BRAITHWAITE, his No. 7 and No. 8, he had two men who would back him up to the last; he knew that all his crew were fit and strong, but he knew, too, that he would want all his strength for a last desperate effort. At the White House Leander were six feet ahead, but London were not yet done with, for their stroke, spurting magnificently, drove his crew almost level once more. Here, however, London wavered; their coxswain suddenly and unaccountably pulled his left hand rudder line, and the spurt, so grandly conceived, broke and fell away. HARKNESS saw that the moment had come. He rallied his crew as only he knew how to rally it. His stroke grew quicker, even as he made it longer. Stubbornly and reluctantly the London boat went back and back, and with a last horrid rattle, which left NUTTY a purple, breathless ruin, the Leander men shot out and

flashed past the judge three quarters of a length ahead in record time.

When the London stroke had recovered his breath he addressed his coxswain:—

"What on earth made you put the rudder on at the White House? It killed us all."

"I had to do it. A punt with three old women in it slipped out right ahead of me."

"Rot! How could a punt slip over the booms?"

"I don't know, but there they were."

And the strange thing is that no one except the London coxswain had seen the intrusive punt. He, however, will affirm to his dying day that the punt was there and that only a liberal use of the rudder enabled him to avoid a smash.

* * * * *

Half-an-hour afterwards BRAITHWAITE, DICK and NUTTY sauntered into the Leander Club enclosure. They looked perfectly cool and clean and fresh, and it seemed impossible to imagine that a short time ago these three young gentlemen, so cheerful and easy, had been panting and striving and perspiring in a terrific race. They were heartily welcomed by many friends and admirers, who eagerly besought them to give details of the memorable struggle, to say how they felt at each particular point of it, and whether they were not confident from start to finish that they were going to win.

At last, through much handshaking and showers of congratulation, they made their way to where the HADDENS waited for them, and NUTTY having been duly presented, they all betook themselves to lunch. Then was BRAITHWAITE's anticipation realised, and those who for three weeks past had fed on stern and simple fare now revelled like children in everything that was most obviously indigestible. For them the yellow mayonnaise spread its temptations not in vain, salmon and creams and cakes ensnared them, and claret-cup found them thirsty and willing victims. In a word, they went out of training, as NUTTY expressed it, with a jolly good bang, and no mistake.

"And do you mean to tell me, Mr. BRAITHWAITE," said MILLIE, "that you are not a bit tired. Why, when you passed us you had such a fierce look on your face that I thought you must be very tired and angry."

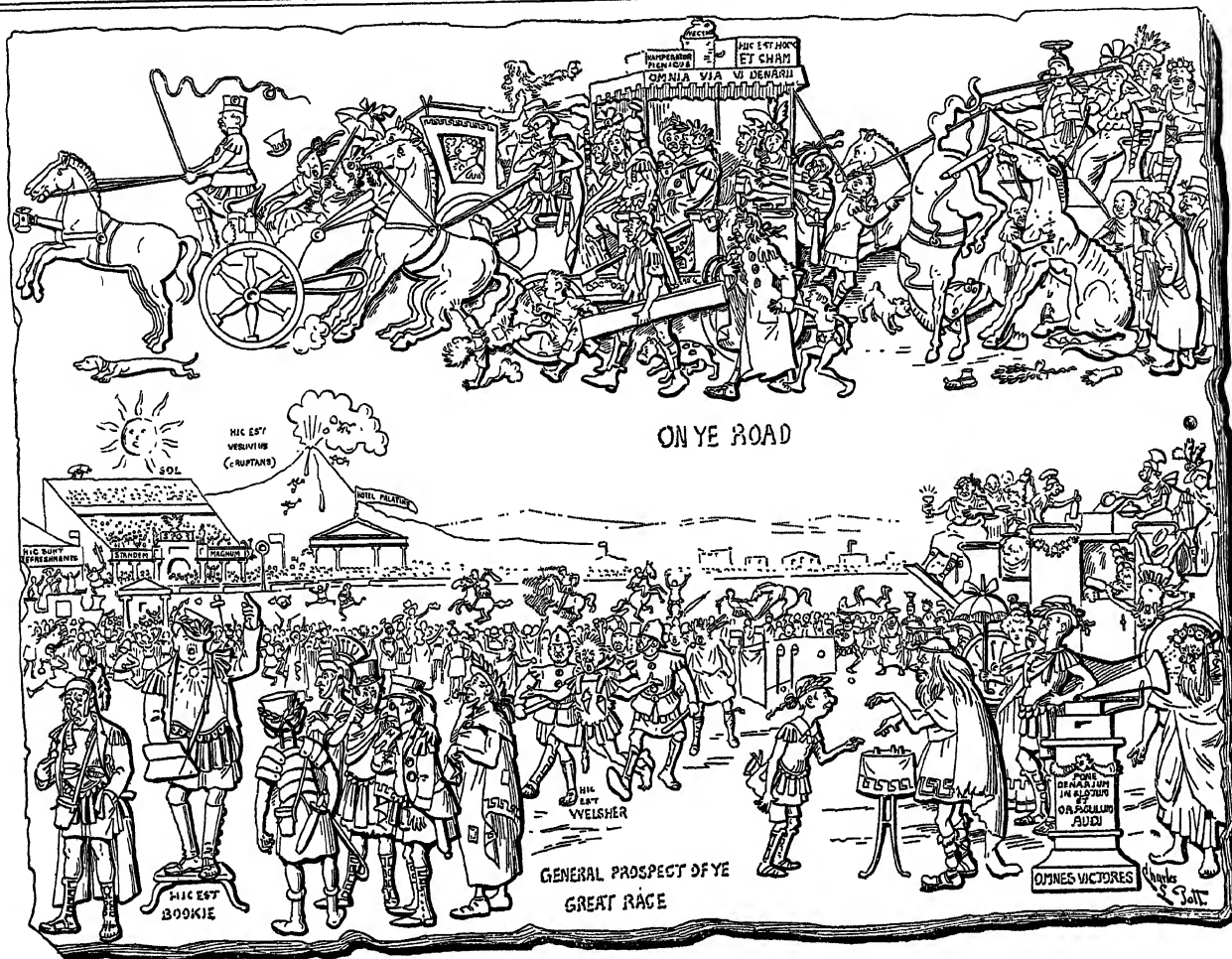
"Well, I don't exactly say," confessed BRAITHWAITE, with a laugh, "that I want to row the race all over again now, but I wasn't dead beat, though I did look fierce. Lots of men have rowed two or three races as hard as that in one day and been none the worse."

"At any rate, I think it was perfectly splendid of all of you, and so does Papa. Don't you Papa?"

The Vicar gave his opinion emphatically to the effect that no grander race could possibly have been rowed, and that in particular, the final spurt of Leander had been a marvellous example of good judgment. He himself, to be sure, didn't think the form was so good as it was in his young days—the backs were not kept so straight—but the pluck and grit were the same, and as they managed now to do faster times, he supposed his ideas of form were out of date.

After luncheon DICK and NUTTY took Mr. and Mrs. HADDEN on the river in a punt, while to BRAITHWAITE was left the sole charge of MILLIE in his canoe—a scheme which required much strategy on his part. But it was successfully accomplished, and the golden afternoon passed delightfully for the pair. At tea-time they were on the best of terms, and BRAITHWAITE announced that, if the Vicar approved, he proposed to begin his stay at the Vicarage for reading on the following Monday. The Vicar did approve, and Aunt CONSTANTIA supported him, and MILLIE, when she was appealed to, though she added no word, showed that the arrangement was not displeasing to her by one of the prettiest blushes that ever lit up the cheeks of a pretty girl.

(To be continued.)



YE DERBY DAYE DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

From a rare old Frieze, not in ye British Museum.

IL TEATRO ITALIANO.

THE other day I met FRANK JOHNSON, who always speaks the plainest English. As his name would lead one to expect, he is an Englishman.

"Ah, caro mio!" cried he, "come sta?"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Ma parliamo italiano," said he.

"My dear JOHNSON," I asked, "why should we?" I understand a few words of Italian when spoken slowly, with an English accent.

"JOHNSON!" cried he, with a gesture of despair, "Dio mio, che nome! FRANCESCO DE' GIOVANNI, vi prego."

"My dear fellow," said I, "are you mad?"

"No," he answered, "ma voglio parlare la bella lingua della Signora DUSE."

"DUSE!" I cried; "now I know what's the matter with you. You've caught the Italian fever. I believe she is wonderful. I want to go and see her."

"Sicuro," said he, "audiamo stasera."

So we went. JOHNSON went so often that he said he could not afford more than

half a guinea, which compelled us to go in the dress circle, and not even in the front row of that. There was a draught. There often is in dress circles. I hate draughts. Behind us a lady, who seemed to understand Italian, whispered a commentary on the play to a lady who understood only English, and an Italian gentleman, a victim of the English May weather, had a fit of coughing at frequent intervals.

Before us, on the stage, some men talked Italian, and as they spoke it quickly and correctly, I did not understand a word. I only knew that it was the first act of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and I perceived that Cayley Drummle had a black beard.

"This is awfully slow," I whispered.

"Che cosa?" murmured JOHNSON. "Eccola!"

I looked up. A woman had come on. It was she. Then I forgot the draught, the whispering and the cough. I forgot the other people on the stage, which was not difficult. Yet I noticed that the bearded Cayley Drummle wore in the country the cut-away black coat of Lon-

don, and after dinner, also in the country, a high hat. And I observed that Aubrey Tanqueray shed so many tears into his handkerchief, which had a wide black border, that he was obliged to wring it out as he sat there. This was also quite English. But I cared nothing for all the others; I only thought of "*Mis-sis Tan-cheri*." I even forgot that she had no make-up, which was the more noticeable, since in real life the woman represented would certainly use hair dye or paint, whereas the actress representing her used neither.

"Ebbene?" said JOHNSON, as we came away.

"Bravo, bravissimo!" I answered. I had caught the infection also. H. D. B.

CITY NOTE. — "The Lyons' Share!" Sixteen per cent. or more! Something like one, isn't it? We suppose the JACK HALL came in for his bit. This success ought to have a telling effect on the *Crédit Lyonnais*.

"PORKER VERBA." — Grunts.



AFTER A DERBY-WINNER-DINNER.

Diner. "TICKET." Clerk. "WHAT STATION?"
Diner. "WHA-STASHUN 'YE-YOU-GOT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LAST year there was held in London, under the Presidency of the Countess of ABERDEEN, an International Congress of Women. Its object is described by the President as bringing together from all parts of the world persons of experience, capable of furnishing facts regarding the position, work, and opportunities of women at the end of the Nineteenth Century. Among such authorities, Lady ABERDEEN generously includes "men as well as women," for which my Baronite, whose sexual inferiority is an accident beyond his control, makes humble acknowledgment. But though men were privileged to take part in the Conference, women did nearly all the talking. The papers they read at the Conference have now been collected, are edited by Lady ABERDEEN, and published by FISHER UNWIN, in seven handy volumes. They form a library covering the whole field of woman's work outside her home. A remarkable and valuable contribution to knowledge on an interesting question, the importance of which is daily growing.

Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has taken his *Personal Recollections* (CASSELL & Co.), going back to pre-lucifer match times, has put them in a caldron, and boiled them up. Finding there was room for something more, he has chucked in a chapter describing a picnic in the Carpathians, with a moving tragedy of a cow, shot under painful misapprehension that it was a bear. Of

course there must be some good things in the record of a man enjoying, over a long series of years, the opportunities of Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. But my Baronite confesses he is a trifle disappointed, possibly because he expected too much. The Recollector describes ALBERT SMITH as "a lively and agreeable man full of good spirits, and full also of a mild evening-party sort of fun." That is a description that will apply to most of Mr. EDWARDS' Bohemian acquaintances as they figure on his canvas. As an example of the kind of humour that made a lasting impression on the mind of the chronicler, may be cited the case of "HARRY BAYLISS, in whose chambers was a picture frame with a black cloth hanging down before it on which might be read in white letters the alarming inscription, Ladies, Beware. When ladies visited him he made some pretext for leaving the room, and then abruptly returning surprised them gazing eagerly upon a—blank. Another funny dog, asked to pass a coin to a bus-conductor, gravely pocketed it. It was the same irresistible humourist who, again in a bus, pretends to go mad, draws a pistol from his pocket, is rushed upon by the company, breaks the pistol in two, hands half to the conductor, and begins to eat the other half. "It was made of chocolate!" says Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, with a note of well-earned admiration.

The gaydog Cavalier period of English History is pretty well played out, both for dramatist and novelist, and NELL GWYN, the Merry Monarch, with all his other Merry Mistresses as characters in a novel, are at this time of day as worthless as ever they were in real life. Pity that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE should have occupied his time and talents on so thankless a subject as *Nell Gwyn Comedian* (PEARSON), unless it was with the purpose of showing how curiously dull was that gay court, and how forced was the merriment of the Merry Monarch and his merry courtiers. There is a slight thread of a story, and in the last scene the patient reader may find his reward, which comes better late than never.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE PUBLIC MAN.

["At the Lambeth Police Court a woman asked for a witness summons against a man. He was a public man, and would not attend unless summoned. The Magistrate: What do you mean by a 'public man'? Applicant: He sells newspapers in the streets."—*Daily Paper*.]

FROM my cradle I'd a craving and a thirst for notoriety;
I hungered, like a starving man, to be
A person in a prominent position in society;
I longed to hear the people say, "That's he!"
I didn't care what line I took—it might be Duke or General,
Prime Minister, Mikado, Persian Khan,
King, Democratic Socialist, Pope, KENSIT, actor, tenor—all
I wanted was to be a public man.

But Fate refused to lay my lines in places so delectable,
And when I would have been a PITT or BURKE,
The only house I entered was that ancient and respectable,
But much maligned abode, the House of Work.
The people that I mixed with were such hopeless imbecilities
They only grinned whenever I began
To tell them of the many brilliant talents and abilities
That qualified me for a public man.

But after drinking deeply of the salt and bitter water of
Distress, I took to bawling in despair,
"Defeat of CRONWRIGHT SCHREINER," "Extra Special—awful
slaughter of

Pro-Boers!" "St. James's—French in Leicester Square!"
Ah! Little did I fancy, when the street-boys' rude and
cynical

Remarks were fired upon me as I ran,
That I had actually climbed ambition's highest pinnacle,
And was in very truth a public man.



THESE PARENTS!

Mabel. "So YOUR MOTHER HAS MARRIED AGAIN?"

Maud. "YES, THANK GOODNESS! YOU CAN'T THINK HOW GLAD I AM TO GET HER COMFORTABLY SETTLED. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT A TERRIBLE TRIAL SHE HAS BEEN TO ME LATELY!"

MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

I.—A Surprise Titt-Bit.

[The following story was evidently intended for the Prize Competition in a certain weekly paper. It being an original story, *Mr. Punch* is ready to pay the contributor at the rate of two kicks per column, if the contributor will personally apply for the same.]

How did I become a millionaire? Well, it's a queer story, JIM, though I shouldn't like *Truth* to get hold of it; and as you seem so anxious for me not to tell it—here goes! . . . No, old chap, I can't be bribed with a whiskey to be silent. For twenty years I've been trying to tell this story, and never got a fair chance. And now, by gum! I mean to unburden myself. Excuse the "by gum!" By such little touches an air of rollicking abandonment is imparted to the monologue.

It was when I took my ticket at Waterloo Cross for Hasbournes that the idea occurred to me. At first I was almost unmanned (ideas always try me), but with an effort I pushed open the swing-doors of the refreshment room. There is nothing like railway refreshment room

brandy if you feel seedy. Nothing like it in the wide, wide world, thank goodness! But while I was thinking what funny things they do with potatoes, up comes TRUFFLES. Instantly I resolved to try my grand idea on TRUFFLES. It was a ghastly and risky experiment: I had to stifle all humane feelings (the brandy had nobly assisted me), but I was consumed by a kind of frenzy to put this idea into action, and so chose TRUFFLES as the victim.

TRUFFLES had deeply wronged me. No—'twas no simple case of going off with my wife; or poisoning my mother—something far worse. He had deliberately said at the Club a few days before, when I told my best and latest anecdote, that he had been "brought up on it." A man who says such a thing in cold blood is beyond the pale of forgiveness.

I chose an empty compartment, and then felt in my pocket. Yes, it was there. "TRUFFLES," I said slowly and distinctly, "I have been a minor poet for years—ah, I see you wince—and no one has heeded me. I have published poems at the request of imaginary friends—and only one man has read them beside myself—the

proof-reader. The time has come when these poems *shall* be heard!" Swiftly I produced a volume from my pocket, and began to read. No living man can read worse—and TRUFFLES writhed in agony. But relentlessly I read on with unrivalled monotony of diction. TRUFFLES groaned—made a wild attempt to keep his eyes open—then fell into a deep, comatose sleep. I relieved him of his money. You begin to see my idea? Well, I repeated that trick on every lonely person I came across for the next few years, whether by rail, land, or sea. Sometimes they bribed me heavily to desist. In any case I grew rapidly rich.

So don't tell me Poetry doesn't pay. Thunder and lightning, JIM's gone! No matter—that's how I, SLOPER PARNASSUS, became a millionaire. A. R.

CONUNDRUM (by *Mr. Punch's printer's devil*).—Is there any rule of English composition that Mr. ex-President STEYN invariably observes?—Yes. He never comes to a full stop without beginning with a fresh capital.



Auntie. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING, TOMMY!"
Tommy. "WE'RE BESIEGED. WE'VE RUN SHORT OF HORSES
AND COWS, AND SO WE HAVE TO FALL BACK ON MACAROONS."

TO ENGLAND.

IN MEMORY OF MAFEKING.

Relieved May 17.

LAND of the silent voice and hidden heart!
Whose boast has ever been to steel the nerve,
And hold in high reserve
The loud extremes of passionate joy and grief—
Think it not shame if for a little space,
Now when the long-drawn strain has found relief,
By summer-haunted tilth and teeming mart
You let your pride go free:
If now, this once, for all the world to see,
You wear a fearless rapture on your face.

Not that the lust of slaughter makes us mad;
Not that we laugh above a broken foe
Brave as our bravest, men that died
Forlornly faithful to a cause
Mis-named of Freedom; true to that false guide
Who used their strength to serve unequal laws
Framed for a bar to Liberty—ah, no!
Not that the might of these has fallen low
We let our hearts be glad.

But just because a little gallant band,
Eight thousand miles away and very lone,
With hunger hollowing the fevered cheek,
And parching thirst to grip the throat,
Against the leaguer's odds have shown
How the old force of England's fighting breed
Lives in her sons at need,
Made soldiers by the fierce baptising flame;
Because for love of Queen and land,
Because for honour's sake they played the game,
Stood to their task from week to lingering week,
And kept the flag afloat.

Yet when the first wild joy has had its way,
Such joy as not in all the years
Since CAMPBELL'S rescue rang through Lucknow-walls
Has made the sudden pulse of England leap—
Nay, but a joy more full and wider yet,
Because the countless echo of it calls
Out of far sister-lands from deep to deep,
Where other myriad voices claim
By right of peril shared to have their part
In every shock of joy or shame
That moves the Mother-heart—
Yet when the first wild flood has had its way,
And quiet time is ours to count the debt,
The stiller air will stir with sorrow's breath,
So close behind the triumph come the tears,
Our poor and only tribute left to spend
On those who missed to see their labour's end,
Who gladly went to death
That we might be so light of heart to-day. O. C.

CONTRA SMITHUM.

SIR,—At the Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner, Mr. HARRIS made an excellent speech, which was mainly devoted to indignantly repelling Mr. SMITH, M.P.'s recent attack on the immorality of the Drama, as instanced in the cases of the *Gay Lord Quex* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Can it be that there is a union of hearts between these two, and that, ere long, we shall be informed the Second Mrs. T. has become the *Gay Lady Quex*? What an excellent match for her! Mr. SMITH, M.P., will give her away: an easy thing to do after the feat of giving himself away so cleverly. But because Mr. SMITH is virtuous, and who will deny it, are there to be no more *Quex* and *Champagne*? Rarely, if ever, has it been my lot to see any English play to which I could not have taken my two youngsters, boy and girl. I am, Sir, yours, A PÈRE OF KIDS.

"AN ARMED NATION."

["The War Office has decided to grant one rifle to every ten men joining the new Rifle Clubs, throughout the country."—*Daily Press*.]

Extract from the new rules.

1. In face of the enemy the rifle must be fired as quickly as possible, and then passed on to the next man.
2. No squabbling in the ranks, as to whose turn it is to shoot, shall be allowed by the Commanding Officer, and his decision shall be final.
3. The other nine men, whilst awaiting their turn, must stand at "attention," and scowl fiercely at the enemy.
4. Where the Commanding Officer, in his discretion, sees opportunity for so doing, he shall employ several men simultaneously, to fire the rifle—i.e. one to hold the rifle to his shoulder, a second to close his left eye, and a third to pull the trigger. This plan would leave only seven men out of ten, unemployed.
5. The above-named seven would be at liberty to throw things at the enemy whilst awaiting their turn for the rifle.
6. In actual warfare, the Commanding Officer may request the enemy to wait a reasonable time whilst the solitary rifle is handed round, after being fired off.
7. Whilst an attack is going on, the unemployed men of a company shall not be allowed to leave the ranks to play, but should be encouraged to take an intelligent interest in the shooting prowess of their solitary comrade.

A BARLAMB'S BLEAT.—"I have no great opinion of the Press," says Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, Q.C., M.P. The opinion of the Press with regard to Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, Q.C., M.P., is consequently of no value whatever, not even that of a consultation fee.



THE RUSSIAN AUTOLYCUS.

"A SNAPPER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."—*Winter's Tale*, Act IV., Scene 2.



A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

MR. JENKINS DROVE HIS NEW MOTOR-CAR DOWN TO EPSOM; BUT, TO MAKE SURE OF ARRIVING THERE, HE THOUGHT IT ONLY WISE TO BRING HIS HORSES AS WELL, IN CASE ANYTHING WENT "WRONG WITH THE WORKS."

PELTING THE PAINTERS.

[Young art-critics, anxious to succeed, are strongly recommended to write their notices of the Academy Exhibition in this style. It is amazingly popular, it conveys a due sense of the writer's superiority, and is very easy to manage.]

OH, dear, dear, dear! Poor old Academy! Dunderheaded, crass, imbecile British public! Acres of canvas, gallons of paint—and the result? Ah—there you have it—the result! dear, dear, dear!

Really, you know, you mustn't expect me to tell you much about the pictures. Yes, I've been to see them. Went the other day directly after lunch, when I was feeling fairly strong. I resolved—in mad pride, due to the excellent champagne—that I'd stay in Burlington House for twenty minutes. But there are limits to human endurance—there are indeed. Seven-and-a-half minutes finished me off completely. I fled.

Shall I try to tell you what I saw? *Infandum renovare doloris*, as CICERO says. (A quotation or two helps you to understand that I am a Man of Culture.) Well, I will do my best. But all my feelings are crystallised in that one divine utterance of MÔLIÈRE'S, *Quelle un outrage terrible!*

This, then, is what I saw. I saw pictures

in which grass was painted green, and the sky blue. Is it in vain, then, that for years our impressionists have urged—preached—exhorted—proved—that grass is sometimes crimson, sometimes a dear delicious ultramarine, but never, never green? I saw portraits—*mon foi!*—portraits in which the face was suffered to bear some resemblance to the actual countenance of the sitter. Why not become photographers at once? It would be but one more downward step, one more sign of the clammy vapour of degradation enshrouding the stifled genius of Art! Yes, there were portraits by Mr. CORPORAL, by Mr. DAVID, by President SETTER. . . . Excuse me a moment. The mention of that last name always makes me faint. Where the dickens is the brandy?

Shall I go on? Shall I tell you of Mr. SENEX's sheep, of Mr. MONASTERY's mummings, of—but no! *Jam sattis*. "Hold, enough," as BYRON puts it. Enough of the Academy. Enough of the licensed charlatans who blatantly proclaim within its walls their foolishness! Enough of the deluded rabble which throngs the galleries, intent to admire and to purchase the most contemptible of daubs!

So I ran down the steps of Burlington House just as fast as ever I could. And then, shall I tell you what I did? I

hurried away to Hackney. There, in a back-street, is a frame-maker's shop. And in that shop hangs a delicious little painting—a study in sable and dark grey, entitled "*Oblivion*." For forty-five minutes I feasted my eyes upon that sublime work. And gradually the influence of that Masterpiece prevailed. The dreadful nightmare of the Academy passed away. I could even think of SETTER—of President SETTER—with no more than a slight feeling of nausea.

Dear reader, follow my example. Go to Hackney. Seek out that little triumph of Art, and let its message sink deep into your soul. I will not mention the painter's name—perchance it would have no significance for the brutal British public. But I happen to know that he will sell his Masterpiece at a price ridiculously low. I—he, I mean,—will be even glad to have an offer. And if you still doubt its superlative merit, this fact will convince you—it was rejected by the Academy!

A. C. D.

BRED IN THE BONE.

The Rev. Dionysius (after delivering a lecture on the Cathedral Cities of England). Now, children, for what is Canterbury most remarkable?

Master Brisket (promptly). Lamb, Sir.

THE GENERALS' POST-BAG.

[Mr. PUNCH is privileged to reproduce a few of the letters which have lately reached the British Generals in South Africa.]

DEAR LORD ROBERTS,—I should like to have called you BOBS, only Mamma says that you might be offended and would not answer my letter, and then I should not have a nice little letter from you to show to all my friends and send a copy of it to the newspaper; so it would have been no use writing to you with best spelling, and writing, too, which takes ever so long, would it? I ought to tell you we do love you so much, dear Lord ROBERTS, and TOMMY and JOHNNY and FRANK are all going to be soldiers when they grow up, and beat the Boers and everybody else like you do. As I am only a girl I suppose I shall not be able to fight, but I shall always be awfully patriotic and get up bazaars and concerts and things for the sick and wounded in every war, and have my name in all the papers and on posters in the streets, which will be lovely, and so no more from your loving little VERA VERE DE VERE.

P.S.—I must tell you our parrot says "Bravo BOBS" beautifully, and we are teaching Baby to say "OBERTS and EDVERS were two pretty men," only Baby does not learn so quickly as Polly.

DEAR GENERAL B.-P.,—We are so glad that you have been made a General. When we heard of the relief of Mafeking we hung a large bathing-towel out of our nursery window in your honour. Every-one said it was so clever and original of us. Please send us some bits of shell, Mauser cartridges and potted horse when you have time. Written by Mamma for "LOTTIE," "JENNY," and "TODDLES."

DEAR KITCHENER,—I think I ought to write and tell you about ALICE. She's my sister, you know, and she's just dead nuts on you. She keeps your photograph in her room, and I caught her kissing it the other day. Of course I told her she ought to know better at her age, she's nearly twelve now, only a year younger than me, and she actually said that she wished it had been you instead of your photograph, which I thought indelicate. And said so. Whereupon she remarked that she gloated, the fact being that we have both read "Stalky and Co.," which is bad for us. Still I thought you ought to know about ALICE in case you should come home without getting engaged to a Boer lady. Kind regards to BOBS.

Yours ever, TOMMY DODD.

DEAR LORD BOBS,—I think I must write and tell you how I am getting on my first term at skool. We havnt enuff boys in this skool to play at cricket mutch, so we play Britons and Boars instead and as I'm the littlest of all the boys and have a sham white mustarch wich I got out of a cracker at Christmas I am always you.



MAFEKING NIGHT.

(Or rather 3 A.M. the following morning.)

Voice (from above). "GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM! WHY DON'T YOU COME TO BED?"
William (huskily). "MY DEAR MARIA, YOU KNOW IT'S BEEN THE RULE OF MY LIFE TO GO TO BED SHOBER—AND I CAN'T POSH'BLY COME TO BED YET!"

There's a big boy named JONES, he's rather a lout and I don't think he makes a very good KICHNER, but as he's so big he has to be him and after all one's Starf doesnt matter much does it and I always do everything myself just like you do. I have the onner to report that we defeeted the Boars hevily yesterday and I hope to enter Pretoria the same day as you do.

your devoted Leftennant,

CHARLIE THOMPSON, Field Martial.

P.S.—I hope you'll send me an answer soon as I want to have your ortergrarf.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—A telegram from "Our Special" at Newcastle, Natal, to the Times, on the 23rd instant, said that "the best celebration of the QUEEN'S Birthday will be a record day's work on the railway." And, later, when the news comes that the Royal Standard waves over Pretoria, then Newcastle can have another celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday, and the commencement of a new era in South African history, as the QUEEN'S Natal Day—with the accent on the first syllable.

OPERATIC NOTES.



It is a great mistake, Messieurs les Syndics of the Grand Opera, to give two operas so nearly akin as *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria* on the same night. Long as is the interval allowed between the two operas—and the “wait between the acts” is so protracted as to be absolutely wearisome, especially on such an “early closing night” as Saturday—yet the first strains of the prelude to *Cavalleria* seem like a continuation of a leading theme in *Pagliacci*. Place a light opera like *Philémon et Baucis* as a *lever du rideau*.

Mlle. SCHEFF, as the gay but unfortunate *Nedda*, achieved an undoubted success. Her voice is not powerful, but her singing is as artistic as her acting, which is saying a great deal, as, dramatically, Mlle. SCHEFF is quite the best *Nedda* that has yet been seen at Covent Garden. Signor SCOTTI'S

Tonio, both before and behind the curtain, was excellent. M. SALIGNAC did not succeed in giving due effect to the light and shade of the pathetic part of *Canto*. Signor DADDI, as the undersized *Harlequin*—not a “Daddi Longlegs,”—sang well, and by his artistic performance gave considerable importance to a very small part of “shreds and patches.” As *Silvio*, the fascinating farmer, M. DECLERY was about as satisfactory as any representative of this gay agriculturist ever can be. Signor MANCINELLI, displaying hearty Anglo-Italian sentiment, conducted “*God Save the Queen*” with energy, and was warmly welcomed by an enthusiastic audience, as crowded as distinguished. The Prince and Princess of WALES and the Duke and Duchess of YORK, were present on that memorable Mafeking Saturday, when everybody was out and about in London, when illuminations were as brilliant as at short notice could be expected, when troops of youths, boys, girls, all variously decorated with red, white and blue ribands and rosettes, waving peacocks' feathers, and embracing one another promiscuously as if they were engaged couples, as indeed they were for the moment, performing on trumpets, whistles, drums, cymbals, and other instruments of torture to the hearers, but of delight to the players thereof, were marching along the principal thoroughfares, where from every window, some bunting was displayed, or some national flags were flying. A noisy night for London, the proceedings smacking generally of *Kissengen*, and they didn't go home till morning, with Sunday's rest in prospect.

Monday, May 21.—Memorable for the *rentrée* of Madame MELBA, the most delicate Delegate sent us by Australia, and one who contributes so effectively to the harmony of the various component parts of our Empire. MELBA in excellent voice; but delightful as is PUCCINI'S *La Bohème*, surely the part of *Mimi*, the French seamstress, who sees so much of the seamy side of Parisian life, is scarcely worthy of our Melbournian soprano's vocal gifts. The singing of Madame EDEE, correctly attired in the not too becoming costume of the period, was equal to her acting, and both were excellent. The special success of a generally successful evening was achieved by Signor BONCI as *Rudolph*, the poet-lover of *Mimi*. His song “*Chi son?*” in the first act, was as vociferously as unanimously encored; and throughout he was admirable. One thing he lacks, and that is “inches;” but as GARRICK when in a passion, was six feet high, so Signor BONCI, when putting forth

his whole vocal strength, goes up to any height, and comes down again safely when he has finished. Pretty to see MELBA, as “the frail heroine,” taking him under her wing, reminding us of the nursery rhyme about the lady who “Had a little husband No bigger than her thumb, She put him in a pint pot, And there she let him drum,”—but in this instance for “drum” read “hum.” Messieurs GILLIBERT and JOURNET were quite the gay and soft-hearted Bohemians of the impecunious Quarter where “No Quarter” is given, and M. DUFRICHE artistically doubled the very distinct parts of the landlord, *Benoit*, and the elderly amorous councillor, *Alcindoro*. The singing and acting of M. BEUSAND, as *Marcel*, the lover of *Musetta*, contributed not a little to the genuine success of the *tout ensemble*. To the excellence of the stage management, as evidenced in the arrangement, the perpetual movement and *verve* of the crowded scene in the second act, more than a word of praise is due. The opera is several sizes too small for a Grand Opera House, but its stage-management was worthy of the best days of the Augustan era. Nowadays there is no mention of any Stage Manager in the programme. “On their own merits modest men are dumb,” and, therefore, it is to be supposed that the programme is drawn up by the stage-manager, who carefully sees that his own name is omitted.

Tuesday.—*Faust*, with CALVÉ as the dark-haired quite un-Marguerite-ish heroine, but giving us an exceptionally strong dramatic rendering of the part. Habitues, expectant, are satisfied; those seeing *this Marguerite* for the first time “in amazement lost.” Mlle. MAUBOURG repeated her success of the opening night as the gifted and unhappy *Siebel*.

Wednesday.—Notable performance of *Rigoletto*, with Madame MIRANDA, a very perfect *Gilda*, Signor BONCI as the fascinating Duke, with the song “*La Donna*” heartily encored, and Signor SCOTTI, vocally and dramatically excellent as the unlucky Jester to whom life was no joke. Great enthusiasm after first and second acts, and the Shakespearian motto for the night is in these lines from *The Tempest*: “Admired MIRANDA! Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard, and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear”—but rarely has applause been more heartily and worthily bestowed than on this *Miranda*, to whom we give, as she did to *Ferdinand*, “our hand with our heart in it.”

Thursday.—Fine performance of *Tannhäuser*. Fräulein TERRINA charming as *Elisabeth* (syndicate fortunate in getting this Bet on), and SUSAN going strong as *Venus*. Herr BERTRAM as *Wolfram* (what a combination of savage and pugnacious animals in one name!) very fine. Good house. Prince and Princess present.

AN OPERA STALLWART.

DARBY JONES REFERS TO THE DERBY.

ONCE more, Honoured Sir, the 'Epsom Carnival is at hand, or, to be more correct, on Foot. Again will the Blue Ribbon of the Turf be sought for with all the Assiduity which Horseflesh can display, and again will your Devoted Henchman essay to give the Right Cue, with Exclusive Tip, to his Esteemed Patrons, many of whom, alas! are now donning the Imperial Khaki in lieu of the Racing Suit, as advertised by those Eminent Sartorial Purveyors, Messrs.—[No you don't, D. J.—ED.]—whose Inventions are equally admired on the Hill, in the Paddock, and on the Stewards' Stand. To select the Winner of the Classic Contest is a Task worthy of the Research of Professor MOORE, of Almanack Fame, or Miss MARIE CORELLI, the Friend of the Fallen Angel. Nevertheless, I will tune up my Antique Lyre and warble:—



The *Fair Rose* I will not be afixious to pick,
 Nor the *Star* in my firmament place,
Jeune Premier I fear is a bit of a stick,
 But the *Dalesman* the *Gaul* may outpace.
Superlative may not be chosen by me,
Jack Tar with a wet sail may come,
 But *Concealment* a *Foehall* the Second may be,
 And the *Northerner* harass near home.
 But I fully expect coming into the straight,
 The *Whiskeyman's* form will be strong;
 But the pair who at Newmarket ran *Tête-à-tête*
 Will be neck and neck going along;
 If the *light blue and violet* fail in his stride,
 Then the *purple and scarlet* will not be denied!

Such, Honoured Sir, is my Daydream.
 May you be on your Accustomed Well-
 appointed Equipage to lavish congratula-
 tions on Your triumphant Vates,

DARBY JONES.

TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

SIR, you have had a deal to bear,
 Contumely has been your portion.
 Of hatred you have had your fair
 proportion.

It has been yours remarks to hear
 In accents the reverse of pleasant
 From everyone at large, from peer
 to peasant.

The East wind blew from zone to zone,
 It gave us colds and pains rheumatic,
 We had some cause to take a tone
 emphatic.

But you have proved yourself to be
 Not quite so black as you were painted,
 Although as yet we shall not see
 you sainted.

The air is warm, the sun has shone,
 The former nuisance is abated,
 At last, my friend, you are exon-
 -erated.

A DERBY TRIPLET.

PAST. (Extract from a letter.) Had a most exciting day. Up at eight, and after breakfast took the coach. Such a crowd on the road down! Any number of vehicles. All sorts and conditions of men, women, children, carts, horses and dogs. Any amount of chaff. Then the race itself! Well, you will see a full account of it on Saturday in the sporting papers, so it will keep till then. I made a little money—which I subsequently lost in one of the gambling booths. We had lunch and etceteras. The result was that I came home at four in the morning with my hat decorated with Dutch dolls, and having a brass knocker in my overcoat breast-pocket. I have a very feeble recollection after 6 o'clock of anything, save we appeared to be driving on the pavement. Later on I remembered nothing, but if it comes to that, no more does anyone else!

PRESENT. (Telegram.) Train punctual. Luncheon satisfactory. Won the sweep. Home at seven sharp for dinner.



EPSOM UP TO DATE.

'Arry, "AIN'T YE COMIN' TO SEE THE 'ORSE RUN FOR YER MONEY?"

Cholley. "NOT ME! NO BLOOMIN' FEAR! I'M GOIN' TO SEE THIS COVE DON'T RUN WITH MY MONEY!"

FUTURE. (A Prophecy.) A man sat in an easy chair in front of a disc, and with the fork-shaped receiver of a telephone to his ear. His wife spoke to him, but he paid her no attention.

"You must give up that nonsense," she cried. "I want to ask you whether this letter will do to my mother."

As if in response to her appeal, the man put down the fork-shaped telephone-receiver, and turned away from the disc.

"I am at your service now, darling," he said tenderly.

"Why wouldn't you speak to me before? What were you doing?"

"What was I doing?" he repeated. Then he pointed at the disc and the telephonic receiver. "With their aid, my dear wife, I was assisting at the Derby!"

EVIDENT.—At the great gathering, to celebrate Her Majesty's Birthday, at Devonshire House, there was naturally enough the *Crème de la Crème*.



THE RULING PASSIONS.

Hair-dresser. "ANYTHING ON, SIR?"

Customer. "RATHER! A FIVER EACH WAY ON DIAMOND JUBILEE!"

PARIS BESIDE HERSELF.

(A purely imaginary description of an utterly impossible occasion.)

THE Rue Royale was thronged. From every house hung banners. The windows were open, and crowded with occupants who waved flags and cheered themselves hoarse. And yet it was nearly midnight.

On the omnibuses were crowds of people fluttering tri-colours and handkerchiefs. They sang songs and brandished their hats and umbrellas. All along the Boulevards the people yelled with joy. They formed themselves into processions and marched along with all sorts of trappings—some had fools-caps of parti-coloured designs, others false noses, all were delirious with joy. As the theatres emptied the audiences joined in the

cheering throng. Well dressed men and ladies were as demonstrative in their delight as those who had left the *parterres* and the upper galleries.

The Place de la Concorde was impassable. A compact crowd defied all attempts of the *gardiens de la paix* to make it possible for the carriages to pass. The traffic had to be diverted.

At the Hôtel de Ville the Mayor spent hours in haranguing the people. With wise forethought he had caused a transparency to be displayed giving the joyful news. The enormous crowd in front of the building danced with joy, and cheered and cheered and cheered again.

Then in the Rue de Rivoli perfect strangers stopped one another, shaking each other violently by the hand. Women kissed men they had never seen before

and would never see again. The songs, the shouts, the dances, the wild joy ran through the night into the early morning.

"How thoroughly French!" said an Englishman, adding in a lower tone, "and so entirely unlike our conduct in London when we heard of the relief of Mafeking."

A VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

["According to a New York paper, the 'good fellow' girl has arrived in America."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

CHLOE, once you used to fly,
When returning home benighted,
Did a hare but hurry by,
Timid and affrighted;
When above you rustling trees
Happened with the breeze to flutter,
Faint of heart, with trembling knees,
Pretty little screams you'd utter.

Ah! but what a change we find
Now-a-days in maidens' fashion,
Now you move not in our mind
Pity and compassion;
Now at gentleness you scoff,
On our own ground half way meet us,
And at tennis, hockey, golf—
Play with us—and sometimes beat us.

Now your shoes are—number nine,
And their colour brown (or yellow).
Now you think it something fine
To be called "good fellow";
And your arm, once delicate,
Now is big and bare and brawny,
And your skin, once fair, of late
Almost verges on the tawny.

But (when all is said and done)
Since you still court approbation,
Take the wiser course, and shun
Each exaggeration;
We of Amazons are shy,
Over-coyness causes tedium,—
Ah! then, CHLOE, why not try
To preserve the happy medium?

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

I REGRET, Sir, that inspiration wouldn't come up to time or tune. In vain with wet towels constantly applied outwardly, and whiskey and water inwardly, I sat up the greater part of the night: in vain I cried "Come, Inspiration, lend thy furious aid!" I fancy the quotation is inexact: but no matter. I send you an instalment, and will continue it when the "fine frenzy" seizes me. Here it is,—to be sung by everyone, all together,

Honor et gloria!

Vivat Victoria!

On to Pretoria!

God save the Queen.

With that effort, Sir, I am exhausted. Ah, had I TUBAL'S lyre! But no matter; allow me to sign with a bit of a motto, that in one sense might be applicable to our Laureate,
POETA NON FIT.



BEFORE THE FALL OF THE FLAG.

THE FORTUNE TELLER. "LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN. I SEE TROUBLE FOR YOU AT HOME. YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.—FINLAY making first appearance on important occasion in his new rôle of Attorney-General affected almost to tears. It fell to his lot to wind up on behalf of Ministers debate on second reading of Commonwealth Bill. Evidently with greatest difficulty prevented himself from stretching out hands and arms towards either side and crying aloud, "Bless you, my children!"

It was, indeed, a moment of rare serenity. DON JOSÉ, with consummate skill, piloted Commonwealth Bill past rocks that threatened to stave in the good ship's sides. ASQUITH, following on Colonial Secretary's explanation of settlement with Delegates, struck high clear note. Business, he said, reflected equal honour upon DON JOSÉ and the Delegates. No carping at political adversary, albeit it chanced to be the unoffending DON. No attempt to make Party capital out of Imperial affair. Said the right thing in the right way. Gave a tone to debate,



"If I had the honour of belonging to the other sex, and was sitting in the Ladies' Gallery listening to the debate, I should feel a little sore at the language used by the lords of creation."

(Dr. F-r-q-rs-n.)

kept up till end. Pretty scene completed by faltering notes of the Attorney-General, the tear-dimmed eye, the arms spontaneously spreading out as aforesaid.

An hour of great triumph for DON JOSÉ,

modestly met. Lest it should prove overpowering TIM HEALY took the floor. Whilst earlier speeches going forward, TIM sat in corner seat with a volume spread out on its elbow. It was larger than *The Book of Hours*, and didn't look

indignation because of alleged slight to the interests of his brethren and sisters in the slums. In one form or other "the vision of the housemaid" is ever crossing his mind. She is to him, though of course in quite another way, what



WHAT THE WORKING CLASSES EAT;
OR, THE MARKISS'S IDEA OF A PLEBEIAN TEA-TABLE.

like a missal. Debate died down. Speaker rose to put question that Commonwealth Bill be read a second time. TIM rose fondling the massive volume. It turned out to be collection of amendments moved on the GLADSTONE Home Rule Bill. "It's one of eight," said TIM, fondly regarding it, as if the rest were favourite nephews and nieces.

What he wanted to know was how DON JOSÉ, bringing in for Australia a Home Rule scheme, broader in its reach, more momentous in its possibilities, than that submitted for Ireland, had not adapted some of the amendments under which GLADSTONE'S Bill was smothered? A great deal was said then about maintaining the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Not a word on that topic passed DON JOSÉ's lips in connection with the Bill designed to crown the edifice of Home Rule in Australia. The colony was populated largely by Irishmen. Why might TIM's kin at the Antipodes enjoy perfect freedom whilst TIM himself and all his suffering tribe were bound hand and foot—not to speak of being gagged—by a tyrannous Government?

"It just comes to this," said TIM, in mood of bitter reflection, "an Irishman must be transported before he can be trusted." A hit, a palpable hit, enjoyed by none more keenly than DON JOSÉ.

Business done.—Commonwealth Bill read a second time amid loud cheers.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—There is a strange stratum of the Democrat in the MARKISS. When he isn't freezing an audience with the manner of a blue-blood aristocrat whose house was founded in the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, he is scalding it with the overflow of

BEATRICE was to DANTE. The daughter of the Florentine citizen inspired the *Divine Comedy*. The vision of the housemaid, whom the Shop Girls Seats Bill utterly ignored, brought up the Prime Minister in fine frenzy to denounce a measure fathered by a faithful supporter in the other House.

In Protean form the Housemaid, representative of the working classes, is always crossing the MARKISS's mind. To-night Lord AVEBURY, our dear JOHN LUBBOCK of yesteryear, introduced a Bill propounding a scheme of early closing shops. Instantly there crossed the mind of the Premier the vision of "a poor woman going home from work, who had to provide her husband and children with bread, fish, oil, coal, candles, and—and many other things," the MARKISS hurriedly added, having got to the end of his imagination as to what a poor woman usually took home for tea. Contemplation of man's inhumanity to women made the MARKISS mourn.

"I observe," he caustically remarked, fixing his eye sternly on the Bishop of WINCHESTER, "that the restaurant, the cigarshop, the newsvendors, dealers in hot meats and spirituous liquors—shops, in short, which noble lords might desire to patronise after seven in the evening, are carefully excluded from the Bill."

The BISHOP visibly blushed. Spirituous liquors are of course out of his range. Evidently there crossed the mind of the MARKISS the vision of a familiar figure, with gaiters ineffectively hidden, dropping in at a pie shop after an unusually late sitting of the House, peradventure completing unwonted orgie by furtive purchase of a twopenny cigar.

The MARKISS's noble rage prevailed. AVEBURY, wishing he was safe back in the Commons, timidly took a division. Only sixteen peers and prelates ventured to follow him into the division lobby, seventy-seven trooping round the



An Authority on "Wire" Entanglements.
(Sir Edw-rd S-ss-n.)

MARKISS as he went forth to assert the freedom of the citizen to shop after seven o'clock.

Business done.—In Commons SASSOON

made interesting speech in support of motion for inquiry into defects of Cable Communication. Prince ARTHUR, in most winning manner, coaxed him not to go to a d vision.

Thursday.—If there is one quality more than another that shines in the radiance of the Irish character it is absolute impartiality. Striking instance leapt to light this evening. It appears that on Mafeking Day, Belfast, like rest of Empire, gave wings to joy. In course of mutual congratulation on deliverance of B. P. and his gallant men, theological difficulties naturally developed. Belfast can never forget the Boyne, nor keep the head of WILLIAM OF ORANGE out of its Memorials. Presently, forgetful of Mafeking, the boys were at each other's throats, one section howling remarks personal to the POPE, the other retorting with aspirations derogatory to the eternal welfare of King WILLIAM. Some heads were broken: many buildings damaged.

MACALEESE brought matter under notice of Chief Secretary, with inquiry as to amount of damage done to Roman Catholic buildings, and as to prospects of compensation. GERALD BALFOUR admitted the facts. The total amount of wreckage resulting from exuberant satisfaction at the relief of Mafeking was £42 9s. Here the Irish Members groaned, rent each other's clothes, and looked askance at JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg.

"Of that sum," continued Chief Secretary, "damage amounting to £21 7s. was done to the property of Roman Catholics, and £21 2s. to the property of Protestants."

House roared with laughter: but there was uneasy feeling in British breast that in no community on this side of Irish Channel would transitory discord on doctrinal points have been so nicely adjusted. A paltry balance of five shillings to the credit of the Protestants is not worth mentioning.

Business done.—Irish Members delivered long series of speeches denunciatory of

Local Government Board. Unspeakably dreary performance.

Friday.—Met King of SWEDEN AND NORWAY at Lady WIMBORNE's to-night. Most affable gentleman; only, in conversing with him, one hankers after a step-ladder.

"How is it, *cher TOBY*," he said, "that you never put me in *Punch*?"

"Well, Sir," I replied, "you see our



East Finsbury.

(Mr. H. C. R-ch-rds, Q.C.)

pages are limited in size, and there's such a lot of your Majesty. The only way we could do it would be to put you in one week, say down to your royal watch-chain, with announcement that picture would be continued in our next. Process unusual, but so are your Majesty's inches."

"Ah," said the King of NORWAY AND SWEDEN, "I never thought of that."

Business done.—More Irish speeches and an occasional vote.

IN-DELEGATE.

Enter WOLMARANS, FISCHER, and WESSELS.

Trio. We are the Boer delegates, and we appeal to Europe to interfere on behalf of the Republics, and prevent England from sweeping away the charming system of government formerly obtaining at Pretoria, and annexing us.

Europa. Ah, yes, precisely so. How are you? Quite well? That's right. Enjoy your voyage? So glad. Nice trip, isn't it? Well now, I'm afraid I must leave you, as I've some rather important business on hand—going out to luncheon, in fact, so I must say good day.

France. Ah, *ce perfide Albion!* Mille tonnerres! *Revanche, Fashoda!* You come to us for sympathy against *les brigands Anglais?* Mais certainement! We you

embrace and kiss on both the cheeks—you come to our Paris, you see our so grand *Exposition*, you stay at our best hotel (paying your own bill there, well understood), you—eh, but what? If we interfere with England? But no. Although the Englishes are well beast, *vous savez*, they have the Fleet, they have the Army—*Enfin*, we do not interfere. *Au revoir, ta-ta!*

Germany. Interfere with England? *Donnerwetter! Sauerkrautundlagerbier!* Also *Blitzen!* We will see you Fatherland first!

Italy. Non è interfero. Walkero.

Holland. Takeje our blessingje. Der Hollander willje attacken der Englanders (in der newspapers). Loveje Oom and Tanta PAUL, but interfereje—? Nein; emphaticallyje, nein!

Spain. Interfero? Why? Also whato! *Corpo di Pyjama!* Every grandee in Spain would swear a grand D at the bare idea. No betto!

America. Wal no, I reckon not. The subject's all very well to "monkey" with, at election times, but I guess VICTORIA's more our fancy than Pretoria jest now, and blood is thicker than even a Boer's head. No deal.

PUZZLED.

ARE steamboats all a-going now From London Bridge to Kew, In spite of L. C. C.? But how We wish the boats were new! And what about the other boat From Paul's to Battersea? If once more all the lot's afloat, Then where's the L. C. C.?



(Continued from page 378.)

PART III.—The Workshop of the Fates.

CHAPTER I.

THE summer and the autumn had passed away, December was well into its second week, and BRAITHWAITE, true to his resolve, was still living at Burnstone in Mr. HADDEN'S Vicarage. BAX, as NUTTY had sagely remarked, was precious little of a fool. His Eton training had given him a solid foundation in classical scholarship, and the loving care of the VICAR, who was a ripe and exact scholar, deeply versed in the ancient literatures, had during the past five months of serious work so shaped and widened his learning as to make him look forward with considerably less anxiety to his trips.

It must be acknowledged that BAX had done his share by working hard. Burnstone is a pleasant little village lying some two miles inland from the banks of the Thames, but it provides no swift and whirling round of amusements and excitements, calculated to distract an earnest student. BAX, though he kept a sculling boat on the river, never allowed his exercise to interfere with his reading, and thus earned the VICAR'S commendation and the gentle reproaches of Mrs. HADDEN, who opined that it was not good for young men to be for ever poring over books, and that she for her part thought Mr. BRAITHWAITE ought to be more in the open air. BAX, however, persevered, and MILLIE backed him up in his devotion to duty.

Between this young lady and BAX highly confidential and pleasant relations had been established. In fact I may as well state at once, and without any disguise, that they were heartily in love with one another. No word had yet been spoken, but both, as the day for BAX'S departure came nearer, had begun to realize the crowded, half-acknowledged joys, no less than the sharp, inevitable pains of the situation. But they were both young, and both were secretly convinced that destiny, having brought them together, could never be so churlish as to separate them for long.

I have said that MILLIE was a very pretty girl. A local poet, whom rumour identified with the curate, had addressed some stanzas to her in "The Burnstone Weekly Advertiser and

Agricultural Standard," and it had been generally conceded in select circles that the appropriateness and excellence of his sentiments had more than atoned for his occasional deviations from the strict rules of rhyme. The lines had been entitled "To M-LL-C-NT," with the added information that they had been "Written in Dejection," and the first verse, which I here quote, may serve as a sample of the rest:—

The pet of her parents, the pride of the Parish,
All sorrows and griefs and solitudes vanish,
And joy from her eyes doth her beakers replenish,
When M-LL-C-NT H-DD-N appears.

Her foot is the foot of a nymph, not a Satyr;
Her smile is a triumph of mind over matter;
And the Zephyrs come down from the sky to look at her;
Her teeth are like diamonds—(De Beers).

Readers of this were informed in a footnote that the De Beers diamonds were "the best and whitest in the world."

There was, however, an *amari aliquid* in BAX'S *fons leporum* in the shape of the three Fates who had taken so strange a fancy for him. Not a week had passed since Henley Regatta unmarked by a visit from the three weird and embarrassing sisters. BAX never could tell when they would come; they gave him no premonitions, but suddenly, while he was reading, or sculling, or taking his meals, he became aware that they were present, smiling and nodding to him, and, if others were in the room, putting up gnarled fore-fingers to their shrivelled lips to give him to understand that he was not expected to converse with them. When they found him alone, they were garrulous enough, and always showed a deep interest in his classical studies, having made up their minds, as they assured him, that he was to distinguish himself. On the whole, however, though they were always perfectly invisible, and well-behaved, and benevolent, BAX felt that he had seen too much of them. He was unable to speak about them to any one else. Who would have believed him if he had said that he was in the habit of receiving CLOTHO, LACHESIS and ATROPOS? Besides, his delicate feeling as a gentleman instinctively revolted from the idea of mentioning to anybody these private visits of three single, if supernatural, ladies who talked so constantly and so freely of his good looks. Obviously he could not speak

without appearing to boast, and that would, of course, be shocking bad form. So he bore his troubles in silence and longed for release.

For this second week of December BAX had accepted an invitation to shoot with NUTTY, whose father had a large estate with well-stocked coverts some twenty miles from Burnstone. "Come on the Wensday," NUTTY had written, "we're going to shoot the three last days of the weak and we ought to have good sport." BAX was conscious of having done good work at his books, the Vicar raised no objection, and on the appointed day BAX had arrived and had found to his joy that DICK CARTER was another of the guests. They had a cheerful evening, and on the following morning the shoot began.

Seven guns made up the party—our three friends, with NUTTY's father and three others, all good shots. The morning was crisp and clear, the trees were almost bare of foliage, the keeper was in high spirits—everything seemed to promise a great day. BAX, though a youngster, was an undeniably good shot, ready, quick and clean in his execution. It was well that he was so, for the coverts of Wilmington Court stand on a slope for the most part, and the birds that come out over the guns take no mean, inglorious flight, but soar high and bold—a despair to the fumlbers and the dull of eye.

It was the last beat, the sun was just sinking, and the beaters, a well-drilled, silent line, were coming through Bushman's Wood, which Mr. WILSON always liked to keep as a *bonne bouche* for the end of the day. BAX was forward with four other guns, and streams of pheasants had been coming over him. He had acquitted himself well, but the best was yet to come, for it was at the end of this beat and in his direction that the birds always flew thickest. He had just polished off a satisfactory right and left and was taking his second gun from his loader, when, lo, from the edge of the covert three female figures came slowly towards him. "Who on earth," he thought to himself, "are those three old scarecrows, and what in the name of all that's deadly do they mean by coming out at the guns?" He was about to shout to warn them of their danger when, in a lurid flash, he recognised his tormentors, the Fates! He gasped. A big bunch of rockets flew over him. "Birds over, Sir!" whispered his well-trained loader. "Shoot, BAX," shouted DICK on his right. He raised his gun automatically and fired, but not even a tail-feather rewarded his effort. The next moment the three stood beside their favourite, and ATROPOS addressed him:—

"WILFRID, WILFRID," she said—they had become familiar with repeated interviews—"we have taken much pleasure in your skill, and trust we do not disturb you overmuch."

"Not in the least, not in the least; only too glad, you know," he muttered politely, but without conviction; "but if you would kindly stand behind me instead of directly in front I fancy I could shoot better."

The loader stared: he thought his master had gone mad to be talking to himself.

"There is to be no more shooting," retorted ATROPOS firmly, "KESSY and CLOTTY and I have determined that this day has been sufficient for you. To-morrow you are to return to your studies."

"But, my dear Miss ATROPOS, it's out of the question. I've promised to stay two more days, and you wouldn't have me break up a shooting party. I assure you," he pleaded, "it can't be done. I don't know how it was in your time, but nowadays we don't do such things."

"Shoot, BAX; shoot, man!" from NUTTY. "What the dickens are you doing?"

"No matter," said ATROPOS, "we have seen to that. To-morrow you must depart."

"To-morrow you must depart," echoed her sisters; "but in the meantime shoot once more."

He did, and brought down the noblest rocketeer of the day.

"What were you up to, BAX?" said NUTTY, when the beat was over. "Why, you might have got a dozen, and you never let your piece off. However, that last one was a ripper, and no mistake. I'm glad you got it, old man, for I'm awfully sorry to tell you the party's got to break up. The Governor's just had a telegram brought out to him to say his uncle's dead—rich old party in the North, head of the family and all that—and he's got to go off to-morrow. He thinks we oughtn't to shoot to-morrow and Saturday, but he hopes you'll turn up again this day week to finish the shoot. Great nuisance, but it can't be helped."

So these unconscionable old ladies, as BAX miserably reflected, did not even stop at murder, for he couldn't doubt that NUTTY's great uncle had been sacrificed by them to serve what they imagined to be his interests. He was bound to admit, however, that they had shown great tact and consideration for his feelings in not forcing him to leave Wilmington Court without the shadow of a reasonable excuse.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN BAX arrived at Burnstone Station on the following morning he was delighted to find MILLIE waiting for him on the platform, with the old brown spaniel, Plato, in attendance. "Papa got your telegram all right, Mr. BRAITHWAITE," she explained, "and as I had to drive the pony-cart in this direction anyhow, I thought I might as well fetch you."

"By Jove, it's awfully good of you, Miss HADDEN. I'm afraid all these gun-cases and cartridge-magazines will be very much in your way. Morning, Plato, there's no room for you, old man; you'll have to run." Plato barked defiantly, and immediately installed himself firmly in the pony-cart, from which he was extracted only after a severe tussle and with some ignominy. He had no very high opinion of the station; no amount of diligent search had ever revealed the presence of rabbits in the waiting-room or amongst the stunted shrubs that bordered the platform. Yet he never omitted to draw the whole place in a thoroughly business-like way whenever he visited it. Like certain men who see foes everywhere, Plato cherished an eternal delusion with regard to the ubiquitous prevalence of rabbits and his own ability to secure them wherever found.

This drive was for BAX a memorable one. Never, he thought, had MILLIE looked so fresh and sweet, never had there been a kinder, a more irresistible light in her sparkling eyes. He began with the usual commonplaces, the number of pheasants killed, the reason for the break-up of the party, NUTTY's latest Nutterism, and then suddenly, before he could realise what was happening, his heart seemed to swell and swell until it burst, and a torrent of broken, burning sentences poured out of his mouth. She must have seen how much he cared for her—he couldn't live without her—did she care for him at all?—he knew he was young, but his mind was made up—he could never change—would she marry him?—he would speak to her father at once—do let her give him a word of hope—only one word. MILLIE was driving; the pony feeling the reins slack went slower and slower and at last stopped altogether. Plato scrambled into the cart and wasn't even noticed. Then MILLIE raised her glowing face, looked straight and deep into BAX's eyes and nodded gravely. It wasn't much, but it was enough for BAX, who broke the peace of the country lane with a shrill shout of triumph. The startled pony resumed his plodding, Plato, sure that rabbits were about in millions, dashed out yelping into the hedge, and MILLIE drove on, remarking, with a happy laugh, that at present she wanted her left hand for the reins. When they arrived at the Vicarage she sprang out, rushed upstairs and flung herself into her mother's arms.

When his luggage had been taken out and the pony bestowed in the stable, BAX began to cool down and to realize things. He was the happiest man in the world—that he knew well enough; MILLIE was a darling—what had he done to deserve that she should care for him? But she did—that was the great

oint. DICK CARTER must be his best man, of course, and LUTTY must be at the wedding and all the rest of them. The Vicar would marry them—no, of course he would have to give MILLIE away—but, by Jove, he hadn't asked the Vicar yet; and then he would have to see his grandfather and get his consent. What a nuisance all that was; why couldn't two people who wanted to get married just get married without all this bother and have done with it? Well—no time like the present. He would interview the dear old Vicar at once. Filled with this noble resolution he knocked at the study-door and went in.

The Vicar was sitting at his desk, with heavy learned volumes spread round about him. He looked very placid, very kindly, but also very large and strong. Somehow BAX felt that if only Mr. HADDEN had been a smaller, feebler man, the process of acknowledging him would have been easier. He hesitated with unusual nervousness near the door and tried to speak, but the words refused to come.

"Come in, BRAITHWAITE, come in and sit down," said the Vicar benevolently. "I was very sorry in a way to get your telegram, for I had hoped you would enjoy three good days of sport. But I'm glad to get you back; the house is quite dull without you. What, however, brought you away?"

BAX explained volubly.

"Ah, indeed; very sad, very sad. A great blow, no doubt. Did MILLIE meet you at the station?"

"Yes, Sir, she did. It was very kind of her to fetch me—and, by the way, I wanted to ask you—"

"Yes, BRAITHWAITE; I've looked up that point in the *Philebus* for you. It's really quite plain. If you assume that—"

"Oh, no, Sir, it wasn't anything about the *Philebus*—it was about MIL—Miss HADDEN, I mean."

There was a dead pause; the clock ticked soberly and slowly on the mantel-piece; Plato, always on the wrong side of any door, was scratching to come in. The Vicar settled his spectacles on his nose and looked blandly at BAX. "Yes?" he said interrogatively.

"Well, the fact is, Sir, that I've just asked her to be my—that is to marry me, and I thought you ought to know about it—and, well, that's why I've come to you. I want to ask your consent."

There was another pause, and Plato was still scratching.

"You may as well let him in, BRAITHWAITE," said the Vicar; "he'll give us no peace till you do. Besides, he's one of the family, and has every right to know what's going on." Plato was admitted, and curled himself contentedly at BAX's feet.

"My dear BRAITHWAITE," said the Vicar at last, "I admit I am surprised at this declaration. Nothing I have seen has led me to expect it. What does MILLIE say?" BAX said lamely but truthfully that MILLIE hadn't seemed to mind. "You are both very young," continued the Vicar, "yes, very, very young. I know what you are going to say, and I admit that you are old beyond your years. I think you know your own mind. I will tell you plainly that I am very fond of you, and I own that the prospect of binding you still more closely to me and mine is a pleasing one to me. MILLIE, God bless her, is my pride and joy"—BAX assented heartily—"and I would do much to make her happy. But—oh yes, BRAITHWAITE, there is a but—consider for a moment. You have been a pupil in this house, a very dear friend to me, I know, but still a pupil. Will it not be said that we were schemers who took—please let me continue, BRAITHWAITE—who took advantage of your youth to entrap you? And if that were said or thought, do you think MILLIE could be happy—do you think we, her parents, could be happy? I may be too sensitive on the point, but I feel it deeply. You are destined in the course of Nature to be the Earl of STILLINGFORD, MILLIE is the daughter of a poor country Vicar. If," he continued, with a humorous twinkle, "I were a Bishop, for instance, I could treat with you on equal terms, but Bishoprics do not come my way. I do not give you a final refusal, that

would be absurd; but I say take time. Consider the matter more carefully, and in the meantime let there be no hampering engagement. I ask this for MILLIE's sake as well as for yours."

BAX argued and vowed and protested in vain. The Vicar was adamant, and the young lover had to draw such comfort as he could from the fact that the Vicar had not definitely said No.

When BAX a little later told his story to MILLIE he found her very determined.

"BAX," she said, "you mustn't mind. I'll wait a thousand years if necessary. Besides, Mamma is on our side, and Papa is sure to come round. But, dear BAX, couldn't they un-earl you, or, better still, couldn't Papa be made a Bishop? The Bishop of Broadwell died the other day. Why shouldn't Papa be Bishop of Broadwell? I'm sure he's good enough and learned enough."

"By Jove," said BAX, "why not, indeed? I'll dash up to London to-night and see my grandfather about it. He's Prime Minister, and has the making of Bishops. Besides, I've never asked him for anything of that kind yet, and I don't see why I shouldn't begin."

So BAX, who was nothing if not quick and impulsive, packed his bag, and, without going through the formality of sending a telegram, left by the 5.30 for London.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN BAX arrived at Paddington about an hour later and stepped out on the platform, he was astonished to find himself received by one of his grandfather's footmen, who took his bag and conducted him to a comfortable brougham emblazoned with the Stillingford arms. There could be no mistake about it; he had often driven in the carriage and knew it well.

"Why, MEADE," he said to the coachman, "what on earth brought you here? How did his Lordship know I was coming?"

"I dunno, Mr. WILFRID," said the stolid MEADE. "Is Lordship's orders were we was to meet you by this train."

"I suppose the Vicar must have wired," thought BAX, as he got in. "Still it's a funny thing for him to have done. Can't make it out."

The carriage drove off, and BAX abandoned himself to pleasant memories of MILLIE, interspersed with nervous forecasts of his approaching interview with his grandfather. Suddenly he became aware that they had passed through a large gateway, and in another moment the carriage stopped. BAX looked out. The huge pile of gloomy building, with a sweep of steps leading up to the front-door, was certainly not Stillingford House.

"What's this, MEADE?" he asked; "where the deuce have we got to?"

"Beg pardon, Mr. WILFRID, 'is Lordship said I was to drive you to this address. 'E was very patickler about it."

There was something strange about MEADE's voice, and BAX looked at him. No; it was certainly MEADE. There could be no mistake about that port-wine-tinted face and that stout figure. At this moment the front-door was flung open and an impressive butler came down the steps.

"You are expected, Mr. BRAITHWAITE," he remarked. "Will you please to follow me?"

More and more mystified, BAX did as he was requested. He went after his guide into a vast hall, up a broad staircase thickly carpeted. The butler paused before a door on the first landing, looked round to assure himself that BAX was following, and then, opening the door, announced in a stentorian voice, "Mr. BRAITHWAITE!"

The sight that met BAX's eyes as he walked in was certainly not calculated to remove his surprise. He found himself in a large room brilliantly lighted. A table, spread for dinner, stood at the further end. On it were huge, gleaming dishes of silver heaped with all kinds of hot-house fruit. Beautifully wrought decanters of cut-glass caught the light on their facets and reflected it in prismatic rays. The centre of the table was banked up with pink and white and yellow

roses of great size and extraordinary loveliness. The walls of the room were studded with little golden knobs and hung with curious festoons of fine wires. All these details he took in with a quick glance. Then a door in the wall opposite him opened, and three beautiful girls, draped in flowing silky garments, came slowly towards him.

It was a situation full of embarrassments, and so greatly did it affect BAX that with an unreasoning impulse he turned to fly.

"Stay, WILFRID," said the leader of the girls in a soft and musical voice, "you cannot depart as yet."

It was true. The door was closed behind him and, do what he would, he could not open it.

"But there must be some mistake," he stammered. "I haven't the pleasure—I mean, I don't know quite how I got here—I'm sure it's all a mistake, and you're expecting somebody quite different."

"Not in the least," said the girl, "we know you well, Mr. WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE, and we expected you here. In fact," she continued laughing, "we planned the harmless little trick that brought you to this house. We have power over coachmen and footmen as over all other men, for know that we are indeed the immortal Fates!"

"Good Heavens!" said BAX.

"Not always are we ancient and worn and haggard," she went on. "When one of our favourites has breathed tender vows into a maiden's ears and she returns his love, then it is permitted to us to see him once and once only in this guise. To-night we meet you again, but henceforward never again."

BAX's courage began to return. The girls were certainly very pretty, and as they seemed to be quite well disposed towards him, he thought he might as well make the best of the situation. So he advanced and shook them warmly by the hand.

"My dear Miss ATROPOS," he said, "you really must forgive me, you and Miss LACHESIS and Miss CLOTHO, but of course I didn't recognise you for a moment. How could I? I shall be only too glad if I can be of the least service to you."

"It is from us," said the girl, "that service shall come. For we can bend the inexorable minds of fathers, aye, and of grandfathers to our purpose. This room is the centre of our work. Press but one of these golden knobs and our commands flash out to the ends of this island. Over all the fields of life and activity we hold sway."

"By Jove," said BAX, "a sort of telephone exchange and kodak all in one. You press the button and somebody else does the rest."

An idea struck him:—"By the way," he remarked, casually, "do you ever do anything in Bishoprics?"

"How so?" asked one of the girls.

"Oh, you know what a Bishop is, don't you? An old chap who wears a low broad hat and gaiters. They put 'em in pictures with mitres and crooks, but I've never seen them like that. Now I particularly want to get some one made a Bishop."

BAX didn't really believe the thing could be done in this way. Still there was just a chance, and it wouldn't do for him not to try it.

"We think we understand," said LACHESIS, smiling slyly. "Come hither and your desire shall be granted." She took him into a corner of the room where there was a stand on which reposed a huge directory. She turned over the pages swiftly: "Here is the name," she said, "HADDEN, Revd. HUBERT EUSEBIUS, No. 246,709. CLOTTY," she continued, "find wire, No. 246,709, and give it to WILFRID."

CLOTHO found the wire in a moment.

"Take the wire in your right hand, WILFRID, and press this knob—it is the knob for bishopates—with your left. So."

Half incredulous, BAX followed her instructions. As he pressed the knob there was a pealing crash of church music, an invisible choir sang a few rolling bars of an anthem, and

on the wall above BAX's head appeared a transparency picture of Mr. HADDEN in a broad hat and episcopal gaiters.

"It is done," said the Fates portentously. "And now, WILFRID, let us to the feast. To-night we part for ever, but first, since you are weary, we shall offer you meat and drink."

Over the details of the banquet that followed BAX, the soul of candour, has always been curiously reticent. But we may be sure, I think, that even when pledging the health of his hostesses gallantly in their best extra sec Nectar, *cuvée réservée*, he did not forget MILLIE HADDEN.

How he spent the intervening time BAX has never been able to remember accurately. He believes he slumbered peacefully in a room hung with heavy curtains, and he has a fleeting recollection of soft footsteps about his bed on the following morning, and of whispers that seemed to soothe him to sleep again. At any rate, on the evening of that day he found himself in a Great Western train as it stopped at Burnstone Station.

When he arrived at the Vicarage MILLIE met him at the door.

"Oh, BAX, you darling, how quickly you managed it!" she exclaimed in excitement, "Papa had a letter from Lord STILLINGFORD by the second post to-day offering him the Bishopric of Broadwell! Now we can get engaged at once. Oh, BAX, you are a dear! But, of course, I shall never tell Papa how it was done."

"By Jove, nor shall I," said BAX—and he never did.

The *Times*, on the following morning, remarked in a leader that in recommending Mr. HADDEN for the vacant Bishopric of Broadwell, the Prime Minister had shown his usual independence of mere party considerations, and his sense of the merits of a very learned and distinguished man whose presence on the bench of Bishops would add strength to that body at a time when it was much needed.

But for BAX and MILLIE a paragraph that appeared a little later on was of greater importance. This announced that "a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Mr. W. E. B. ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE, grandson and heir of the Earl of STILLINGFORD, and MILLICENT, only daughter of the Revd. H. E. HADDEN, Bishop designate of Broadwell."

As a matter of fact, a month after the Classical Tripos list came out with BAX's name actually in the first class, the marriage was solemnised with great splendour in Broadwell Cathedral.

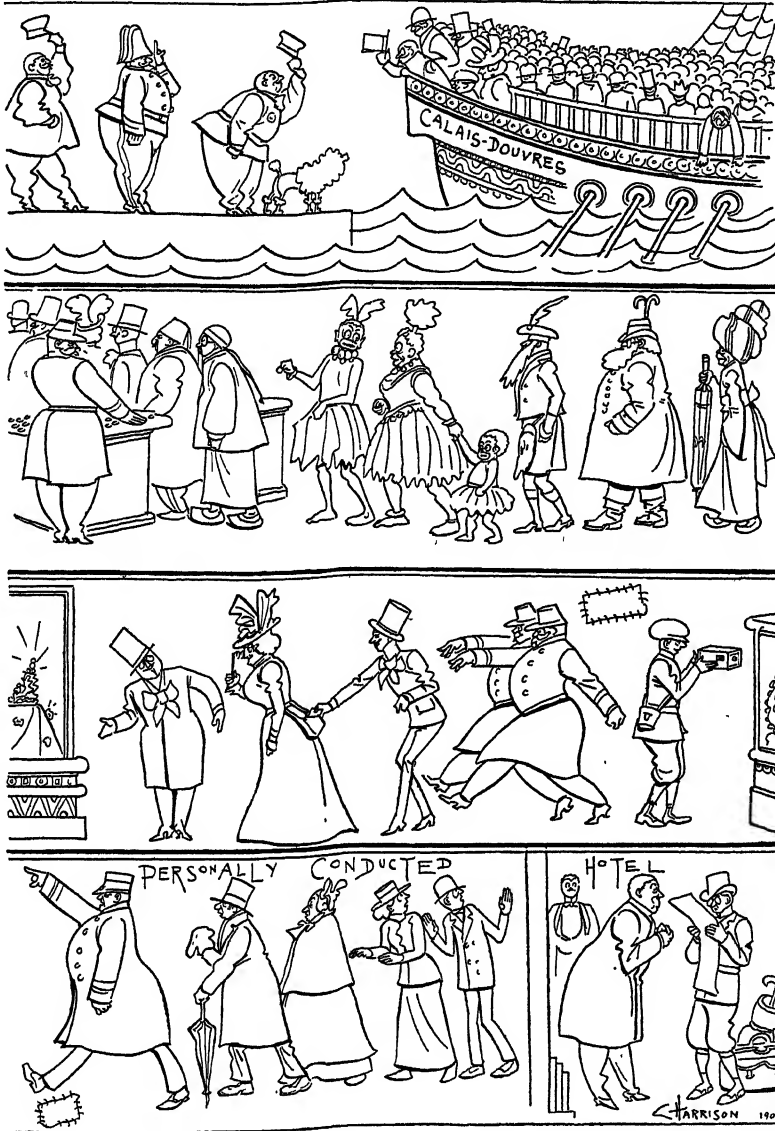
On the morning of this great day Plato was summoned to the room of his young mistress, who in the midst of her preparations could still spare a moment or two for her faithful dog.

"Plato," she said impressively, "I'm to be married to-day, and then I'm going away for a fortnight, so you must promise to be a very good dog while I'm gone, and be particularly kind to Papa and Mamma. Do you understand, Plato?"

Plato wagged his stumpy tail pathetically: he knew that agitations and departures were in the air, and hoped against hope that, if his loved ones went away, he might be taken with them. "And Plato," she continued, "I've got a lovely bit of light blue ribbon for you."

Plato advanced, delighted, for he loved to have his neck bound round with ribbons. Thus decorated he was the first to welcome the newly-married pair as they came out from the Cathedral. If barks mean anything, Plato's barks meant that he approved of the wedding and considered the ceremony a success. Indeed, as NUTTY wrote to a friend, "it was an A1 show, the best marriage I've ever seen."

R. C. Lehmann



TO PARIS AND THE EXHIBITION.

By Our Bayeux Tapestry Artist.

MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

The Rolling Footway.

WHAT dust! This that I have swallowed, this that I have respired of plaster! I of him shall have well soon the lungs fulls.

Regard therefore my boots, and the yours also. Shes are absolutely whites.

In going out of the Exhibition one has always the air of one plasterer. One should ought to carry one smock frock and of the wood shoes.

More late, when all is achieved and that the gardens are rosed, one not shall be more incommoded of the sort.

Le Trottoir Roulant.

Quelle poussière! Ce que j'ai avalé, ce que j'ai respiré de plâtre. J'en aurai bientôt les poudrons pleins.

Regardez donc mes bottines, et les vôtres aussi. Elles sont absolument blanches.

En sortant de l'Exposition on a toujours l'air d'un plâtrier. On devrait porter une blouse et des sabots.

Plus tard, lorsque tout est achevé, et que les jardins sont arrosés, on ne sera plus incommodé de la sorte.

OPEN TO ALTERATION.

["There is a distinct slump in war stories."—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—A Publisher's Sanctum. To its occupant enter Author.

Publisher. Glad to see you, but thought we had better talk it over. You know our interests are identical. And really it won't do.

Author. What won't do?

Publisher. Why, your last story. It's quite excellent—like all your work—but really the public don't want any more warrior heroes, and, what's more, won't have them.

Author. Well, I will change my warrior hero into a curate working in the slums.

Publisher. I think that would be much more satisfactory. But then there are the battle scenes—most vivid and admirable in every way—but unsaleable.

Author. I can easily cut those out. I will work in views of Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange in their place.

Publisher. Yes, I think that would be—if you allow me to say so—a decided improvement. Then, how about that incident of the escape from the burning fort?

Author. Not in the least essential to the story. I will substitute a picnic in the hay-fields—just as interesting.

Publisher. Quite so. And the chapter about the raid?

Author. That can come out in favour of a description of a boot manufactory. Can I do anything else?

Publisher. Well, your title was first rate, but under the circumstances I think it would be better altered. "The Cannon's Mouth"—

Author. Shall be changed to "LAURA'S Love Story."

Publisher. Excellent! With those modifications we should hit the taste of the public.

[Curtain falls upon a scene of mutual satisfaction.]

Should be he possible of to find one part of the Exhibition without dust?

But yes, in the Swiss village. By all he there has of little Swisses, where one do of the ascensions, with of the picks in plaster, of the hills in cement, of the Alps in stuck. To the sole Swiss Village one march on of the flats paths. It is very jolly. But it is enough far of here.

Serait-il possible de trouver une partie de l'Exposition sans poussière?

Mais oui, dans le village Suisse. Partout il y a de petites Suisses, où l'on fait des ascensions, avec des pics en plâtre, des collines en ciment, des Alpes en stuc. Au seul Village Suisse on marche sur des sentiers plat. C'est très joli. Mais c'est assez loin d'ici.

AN EASY WAY OF DOING IT.

Nipkins. Yes, I could do with the place. It's just in the right position, and there ain't no grocers within a hundred yards of the house; but it's stocking that beats me.

Little Elsie (seized with a brilliant idea). Well, why not take the shop FURNISHED, father, and have everything ready to start with?

[Poor NIPKINS devoutly wishes that he could.]



QUITE A HOLIDAY "PER SE."

"SURE AS EGGS IS EGGS."

(Fragment from a Military Romance founded on a Naval reality.)

"AND so you have surrounded the conservatory with cannon," said the Civilian.

"We have," replied the Military Man. "You see, Kew is practically public property, and we can do what we please."

"But is there any precedent for this?" enquired the representative of peace.

"Certainly," was the ready response. "Only the other day the Belleisle was made a target by the Majestic. Oh, certainly there is a precedent. But pray excuse me."

The General hurried away. There was a short pause and then a loud report. The Warrior returned to the Civilian.

"You will be glad to learn that the experiment is completely successful."

"What experiment?"

"Why, the experiment of pounding a conservatory with shot and shell. We have now proved, without the possibility of doubt, that when we fire at a conservatory point blank we break the glass."

The Civilian thought the matter over. At length he came to the conclusion that the Kew incident was preferable to the Belleisle matter. It was less expensive.

NEW NURSERY RHYME.

To be set to the tune of "If 'ifs' and 'ands' were pots and pans."

If pools were ponds
And geese were swans,

As simpletons might think;
Then ev'ry fish that failed to sink,
And ev'ry bird that wink'd in sleep,
And ev'ry schoolboy pert and pink,
Would be a mystic three-inch deep
Like Monsieur MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

PUNCH THE PROPHET.

ON Wednesday last, Derby Day, Mr. Punch, disguised as a Fortune-telling Gipsy, told Mr. KRUGER how he foresaw "trouble for him at home," and added, "You're going to travel." The next news from Pretoria, on Thursday morning, was that President Kruger had fled.

The war practically is over. A "consummation devoutly wished for" by everybody. Let us sing with one heart and voice "God save the QUEEN!" and "Three cheers for 'BOBS'!"

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL 1900.

At Earl's Court the fair sex this season prevails,

And the Horrider Being outspans;
But at Sydenham there is a chance for the males,

Since the power controlling is MANNS.

WASTE LAND IN THE PARK.

"WHY," asked the Intelligent Foreigner of his Well-Informed Cicerone, as they emerged into the Bayswater Road, after traversing Her Majesty's pleasaunces of Green and Hyde, "Why is it that in your great sport-loving Metropolis you do not cultivate the crickets, the foot-balls, and the hockeys on the magnificent grass areas of your not to be rivalled parks?"

"My dear Sir," replied the W.-I. C., "as a stranger, no doubt, the neglect to utilise these spaces for public recreation will seem to you extraordinary, but I must remind you that Custom rules everybody and everything in Great Britain. It is true that the verdant acres to which you refer might afford playgrounds to hundreds of cricketers and footballers, but Custom has decreed for years past that the turf shall be given over to the Loafer, the Ruffian, and the Blasphemer. These personages are protected by an uncodified bill of rights, and so, in the very heart of civilised London they are permitted to sprawl upon the grass, to drive respectable persons from the neighbourhood, and indulge in language which would freeze the marrow of a hardened policeman; yet, within fifty yards of their camping ground, you will find gathered together the richest and the most select society in the world."

"This is curious," observed the I. F.

"It is more than that," said the W.-I. C. who bore a suspicious likeness to a well-known philanthropist, whose name begins with P. "It is a degrading mixture of cant and dog-in-the-mangeriness."

A DERBY "DIAMOND JUBILEE" DAY!

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES won the Great Race of the year. President KRUGER got a "run for his money."

A FURTHER RELIEF!

Bachelor Hero sings:—

CHRONOLOGERS, I thank you
This year with all my heart!
As saviours will I rank you
And bless your learned art.

Long months I baffled CRONJÉ,
And kept his Boers at bay,
While SNYMAN got his *congé*
On one fine morn this May.

But now a real terror
Confronts me on release—
I think of HOBSON'S error
In kissing without cease!

I have a sort of inkling
How ladies lionise;
En masse and in a twinkling
They'd commandeer their prize!

Umhlala panzi—namely,
"Sit tight" 's my usual form;
But though I've stood fire gamely,
That corner 'd be too warm!

Then, WHITAKER, for ever
My gratitude's sincere;
By your arrangement clever
This year is *not* Leap-year!

THE 'SHORT SERVICE SYSTEM': AN ANTICIPATION.

[An "Eight-Hours' Day" Bill, applying to domestic servants, has just become law in some parts of Australia.]

Jan. 1, 1901.—When I went into the kitchen this morning, I found JOHNSON, our cook, reading aloud from a printed document to all the other servants. Reading suddenly ceased as I entered. Enquired what it meant. JOHNSON said it was a new Act, which comes into force to-day, and seemed anxious to discuss it with me. Cut her short, as we have our New Year's dinner-party to-night, and the menu had to be arranged. Never knew before that JOHNSON took any interest in politics.

Jan. 2.—Dinner-party last night a fiasco. So annoyed I can hardly write about it. We had fourteen guests, including Uncle GEORGE, with whom it is most important to keep on good terms. No sign of anything wrong at first, but, as soon as they had handed round the fish, both JAMES and ELIZA disappeared. JOHNSON produced that Act of Parliament, and explained that they'd done eight hours' work already, and that, by this new law, they would be liable to imprisonment if they did any more. Endeavoured to explain situation to our guests; Uncle GEORGE furious, and went away to his club.

Jan. 3.—JOHNSON came to speak to me just now. She has found a clause in the Act stating that every domestic servant is entitled to three afternoons out in the week, and another forbidding any work to be done by them except between the hours



A SPEEDY RETRIBUTION.

Small Boy. "ARF TICKET TER BAKER STREET." [*Pays, and awaits delivery of Ticket.*]

Clerk. "IT'S A SHAMEFUL THING, A KID LIKE YOU SMOKING!"

Small Boy (indignantly). "WHO ARE YER CALLIN' A KID? I'M FOURTEEN!"

Clerk. "OH, ARE YOU? THEN YOU PAY FULL FARE TO BAKER STREET!"

of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. I suppose we must have a meat-tea at 4 o'clock, and cook some sort of supper—as well as breakfast—for ourselves. A cheerful prospect!

Jan. 4.—JAMES told my husband this morning that for the future he could not answer the front-door bell. "If you will kindly read chapter five, sub-section two," he said, "you will observe, Sir, that, under an 'eavy penalty, I am forbid to 'hexecute any task, horder, or commission of an hunworthy, servile, or degrading character,' which in my hopinion hanswering that blessed bell certainly is." He was promptly turned out of the house, and we have a new butler in his place.

Jan. 5.—This morning JOHNSON pointed out what the new Act calls the "sliding-scale wages clause." Briefly, it provides

that after next quarter-day, wages are to be regularly increased by 25 per cent. each three months, with £30 as a minimum.

(Later). The new butler proves to be a Government Inspector in disguise. He has just arrested JOSEPHINE, my maid, for sewing a button on to my glove at five minutes past six—"after the statutory hour," he called it. He has taken the poor girl to the police-station.

Jan. 6.—My husband and I had a serious talk last night. As the result, he had decided to throw up his practice at the bar, and to become a coachman, while I intend to apply for a post as parlour-maid. In this way, thanks to this beneficent new Act, we shall have hardly a stroke of work to do, and shall be able to retire in a few years' time.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

(Crescendo.)

["Canon FARMER said at Exeter Hall that General CRONJE was notorious for cruelty to natives. Old as General GRONJE is, would he dare say this to his face? No, no more than he would face a lion."—*Correspondent in "Echo."*]

I CRUEL to the natives? and notoriously so?

My good but unjust brother, I sincerely answer, No!

You should not make such statements thus at random and at large;

I earnestly and warmly plead not guilty to the charge.

It is galling to the feelings of a gentle Boer to hear

A venerable canon utter comments so severe;

Though far in St. Helena, on this lonely, barren rock,

At the rumour of the slander I confess I felt a shock.

What! I, the righteous CRONJE, worthless Hottentots ill-treat!

It's like your blessed impudence such libels to repeat.

A plague upon the insolence of gentlemen in black,

Who dare not say before me what they say behind my back.

Then only let me catch the man, or woman—aye, or child,

Who ventures for a moment to deny I'm meek and mild;

And as for that vile Rooinek wretch who dared to call me cruel,

Just let him come within my reach—by George, I'd give him
gruel.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, 26th.—Arrived very early for *Romeo et Juliette*. Never knew that curtain went up in middle of overture, discovering all the characters in the Opera grouped like waxworks in *Mrs. Jarley's* show. Regret absence of *Little Nell* to explain figures; not even little NEIL FORSYTH on the spot. The figures sing, like the four-and-twenty blackbirds in the pie; but *they don't move*: perhaps waxworks not sufficiently wound up, or machinery out of order. What they sing about impossible to say, as no reference to this effect to be found in my book of the Opera. Very effective. So Maître GOUNOD hit upon this eccentric style of preamble to an opera before it

was partially done by the composers of *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria*. Clever composer GOUNOD. Then we get to the delightful, always delightful, opera, full of melody, full of action, with good musical chances for everybody. Madame MELBA as *Juliette*, the young girl of Verona only fifteen years old! just wonderful! Reminds one of the song of *Villikins*—

It is of a rich merchant in "Verona" did dwell

He had but one daughter, an uncommon fine young gal;

Her name it was "Juliette," scarce sixteen years old,

With a werry large fortune in silver and gold.

Singing perfect. *Romeo Saleza* good, rather overpowered perhaps by the very fine young woman with whom he has fallen in love. Rather miss Brother EDOUARD DE RESZKE as *The Friar*, but PLANÇON weighty, and melodious.

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as the Nurse—Ah! nonsense, this isn't SHAKESPEARE's old family servant, but simply a very well-preserved soubrette, who might recently have entered into the service of the Capulets as a kind of companion, or lady's maid, to *Juliette*. Why she should go about with a walking-stick is not at all evident: she doesn't totter, she doesn't stumble: she is as active as the youngest of 'em and lets the Capulet retainers know it too. And how sly! See her warily entering the *Friar's* cell. See her artfully leaving it at a hint from



Romeo, and see her smilingly re-entering just in time to be a legal witness of the marriage ceremony admirably performed by Frère PLANÇON representing parson, clerk, and choir all in one. There is a regular marriage ring in the reverent singer's voice that guarantees validity. Mlle. MAUBOURG nice as *Stephano*, but might make more of her delightful song. M. DECLERY a bit heavy; but GOUNOD has given him a twister in his setting of "O, then, I see Queen Mab has been with you," which is not by any means one of this composer's happiest inspirations. House crammed full. H.R.H. Prince and Princess of WALES, true to the Opera, have certainly given it great encouragement at a time that might have been so disastrous for the management. But news from "our friends in front" continues to be satisfactory, and probably there will be a big house for the *Flying Dutchman* whenever it may be produced, with Oom PAUL in the principal part. Great attraction for Cyclists from June 5 to June 9, when the first Wagnarian Cycle is given.

"SIC TRANSIT —"

JUST starting down Southampton Water in jolly old BIGHEART's yacht, *The Collarbone*—or *Columbine*? I wonder which it is? Dear old BIGHEART, the best fellow in the world, and enthusiastic about yachting. So am I (theoretically, and whilst in smooth water). Try to act as nautically as possible, and ask Skipper at frequent intervals "How does she bear?" Don't know what it means; but, after all, what does that matter? Skipper stares at me rather helplessly, and mutters something about "Nothe-nor-east-by-sou-sou-west." Feel that, with this lucid explanation, I ought to be satisfied, so turn away, assume cheery aspect and with a rolling gait seize the topsail-main-gaff-mizen sheet and pull it lustily, with a "Yo, heave ho!"

The pull, unfortunately, releases heavy block, which, falling on BIGHEART's head, seems to quite annoy him for the minute. We plunge into Solent, and then bear away for West Channel. Skipper remarks that we shall make a long "retch" of it (*abst omen*). He then adds that we could "bring up"—why these unpleasantly suggestive nautical expressions?—off Yarmouth. Not wishing to appear ignorant, I ask BIGHEART, "Why not make a course S.S. by E.?" He replies, "Because it would take us ashore into the R. V. Yacht Club garden," and I retire somewhat abashed.

Out in West Channel we get into what skipper calls "a bit of a bobble." Don't think I care quite so much for yachting in "bobbles." BIGHEART shows me all the varied beauties of the coast, but now they fail to interest me. He says, "I say, we'll keep sailing until quite late this evening, eh? That'll be jolly!" Reply, "Yes, that'll be jolly," but somehow my voice lacks heartiness.

An hour later I was lying down—I felt tired—when BIGHEART came up, and with a ring of joy in his manly tones exclaimed, "I tell you what, old man; we'll carry right on, now, through the night. We're not in a hurry, so we'll get as much sailing as we can."

... Then, with my last ounce of failing strength, I sat up and denounced him as an assassin.

* * * *

After passing a night indescribable, lying on the shelf—I mean berth—I was put ashore at Portland next morning. Should like to have procured dear old BIGHEART government appointment there for seven years, as a due reward for what he had been making me suffer.





VAIN REGRETS!

Shade of the Great Ark (to Ghost of the Dodo). "AH, MY DEAR, IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAD ONLY HAPPENED IN OUR TIME!"

[A convention between England, Germany, Spain, Belgium, France, Italy, and Portugal, dated May 19, 1900, has been signed at London, for the preservation of wild animals, birds, and fish in Africa.]



Splasher (who prides himself on his slap-dash Impressionism). "DID YOU NOTICE MY LITTLE EFFORT?"

Friend. "YES, RATHER. WHAT A BEASTLY SHAME YOU HADN'T TIME TO FINISH IT!"

OBJECT LESSON FOR SKIPPERS.

(How to read a single-volume novel in a few minutes by sampling the pages.)

Pages 1 to 30.—The date was the present time, when— The scene was a happy English home, in which— ANGELINA was a sweet girl, who— Her childhood had been passed amidst— It was only natural that her cousin should— EDWIN, when he went to Rugby, found— Sir MALWIN MANSHOLME'S estate adjoined— RALPH had won the adjective "Black" by—

Page 40 to 60.—It was unfortunate that the heir to Mouldacres should— EDWIN, as the youngest son of Lord BLUE-MANTLE, was poor as— ANGELINA, who loved her father, was distressed when— "My dear father, I would do anything for you, but"— The old man wiped away his tears as he left— "It is not right that we should meet like this," said— "I would give my life for you, but there is something dearer than—" The moon rose in all her splendour when—

Pages 80 to 120.—"It was imprudent," replied her mother, who— And then, kissing the ring, she cried herself to— "I have come to ask you a plain question," said he, refusing the proffered— "I hated you at Rugby, when you got your cap before me; I hated you at Oxford, when—" The paragraph was as follows: "The 10th Grenadiers are ordered to—" "After all, my daughter's heart is—" It was the first time Sir MALWIN had spoken to his wife so— Her ladyship left the room and—

Pages 130 to 160.—He waved his helmet as the ship— "I am sorry," said BLACK RALPH, with— "Leave it to the future," murmured Sir MALWIN, as— "No news," observed Lady MANSHOLME, arousing— Poor ANGELINA tried to restrain her tears, but— "I must speak to you seriously," said— "Father! Father!" cried—

Pages 180 to 200.—The guns were ordered to the front, when— "A gallant deed!" cried the Colonel, as— "Only like all

the other fellows, Sir, when an Englishman—" The House was in a tumult when BLACK RALPH— He smiled bitterly as the cry "Who goes home?" echoed— "I call this persecution!" she said with— "I will bend her to my iron will," he muttered as— "How came you to be so cruel!" pleaded Sir MALWIN, taking— "It will break my heart, father!" she moaned as— "You have acted wisely, dearest," and she kissed her daughter, who—

Pages 210 to 250.—"I must, I will ride Demon," he cried— Next day there was a glorious meet at— The men in pink, the ladies of the shire in— The Master was in good spirits, for— Demon looked vicious as— They put him on a hurdle, and— "I wish I could live my life again," he whispered as— "Yes, I am home; did you not hear of my arrival? The papers must—" And with this frank avowal, she rested— "Lord BLUEMANTLE, as I now—" "I prize the Victoria Cross beyond all the—" Again ANGELINA'S approaching wedding was the talk of— Drop the curtain, put out the lights, our story is—

A BALLAD OF DISTRESSFUL EXIT.

I'M not thinking of our troth to-night
Beneath the sighing trees,
Nor calling back your glances bright
When you returned my squeeze,
The squeeze I deftly gave your hand,
And thought that none could see,
As we parted on the threshold, and
You bade "Good-bye" to me.

I'm not thinking of the merry dance
In which we led them all—
"A romp," some sneered, with looks
askance,

The wall-flowers on the wall.
I'm not musing of the foaming wine
In which I pledged your health;
Nor bringing back your words divine—
"We'll live for love, not wealth!"

I'm not feebly trying to depict
Your charms upon my brain.
My heart is just now derelict,
My body rack'd with pain,
For I'm thinking that your grand old sire
Should be merciful in might;
I speak with feeling—in his ire
He kicked me out to-night!

ADVICE GRATIS TO PEOPLE ABOUT

To send cheques to charities—Do.
To exercise self-advertisement—Don't.
To write books worth reading—Do.
To publish works with a purpose—Don't.
To read *Punch* as a guide, philosopher and friend—Do.
To send unsolicited "jokes" to 10, Bouverie Street—Don't.
To remember that other persons exist—Do.
To live only for yourself—Don't.



Friend. "HULLO, OLD CHAPPIE! FALLEN IN?"

Dripping Angler. "YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THIS IS A PERSPIRATION, DO YOU?"

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

A Monsieur Punch.

MONSIEUR.—Vos compatriotes n'étudient l'histoire que du point de vue anglais. Ainsi les bandits de votre pays deviennent des héros, et les héros qui leur résistent—par exemple les vaillants paysans du Transvaal—deviennent des bandits. Les Nationalistes français ont changé tout cela. Un littérateur nationaliste a rédigé l'histoire d'Angleterre à l'usage des écoles primaires. J'en ai fait faire une traduction, par un professeur d'anglais, également nationaliste. En voici quelques pages. Etudiez-les, pirates d'outre Manche!

HENRI TROPFORT.

QUESTIONS ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Who are the English?

They inhabit England, an island to the north of the Manche. The ancient English did wear no more clothes than some blue paint, and even to-day, in their language, they speak of "a coat of paint." The ancient inhabitants did worship the mistletoe, and this superstition still exists, for the English suspend the mistletoe in their houses at Christmas.

Are the English warriors?

They are rather pirates. Going out from their island, they have seized the most rich countries in the world, by example Canada, the Oriental Indias, Gibraltar, Maurice Island, and Australia.

Have they ever been vanquished?

Many times. The first time by JULES CÉSAR, who landed on the coast of Sussex at the head of an army of brave French, called at that epoch Gaulois, and subjugated the English. The half of England became a province of Roman France.

Who was the second victor?

JULES AGRICOLA.—His army penetrated to the mountains of

the north of England in the barbarous province called Scotland. Then all England, comprising Scotland and the Island of White, became a province of France.

And after that?

The revolutions of the English forced the French and their friends and allies the Romans to retire. Then there was being a long period of anarchy, called the Heptarchie, from the English saying, "To be at six and seven." The chiefs of the English were ALFRED, formerly as it appears a baker of cakes, his wife BODICÉE, and his grandson HAROLD.

Who was the third conqueror of England?

Again a Frenchman, GUILLAUME, Duc de Normandie. He debarked on the coast of Sussex, vanquished HAROLD at the town named since Hasting—that is to say "Hâtant," because the English ran away so quick—and pursued the enemy in flight to Backs Hill, "Colline des Dos," because there the brave French saw only the backs of the English. H. D. B.

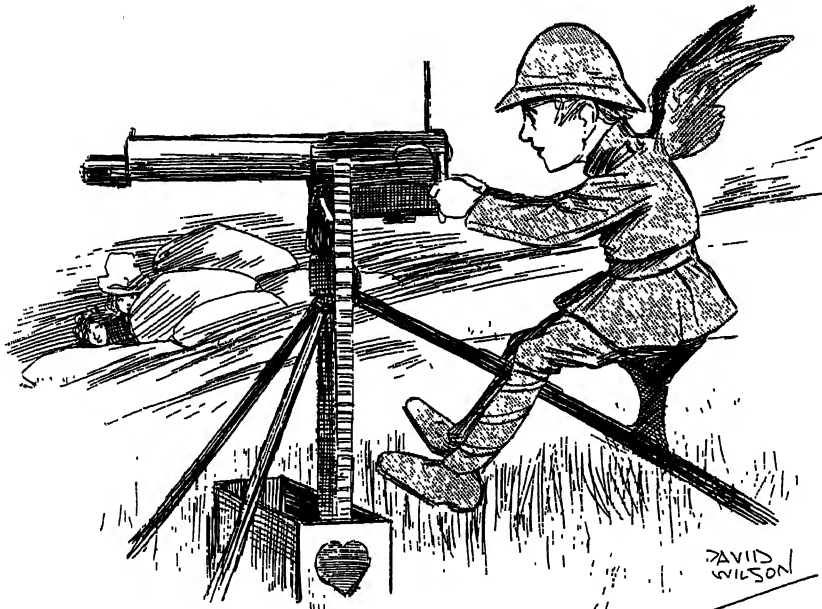
THE PLACE TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY!

SEE the following advertisement in the *Scotsman* :—

CREMATORIUM, WESTERN NECROPOLIS, MARYHILL.—Incinerating Apparatus will be lighted for the inspection of visitors to-morrow (Queen's Birthday Holiday).

Who would go gadding around the theatres and music-halls, or Mafficking in the streets on a public holiday, when there is a nice, clean, well-aired and well-warmed crematorium in full blast in the neighbourhood to be visited? Perish the thought, indeed! The insinuation is too pro-woking.

WAITING FOR ORDERS.—The distinguished officer whose work entirely depends on the success of Lord ROBERTS is "General Election."



L'AMOUR EN KHAKI!

THE WANDERINGS OF A PEACE MISSION.

Amsterdam.—Land at last. Thought we should never get here. Worse than being sent to St. Helena. Voyage equally rough, and longer. FISCHER awfully sea-sick. Comforted by the contents of a bundle of continental newspapers thoughtfully sent on board by honest LEYDS as we entered the harbour. All speak most enthusiastically of us and preach the glorious, if unremunerative, duty of Intervention. French press calls on the government to help two sister Republics—ah, that *esprit Gaulois*!—German press pants to assist its “kinsmen” across the sea, while the press of Russia exceeds everything in its friendliness and is even anxious that the ridiculous Munnik should blow Johannesburg to smithereens. Not many mining shares held in Russia. As for Belgium, its sentiments are quite effusive. Not for nothing has honest LEYDS drawn his £700,000 of Secret Service money. This gallant little state, whose integrity, by the way, is guaranteed by England—funny that!—is evidently quite prepared to place its sparse legions at our disposal. Austrian references too are most sympathetic. To-morrow we are to have an interview with the QUEEN of HOLLAND. No harm in tackling the Small Powers before nobbling the Great. Honest LEYDS has great faith in Holland.

The Hague.—We have had an interview with the Queen. She was most kind and gracious; took us to the palace windows, and showed us a charming view of the Scheldt. Presently FISCHER mentioned the subject of intervention. Her Majesty, however, appeared not to hear him, and continued to enlarge on the beauties of

the landscape. Finally, just as I was working round to the subject myself, our audience somehow came to an end and we bowed ourselves out. Disappointing, I must say. Can honest LEYDS have deceived us? But no. I do wrong to distrust him. Paris to-morrow. The sister Republic will welcome us, I know.

Paris.—Reception most gratifying. Railway station full of obscure journalists assembled to welcome us. Such a welcome from the humbler classes of the community warms the heart. To-day we are to have a look at as much as is ready of the Exhibition. To-morrow we interview the President. The newspapers assure us that intervention is certain.

Paris. Next day.—We have seen the President. Most civil and cordial. He took us to a window and showed us a beautiful view of the Champs Elysée. Again FISCHER was the first to introduce the topic of intervention. Afraid he must have been a little tactless, for the President was obviously put out. He then showed us a distant view of the Arc de Triomphe. When, however, he must have been on the point of referring to the topic nearest our heart and his, someone interrupted us and we had to make our adieux. It was very unlucky. However, Berlin to-morrow, and “our kinsmen.” LEYDS is convinced that Berlin will intervene, or why that telegram?

Paris, later.—We are still here. A semi-official Berlin paper has announced that a visit from us would be inopportune, and that the idea of intervention is out of the question. Such is the Reptile Press! A similar hint appears in the Russian newspapers. Very odd! Have sent for that fellow LEYDS to explain, but he declines to come. Says we'd better

be off to America by the first boat. They're panting to intervene. Tammany has sworn it. We sail to-morrow.

New York.—Another terrible voyage! But our reception a triumph. All sorts of people we have never heard of shook us warmly by the hand. Such a welcome from quite unknown people shows how deeply the nation is stirred. We are to address a meeting at the Opera House on Sunday. We would rather have made it a week-day. It may shock KRUGER. But political exigences must prevail.

New York, later.—Opera House meeting unanimous. Never was such a flood of sympathy. We go to Washington to-night, and interview the President to-morrow.

Washington.—Saw the President at the White House. He assured us that Washington was a beautiful city, and taking us to a window showed us a view of the Potomac. FISCHER, rather tired of views, mentioned the name of Kruger. No tact! President said he had every sympathy with Republics—he laid a curious stress on the word—and was always glad to hear of wars ceasing. Could he show us a view of the Capitol? This passion for landscape, which appears to possess the rulers of both hemispheres, seems almost flip-pant. KRUGER cares nothing for natural scenery. Ventured to hint as much. Suggestion not well received. Finally we left. Called at a telegraph office on our way and sent message to LEYDS, calling him a liar, a ruffian, and a sweep. Asked, in a postscript, where we shall go next.

Washington, later.—LEYDS replies by telegraph, “Can't say. KRUGER bolted. Address uncertain. Never sent me a hint. Keep your temper.” What's to become of us?

CARNIVALS AND TOGAS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Who shall say that we are not a gay and joyous people? I have within the last fortnight attended three Patriotic Carnivals, in three different parts of the Metropolis, and have been regaled with khaki warriors, Britannias, Krugers, Armoured Trains and “Absent-minded Beggars” in all sorts of garb by the mile. But these items were not those which, for the most part, diverted the B-P. of London as distinct from the B-P. of Mafeking. The B-P. of London, I have discovered—in company, I presume, with many other spectators—delights in giving practical effect to its Patriotism by tickling the noses and ears of fellow-citizens with the tail feathers of the versatile peacock, by bombarding unsuspecting females with showers of battling paper-confetti and by assaulting complacent spectators with infernal machines known as “Cronje's Ticklers” and “Kruger's Whiskers,” interspersed occasionally with diabolic hydraulic inventions known as “Ladies' Tormentors.”

I am not one of those who object to the Pleasures of Patriotism. I rejoice in illegitimate means for promoting legitimate conviviality, but I would venture to suggest that on the occasion of every Great National Holiday due notice should be given to all lookers-on at these outbursts of enthusiasm to be suitably attired.

In the good old days of the Roman and Florentine Carnivals, strong wire masks and protective cloaks were worn by those taking part in the frays either as belligerents or "near and dear friends."

Having returned from the Festival of St. Pancras with my hat plastered with (apparently) damp violet powder, my back covered with miniature Union Jacks, and my trousers encircled with tricolour streamers, to say nothing of my beard filled with various hued morsels of paper, I distinctly advocate the general use, under similar circumstances, of Defensive Armour. Let it be made of *papier-maché*, khaki-coloured if you will, patriotic in sentiment but practical in form. Stout brown paper costumes, called "Mafekings," would have enormous sale. Let the manager of RICHARDSON'S Show—I mean the D. T. Show—look to this suggestion. Your obedient Servant,

P. P. MAURY-TEWRUS.

Flag Point, Rosherville-on-Thames.

A LITTLE COMPARISON.

(Dedicated to those who believe in the Boer.)

(See the Daily Telegraph of May 29.)

THE British prisoners—

Are herded like Kaffirs or cattle in the open, in an insanitary camp, at Waterval.

If ill—and there are nearly two hundred down with pneumonia and typhoid—they are permitted to crowd into an unfloored tin shanty and nurse themselves as best they can, there being no doctor.

They are fed on potatoes covered with white lime, varied with mouldy biscuits.

They are in rags, unshod, and, if Colonials, treated like felons.

* * * * *

The Boer captives—

Have been favoured with a free excursion to the health-giving islands of Ceylon and St. Helena.

Are comfortably quartered in pleasant surroundings, each one, like a little Napoleon, relieved of the necessity of fighting further in a lost cause.

Are fed like Tommy Atkins, and tenderly cared for on the slightest symptom of illness.

Are clothed at the expense of the Government, and taught to read, write—and wash.

Have their ideas generally enlarged, and live like fighting cocks, with monuments, when they die, like that to VILLEBOIS, "Slain on the field of honour!"

Continental papers, please copy!



HARD LINES!

"JUST MY LUCK! THIS SORT OF THING ALWAYS HAPPENS JUST WHEN I'M INVITED TO A PARTY!"

SAGE SUGGESTIONS TO THE L.C.C.

For the Management of the Thames Steamboats.

THAT the vessels should run express from Battersea to the City without wasting time *en route*.

That the vessels should stop at all intermediate stations between Chelsea and London Bridge for the benefit of the artisan.

That the best brands should be obtainable in an excellent restaurant.

That the catering (if any) should be conducted on strictly temperance principles.

That penny fares should be two pence for the benefit of the ratepayers.

That penny fares should be a half-penny for the convenience of those exempt from municipal taxation.

That bands by day and illuminations by night should be supplied to render the boats popular.

That no distraction should be permitted to detract from the business-like and useful.

And (most important of all) that there should be a private tramway from the Temple Pier to 10 Bouverie Street.



Visitor. "AND HOW IS THE RESTORATION FUND GOING ON, MRS. LYCHGATE?"
 The Rector's Wife. "I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S GOING ON MOST UNSATISFACTORILY. WE 'VE TRIED EVERY CONCEIVABLE MEANS OF GETTING THE MONEY HONESTLY, AND FAILED; AND NOW THE RECTOR SAYS WE MUST TRY WHAT A BAZAAR WILL DO."

ON A NEAR PROSPECT OF DISSOLUTION.

Any Liberal to any Tory.

["There is talk of the Government making an early appeal to the country before the war-fever has abated."—*Daily Paper.*]

AND is the end so soon to come?

And are you quite resolved to die?
 Must those endearing lips be dumb
 Approximately in July?

We knew, of course, your lot was cast
 In narrow limits; well we knew
 You could not permanently last,
 Not even if you wanted to;

And yet we had a sneaking hope
 You would elect to die of rust;
 Would take your full allotted scope,
 And not collapse before you must.

But you would fain forestall the day,
 And rank among the noble dead,
 Men who refused to fade away
 By force of dotage on a bed!

Between the sheets you would not lie
 Under the gaze of hireling mutes,

But out beneath a blazing sky,
 And, like a hero, in your boots;

And so attain the warrior's meed
 Ere yet your prime of strength is gone,
 Soaring on some Valkyrian steed
 With all your khaki-harness on!

But what of us? Ah, dearest friend,
 In calmer hours you will confess
 This passion for a bloody end
 Betrays a certain selfishness.

We looked to watch your lingering throes,
 Soothe you with songs of plaintive
 mirth,
 Be near to certify the close,
 And see you safely under earth.

But if upon the victor's field,
 The final dissolution came,
 If there your glorious fate were sealed
 Amid a nation's clear acclaim;

If (I repeat) on fighting ground
 You fell heroically dead—
 What sort of use could then be found
 For Pity's arms beneath your head?

And should the Public sing your praise
 With indiscriminating breath,
 Exhibiting a partial craze
 For such as die a soldier's death—

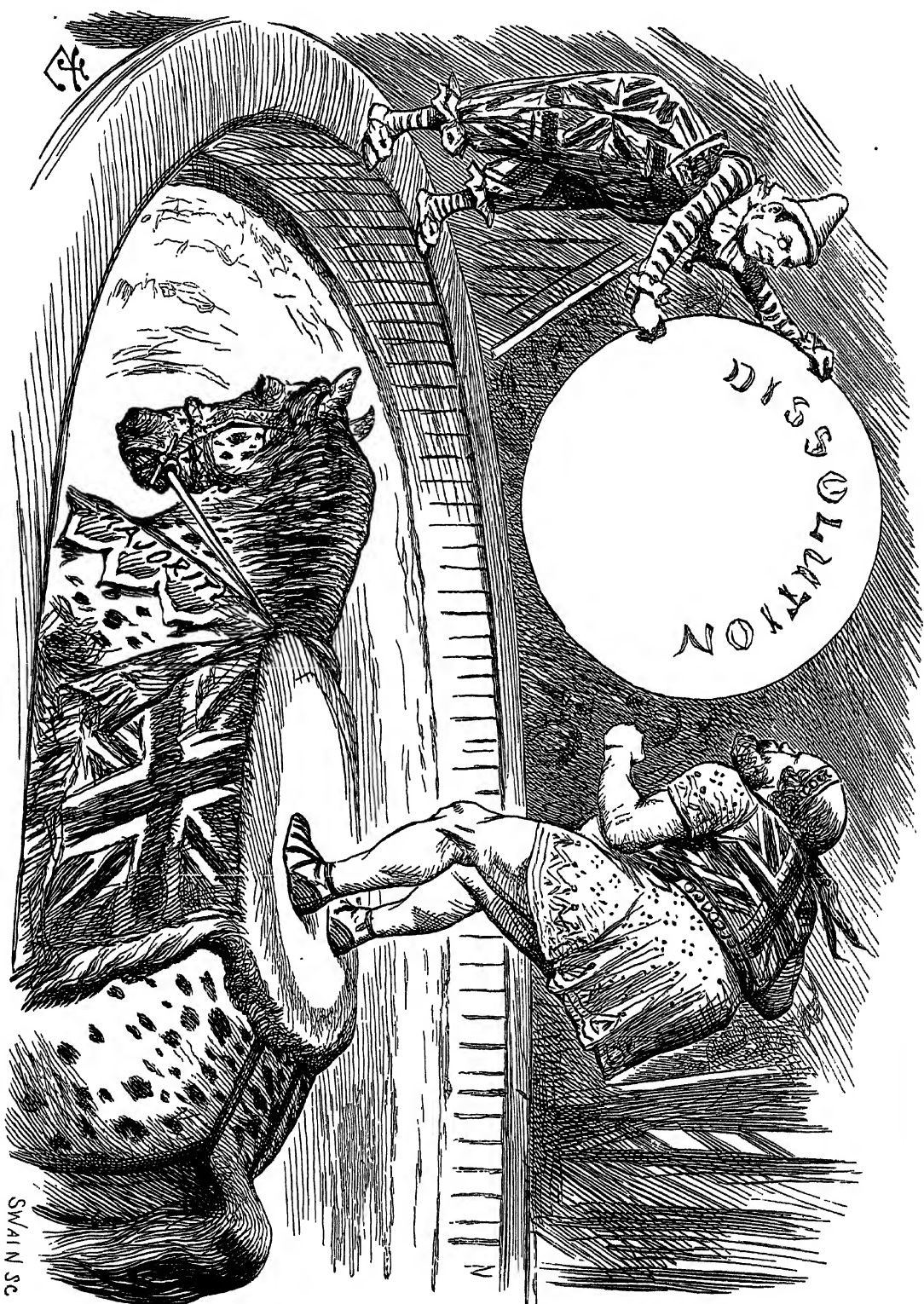
Lost in the general loud applause,
 How could discerning Love dilate
 On those engaging little flaws
 That only friends appreciate?

But if, upon the other hand,
 You died by doddering age outworn,
 Husbanding life's last grain of sand,
 Bankrupt, discredited, forlorn;

Begging for day-to-day supplies,
 Too poor to find the sexton's fees,
 Facing the quest of curious eyes
 With incoherent repartees;—

Then Love should ease your gurgling
 throat,
 And hover round your crumbling clay,
 And fan your cheek and take a note
 Of anything you had to say.

And should the Public (which forgets
 Its saviours when the need is past)



SWAIN SC

“HOOP-LA!”

JOBY (to the Premier Equestrian). “NOW’S YOUR TIME, GUV’NOR!”
 “The War is practically over. The British flag is by this time flying at Pretoria.”—*Times*, May 31.

Only recall dishonoured debts
And pledges scattered down the blast;
Then we would praise our dear deceased,
Using the following refrain:
"We do not hope—just now, at least—
To look upon his like again!" O. S.

MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

II.—Not the only "W. A."

[Had not the following dramatic critique been sent to this office, we might have imagined it was intended for a more worldly destination. It is evidently a stray shaft from the bow of some unknown archer.]

I MUST admit to a feeling of surprise that more notice should not have been taken of a most remarkable character study now being presented at the Pavoli Theatre of Varieties by a certain Mr. DAN LENO. I am not certain as to the nationality of this gentleman—except that he is far too clever to be purely British—though fancy, from his name, he must be an Italian, with possibly a strain of Jewish blood in his veins. However that may be, his performance is of quite remarkable merit. I went to the Pavoli, as is my

wont, not to seek mere amusement, or to experience that gross pleasure that so many dearly love—of seeking some external aid to the process of digestion. I went for intellectual analysis; to dissect the sophistries of theatrical art; to be stimulated by the oxygenising effect of some subtle conception or daring phase of complex psychology.

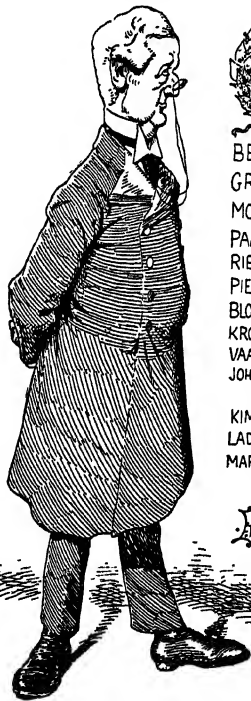
Mr. DAN LENO satisfied my requirements. I will not say fully: no one ever trod the boards who completely satisfied my artistic sense of fitness, but he was notably excellent. He appeared as an eccentric Professor of Anatomy. He was greeted with foolish laughter by those to whom any departure from the normal, any subtle study of character, is a cause of senseless merriment. Mr. LENO properly rewarded the foolish demonstration with a stony stare of contempt. I was particularly pleased with his appearance; the tangled mass of hair; the hectic colouring on the face; the restless movements, betokening—within a frame of slight physique—an exuberant mental vitality. The touch of grotesque abruptness with which he drew his diagrams was (so I

thought) a subtle and admirable way of suggesting his agreement with LOMBROSO's theory respecting the propinquity between insanity and genius. Even in his diagram of the human skeleton there was a want of pedantic accuracy—particularly in dealing with the ribs and lower limbs—which showed how he meant the Professor, with all his learning, to be an idealist—a kind of visionary (such as IBSEN would have delighted in), one feverishly anxious to suggest improvements. The tone of enthusiastic self-confidence with which Mr. LENO, as the Professor, advanced his fanciful theory about the advantages which would accrue had the calf of the leg been on the front and not the back of the leg was almost sublime. The tragic earnestness of his demeanour when arguing for the desirability of having eyes on the top of the head (so convenient, as he said, when passing under ladders) was a rare objective presentment of egoistic emotion. Finally, his wild snatch of song about the varieties of bone was an Ophelia-like touch I most warmly commend. Truly a most convincing performance.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Tuesday, May 29, 2.45 A.M.—House just broken up for the holidays, every man



BELMONT
GRASPAN
MODDER
PAARDEBURG
RIETFOONTEIN
PIETERS HILL
BLOEMFONTEIN
KROONSTADT
VAAL RIVER
JOHANNISBURG

KIMBERLEY
LADYSMITH
MAFEKING

"POWELL OF ENDLESS FAME."

(Alfred Austin's Poem on "Mafeking.")

The idea that the Laureate referred in this phrase to a mere Major-General now in South Africa is plainly erroneous. He had in his mind, of course, the Moltke of the British Army, Mr. P-w-ll W-ll-ms.

going home "wropt in myst'ry." What was the "incident at Peckham on Sunday" to which SANDYS alluded? When questions were over the gallant COLONEL drew himself up to his full height, made as though he would salute the SPEAKER, and said in thrilling tones, "I beg to put a question, of which I have given the First Lord of the Treasury private notice, with reference to an incident at Peckham on Sunday."

PRINCE ARTHUR started. Those sitting near him say he grew pale to the lips. COLONEL resumed his seat. PRINCE ARTHUR made no sign of rising. Was evidently shirking the incident, whatever it might be. Members below gangway opposite, scenting mischief, cried out, "Read! Read!"

"I didn't know I was permitted to read the terms of a question," the COLONEL said.

Ever ready to oblige, he now produced a sheaf of manuscript. In deliberate fashion went through the bundles of which it was composed, selecting the bulkiest. Strained attention of House increased. Now they would learn all. But the COLONEL couldn't find his eye-glasses. Feeling himself all over with one hand, he failed in the anguished search. Put down the manuscript, and with both hands free resumed the track. At length he found his glasses; apparently got mixed up with his braces. To extricate them was a matter of delicacy, occupying what seemed minutes. Glasses all right, felt he might read the question. Picked up manuscript, found it was the wrong one. Went over the heap again; secured the right document. At last disclosure would come.

The COLONEL, slowly reading, had not concluded preamble of his question when the SPEAKER was on his feet with stern cry of "Order!" "That is a question," he said, "which ought to be handed in at the table."

The COLONEL flopped down, carrying his



The Question that Failed.
(Colonel S-andys.)

secret with him. *L'affaire Dreyfus* has led to occasionally dramatic scenes in French Chamber; the incident at Peckham runs it pretty close.

SAM SMITH, looking in from the music-halls, brought some wholesale charges of

ritualistic practices in voluntary schools and training colleges. PRINCE ARTHUR, recovering from the almost paralysis in

SAMUEL as if he were some new, strange species of butterfly, "and have always failed."



THE ELUSIVE FLINT-MOTH.

(*Heterodoxia lugubriosa.*)

"I have always wished to pin the honourable gentleman to facts, but I have always failed."
Mr. Balfour in reply to Mr. Samuel Smith.

which "l'incident Peckham" mysteriously threw him, mightily whacked the meek head of SAMUEL. Admitted he is earnest and sincere in the course he advocates; but he is credulity itself.

"I have always tried to pin him to facts," said PRINCE ARTHUR, regarding

Pity GEORGE WYNDEHAM didn't speak up when he made answer to Redmond cadet. Having replied to question as to the total of British forces in South Africa, REDMOND in his bumptious manner said, "Can the Hon. gentleman tell us how many Bores there are?"

"I certainly know of one," the Under Secretary murmured, smiling at Redmond cadet. Unfortunately no one but the member for Sark caught the neat reply.



A nice little Savory to finish up with.
(Sir J-s-ph S-v-ry.)

Business done.—House adjourned for Whitsun Recess. Meet again on 14th of June.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THE book has run to far greater length than I could wish." Thus Mr. MOLTEÑO in the preface to his *Life and Times of Sir John Charles Molteno* (SMITH, ELDER). It is probable that the public will, with my Baronite, share the wish. If one of the bulky volumes had served the biographer's pious purpose it would have been well. He has been drawn on by wealth of material to make the life of his subject a thread in the history of the Cape Colony. If that situation be accepted, all is well. No fuller or more minute history of the growth of South Africa under the fostering, though not always well directed, hand of the British Empire exists. The story goes back for nearly sixty years, opening with a description of life in and near Capetown in those remote days. The difference is vividly marked by the simple statement that in 1840 young MOLTEÑO, visiting Beaufort West, travelled in an ox-wagon for twenty days by a pathless veldt, over trackless mountains, across unbridged rivers. To-day the journey is made by rail in as many hours. To the accomplishment of this end, and of many other strides on the pathway of progress, Sir JOHN MOLTEÑO, first Premier of Cape Colony, largely contributed. The story of the establishment of representative institutions and responsible government at the Cape is already ancient history. But the knowledge is well worth acquiring in view of the growing interest of that part of the Empire. The work is illustrated by portraits of Sir JOHN and two interesting maps showing European South Africa in 1831 and in 1872. If there be, in course of time, a fresh edition of the work (and it deserves the honour), it would be interesting to have a third map, showing European South Africa, say, on the first day of the Twentieth Century.

Our *Stolen Summer* (BLACKWOOD) is calculated to lead to wholesale breakage of the Eighth Commandment. Certainly my Baronite, reading this fascinating record of a roundabout tour, feels prompted to steal away. MARY STUART BOYD, who pens the record, has the great advantage of the collaboration of A. S. B., whose signature is familiar in Mr. Punch's Picture Gallery. The handsome volume contains 170 sketches, done whilst you wait, by A. S. BOYD. The combination makes a charming book. The travellers went to the Antipodes by the Suez Canal and Ceylon; skirted Australia, calling in at Melbourne and Sydney; on to New Zealand, and back through the Golden Gate, visiting Samoa on the way. The countries, it will be observed, are not new, nor was the enterprise daring. But writer and artist have succeeded in giving fresh charm to familiar scenes.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

(For further particulars see the *Story of the British Army*.)

SCENE—The Front—last week. PRESENT—Officers in consultation.

1st Officer. We ought to know within the next few minutes.

2nd Officer. If the wire is not occupied by matters of less importance.

3rd Officer. It is sure to reach at the earliest possible moment.

4th Officer. Of course; they will not forget us at home.

1st Off. No, no. Our fellow countrymen trust us, and we will return the compliment. We rely upon them.

2nd Off. (looking at his watch). Allowing for time, the event should have come off.

3rd Off. (at telephone). It has. Listen. Diamond Jubilee has won the Derby.

[The Curtain falls upon a scene of much enthusiasm.]



H! it's you, is it?" said the Editor.

The Chinese boy to whom the colloquialism was ad-

ressed answered literally, after his habit:

"Allee same LI TEE; me no changee. Me no ollee China boy." "That's so," said the Editor with an air of conviction. "I don't suppose there's another imp like you in all Trinidad County. Well, next time don't scratch outside there like a gopher, but come in."

"Lass time," suggested LI TEE blandly, "me tap tappee. You no like tap tappee. You say, allee same dam woodpeckel."

It was quite true—the highly sylvan surroundings of the Trinidad *Sentinel* Office—a little clearing in a pine forest—and its attendant fauna, made these signals confusing. An accurate imitation of a woodpecker was also one of LI TEE's accomplishments.

The Editor without replying finished the note he was writing. At which LI TEE, as if struck by some coincident recollection, lifted up his long sleeve, which served him as a pocket, and carelessly shook out a letter on the table like a conjuring trick. The Editor, with a reproachful glance at him, opened it. It was only the ordinary request of an agricultural subscriber—one JOHNSON—that the Editor would "notice" a giant radish grown by the subscriber and sent by the bearer.

"Where's the radish, LI TEE?" said the Editor suspiciously. "No hab got. Ask Mellikan boy."

"What?"

Here LI TEE condescended to explain that on passing the school-house he had been set upon by the schoolboys, and that in the struggle the big radish—being, like most such monstrosities of the quick Californian soil, merely a mass of organised water—was "mashed" over the head of some of his assailants. The Editor, painfully aware of these regular persecutions of his errand boy, and perhaps realising that a radish which could not be used as a bludgeon was not of a sustaining nature, forebore any reproof. "But I cannot notice what I haven't seen, LI TEE," he said good humouredly.

"Spose you lie—allee same as JOHNSON," suggested LI with equal cheerfulness. "He foolee you with lotten stuff—you foolee Mellikan man, allee same."

The Editor preserved a dignified silence until he had addressed his letter. "Take this to Mrs. MARTIN," he said, handing it the boy; "and mind you keep clear of the school-house. Don't go by the Flat either if the men are at work, and don't, if you value your skin, pass FLANIGAN's shanty, where you set off those fire crackers and nearly burnt him out the other day. Look out for BARKER's dog at the crossing, and keep off the main road if the tunnel men are coming over the hill." Then remembering that he had virtually closed all the ordinary approaches to Mrs. MARTIN's house, he added: "Better go round by the woods, where you won't meet any one."

The boy darted off through the open door, and the Editor stood for a moment looking regretfully after him. He liked his little protégé ever since that unfortunate child—a waif from a Chinese wash-house—was impounded by some indignant miners for bringing home a highly imperfect and insufficient washing, and kept as hostage for a more proper return of the garments. Unfortunately, another gang of miners, equally aggrieved, had at the same time looted the wash-house and driven off the occupants, so that LI TEE remained unclaimed. For a few weeks he became a sporting appendage of the miners' camp; the stolid butt of good-humoured practical jokes, the victim alternately of careless indifference or of extravagant generosity. He received kicks and half-dollars intermittently, and pocketed both with stoical fortitude. But under this treatment he presently lost the docility and frugality which was part of his inheritance, and began to pit his small wits against his tormentors, until they grew tired of their own mischief and his. But they knew not what to do with him. His pretty nankeen-while, although as a heathen he might have reasonably claimed attention from the Sabbath school—the parents who cheerfully gave their contributions to the heathen abroad, objected to him as a companion of their children in the church at home. At this juncture the Editor offered to take him into his printing office as a "devil." For a while he seemed to be endeavouring, in his old literal way, to act up to that title. He inked everything but the press. He scratched Chinese characters of an abusive import on "leads," printed them and stuck them about

the office; he put "punk" in the foreman's pipe, and had been seen to swallow small type merely as a diabolical recreation. As a messenger he was fleet of foot, but uncertain of delivery. Some time previously the Editor had enlisted the sympathies of Mrs. MARTIN, the good-natured wife of a farmer, to take him in her household on trial, but on the third day LI TEE had run away. Yet the Editor had not despaired, and it was to urge her to a second attempt that he despatched that letter.

He was still gazing abstractedly into the depths of the wood when he was conscious of a slight movement—but no sound—in a clump of hazel near him, and a stealthy figure glided from it. He at once recognised it as "JIM," a well-known drunken Indian vagrant, of the settlement—tied to its civilisation by the single link of "Fire Water," for which he forsook equally the Reservation where it was forbidden, and his own camps where it was unknown. Unconscious of his silent observer he dropped upon all fours, with his ear and nose alternately to the ground like some tracking animal. Then having satisfied himself he rose, and bending forward in a dogged trot made a straight line for the woods. He was followed a few seconds later by his dog—a slinking, rough, wolf-like brute whose superior instinct, however, made him detect the silent presence of some alien humanity in the person of the Editor, and to recognise it with a yelp of habit, anticipatory of the stone that he knew was always thrown at him.

"That's cute," said a voice, "but it's just what I expected all along."

The Editor turned quickly. His foreman was standing behind him, and had evidently noticed the whole incident.

"It's what I allus said," continued the man. "That boy and that Injin are thick as thieves. Ye can't see one without the other—and they've got their little tricks and signals by which they follow each other. T'other day when you was kalkilatin' LI TEE was doin' your errands I tracked him out on the marsh, just by followin' that ornery, pizenous dog o' JIM's. There was the whole caboodle of 'em—including JIM—campin' out, and eatin' raw fish that JIM had ketched and green stuff they had both sneaked outer JOHNSON's garden. Mrs. MARTIN may take him, but she won't keep him long while JIM's round. What makes LI foller that blamed old Injin soaker, and what makes JIM, who, at least, is a 'Merican, take up with a furrin' heathen, just gets me."

The Editor did not reply. He had heard something of this before. Yet, after all, why should not these equal outcasts of civilisation cling together!

* * * * *

LI TEE's stay with Mrs. MARTIN was brief. His departure was hastened by an untoward event—apparently ushered in, as in the case of other great calamities, by a mysterious portent in the sky. One morning, an extraordinary bird of enormous dimensions was seen approaching from the horizon, and eventually began to hover over the devoted town. Careful scrutiny of this ominous fowl, however, revealed the fact that it was a monstrous Chinese kite, in the shape of a flying dragon. The spectacle imparted considerable liveliness to the community, which, however, presently changed to some concern and indignation. It appeared that the kite was secretly constructed by LI TEE in a secluded part of Mrs. MARTIN's clearing, but when it was first tried by him he found that through some error of design it required a tail of unusual proportions. This he hurriedly supplied by the first means he found—Mrs. MARTIN's clothes-line, with part of the weekly wash depending from it. This fact was not at first noticed by the ordinary sightseer, although the tail seemed peculiar—yet, perhaps, not more peculiar than a dragon's tail ought to be. But when the actual theft was discovered and reported through the town, a vivacious interest was created, and spy-glasses were used to identify the various articles of apparel still hanging on that ravished clothes-line. These garments, in the course of their slow disengagement from the

clothes pins through the gyrations of the kite, impartially distributed themselves over the town—one of Mrs. MARTIN's stockings falling upon the verandah of the Polka Saloon, and the other being afterwards discovered on the belfry of the First Methodist Church—to the scandal of the congregation. It would have been well if the result of LI TEE's invention had ended here. Alas! the kite-flyer and his accomplice, "INJIN JIM," were tracked by means of the kite's tell-tale cord to a lonely part of the marsh and rudely dispossessed of their charge by Deacon HORNBLLOWER and a constable. Unfortunately, the captors overlooked the fact that the kite-flyers had taken the precaution of making a "half-turn" of the stout cord around a log to ease the tremendous pull of the kite—whose power the captors had not reckoned upon—and the Deacon incautiously substituted his own body for the log. A singular spectacle is said to have then presented itself to the onlookers. The Deacon was seen to be running wildly by leaps and bounds over the marsh after the kite, closely followed by the constable in equally wild efforts to restrain him by tugging at the end of the line. The extraordinary race continued to the town until the constable fell, losing his hold of the line. This seemed to impart a singular specific levity to the Deacon, who, to the astonishment of everybody, incontinently sailed up into a tree! When he was succoured and cut down from the demoniac kite he was found to have sustained a dislocation of the shoulder, and the constable was severely shaken. By that one infelicitous stroke the two outcasts made an enemy of the Law and the Gospel as represented in Trinidad County. It is to be feared also that the ordinary emotional instinct of a frontier community, to which they were now simply abandoned, was as little to be trusted. In this dilemma they disappeared from the town the next day—no one knew where. A pale blue smoke rising from a lonely island in the bay for some days afterwards suggested their possible refuge. But nobody greatly cared. The sympathetic mediation of the Editor was characteristically opposed by Mr. PARKIN SKINNER—a prominent citizen.

"It's all very well for you to talk sentiment about niggers, Chinamen, and Ingins, and you fellers kin laugh about the Deacon being snatched up to heaven like ELIJAH in that blamed Chinese chariot of a kite—but I kin tell you, gentlemen, that this is a white man's country! Yes, Sir, you can't get over it! The nigger of every description—yaller, brown, or black, call him 'Chinese,' 'Injin,' or 'Kanaka,' or what you like—hez to clar off of God's footstool when the Anglo-Saxon gets started! It stands to reason that they can't live alongside o' printin' presses, 'McCORMICK's reapers, and the Bible! Yes, Sir! the Bible; and Deacon HORNBLLOWER kin prove it to you. It's our manifest destiny to clar them out—that's what we was put here for—and it's just the work we've got to do!"

I have ventured to quote Mr. SKINNER's stirring remarks to show that probably JIM and LI TEE ran away only in anticipation of a possible lynching, and to prove that advanced sentiments of this high and ennobling nature really obtained forty years ago in an ordinary American frontier-town which did not then dream of Expansion and Empire!

Howbeit, Mr. SKINNER did not make allowance for mere human nature. One morning Master BOB SKINNER, his son, aged 12, evaded the school-house, and started in an old Indian "dug-out" to invade the island of the miserable refugees. His purpose was not clearly defined to himself, but was to be modified by circumstances. He would either capture LI TEE and JIM, or join them in their lawless existence. He had prepared himself for either event by surreptitiously borrowing his father's gun. He also carried victuals, having heard that JIM ate grasshoppers and LI TEE rats, and misdoubting his own capacity for either diet. He paddled slowly, well in shore, to be secure from observation at home, and then struck out boldly in his leaky canoe for the island—a tufted, tussocky shred of the marshy promontory torn off in some tidal storm. It was

a lovely day, the bay being barely ruffled by the afternoon "trades," but as he neared the island he came upon the swell from the bar and the thunders of the distant Pacific, and grew a little frightened. The canoe losing way fell into the trough of the swell, shipping salt-water, still more alarming to the prairie-bred boy. Forgetting his plan of a stealthy invasion, he shouted lustily as the helpless and waterlogged boat began to drift past the island. At which a lithe figure emerged from the reeds, threw off a tattered blanket and slipped noiselessly, like some animal, into the water. It was JIM, who, half wading, half swimming, brought the canoe and boy ashore. Master SKINNER at once gave up the idea of invasion, and concluded to join the refugees.

This was easy in his defenceless state, and his manifest delight in their rude encampment and gipsy life, although he had been one of LI TEE'S oppressors in the past. But that stolid Pagan had a philosophical indifference which might have passed for Christian forgiveness, and JIM'S native reticence seemed like assent. And, possibly, in the minds of these two vagabonds there might have been a natural sympathy for this other truant from civilisation, and some delicate flattery in the fact that Master SKINNER was not driven out but came of his own accord. Howbeit, they fished together, gathered cranberries on the marsh, shot a wild duck and two plovers, and when Master SKINNER assisted in the cooking of their fish in a conical basket sunk in the ground, filled with water, heated by rolling red-hot stones from their drift-wood fire into the buried basket, the boy's felicity was supreme. And what an afternoon! To lie, after this feast, on their bellies in the grass, replete like animals, hidden from everything but the sunshine above them; so quiet that grey clouds of sandpipers settled fearlessly around them, and a shining brown muskrat slipped from the ooze within a few feet of their faces—was to feel themselves a part of the wild life in earth and sky. Not that their own predatory instincts were hushed by this divine peace; that intermitting black spot upon the water, declared by the Indian to be a seal, the stealthy glide of a yellow fox in the ambush of a callow brood of mallards, the momentary straying of an elk from the upland upon the borders of the marsh awoke their tingling nerves to the happy but fruitless chase. And when night came, too soon, and they pigged together around the warm ashes of their camp-fire, under the low lodge poles of their wigwam of dried mud, reeds and drift-wood, with the combined odours of fish, wood-smoke and the warm salt breath of the marsh in their nostrils, they slept contentedly. The distant lights of the settlement went out one by one, the stars came out, very large and very silent, to take their places. The barking of a dog on the nearest point was followed by another further inland. But JIM'S dog, curled at the feet of his master, did not reply. What had *he* to do with civilisation?

The morning brought some fear of consequences to Master SKINNER, but no abatement of his resolve not to return. But here he was oddly combated by LI TEE. "'Spose you go back allee same. You teller fam'lee canoe go topside down—you plente swimee to bush. Allee night in bush. Housee big way off—how can get? Sabe?'"

"And I'll leave the gun, and tell Dad that when the canoe upset the gun got drowned," said the boy eagerly.

LI TEE nodded.

"And come again Saturday, and bring more powder and shot and a bottle for JIM," said Master SKINNER excitedly.

"Good!" grunted the Indian.

Then they ferried the boy over to the peninsula, and set him on a trail across the marshes, known only to themselves, which would bring him home. And when the Editor the next morning chronicled among his news; "Adrift on the Bay—A School-boy's Miraculous Escape," he knew as little what part his missing Chinese errand boy had taken in it as the rest of his readers.

Meantime the two outcasts returned to their island camp. It may have occurred to them that a little of the sunlight had gone from it with BOB. For they were, in a dull, stupid way, fascinated by the little white tyrant who had broken bread with them. He had been delightfully selfish and frankly brutal to them, as only a schoolboy could be, with the addition of the consciousness of his superior race. Yet they each longed for his return, although he was seldom mentioned in their scanty conversation—carried on in monosyllables, each in his own language, or with some common English word, or more often restricted solely to signs. By a delicate flattery, when they did speak of him it was in what they considered to be his own language.

"Boston boy, plenty like catchee *him*," JIM would say, pointing to a distant swan. Or LI TEE, hunting a striped water snake from the reeds, would utter stolidly, "Mellikan boy no likee snake." Yet the next two days brought some trouble and physical discomfort to them. BOB had consumed, or wasted, all their provisions—and, still more unfortunately, his riotous visit, his gun, and his superabundant animal spirits had frightened away the game which their habitual quiet and taciturnity had beguiled into trustfulness. They were half starved, but they did not blame him. It would come all right when he returned. They counted the days, JIM with secret notches on the log pole, LI TEE with a string of copper "cash" he always kept with him. The eventful day came at last, a warm autumn day patched with inland fog like blue smoke and smooth tranquil open surfaces of wood and sea, but to their waiting, confident eyes the boy came not out of either. They kept a stolid silence all that day until night fell, when JIM said: "Mebbee Boston boy go dead." LI TEE nodded. It did not seem possible to these two Heathens that anything else could prevent the Christian child from keeping his word.

After that, by the aid of the canoe, they went much on the marsh, hunting apart, but often meeting on the trail which BOB had taken with grunts of mutual surprise. These suppressed feelings, never made known by word or gesture, at last must have found vicarious outlet in the taciturn dog, who so far forgot his usual discretion as to once or twice seat himself on the water's edge and indulge in a fit of howling. It had been a custom of JIM'S on certain days to retire to some secluded place, where, folded in his blanket, with his back against a tree, he remained motionless for hours. In the settlement this had been usually referred to the after effects of drink, known as the "horrors," but JIM had explained it by saying it was "when his heart was bad." And now it seemed, by these gloomy abstractions, that "his heart was bad" very often. And then the long withheld rains came one night on the wings of a fierce southwester, beating down their frail lodge and scattering it abroad, quenching their camp fire and rolling up the bay until it invaded their reedy island and hissed in their ears. It drove the game from JIM'S gun; it tore the net and scattered the bait of LI TEE, the fisherman. Cold and half starved in heart and body, but more dogged and silent than ever, they crept out in their canoe into the storm-tossed bay, barely escaping with their miserable lives to the marshy peninsula. Here on their enemy's ground, skulking in the rushes or lying close behind tussocks, they at last reached the fringe of forest below the settlement. Here, too, sorely pressed by hunger and doggedly reckless of consequences, they forgot their caution, and a flight of teal fell to JIM'S gun on the very outskirts of the settlement.

It was a fatal shot, whose echoes awoke the forces of civilisation against them. For it was heard by a logger in his hut near the marsh, who, looking out, had seen JIM pass. A careless, good-natured frontiersman, he might have kept the outcasts' mere presence to himself; but there was that damning shot! An Indian with a gun! That weapon, contraband of law, with dire fines and penalties to whoso sold or gave it to him! A thing to be looked into—someone to be punished!

An Indian with a weapon that made him the equal of the white! Who was safe? He hurried to town to lay his information before the constable, but meeting Mr. SKINNER imparted the news to him. The latter pooh-poohed the constable, who he alleged had not yet discovered the whereabouts of JIM, and suggested that a few armed citizens should make the chase themselves. The fact was that Mr. SKINNER—never quite satisfied in his mind with his son's account of the loss of the gun—had put two and two together, and was by no means inclined to have his own gun possibly identified by the legal authority. Moreover, he went home and at once attacked Master BOB with such vigour and so highly coloured a description of the crime he had committed, and the penalties attached to it, that BOB confessed. More than that, I grieve to say that BOB lied. The Indian had "stole his gun," and threatened his life if he divulged the theft. He told how he was ruthlessly put ashore, and compelled to take a trail only known to them to reach his home. In two hours it was reported throughout the settlement that the infamous JIM had added robbery with violence to his illegal possession of the weapon. The secret of the island and the trail over the marsh was told only to a few.

Meantime it had fared hard with the fugitives. Their nearness to the settlement prevented them from lighting a fire, which might have revealed their hiding place, and they crept together, shivering all night in a clump of hazel. Scared thence by passing but unsuspecting wayfarers wandering off the trail, they lay part of the next day and night amid some tussocks of salt grass, blown on by the cold sea breeze; chilled, but securely hidden from sight. Indeed, thanks to some mysterious power they had of utter immobility, it was wonderful how they could efface themselves, through quiet and the simplest environment. The lee side of a straggling vine in the meadow, or even the thin ridge of cast-up drift on the shore, behind which they would lie for hours, motionless, was a sufficient barrier against prying eyes. In this occupation they no longer talked together, but followed each other with the blind instinct of animals—yet always unerringly, as if conscious of each other's plans. Strangely enough, it was the *real* animal alone—their nameless dog—who now betrayed impatience and a certain human infirmity of temper. The concealment they were resigned to, the sufferings they mutely accepted, he alone resented! When certain scents or sounds, imperceptible to their senses, were blown across their path, he would, with bristling back, snarl himself into guttural and strangulated fury. Yet, in their apathy, even this would have passed them unnoticed, but that on the second night he disappeared suddenly, returning after two hours' absence with bloody jaws—replete, but still slinking and snappish. It was only in the morning that, creeping on their hands and knees through the stubble, they came upon the torn and mangled carcase of a sheep. The two men looked at each other without speaking—they knew what this act of rapine meant to themselves. It meant a fresh hue and cry after them—it meant that their starving companion had helped to draw the net closer round them. The Indian grunted, LI TEE smiled vacantly; but with their knives and fingers they finished what the dog had begun, and became equally culpable. But that they were heathens, they could not have achieved a delicate ethical responsibility in a more Christian-like way.

Yet the rice-fed LI TEE suffered most in their privations. His habitual apathy increased with a certain physical lethargy which JIM could not understand. When they were apart he sometimes found LI TEE "etched on his back with an odd stare in his eyes, and once, at a distance, he thought he saw a vague thin vapour drift from where the Chinese boy was lying and vanish as he approached. When he tried to arouse him there was a weak drawl in his voice and a drug-like odour in his breath. JIM dragged him to a more substantial shelter, a thicket of alder. It was dangerously near the frequented

road, but a vague idea had sprung up in JIM's now troubled mind that, equal vagabonds though they were, LI TEE had more claims upon civilisation, through those of his own race who were permitted to live among the white men, and were not hunted to "Reservations" and confined there like JIM's people. If LI TEE was "heap sick," other Chinamen might find and nurse him. As for LI TEE, he had lately said, in a more lucid interval: "Me go dead—allee samee Mellikan boy. You go dead too—allee samee," and then laid down again with a glassy stare in his eyes. Far from being frightened at this, JIM attributed his condition to some enchantment that LI TEE had evoked from one of his gods—just as he himself had seen "medicine men" of his own tribe fall into strange trances, and was glad that the boy no longer suffered. The day advanced, and LI TEE still slept. JIM could hear the church bells ringing; he knew it was Sunday—the day on which he was hustled from the main street by the constable; the day on which the shops were closed, and the drinking saloons open only at the back door. The day whereon no man worked—and for that reason, though he knew it not, the day selected by the ingenious Mr. SKINNER and a few friends as especially fitting and convenient for a chase of the fugitives. The bell brought no suggestion of this—though the dog snapped under his breath and stiffened his spine. And then he heard another sound, far off and vague, yet one that brought a flash into his murky eye, that lit up the heaviness of his Hebraic face, and even showed a slight colour in his high cheek-bones. He lay down on the ground, and listened with suspended breath. He heard it now distinctly. It was the Boston boy calling; and the word he was calling was "JIM."

Then the fire dropped out of his eyes as he turned with his usual stolidity to where LI TEE was lying. Him he shook, saying briefly: "Boston boy come back!" But there was no reply, the dead body rolled over inertly under his hand; the head fell back, and the jaw dropped under the pinched yellow face. The Indian gazed at him slowly, and then gravely turned again in the direction of the voice. Yet his dull mind was perplexed, for blended with that voice were other sounds like the tread of clumsily stealthy feet. But again the voice called "JIM!" and raising his hand to his lips he gave a low whoop in reply. This was followed by silence, when suddenly he heard the voice—the boy's voice—once again, this time very near him, saying eagerly:

"There he is!"

Then the Indian knew all. His face, however, did not change as he took up his gun, and a man stepped out of the thicket into the trail:

"Drop that gun, you d—d Injin."

The Indian did not move.

"Drop it, I say!"

The Indian remained erect and motionless.

A rifle shot broke from the thicket. At first it seemed to have missed the Indian, and the man who had spoken cocked his own rifle. But the next moment the tall figure of JIM collapsed where he stood into a mere blanketed heap.

The man who had fired the shot walked towards the heap with the easy air of a conqueror. But suddenly there arose before him an awful phantom, the incarnation of savagery—a creature of blazing eyeballs, flashing tusks, and hot carnivorous breath. He had barely time to cry out: "A wolf!" before its jaws met in his throat, and they rolled together on the ground.

But it was no wolf—as a second shot proved—only JIM's slinking dog; the only one of the outcasts who at that supreme moment had gone back to his original nature.

Butte

"LEST WE FORGET."

['Whilst we are applauding the heroism of Tommy Atkins at the front, let us remember that the usual refuge for our wounded veterans is still the workhouse.'—*Daily Paper.*]

WHO are these marching, 'mid cheers of the nation,

Bronzed from the battlefield, gallant of mien,
Smiling and pleased with the people's ovation?

They are the heroes who fight for the Queen.

Hip! Hip! Hurray!

Khaki for aye!

Cheer we our loudest for Khaki to-day!

Who is this cripple, bent, ancient and hoar

In Poverty's sombre old uniform grey?
He's but a pauper—who cares for his story?

Just an old soldier that's passing away.

He's lost a limb,

Eyes have grown dim—

Isn't the workhouse a haven for him?

MORE WORK FOR THE "BELLEISLE."

(Under consideration at the Admiralty.)

AFTER being properly patched up, to be used again as a target for shot and shell, to see whether when struck the paint becomes injured or remains intact.

After repairs, to be anchored mid-stream to be subjected to a fire of projectiles dropped from a balloon, to discover whether a dock so inundated can safely resist attack.

After renovation, to be drawn over submarine mines to ascertain whether dynamite is equally destructive under water as above it.

Finally, after complete restoration, to be placed in deep water and there fired at for two hours with torpedoes and shells of the largest diameter, and attacked with the newest species of infernal machines, to ascertain without a shadow of doubt whether she will sink.

A BITTER CRY.

["The leader of the Liberal Party in North Walsham has proposed that the peace celebration should take the form of a house-to-house collection for the Indian famine."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

Britannia loquitur:—

WHILE their pæan sings the Nation,

Like a million chanticleers,

While their joyous jubilation

Fills the spheres;

While mad victory is flinging

High her cap and gaily singing,

Hark! what cry is this that's ringing

In my ears?

O'er the waste of many waters,

Over leagues of land and sea,

Do my dusky sons and daughters

Call to me.



WHY A NEW EDUCATION CODE IS NEEDED.

Inspector. "I AM VERY SORRY TO SAY, MISS WILKINS, THAT NOT ONE CHILD IN THIS STANDARD CAN EXPLAIN THE 'EXTENDED PREDICATE!'"

While the flags are gaily flying,
Hark! I hear my children crying
"Mother! help us! We are dying.
Dost thou see?

"Famine, frightful and appalling,
Stalks amidst us on his way;
In our thousands we are falling
Day by day;
And our bones that cry, beseeching
To be buried, lie there bleaching
Where the vultures hover, screeching
O'er their prey.

"When your wounded sons lay scattered
O'er the sun-scorched battle plain,
Did we leave them, maimed and shattered,
In their pain?

In our arms we gently caught them,
Through the storm of shot we brought them
Safe to haven, and we sought them
Not in vain.

What! Should fear of death appal us
In your hour of need? For shame!
Lo! we heard our brothers call us.
And we came.
In our grief and tribulation,
Mother, seek we our salvation
In the spotless reputation
Of thy Name."

MILITARY MEM., TRANSVAAL.

WHEN the 'slim' Boer runs away,
Safe to get all of his guns away.



Auctioneer. "LOT 52. A GENUINE TURNER. PAINTED DURING THE ARTIST'S LIFETIME. WHAT OFFERS, GENTLEMEN?"

"AD LEONES!"

BY all means. Friends! Londoners! Citizens! to The Lions. "Give ye good den!" as Mossos MOSS, the Managing Director of the London Hippodrome might have said to the one-and-twenty noble savages, tamed and trained by Herr JULIUS SEETH. There's not a Lion-comique among this lot, but some unpleasantly snarly-looking customers, apparently only waiting an opportune moment for settling their imaginary grievances. Yet what can these Lions want more than they have? Fed well, looked after, sought after, kindly treated, a large party of friends twice a day, and a first-rate orchestra, conducted by our old friend M. GEORGES

JACOBI, playing melodies that delight all other Lions of the London season! Only one Lion of the lot seems to have retained anything like his native dignity, *plus* his natural ferocity. He growls protestingly; he sneers (such nasty sneers!) at the go-carts on the roundabout, in one of which he has to seat himself and be whirled round with the others, just as if he were an ordinary "ARRY" out for a lark at a provincial Fair. Of what was that Lion thinking as he crouched in that rocking boat? One thing is noticeable—at least, on this occasion—they did not roar. Perhaps they do not consider themselves as having "a roaring time of it." There was low muttering as of "curses, not loud

but deep," a kind of jerky growling, but all were absolutely quelled by Herr SEETH, while some, evidently hypocritical Lions, pretended to be quite fond of him. *Timeo Danaos!* But Herr JULIUS SEETH has his eye on them, as his name implies; and the Lions are constantly whispering to one another, "It's no use, JULIUS SEETH us!"

Here, too, is a novelty in acrobaticism, for the PANTZER Brothers do marvellous head-and-hand-balancing feats, not attired in tights, fleshings, and spangles, but simply in the ordinary modern evening dress of private life. They stroll in as if they had just temporarily left their private box merely to have a look round and see "what's up." In another second one of them is "up," his head on the other's head, and his legs forming a "V" in the air. Thus comfortably placed, "doing it on his head," in fact, he joins his comrade in a mandoline duett and in a fragrant cigarette.

The latest war pictures, per the cinematograph or "Bio-Tableaux," are thrillingly realistic. Great ovation for our greatest General "BOBS." Altogether a brilliant house and a first-rate entertainment.

The Clown, our ancient Circus Clown, is conspicuous by his absence. Mr. Merri-man no longer exists; departed, too, is the quasi-military Ring-master: their occupation is gone; the "turns" are taken without them. A comic personage, who pretends to assist and does nothing except to get into everybody's way, is the survival of "Joey": but even he only appears once or twice; while the "Famous Clown, Whimsical WALKER from Drury Lane," has a "turn" all to himself by way of interlude. Alas, poor YORICK! The next to disappear will be the Christmas clown, then Pantaloon, then Harlequin and Columbine! The entire Pantomime party away, let's hope, to a brilliant transformation scene.

The show finishes with the "New Hippodrome sensation," entitled *Siberia*. It goes with such a genuine dash and a splash into the real water with which the Ring is suddenly flooded, to a considerable depth too, that after all the melodramatic actors—the whole troupe, including, I think, the persecuted heroine, stage manager, prompter, and call-grooms, have with horses and sledges plunged into the tempest-tossed waves, the audience are roused to such a pitch of excitement that, on a very hot night, the extraordinary spectacle may yet be witnessed of M. Jacobi, his musicians and the entire auditorium plunging into the pool, and only recovering their senses on emerging drenched, to find "no change given." No actor need apply for an engagement here unless he can ride and swim.

As to the plot of the Melodramatic Hippodromatic Sensation, it is a Ring-masterpiece.

PHOTOPATHY.

["Never before has light treatment taken definite shape as it is undoubtedly doing now in a distinct 'pathy,' which the *Homœopathic World* calls 'photopathy.'"—*Evening Paper*.]

WHEN dark and dismal maladies
And gloomy menace of disease
Man's shrinking spirits frighten,
'Tis very fit (if nothing new)
Science its level best should do
His sufferings to lighten.

And while our doctors make their aim
The torch of science to enflame
Their patients, at the sight of them,
Though heavy still their sufferings be,
Will for the future cheerfully
Endeavour to make light of them.

MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

III.—*In the Days of my Youth. The Villain.*

[Enthralling as the following fragment of autobiography undoubtedly is, we fear that this section of what Mr. LECKY—or 'Tay Pay'—would call the 'M.A.P. of Life' was not intended for our columns.]

I WAS born in the ber-rave, ber-rave days of yore. Ah! those were times indeed. I was a babe of Gargantuan size, as befitted the offspring of a genie. My father was then failing in health, but as he had ramped, raged, and performed unnecessary wonders for so many years (was he not nephew to the one who performed the bottle trick in the Arabian story!) he was pensioned off at the Annual Meeting of Genii and Wizards. My father devoted his remaining centuries to my education, and if he saw the least signs of a virtuous inclination he would instantly suppress it. Owing to this admirable training I soon became a superlative scoundrel, and my early years were passed in studying for an ogre-ship. The profession of ogre was then coming in—genii were beginning to be considered old fashioned. As I grew older, times changed. Villains diminished in size, and I began to fear that my terrorizing propensities would lose their pristine power. However, we had fine old castles and gloomy dungeons with which to console ourselves. I cultivated a stern and forbidding countenance and (at the kind advice of a certain Mr. AINSWORTH) a hollow, sepulchral voice—which made my throat rather sore. Still I was hated and feared. Ha! ha! those shrieking maidens, those infuriated heroes, what a lively time I gave them for nine hundred and ninety nine pages out of the thousand!

* * * * *
The editor does not wish me to dwell on my later life. He is quite right; it would spoil the title. But I must utter a protest against the miserable make-believe villains of the present day. A wretched, anæmic, frock-coated, cigar-smoking crew. I don't believe there's a beetling brow, or a



Husband (reading paper). "THE BOER CAMP IS IN A FRIGHTFUL STATE—DEAD HORSES AND CATTLE LYING ABOUT."

Young Wife (innocently). "THEN NOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT IS MEANT BY 'THE BOERS ASSUMING THE OFFENSIVE.'"

bloodshot eye, or a thunder-and-lightning expression amongst the whole lot of 'em. As for myrmidons! they haven't one to bless themselves with. Zounds and fury! it isn't respectable. Then, again, castles—why, the novelists occupy the castles now, and the villain has to rent a flat! No wonder our influence is waning. What would have been thought of my father if he had dabbled in chemistry, and kept a laboratory and made messy experiments? Faugh! he slaughtered like a true black-hearted, uncompromising villain. Not one or two quiet, paltry murders, but wholesale massacres with picturesque

accompaniments. But I am digressing. Let me direct the reader's attention once more to the glories of my past scoundrelish youth. Villains were villains then. No matter, perhaps, even now—a time will come—!

CHINESE QUESTIONS.—Are "the Boxers" armed? Why, of course, how could they "box" without arms? True. Then they have guns? Certainly. But the name "Boxers" suggests "the noble art of self-defence" and the Prize Ring, doesn't it? It may. As to ammunition, "The Boxers" can go on for any number of "rounds."

OPERATIC NOTES.



cross on sword-hilts, nerved himself to enter Cathedral. True, he keeps carefully inside the stone columns, where he probably felt sheltered. Horrible doubt whether *Marguerite* escaped him after all. In the Apotheosis the angels evidently unaware that they were welcoming another lady altogether.

Whenever *Fidelio* is given with the same cast as on Saturday, June 2, let me strongly advise even those who may consider the Opera a heavy one, as does your humble and obedient servant, to go and hear it. Fräulein TERNINA deserves all the hearty applause she receives, both for her singing and acting. The other Fräulein, Miss SCHEFF—which sounds like making 'mischief' out of her name—so bright and clear that she ought to be a star of the first magnitude on a summer night, is just suited to the part of *Marcellina*. There are five "Herren" in it to two "Fräulein," so that the alternative title of the Opera (in English) might be "All for Herr." The Herren, good as they make 'em: lucky to catch such Herren. Herr MOITL must have felt very lumbago-ish next day, as besides his arm exercise with the bâton he had to "boo and boo and boo," over and over again, in answer to the hearty and unanimous applause of a crowded and appreciative audience.

The WAGNER Wagaries I have not heard since years ago I "did 'em." I am not a Cyclist. To hear WAGNER's work is one thing; to see his ideas concreted on stage, quite another. What terrors for me hath "The Worm," or Pantomime Dragon, with an electric light in his laughing eye? Am I astonished by the painted rainbow, or frightened by the two Giants, both together very inferior to any one old-fashioned Giant on Drury Lane stage at Christmas time. But Giants in summer are out of season and can't be up to much. So, just for once in a way, I let wheel alone.

WHYTE KIDD.

WITH OOM PAUL.

(From our own Interviewer by strictly private and confidential wire.)

"OOM PAUL," says I, "you're a rum 'un."

"The noblest Rum 'un of 'em all," he replies. He's not badly posted up in general literature.

"But how about Mrs. KRUGER?" says I, winking and giving him a dig in the ribs simultaneously.

"She's all right," says Oom PAUL, reciprocating; "the old lady's keeping the house well aired. See?" and he chuckled prodigiously.

"But," I ventured to inquire, "what will your good lady do—"

Here Oom PAUL interrupted, bursting into melody (in rather a roudy tone),

"What will she do, love,
When I am trekking,
No means of cheque-ing!
What will she do?"

Then he subsided and smoked. He wouldn't sing badly if he had been taught early in life. He's getting his lessons rather too late.

"But," I resumed, "to return to Mrs. KRUGER—"

"Not if I know it," said Oom PAUL, smiling sweetly; "at least not yet awhile. Ours is what some of you English call a 'union of hearts.' And I may sing with your respected nautical poet,

"If I'm going away for a year and a day,

And none know where to find me,
They'll ask and be sold, for they won't be told,

By the 'Girl I've left behind me.'"

"Bravo!" I exclaimed, for really Oom PAUL was in great form.

At this moment REITZ entered. What a change came over the ex-President, who, suddenly assuming the severe air of a responsible chairman, rapped the table with the bowl of his pipe and said,

"The sitting is adjourned sine die. I must put matters to REITZ."

And REITZ showed me out.



"I was shown out. Exit."
Our own Correspondent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

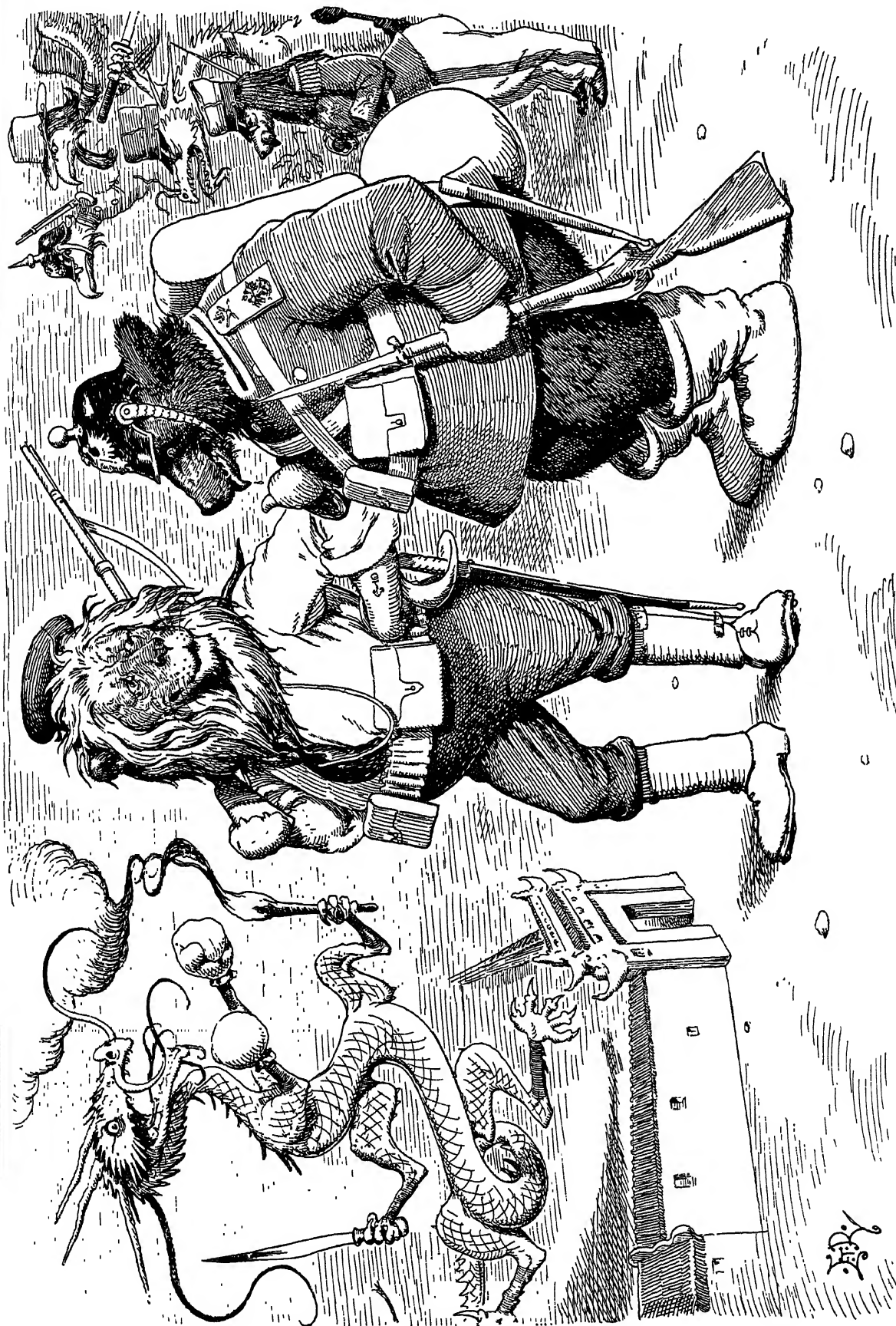
The *Chicamoon Stone* (SMITH ELDER) is a succession of pictures of one of the weirdest parts of the world. In power, in simplicity, in occasional grandeur, it is worthy of the theme.



My Baronite, brought up on FENNIMORE COOPER, ruefully admits what a stagey creature he was compared with CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY. The story is set in Alaska, the actors allured by promise of discovery of a fabulous gold mine. The author has not only a rare gift of describing Nature in her most gigantic moods—and it

seems so easy as one reads the telling sentences—but, and this is a rare combination, all his people, whether Indians, honest Britishers, or undyed scoundrels of white complexion, are real flesh and blood. Alike in its human aspect and in its disclosure of a new, strange wild world of nature, it is most excellent.

The *Library of Useful Stories* (GEORGE NEWNES) is not, as some might think, a series of shilling shockers. It is one of the most interesting, instructive, and original series my Baronite has come across. Each volume deals in learned yet lucid and succinct manner, with some great fact or problem of daily life. For example, there is the story of Life in the Seas, of the Weather, of Electricity, of the Stars, of Primitive Man, and of a score of other profound matters. For each little volume is responsible one of the highest authorities of the day. It is impossible to over rate the extent or the value of the educational influence spread by these works. It is pleasant to reflect, as we haven't to bear the charges, that the circulation must be enormous before the original cost is covered. THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE SAME OLD BEAR.

Russian Bear (to British Lion). "You've got so much to do elsewhere, I'll tackle this obstreperous party."
British Lion. "Oh, thanks! But I wouldn't leave you alone with him for worlds!"

EX-COMMANDER ROSEBERY-BUNSBY.

(A Political Parallel from Dickens.)

THE fortieth anniversary of the launch of the good ship *Western Daily Mercury* being now at hand, the Master, Captain EDWARD CUTTLE, deemed it expedient to celebrate the



Rosebery-Bunsby. "Do I say how they're to be got at? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lies in the application of it."

In this difficulty, he hailed one day with unusual delight the announcement of the arrival of *The Cautious Primrose*, Captain ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, from a pleasure trip; and to that philosopher immediately despatched a letter by post, requesting to be favoured with an early communication.

ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, who was one of those sages who act upon conviction, took some time to get the conviction thoroughly into his mind that the Master of the *Western Daily Mail* was entitled to make such a demand upon his leisure. But when he had grappled with the question and mastered it he promptly sent the message, which he followed up by a personal call the same evening.

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, grasping him by the hand, "what cheer, my lad, what cheer?"

"Shipmate," replied the voice within ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, unaccompanied by any sign on the part of the retired commander himself, "hearty, hearty!"

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, rendering irrepressible homage to his genius, "here you are! A man as can give an opinion as is brighter than di'monds—a man as, no matter how retiring he may be, is bound to come to the front again afore a'ong!" Which the Captain sincerely believed.

"For why?" growled ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, looking at his friend for the first time. "Which way? If so, why not? Therefore!" These oracular words seemed almost to make the Captain giddy; they launched him into such a sea of speculation and conjecture.

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, appealing to him solemnly, "what do you make of this here present situation and the future of the Party?"

"War has its curses," returned ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, with unusual promptitude, "likewise its blessings. We stand at the parting of the ways. Are we going to avoid catchwords or are we not? Shall we show a sane appreciation of the destinies of Empire? Who knows? If so be as faction is annihilated at the present moment, my opinion is it won't come back no more. If so be as it revives, my opinion is 't will. What's wanted is clear sight, cool courage, and freedom from formula. Do I say how they're to be got? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lies in the application of it."

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY!" said Captain CUTTLE, who would seem to have estimated the value of his distinguished friend's opinions

in proportion to the immensity of the difficulty he found in making anything out of them. "ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, quite confounded by admiration, "you carry a weight of mind easy as would swamp one of my tonnage soon. Now, what is your opinion as to stowing of this here message of yours away for a week or two, and prodoocing it on a fitting occasion?"

ROSEBERY-BUNSBY deservng no objection to this proposal, it was carried into execution . . .

[For which you 'll overhaul "*Dombey and Son*," Vol. II., ch. 9, and when found make a note of.]

"IN A GOOD CAUSE."

ANOTHER chance for the charitable! Another lure, this time in the form of a Shakspearian play, to entice the silver and gold of kindly-hearted folk to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, where on Monday, June 25, and Wednesday, June 27, will be given, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of FIFE and the Duke of FIFE, K.T., *Much Ado About Nothing*. So much for the play—and we hope it will be ever so much!—but the "much ado" that Mr. Punch, with his "talented assistants," makes, is not "about nothing," but about a great deal, for it is still about the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Under Mr. SHEPARD's direction is the comedy produced, and the SHEPARD's troupeau numbers four ladies and eleven gentlemen, who will join their audience in doing their very best in aid of

"A Good Cause." To come to business. The Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary of the Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C.; Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, and the Box Office, St. George's Hall, Langham Place; of Miss MCCLELLAND, Pioneer Club, 5, Grafton Street, and of many others, for which see handbill and advertisements, and "when found make a note of."

Performance both evenings at 8 o'clock. You are expected to make *No more ado about it*, but take your tickets to see *Much Ado about Nothing*.



THE SINE QUA NON.

["M. BECCA, a French chemist, claims to have discovered a serum which cures alcoholism."—*Daily Paper*.]

THEY talked o' the millennium, but, eh, I had my doot Hoo sic a strange-like state o' things could ever come about; I airgued wi' the meenister till I was like tae weary him—I hadna heard a single word aboot this braw new serum.

Eh, Science! what a pow'r art thou! Nae mortal can divine The weird-like wonders thou wilt work—the mairvels that be thine,

An' sure, o' a' thy meeracles I doot there isna any o'm Tae equal this, because, ye ken, it brings us the millennium.

Ye tak' a drunk—they're easy got—say, ane wi' a deelerium; Jist gie the lad a spoonfu' o' this stuff they ca' the serum, An' ere it's down, your drouthy loon becomes a stric' T.T., An' unco guid, an' like eneuch, an' elder o' the Free.

Ou aye, yon is the preinciple, an' bein' scienteeific, I wad hae likit fine tae test mysel' the new speceefic, But first, ye ken, I maun be foti. Weel, weel, anither spot 'll Mebbe bring on the fittin' state. Hi! lassie, whaur 's the bottle?

APPROPRIATE GARMENTS FOR MESSRS. KRUGER AND STEYN.—Cut-away Coats.



THE FIRST LESSON.

Little Boy (in Church for the first time). "OH, GRAN'MA, WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO TO POLLY!"

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GAZETTEER.

A PROMINENT Politician—M.P.'s always like to be so described—in a recent speech as to the future of South Africa, alluded to the "easy transition from Pretoria to Victoria," and now a friendly gentleman, who dwells at home at ease in far Colorado, has gone to the trouble and expense of cabling a suggestion that Johannesburg shall henceforth be known as Robertsburg. Most excellent idea; well worth developing. But Robertsburg is a trifle too high-flown and stilted, don't you think? Nice breezy name like Bobsburg or Bobsworth much more suitable. Only Bobsworth recalls Bosworth. But why not Freddibobs—on the euphonious analogy of Harrismith? There are a few other changes intelligent people would like to see. In fact, there seems no sound reason why a committee of the London County Council should not be appointed to re-name every town of any size or importance in the Transvaal and Free State.

Some riverside town on the Orange River or Vaal might be re-named Cookham, in honour of Lord KITCHENER. There are even places in British territory connected with the war which might be rechristened. It would be a graceful compliment to H.R.H., on the part of the Government, if Kimberley were converted into Diamond Jubilee. The German EMPEROR would, no doubt, be pleased at the alteration of Mafeking into Baden Baden.

TO LIZ.

(On reading Canon Rawnsley's thousandth war-poem.)

O LIZ, I bid you always keep
Your drooping pecker up, because,
What woes so e'er would make you weep,
'Tis one of Nature's kindly laws
That every blessed day which dawns, LIZ,
Brings forth some verse of Canon RAWNSLEY'S!

In peace, he tunes his daily reed
To meet a keenly felt demand;
To travellers he gives a lead
Through Italy or Switzerland;
Whilst e'en our English woods and lawns,
LIZ,

No less are themes of Canon RAWNSLEY'S.
In war, he sings—with gay bravado—
Each day's excursions and alarms,
The correspondent's escapado,
Or Bugler JINKS his feats of arms;
On war's dread chess-board all the pawns,
LIZ,
Are protégés of Canon RAWNSLEY'S.

O LIZ, I have not heretofore
Addressed a verse to you, and I
Am likely to address no more,
Because—you'd know the reason why?
I think the reason on you dawns, LIZ—
I'd rhyme to match with matchless
"RAWNSLEY'S!"

CRICKET (BOERS V. ENGLISH).—KRUGER
(bowled ROBERTS) out for one run (to
Macadodorp).

"ENGLISH" FOR THE "BRITISH." (A tale both practical and poetic.)

AN admirer of the Poet Laureate sat reading the correspondence about the terms "British" and "English," in the *Times*.

"Am I an Englishman, or am I a Briton?" he asked himself, and could come to no conclusion. He dropped the interesting journal and turned to the latest work of the Poet Laureate, and allowed his eyes to fall upon the pages. Then his eyes closed unconsciously. In a moment there was a complete change in his surroundings.

He found himself hemmed in on every side by a number of soldiers, who levelled their rifles at his head.

"Spare me!" he cried. "You dare not touch me. I claim the protection of my national flag."

"To what nation do you belong?" asked the officer, knocking up the rifles of his men.

The Admirer of the Poet Laureate was puzzled.

"I am a sort of Briton," he answered after some consideration.

"Won't do. We can show no mercy to a sort of Briton."

"Well, I am wrong. I should say I am an Anglo-Celtic."

"Never heard of such a race. I am afraid we must shoot you."

And once again the rifles were levelled at the head of the unfortunate admirer of the Poet Laureate.

"Spare me! spare me!" shouted the luckless connoisseur, falling on his knees.

"How can we spare you if you are difficult of identification? Say who you are, and we will consider the merits of your case."

"I am an Englishman," at length returned the admirer of the Poet Laureate.

The rifles were immediately lowered.

"Why couldn't you have said that before," grumbled the officer, "and saved us all this bother?"

And then the admirer of the Poet Laureate awoke.

"Englishman seems the best name, after all!" he cried. Then he returned to the poem of his favourite author.

In a few moments he was once again fast asleep.

But this time his slumber was dreamless.

JOHN BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.

[“SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD has addressed a Note to the Tsung-li-Yamen demanding the reason for the impeachment of LIU, CHIU, and FENG, who were recently concerned in obtaining commercial concessions for foreigners.”—*Times*.]

AND shall they take LIU,* CHIU* and FENG?

And shall Reformers fly?

The Powers that be (and CLAUDE MAC D.)

Will know the reason why!

* Pronounced Lew and Chew *pro hac vice*.

UNPACKING THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

(Bride and her sisters discovered hard at work.)

First Sister. Here's another carriage clock.

Second Sister (entering it). That makes nine.

First Sister. And another dinner gong.

Second Sister. That makes five.

First Sister. And a couple more silver card cases.

Second Sister. Two more—that's seven of them.

First Sister. And here's something that I think is intended for something or other.

Second Sister. Oh, I know what it is—I have seen it at the Stores. It's an egg-boiler. (Enters it.)

First Sister. Another silver-backed hair brush.

Second Sister. That's the ninth. Quite a stock of them.

First Sister. Oh, here's a silver-mounted riding whip.

Second Sister. The fourth, and the dear girl never rides anything but a bicycle.

First Sister. More carriage clocks, card cases, and dinner gongs!

Second Sister. I have entered them. And now, dear (turning to heroine of the hour), I will write your letters of thanks for you. What shall I say?

Bride. The usual thing, I suppose, dear—that I am delighted with them all, because they are just what I wanted!

[Scene closes in upon fresh arrivals of clocks, gongs, whips, brushes, and card cases.]

THE CAPITAL TRAIN.

(By A. A. S.)

["Capital!" he exclaimed, with great energy. "What is a capital? It does not consist of any particular collection of bricks and mortar. The Republican capital, the seat of Government, is here, in this car. There is no magic about any special site."—Excerpt from the *Daily Express* interview with Nearly-Ex-President KRUGER, at Machadodorp, June 7.]

IN accordance with the above pronouncement, it is understood that the Z. A. S. M., i.e. Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg Maatschappij (good Heavens, what a name!), have collected the remnants of their rolling-stock and issued the following time-table for provisional use on the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay Railway. It will relate to one special train only, made up of a bogie-engine, a stoep-car with replicas of BARNATO'S Lions, spittoon, and collapsible flagstaff complete, a Raadzaal van (standing room for twenty legislators, if they can be found), a padded break for Mr. REITZ, and a Law Court and baggage truck for Judge GREGOROWSKI and any other etceteras. The fare will be £2,000,000, payable to Lord KITCHENER on the return journey to Pretoria. The train



Jones (who has accidentally sat on his Wife's new Hat) warbles—
"I AM SITTING ON THE STYLE, MARY."

will run as under (weather and Lord ROBERTS permitting):—

DOWN.

Machadodorp . . dep. 1.0 A.M., June 9.

Waterval Boven . arr. uncertain (A), June 9.
dep., some time at night,
June 9.

Nooitgedacht . . arr. 2.30 A.M., June 10, or
thereabouts.

Elandshoek—will not stop (B), June 10.

Nelspruit arr. 12.15 A.M., June 11
(possibly).

Krokodilpoort . arr. 3.10 A.M., June 11.

dep. 3.10 A.M. (C), June 11.

Kaapmuiden . . arr. 4.5 A.M. (D), June 11,
change into goods
train at siding.

dep. 11.50 P.M., June 11.

Hectorspruit . arr. 3.30 A.M. (E), June 12
(stoep-car only, rest uncoupled and shunted).

Komatipoort . arr. any time (F), June 13.—
STOP.

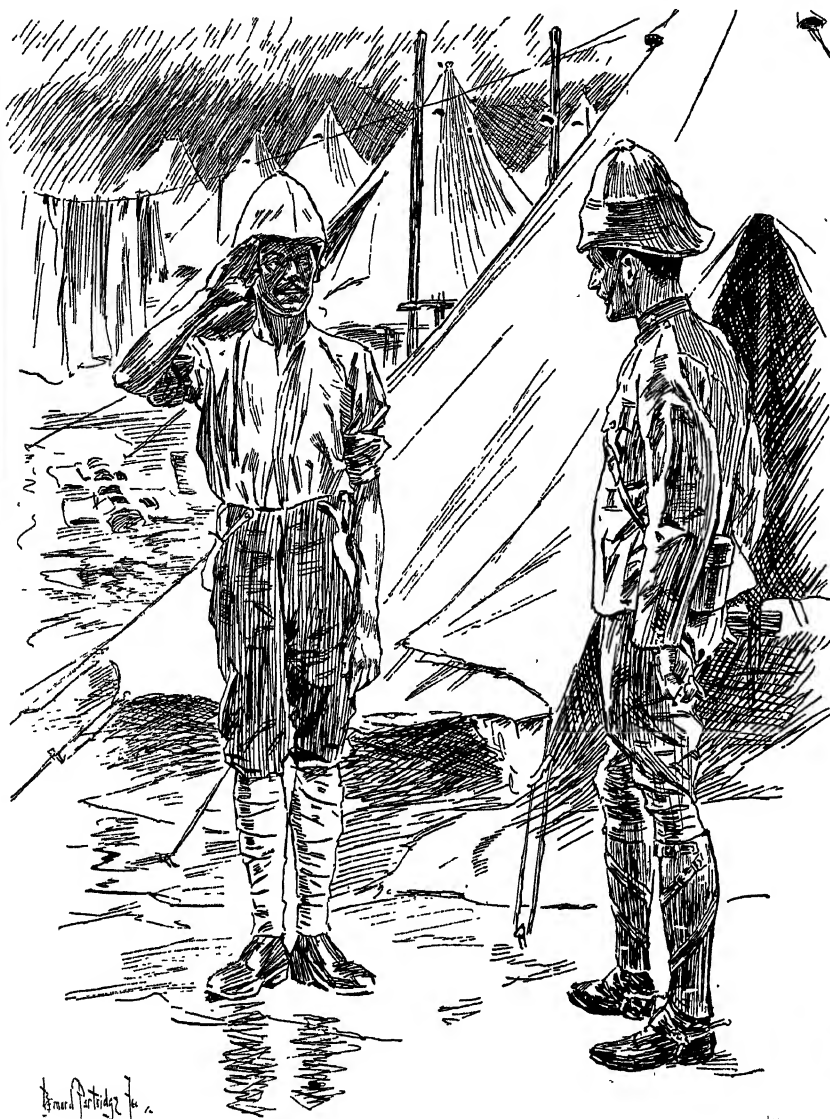
UP.

Komatipoort . . dep. 1.0 A.M., Exp.,
June 14.

Pretoria rr. 5.0 P.M., Exp., June
14.—STOP.

NOTES.

(A) Gen. FRENCH in the neighbourhood. (B) Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and ten other correspondents wait on platform. (C) Pursuit-train signalled. (D) Halt to commandeer tobacco and repair Seat of Government, now somewhat threadbare. (E) REITZ, GREGOROWSKI, etc., unavoidably abandoned here. (F) Handed over to British.



MARK TAPLEY ATKINS.

Officer (going his rounds after a night of heavy rain). "WELL, DID YOU FIND THE GROUND VERY WET LAST NIGHT?"
Tommy. "OH NO, SIR. OUR BLANKETS SOAKED UP ALL THE RAIN!"

"DEEPLY VELDT."

WE had a visit from a strange individual, last week, who said that he was just "away from the front," and would like to "do" a South African story for *Punch*. Regarding him critically, we concluded from his appearance—deeply sunburnt about the tip of the nose, and with a wild, weird expression of the dexter eye—that he would probably be found very much "away from the front." We remarked disparagingly upon the recent "slump" in war stories, but he replied that, so long as plenty of local terms were thrown in, the "Blood and Khaki" story still "went down." We shrugged the editorial shoulders, and bade him throw it off his chest. The following is the result. We have read

it and re-read it; then we tried it upside down, and, finally, sideways. Up to the present we have failed to get "the hang" of the screed, and in the hope that some of our readers may be more successful, we give it here.

UNDER THE SPRUIT.

It was sun-up. A solitary *sjambok*, in a succession of light, graceful bounds, hurried away from the only human being visible on the *trek-tow*. The man was a trooper of the Marine Light Horse. He had dismounted, and quickly bringing his Maxim to his shoulder, he pulled trigger and laid the *sjambok* low.

"That will serve me for a meal ere I inspan the *disselboom* again. Yes, I deserve the *sjambok*," he murmured.

Then he gazed up at the majestic, rocky *induna* above him, towering right up into the cloudless blue *veldt*. He was thinking of the girl he so fondly imagined he had left behind him, and hadn't. That very day he had heard by Kaffir runner, that ARAMINTA DE FOSSILIA had arrived in Kaaptown.

"Great Treves!" he exclaimed, in his agony, "another 'useless woman.' If I am wounded, all is lost, for she will nurse me, however hard I struggle to escape."

He sat down heavily upon a *Dopper*, drew his *veldtschoen* more closely about his shoulders, and thought. He consulted his Waterbury.

"I must keep my *wacht-um-beitje* here, till I am relieved by the native police, the *Kopjes*. Then I can go—leave here at once. But whither? Ah, I have it! I will stay with the Drakensbergs. Very good fellows, these. As to the woman who pursues me with such fiendish perseverance—" Speech failed him for the time. He *kraaled* into his hut, standing to listen, on the *doornstoep*. Going to a cupboard, he drank deeply of Boer *laager*, and topped up with a glass of *Komati Port*. Then he glanced idly up at an old *billtong*, which hung upon the wall. A noise without attracted his attention. Putting on the *knokkerie* to boil, he strode outside. The tramp of a *kloof* was distinctly heard, and the next minute, a female figure came into view. 'Twas she—ARAMINTA herself!

From a *stoep* he immediately stood straight up.

"A. DE F.," he exclaimed sternly, "your quest is useless. Even in this country, never can you become my old Dutch. It may not was!" and he continued eating the freshly toasted *rooibatte* he held in his hand.

She looked at it, and him, disdainfully.

"You are a *hartebeest*!" she said. "Your appetite is better than your manners. You offer me nothing, and yet I have *trekked* all the way from Kambervellje to nurse you!"

"But I am not wounded," he urged.

She smiled ominously, and produced a revolver. "I will see to that," she said meaningly.

"Leave me!" he cried. "I wish to rest. I would retire to my *vlei-bagje*. I am not wounded, and—"

She cocked the quick-firing Hotchkiss. But, sharp as she was, she found herself alone. The trooper had "done a *guyje*."

THE RHODODENDRON SHOW AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS.—Could there be a more appropriate name for exhibiting gardeners than that of "Messrs. WATERER & SON?" Of course, if "Son" were spelt "Sun" the title would be about perfect. But there! perfection is unattainable even by Rhododendra.



SHIFTING HIS CAPITAL.

["It is not true," Mr. KAUFMAN is reported, in the *Daily Express*, to have said, "that I have brought with me gold to the value of two millions. Whatever monetary resources I may have with me are simply those we require for State purposes."]

AMUSEMENTS FOR ASCOT.

(Provided for the better sex).

AFTER taking infinite trouble to secure a dream of a dress, to wait expectantly to see whether it will rain or keep up.

After arriving on the course to find one's only duchess monopolised by the Buckingham-Browns, to dismay of all semi-outsiders.

Between the races to notice one's hated rivals in the sacred enclosure, to which one has no admittance.

At luncheon, to contrast the men of this year who have remained at home with those of last season who are now at the front.

And—perhaps safest of all—to leave the doubts and fears, the heart-burnings and disappointment of the meeting to others, and to learn all about Ascot by reading the papers.

PARLOUR BORED-ERS AT THE GAIETY.

REFERRING to the New Gaiety Theatre, which is to replace the sacred temple of burlesque erected *Consule HOLLINGSHEAD*, that Universal Dramatic Provider, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, has informed an interviewer that in the forthcoming playhouse "A special feature is to be made of private boxes. Each will have a little parlour attached, so that if a man is bored by the piece he can read his evening paper before a fire in cold weather." This is, perhaps, the strongest inducement to visit a theatre ever offered to a playgoer. As a rule, Mr. EDWARDES does not anticipate "frosts" at the establishments over which he holds sway; in fact, any glacial entertainments which he may have produced have speedily been thawed, by Mr. EDWARDES' patent process, into gold-producing streams. Manager GEORGE doesn't guarantee to provide newspapers. He says "If a man is bored," &c., "he can read his newspaper," &c. "His," mark you.

Again, why is no provision made for any lady who may be annoyed by the play? Also, why not provide "side-shows" in the little parlours, or switch on phonographic excerpts from dramas at other houses? Or, instead of the little parlours, why not have billiard-rooms and skittle-alleys? A silver grill fitted to the fireplaces might supply devilled kidneys, Welch rarebits and spatchcocks to the man with the evening paper. And, on second thoughts, why not make the front of the house a hotel? Or begin with the hotel and add the theatre!

In short, there is no knowing what luxuries Mr. EDWARDES might not supply to those of his patrons who are driven from a Siberian spectacle into the comfortable parlours so thoughtfully provided for malcontents. And, of course there will be no fire without smoke!



"QUANTUM SUFFICIT!"

First Owner (lately honoured with a G.C.B.). "Now, ought I to have the LETTERS PUT ON THE BOX?"

Second Owner. "WELL, THE C.B. WOULD BE ENOUGH, BECAUSE YOU 'LL HAVE THE GEE INSIDE!"

THE GENERALS' POST-BAG.

DEAR LORD METHUEN,—Though I am only a little girl, I am sure you will like to know how angry I am that people should dare to make out that you are not one of the greatest generals who ever lived. Of course they are awfully envious of you because you are a lord, and that's why it is. As we are a very old family ourselves, though not lords, we feel very much for you. Pa feels it so much that he has changed our name from BUGGINS to METHUEN out of sympathy, which I am sure will please you, as we are descended from DE BOUGEYN, who came over with the Conqueror. Pa and Ma ask me to say that they will be very glad if you will come and stay with us and bring your medals and orders when you come home, and I am your loving little

ERMYNTRUDE METHUEN ("POPSIE").

"ON A CLIFF BY THE SEA."

(Whit Monday.)

A VERSE for "'ARRY"? Well, I'm shot!
(Excuse my language plain and terse)

For such a nuisance I have not

A verse.

His praise don't ask me to rehearse,
But, if you like—I'll tell you what—
The rôle of BALAAM I'll reverse.

Only, like BALAK, from this spot
Desire me 'ARRY's tribe to curse,
To grant that prayer you'll find me not
Averse!

A NAME FOR HIM. — Among the Boer delegates is one Mr. WESSELS. He is a violent person, and, as representing several furious Boers rolled into one, may be designated as "WESSELS of wrath."



THE CUP RESULT.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

VII.—THE OOM SECTION.

I.—PROVERBS.

1ST.—The wise man sayeth, "There is a lion in the gate; I will gird up my loins and flee unto the hills:"

2ND.—But the very wise man goeth thither betimes in a chariot of steam, or ever the lion is anywhere near.

3RD.—The simple man sayeth, "When mine enemies appear they shall find me on the stoep;" and lo! there he is:

4TH.—But the prudent man taketh a like vow, and lo! there he is not!

5TH.—The foolish man promiseth and payeth on the nail:

6TH.—But the wise man giveth paper and straightway goeth on a long journey.

7TH.—The simple man defendeth his neighbour's house:

8TH.—But the prudent man putteth an hireling in the forefront of his own dwelling.

9TH.—The foolish man saith, "I will take no thought of silver and gold, nor of the wherewithal to make myself sleek; but I will go forth and meet mine enemy in the way:"

10TH.—But the wise man saith, "I will store up goodly garners that I may stay myself with solace in the hour of my extremity."

11TH.—The simple man saith, "I yield," and he yieldeth:

12TH.—But the prudent man hangeth out a linen garment and letteth off his fowling-piece from the back window.

13TH.—The foolish man careth not for his body and goods, if so he may save his soul from shame:

14TH.—But the wise man sendeth forth his shekels in ships of merchandise, and secureth a sanctuary against the evil day.

15TH.—The simple man counteth not the cost ere he goeth out to war:

16TH.—But the very simple man stayeth after, to make it good.

17TH.—The prudent man sendeth messengers into a far country, and enticeth strange peoples to succour him for naught:

18TH.—But the exceeding prudent man contriveth himself to be one of the messengers.

II.—HYMNS.

19TH, 20TH.—Thrice slim is he and full his cup
With streams of bliss untold,
Who hath his treasure piled up
In bars of solid gold.

He trusteth not in human grace
Whose promise oft is vain,
But hath a sure retreat in case
It cometh on to rain.

21ST TO 23RD.—How beauteous when the wicked rage
To scale the mountain-heights,
And there survey our heritage
Of heavenly kopje-rights!

How blest the man who leaves behind
The fenced ways of vice,
And contemplates with open mind
The joys of Paradise!

Who tarries not where sinners stand
In naughty ribald groups,
To hear the heathen's brazen band
Or wanton on the stoeps!

III.—MEDITATIVE POEMS.

24TH, 25TH.—When I am laid upon the shelf
I care not much what liars say;
To tell the truth, I, too, myself,
Have had a tendency that way;
But such will overdo their art,
And spoil the happiest funeral odes,
If they allege that on my heart
Was writ the name of CECIL RHODES!

26TH TO 30TH.—At times by faith's ecstatic eye
I view the distant port,
Where in the parlous by-and-by
I purpose to resort.

Is it the haunt of summer seas
Where balmy prospects smile,
And only man, who keeps the keys,
Is absolutely vile?

Lies it below a beetling scarp
Where zephyrs softly hum?
Where captive Israel hangs her harp,
And Zion's songs are dumb?

Is it located on the spot
Where dismal Doppers go?
Emphatically it is not,
Not there, my child, Oh no!

Nor shall I sail a shoreless sea
With JAPHET, SHEM and HAM;
The port I seek is Dutch, like me,
And both conclude with dam!

O. S.



TAKE great care of yourself, SILAS. Sit with your back to the engino, and if any one in the carriage wants a window open, say you've got it's not catching. Perhaps at the next stoppage they'll change you up some sandwiches, a flask of whisky and water, and two hard-boiled eggs. You'll find them comforting if you can't manage to sleep in the train."

Thus Mrs. SILAS HOSKINS, standing on the steps at the front door of Peveril of the Peak, Waverley St., Brixton, S.W. That was the postal address of the HOSKINS household, and was one of the minor troubles of the bright, bustling, capable little housewife who presided over its destinies.

"So much more convenient to have a number," she said. But the fates were against her. The property being acquired by a Scotchman retired on a modest fortune made as a commercial traveller, he, laying it out in eligible building sites, hit on the loyal thought of naming his narrow thoroughfares after the masterpieces of a great fellow-countryman. The titles of the most popular novels being allotted to the streets, the names of SCOTT'S heroes and heroines were blazoned on the gates of the cottages.

When Mr. and Mrs. HOSKINS came to live in Waverley Street, they found their home called Peveril of the Peak, and they had no authority to alter it.

SILAS held a responsible position as sub-cashier for a well-known firm of railway contractors. His income was small, but amply sufficient for his needs, especially when administered by his wife. He had, indeed, been able to put by what he called "a nest egg for a rainy day."

Within the last few weeks his wife had buzzed about the home with something more than her usual stock of brightness. SILAS had made a great hit in the financial world. A friend in

the City, whose brother knew a man who had measured for a suit of clothes one of the clerks in the great house at N-w-Crt, had given him a straight tip in Westralians. Sons of Belial, a gold mine whose one-pound shares were now quoted in the list at 5 13-16th, were going straight up to 10, perhaps more. SILAS had a long talk with his wife on the subject. He had scraped together £600, and placed it, £20 at a time, in a humdrum and easily realizable security yielding a contemptible four per cent: Should he sell out, go in for Sons of Belial, pot a profit of £400, and return to his humbler investment, bringing his sheaves with him?

"That would be £1,000, you know, BESS, bringing us in £40 a year, instead of £24."

His eyes glistened in anticipation of an aggrandisement of wealth that made appear contemptible his weekly grubbing for a stated salary.

"Yes, if it comes out all right," said Mrs. HOSKINS, doubtfully. "If it doesn't, you'll be sorry you did not leave your savings where they have been growing up since we married. It's so nice to have this £24 a year!"

"Less income tax," said SILAS, gloomily.

"Well, less income tax, coming in half every six months, and every year growing a little more as you put back the dividend, and a little extra saved on the year. It's a pity you couldn't play at buying these gold-mine shares, making-believe you've done it, and watch how it goes, all the time leaving your money safe where it is."

"Pooh!" said SILAS with large contempt for woman's ignorance of business affairs. "Playing the game like that, who would pay me my £400 when Sons of Belial went up to ten?"

"Yes," said Mrs. HOSKINS sagely, "but if they went down to two you wouldn't have to pay somebody else £400."

SILAS, serene in his clear view of the markets, felt it was no use to argue with a woman on the theme. All the same, BESS, unknowingly and undesignedly, gave him an idea. Why should he disturb his debenture investment, with the attendant cost of broker's charges and the loss of a dividend almost due? Why not buy Sons of Belial and not take them up, carrying them over settling day, or clearing out, taking his profits, if so advised? By lodging his debenture stock as cover any broker would undertake the transaction for him.

So it turned out. SILAS became the flushed possessor of 100 shares of this flourishing gold mine which, placed on the market at 20s., had already reached a six-fold value.

"Thirteen-sixteenths sounds a deal of money," said Mrs. HOSKINS, when he came home to tea inflated with the portentous news. "I suppose they wouldn't take less?"

She was thinking of some of her own transactions with street hawkers at the front door.

"No, my dear," said SILAS, his mouth full of muffin and merriment. "On the Stock Exchange they don't make a reduction on taking a quantity."

He could afford to be jocose, for since he had bought in the early morning Sons of Belial had gone up 10s. a share. Two days later business was done at a trifle over £8. Clear of all expenses, SILAS had made £200.

There were yet eight days to the Account, just about time, as he said to Mrs. HOSKINS, to run them up to the level £10 a share.

For a day or two preceding this morning farewell on the doorstep, Mrs. HOSKINS had not heard her husband talking over his tea about Sons of Belial. If she mentioned the subject he testily turned it. He seemed absorbed in thought of other things, and was evidently worried. She noticed with pleased amusement how on the second day after his purchase, SILAS, walking down Waverley Street to catch the City 'bus in the Brixton Road, whistled an air. There was some uncertainty about the tune. There was no mistake about the blitheness of heart that inspired it.

Happily the change of temperament was easily and fully explained. The new branch of a railway, which SILAS's employers were building in Somersetshire, was beset by a serious accident. Flood following on heavy rain brought down a long line of embankment with heavy loss accruing to the contractors. SILAS paying last Saturday his customary weekly visit to the works, charged with the duty of settling the wages account, viewed the scene of devastation and was quite knocked over by its extent. It was all very well for him to be making £100 or so out of a bit of luck on the Stock Exchange. What was that compared with the stroke of ill fortune that had befallen his esteemed employers?

Mrs. HOSKINS felt it all the harder for SILAS, that in this frame of mind he should suddenly have thrust upon him this journey to Leeds. It could not have come on a more awkward day. Every Saturday morning since the Somerset works were embarked upon SILAS had to take the first train and go off to pay the navvies their weekly wage. In ordinary times this did not matter. Getting away by an early train he paid the men their money at the dinner hour, and was home in time for the abundant tea which he always said was the best meal of the day. As the special business on which he was despatched to Leeds would not be drafted in the London office before the afternoon, it meant that he would not reach Leeds till ten o'clock, and in order to fulfil his engagement in Somersetshire must needs travel back through the night with just time to get his breakfast and set out on his new journey.

* * * * *

We have left Mr. HOSKINS a long time standing on his doorstep. But the detention was necessary in order to explain domestic and business relations.

"All right, my dear," he said in response to his wife's careful counsel, "I'll try and take care of myself, and mind you take care of the house. See all the windows and the back door are bolted. The front door has a Chubb, so you needn't chain and bolt it, or I can't get in with my latchkey. No fear of anything happening, but always well to be prepared. You know where the spring rattle is. That's the best thing in the world in case of burglary. Open the window, spring the rattle, and there you are."

"But where's the burglar?" asked Mrs. HOSKINS.

"Oh, he's gone, and a good thing too. They are more frightened of you than you need be of them."

"Good-bye, dear," said Mrs. HOSKINS, blithely. "Don't trouble about me. I'll leave the light on in the hall, so that you can see your way about when you come back in the morning."

It was a new thing for SILAS to talk in this airy way about burglars and their habits. The fact is, a month earlier, Peveril of the Peak had been stormed in the dead of the night by a burglar. His loot was not large, since—it not being Friday night—there was not much valuable portable property on the premises. The visitor made the best of circumstances. He supped heartily off cold beef, three bottles of stout, and a slab of Dutch cheese. He had evidently been pleased to find that SILAS's stout boots, standing by the kitchen door, just fitted him. With the chivalry that pertains to his class, since and before the days of JACK SHEPPARD, he, not to be outdone in generosity, left SILAS a pair of extremely dilapidated boots of the now obsolete, once fashionable, spring-side make.

Curiously enough, this little attention riled SILAS more than anything else, far beyond the pang of discovering that his best overcoat and an almost new umbrella had been carried off. For many days after he was in a state of extreme nervousness. He bought a rattle and eke a pistol, which he kept loaded in a drawer by his bedside. The excitement arising out of his Stock Exchange coup displaced the earlier event. But occasional reference showed how deep an impression the burglary had made on his mind.

Conscious that he was being narrowly watched by anxious eyes, SILAS, nodding farewell to his wife, set off with blithe step. He even essayed to whistle a bar of his favourite tune. Since it was of the composite order, a medley of faint recollections of tunes heard at church and on his yearly visit to the pantomime, the enterprise was at the best of times risky. This morning it proved a melancholy failure, and SILAS promptly desisted.

The fact is there had been a slump in the market of golden West Australia. Things were going bad in South Africa. The Stock Exchange had pinned its faith on the broad shoulders of REDVERS BULLER. Smaller command, ill-equipped, fighting against cunningly entrenched blocks of "simple herdsmen" might meet with disaster. But when REDVERS BULLER moved all would be changed, and being on the stride he would march on to Pretoria.

One morning came news that BULLER, advancing with all his force on the Boer Camp on the Tugela River, had been beaten back with heavy loss of men and a whole battery of guns. The markets staggered and dropped as if they, too, had been hit in the breast by shot from the unerring Boer rifle. Sons of Belial went down with the rest. When, yesterday, SILAS left the City he found the quotation standing at a shade under 4. This was

Friday. On Wednesday next came settling day. Even if things went no worse, and the outlook was not promising, he would have to hand over £200.

He kept his secret to himself, letting his wife think, in explanation of his saddened aspect, that he was grieving over the misadventure on the new railway. Now he had turned the corner of Waverley Street he let himself go. His head drooped; his usually brisk walk slackened; there was a drawn look about his mouth, a grey pallor on his face, that made him ten years older.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Mrs. HOSKINS, happily unconscious of impending doom, bustled about the house with accustomed cheeriness. For sole help in the domestic duties she had a slatternly maid, just left school, whose energies were absorbed by continued effort to do nothing in the way of work, and whose measure of intelligence was concentrated on abstraction of just as much jam, sugar, pickles, and other delicacies as was safe without certainty of detection.

"SARAH's worse than no use to me," Mrs. HOSKINS sighed.

But she made the best of her, as she did of all things. Perhaps her only antipathy was BUBBLE. It was not the gentleman's name, either by inheritance or by christening rite. His full style was ZERUBBABEL SMITH. His calling was that of outdoor porter at the office of Mr. HOSKINS's employers. Amongst his duties was the bringing down every Friday night to Waverley Street, in readiness for SILAS's departure by early morning train, a black bag containing gold and silver to the amount necessary to meet the pay sheet of the railway works. For greater safety SILAS's employers had removed to Peveril of the Peak a small safe not in use at the office. BUBBLE's Friday afternoon duty was to convey the locked bag from the City, deposit it in the safe and bring back the key to the cashier. SILAS having a duplicate key was able to open the safe in the morning.

Mrs. HOSKINS's earliest aversion to the emissary from the office was his habit of leaving on her heretofore spotless hall and stair-carpet trails of mud or dust. That he was by nature double-dealing she was convinced by the recurrent circumstance that though in response to her objurgation he appeared to go through the process of using the door-scraper and even violently brushing his feet on the mat, the trail was visible all the same. Obviously he only pretended to use the door-mat, and if a man could not be honest in a little thing of that kind what could be expected under larger temptation?

Instinctive prejudice was deepened when Mrs. HOSKINS came to learn an episode in BUBBLE's private history. His father was a railway guard, and he had started life as an office-boy with the company. An epidemic of pilfering from passengers' luggage in course of transit breaking out on the line, the Traffic-manager conceived a notable idea. Young BUBBLE, being a smart lad of light weight and no great expansion of limb, was selected as the instrument. Covertly packed in a hamper, through whose loosely-made structure he could observe without being seen, he was conveyed by two porters and deposited in the passengers' luggage van just before a train started. Careful for his personal safety and comfort, the Traffic-manager had him labelled "Glass—with care."

He made several journeys in comparative comfort. But too often the pitcher may go to the well. One day, on the arrival

of the train at the London terminus, the porters told off for the duty of securing this particular consignment and carefully conveying it to the Traffic-manager's room, still tarried. Poor BUBBLE, treated as ordinary luggage, was flung out of the van with that vigour reserved for packages marked "fragile." He narrowly escaped a broken spine, getting off with a twisted leg, that lamed him for life. A peculiarity connected with it was that as he walked the strained muscle of the knee audibly cracked. ZERUBBABEL's nickname was enlarged. He was straightway known as BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

"Had Mr. HOSKINS started for Leeds when you left the office?" BESS asked BUBBLE, as he carried the bag upstairs.

"Didn't hear as he was a-going," said BUBBLE. "He was a-settin' at his desk when I left Throgmorton Street at four o'clock. If he goes to Leeds this afternoon, how can he get off down the line by the eight o'clock train in the mornin'?"

Later Mrs. HOSKINS remembered how BUBBLE suddenly stopped, resting his creaking leg on the upper step as he turned round and sharply eyed her.

"May be he won't be home to-night?" he insisted. "Ain't ye afeard bein' left in the house all by yerself with a heap o' money like this?"

"Not a bit," said BESS, lightly. She was half afraid that BUBBLE would offer to sit up with her. "Besides, you know, I've got a brother who lives down by the church. He will come and stop the night."

If BUBBLE knew about this brother, he was in sole possession of the information. BESS was not accustomed to fibbing. She stumbled on this in a sudden chill of fright at the close regard of the shifty eyes BUBBLE suddenly turned upon her when he surmised she would be alone in the house through the night.

BESS spoke more truly when she answered that she was not afraid. In ordinary, even extraordinary, circumstances, she did not know what physical fear is. Soon after BUBBLE went squeaking down the street she recovered from the effect of the chill, as of a sudden gust of damp air from a vault, that froze her blood when BUBBLE turned upon her on the staircase. She went about the house performing her ordinary evening tasks, sent the slavey to bed at ten o'clock, and soon after retired to her own room. Thinking of poor SILAS's hard lot, soon to be travelling home from distant Yorkshire in a comfortless railway carriage, she fell asleep. But not before she had, for the thousandth time, thanked God for His great gift, and prayed Him to preserve it to her. To you and me SILAS was but an ordinary middle-aged clerk, such as are met by hundreds in the city. In BESS's simple heart he was enshrined as one of the best, the noblest, and the most capable of men. How the City would get along if by any chance he were withdrawn from active participation in the direction of its affairs, she really didn't know.

* * * * *

She awoke out of a horrid dream. Somewhere in the room was a hamper. In the hamper was BUBBLE, full of felonious design. How he got there, Mrs. HOSKINS, after the illogical manner of dreamers, did not inquire. She only knew that she had seated herself on the lid of the hamper, resolved that BUBBLE should not get out if she could help it. In the struggle that followed, she awoke and found herself snug in bed in the dark and silent room. She struck a light, and looked at her

watch. It had just gone one o'clock; she had been asleep two hours.

Blowing out the candle she turned to go to sleep again, when she heard the handle of the door adjoining her room softly turned. That was the room in which stood the safe containing the money-bag. BESS sat bolt upright in bed, intently listening. She thought—but it must be fancy, the sound could not come through a brick wall—she heard the key turning in the safe. In what, to her strained fancy, seemed the space of half an hour, but was probably only two minutes, she heard the unmistakable shuffling of a footstep in the passage outside, a laboured step as of one carrying a weighty burden, trying to walk noiselessly. What was more, as the handle of the door again softly turned, she heard a familiar click as of a strained muscle.

She knew the click. It came from BUBBLE's knee.

As in a flash of lightning she saw the whole bad business. Instead of going back to the office and delivering the duplicate key of the safe to the cashier, BUBBLE had kept it in his possession, and, assured in the knowledge that SILAS was away and that the house was practically defenceless, had plotted burglary.

Without a moment's hesitation BESS jumped out of bed and threw a shawl about her. SILAS was far away. He had left the house in her charge. If his employer's money were stolen SILAS would be ruined. She knew him well, his proud impeccable honesty. Though in no way responsible for the loss, he would insist on making it good. Bang would go his profits made on Sons of Belial, probably even more.

BESS was going to see this thing through.

Her first impulse was again to light the candle. But having recovered from the nightmare-effect of her dream, she was cool-headed enough to know that a light shining upon her in the bedroom would give the burglar an advantage. Almost opposite the window shone a street lamp, which gave light enough to one familiar with every turn of the room. Remembering what SILAS had said about the rattle, she would get it, open the window, rouse the neighbourhood, and then set forth on the track of the startled robber.

Without difficulty she came on the drawer in which SILAS reminded her she would find the rattle. It was not there! Strange. Its existence was known only to SILAS and herself, and he had particularly recommended it to her. Her hand groping round came on the cool barrel of a pistol. She did not know whether it was loaded or not. That was less material, as she had never fired a pistol in her life. Still, when burglars were about, to hold one in her hand, even if the barrel were empty, looked business-like, and might decide recourse to flight.

Grasping the pistol in her right hand, with her finger on the trigger, as she had seen SILAS do when practising in the back garden after the episode of the spring-side boots, she opened the door and passed on to the landing at the head of the staircase. As she promised SILAS, she had left the hall gas half on. By its dim light she saw, almost at the foot of the stairs, a man slowly descending, with a black bag clutched in his right hand. He wore a coat that came down to his heels. Its hood was drawn over his head and face. No outline of his form was visible. But BESS was not to be deceived about the identity of BUBBLE.

Unruffled, with her keen senses as fully at her command as if

she were getting up in the ordinary way for early breakfast, she noted that, as he crept downstairs there was no creaking of the damaged knee. Was it possible that, fresh from her struggle in dreamland with BUBBLE in the basket, she had mistaken the click of the turning door-handle for the sign of his dread presence? No. She was wide awake at the moment, and could not make a mistake. What was really happening was that, fearing recognition, BUBBLE, with his ingrained, trained duplicity, was by superhuman effort stilling the tell-tale sound of the creak at his knee.

Another moment and the robber would have cleared the stairs, gained the front door, and handed the booty to a confederate, doubtless keeping watch outside. BESS in her slipperless feet and shawled nightdress made no noise to attract the man's attention. She did not want to hurt BUBBLE, but she didn't mean him to get clear off with the booty. On the wall at the right-hand side of the foot of the staircase was a clock. If she aimed at that, and the pistol went off—

She began to remember that SILAS kept it loaded. If she fired at the clock, the man would not be in any danger of his life, but, alarmed at the explosion of firearms, he would drop the bag and flee. That was exactly what BESS wanted.

She pointed the pistol in the direction of the clock, shut her eyes and fired. A loud cry followed the report. BESS, looking down, saw to her horror that BUBBLE had fallen face downward, and was groaning in acute pain. The woman asserted herself in BESS's warrior breast. She ran lightly down the stairs, turned the gas full on, bent over the wounded man, putting back the hood from his face.

A cry of horror filled the house. BESS sprang back with a look of angry aversion.

"You, SILAS, you! Plotting villainy through the day, skulking into your own house in the dead of night to rob your master!"

BESS had wrought an image of gold, dug from the foundations of her simple trusting heart. It had feet of clay, and was now fallen, crouched in a contemptible heap.

"BESS," groaned the miserable man, "it was all for your sake. I have to pay £200 on that Stock Exchange business, and didn't want you to know anything about it."

BESS leaned her head on the baluster, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Mr. HOSKINS did not go down to Somersetshire that morning to pay the men. Nor was he seen at the office for a full week. It was understood that he had met with an accident. He kept his bed, diligently nursed by BESS, who, on examination, found that his shoulder had only been slightly grazed by the bullet.

His convalescence was assisted by the fact that, better news coming from the seat of war, Sons of Belial took an upward turn. On Account Day they had recovered to a fraction beyond six, and the broker closed the transaction not only without calling upon SILAS to make up differences, but actually sent him a small cheque, being a balance in his favour. A fortnight later, SILAS saw by the market reports that Sons of Belial were being dealt in at £10 a share.

He did not mention the matter to Mrs. HOSKINS.

Henry W. Lucy

A VEXED QUESTION.

["Who is the author of the war?"—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.*]

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n sings:—

It's you, C.-B., that are all to blame
For bringing this war about us;
I toiled day and night to avert the same,
But vain were my labours, for lo! you came
With a warlike speech and you would in-
flame

The Boers to scorn and flout us.
'Twas you that brought the war about,
Despite my best endeavour.
Of that there is no possible doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No shadow of doubt whatever.

Sir H. C-mpb-ll-B-nn-rm-n sings:—

You are yourself the cause of it all,
As I will proceed to show, Sir;
Those nasty remarks that you once let fall
Of sands running low and a sponge
squeezed small,
'Twas these that nettled the worthy PAUL,
As very well you know, Sir.
You thought to worry with gibe and flout
The dear good man forever.
Of that there is no possible doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No shadow of doubt whatever.

Together.

Though sometimes we may differ, I fear,
On this we may both agree, Sir;
The blame must lie, so it would appear,
On one of us two who are standing here,
But which of the two is not quite clear—
It's either you or me, Sir.
Search in and out and round about,
And you'll discover never
A fact so free from every doubt—
All probable, possible shadow of doubt—
All possible doubt whatever!

HEADINGS FOR THE NATIONAL COPY BOOKS.

(For the use of the Board Schools and other places of education.)

A REVERSE is unfortunate, but easily remedied.

If one general is checked another advances.

The conduct of officers and men is always magnificent.

The surrender of a battalion is embarrassing to the captors.

Waterloo and Inkermann are not in it with South Africa.

The Union Jack has maintained its prestige.

Britannia rules the waves, and her sons never will be slaves.

Cheers for everything, and banners for everyone.

The British Empire need be under no apprehension.

The Army—bless them!—are quite safe, and will die rather than surrender.

Hurray! Hurray!! Hurray!!! 1900.

LA COQUETTE MALGRÉ LUI.

It does not make me deeply care,
Yet fills me with amused vexation,
That I should be obliged to bear
So ill-deserved a reputation.
Persons like Mrs. JONES and BROWN
With busy tongues themselves exert
To make Society set me down
A flirt!

One knows how some old women talk,
In country places they are frightful;
Apparently their pleasing "walk
Of life" is simply—to be spiteful!
At any rival to their own
Sweet daughters they must fling some
dirt,
Hoping that men will leave alone
A flirt.



Ah, well! It does not matter much
Whom Mrs. X. decries or flatters,
Men please themselves entirely—such
Is my belief—in these small matters.
And men choose their affinities,
Though spiteful dowagers assert,
Or hint, or whisper that "she" is
A flirt.

It's hard, though, when one's every word,
And look, and act is deftly twisted
By "friends," whom one would have preferred
To see as enemies enlisted.
They feign to praise "Miss So-and-So"
(As pills with sugar must be girt),
"Most sweet and charming—but, you
know,
A flirt!"

And why on earth? Because, in truth,
Men find me not entirely stupid,
Nor altogether plain, forsooth,
I'm always hatching plots with Cupid!

Say MARY flirted with her lamb!
As reasonably you might pervert
That simple tale, as say I am
A flirt.

Merely to look at any man,
When I'm at dinners, picnics, dances,
Is quite enough the fire to fan
Of whispers, nods, and smiles and
glances.

No longer now I care a jot,
Since those who know my poor desert
Know that, whatever else, I'm NOT
A flirt.

Let people freely gossip then!
They will not make me, they'll discover,
Less worthy in the eyes of men,
My present friends—my future lover.
Dear Mrs. JONES, dear Mrs. BROWN,
Know this—you cannot do me hurt,
When you are pleased to set me down
A flirt!

CHINA FOR THE CHINESE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the late editor of a daily paper and the advocate of all distressed nationalities, Armenians, Greeks and dwellers in that blessed region Mesopotamia, I am about to call a meeting to protest against any aggression on the part of the Powers in China. Mr. C-RTN-Y will probably be there, and Dr. CL-RK, and all the other Pro-Boxers, and resolutions will be submitted sympathising with the Chinese in their struggle for freedom from Western innovations, and their picturesque and forcible method of expressing their dislike for foreigners. We shall call upon the English people to dissent strongly from the attitude taken up by the European governments, towards this simple and athletic people. We shall point out that the present disturbances are entirely due to the presence of Outlanders in Tien-tsin, Peking, and other large cities, who have come to China merely to make money, and now claim a position of security in that country to which they are not entitled. We shall show that the movement now in progress to suppress the "Boxers" is due entirely to the influence of Capitalists, and is not unconnected with mining concessions. We shall prove that behind the loudly-expressed determination to protect the lives of these Outlanders, we can discern the sinister figure of Mr. RH-D-S. Pro-Boxer meetings will subsequently be organised in all the large Provincial towns, and every effort will of course be made to hamper the government. Admission will in the first instance be by ticket, but should no disturbances, fomented by Imperialists and Jingos, take place, it will afterwards be unrestricted.

I need not add that the Women's Liberal Federation, always ready to follow where I lead, will hold a Pro-Boxer meeting in the near future.

Yours faithfully, H. W. M-SS-NGH-M.



"WELL, GOODBYE, MR. GREEN. IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TO COME. IT DOES FATHER SUCH A LOT OF GOOD TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO."

"I WAS DELIGHTED TO COME, MISS BROWN, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M NOT MUCH OF A CONVERSATIONALIST."

"MY DEAR MR. GREEN, DON'T LET THAT TROUBLE YOU. FATHER'S IDEAL LISTENER IS AN ABSOLUTE IDIOT, WITH NO CONVERSATION WHATEVER, AND I KNOW HE HAS ENJOYED HIMSELF TREMENDOUSLY TO-NIGHT!"

"A REGULAR RIP!"

THAT'S what he is! begging Mr. BEER-BOHM TREE's pardon. That's what you are, Sir, just now, most undoubtedly, a regular irregular, in fact, a "thorough, Rip." Which is complimentary if you add to it "*Van Winkle*." Any audience is "bound to go on lovin' 'im," as Chevalier Coster might express the sentiment. He is a jolly dog with the sots; he'll do anything in a kindly way for anybody, but when suspicious he is "as sharp as they make 'em." He is tender-hearted and tipsily maudlin. The scenes between Rip and his little daughter Meenie and her juvenile lover, Hendrick, both "small parts" admirably played by Miss GEORGIE FRYER and Master HAROLD DE BECKER, are delightfully fresh, and make many throats as dry as is Rip's and many eyes glisten with the "unbidden tear."

I will here note the artistic make-up of Mr. GERALD LAURENCE as the grown-up Hendrick, and of Miss LETTICE (such a

fresh Lettice!) FAIRFAX as Meenie, the grown-up young woman in the third act. Their faces are among the most striking features of the piece: you could almost swear that they are the boy and girl of Act I., only twenty years older.

Mr. FRANKLIN MCLEAY'S mean money-lending Derrick is a repulsively clever performance; he shows his teeth, not metaphorically, but literally, too much. Any dentist in the audience must surely feel impelled to send his card round to the stage-door, making a professional appointment gratis. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL as his son Seth, the gradually developing scoundrel, at first rather shy in initiating a roguery, is capital.

But is it possible, will it ever be possible, for handsome Miss LILY HANBURY to make any audience believe that her Gretchen Van Winkle can possibly be the shrew she tries to make her and that her husband Rip swears she is? No; you can't paint the LILY HANBURY so as make her a common, coarse, peasant virago;

she might be a Katherine to Mr. TREE's *Petruchio*, but a termagant scolding Vrow, ready with broomstick and backhanders, never! When she is gentle and loving, as she has to be so as not to put Rip entirely in the right, Miss HANBURY is perfect, and when she falls senseless in an agony of remorse at having driven her husband from his home, she is again admirable; but when she is fierce, frowning, scolding and violent on no provocation at all, one feels (that is I, for one, feel) that she is only puttendin', only play-actin'. Perhaps this may be right: perhaps, for the sake of exciting sympathy for Rip, one ought only to feel this; if so, with Miss HANBURY'S Gretchen there is not a fault to be found.

The third scene of the second act shows Rip under the influence of very powerful spirits. Here, had the old legend been adhered to, the actor would have had some fine dramatic chances, for in the old story he commences nervously, then gains confidence, and seeing that they are all intent on their bowls, he stealthily fills his own cup from the keg so frequently that at last, being as bold as liquor can make him, he ventures an outspoken opinion on the game, when—bang—thunder—lighting—darkness, and Rip falls senseless, to wake up twenty years after in Scene First, Act III.

In the last scene of all that ends this Great Temperance drama, Mr. TREE is at his best, and Miss LILY HANBURY at hers. The music throughout, by Mr. RAYMOND ROZE, is effectively dramatic, and of the greatest assistance to the action. So to Rip & Co. generally I say, "Here's all your healths, and may you run long and prosper!"

A LESSON FROM THE FRONT.

WHEN a commander asks for a truce, apparently for no particular reason, consent at once and give him his own time.

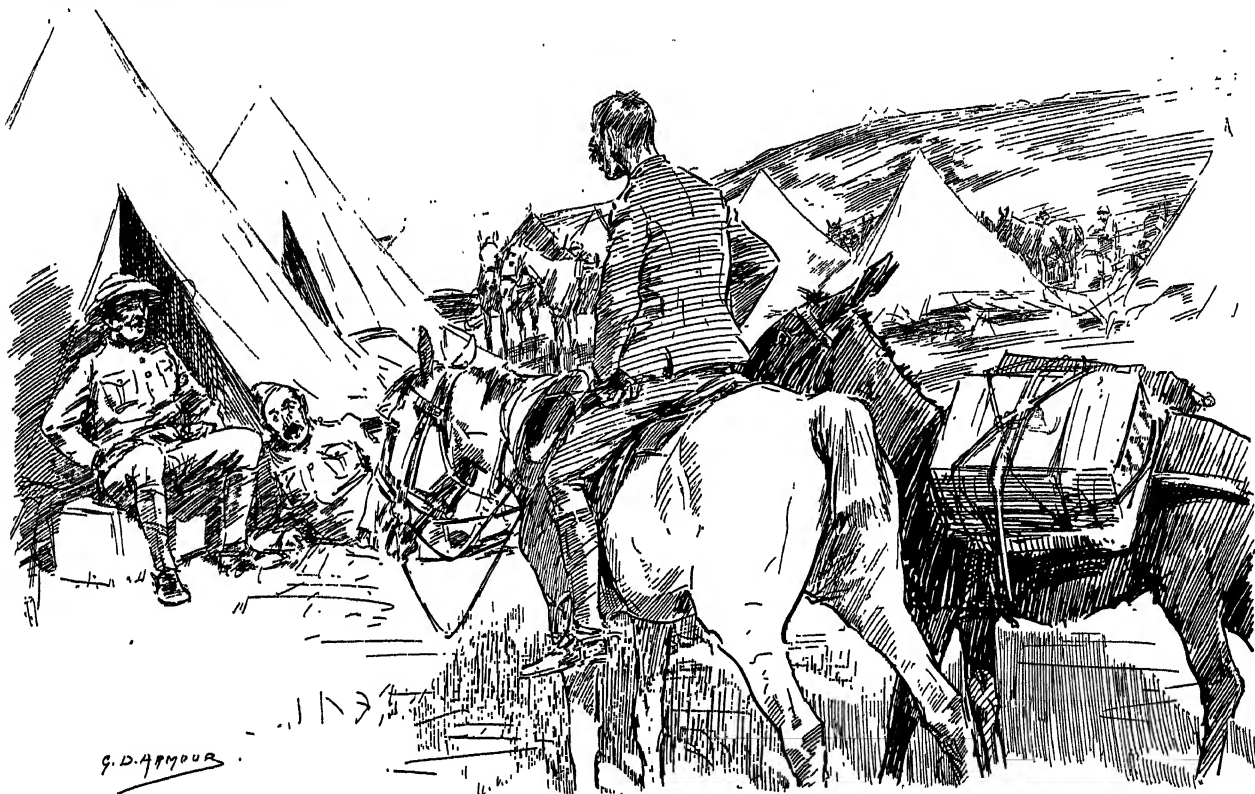
While the truce continues, have the delicacy not to enquire into the movement of your opponents.

Remember that firing on ambulances and quarters reserved for women and children may have been the outcome of a mistake.

Force upon the opposing general plenty of leisure for removing all his forces, including his heavy guns.

And then, when you find your bird flown, men, horses, and artillery disappeared, express intense surprise at the power of your opponent to come "to think of such a clever thing."

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—"Sold only in Packets." The meaning of the family motto of the LIPTONS—*Fecit per alium fecit per se*—is "He did the sea in an aluminium boat." The reference to the hull of the "Shamrock," the property of the present knight, is obvious.



AD VALOREM.

(Energetic Sub has been pursuing runaway Mule.)

"WELL DONE, OLD CHAP! YOU DESERVE THE D.S.O. AT LEAST. WHAT IS IT? AMMUNITION?"
 "AMMUNITION! D.S.O.!! V.C., YOU MEAN!!!! WHY, IT'S BOTTLED BEER!!!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Minx (HUTCHINSON) is, in the ordinary meaning of the word, not precisely descriptive of heroine of IOTA's last novel. But the creation is her own, and she has the right to name it as she pleases. Anyhow, *Joyce Anstiss* is a charming girl, and is surrounded by interesting people, amongst whom my Baronite specially ranks *Mrs. Hallows*. The story is excellent when at last "IOTA," warned by approaching end of space allotted to a six-shilling book, settles down to work it out. Her approach to the task is somewhat hampered by tendency to utter profound thoughts in smart sentences. The profundity sometimes lands the hapless reader in obscurity. That is a fault of mannerism, which "IOTA" may presently overcome. Happily, her gifts as a story-teller are great enough to withstand her frailties as a phrase-maker.

Miss ROSA CAREY has achieved a supreme success. In *Life's Trivial Round* trivialities must be expected. But as far as my Baronite with some pained experience remembers, never since book-making began was there ever anything so trivial as this. That one presumably not over eighty years of age or under nine could write it is a marvel. That publishers with such keen scent for good work as Messrs. HUTCHINSON could give it their imprimatur passeth understanding.

Mr. TOM GALLON must by this time be sick of the name of CHARLES DICKENS. For the conscientious reviewer taking up one of his works to keep the name of the dead Master out of his notice is an effort as hopeless as Mr. Dick writing his memorial, and trying to turn his head away from that of CHARLES THE FIRST. If Mr. GALLON had been born ninety years ago and got the start of DICKENS, his name would have obtained an enduring place in the annals of literature. As he will justly object, in such circumstances he would not have been alive to-day to give

us *Kiddy* (HUTCHINSON), which would have been a pity. It is a charming story, tenderly told, with a moving plot underlying it. There is a quietly made artistic touch in showing a money-lender, professionally ruthless with his customers, the placid slave of a wife and family, who when he comes to financial grief turn him out of doors. In Mr. *Elijah Foss's* mannerism of speech Mr. GALLON reproduces in tiresome development CHARLES DICKENS' worst mannerism, one that beset him when he grew old and weary. *Per contra*, *Kiddy* is much better than many of the Master's female characters whom my Baronite could name.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A NEW LITERARY DRINK.

ONE tumbler of BYRON's rhetorical splash,
 One dram of MACAULAY's hero'cal dash,
 A smack of old CAMPBELL (for flavouring this is);
 Mix all up together, and drink while it fizzes.
 Can you doubt what the beverage is that you're tipling?
 It's capital, first-rate, in fact, R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

WHY NOT?—SANTLEY, our veteran and undefeated Baritone, is singing at this forthcoming Handel Festival. He has already sung at thirteen of 'em! Now as Sir ALEXANDER McMUSIO and Sir HENRY DRAMA, respectively representative, have already been knighted, why should not Sir CHARLES SONG be added to the list? By all means, give Mr. SANTLEY a Handel to his name.

HORTICULTURAL NOTE (by our own Irrepressible One).—It is said that Indian corn is not suited to the English climate. This is refuted by the existence, for many years, of the flourishing *Maze* at Hampton Court.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 12.—*Romeo et Juliette* again. Dear *Romeo et Juliette*: quite willing to see it, or most of it—it is rather long—as often as it likes. Fashion for some critics to run down this sort of opera. They don't understand that the world is a large place, and contains several kinds of things: not so much



important that things should be of this or that kind, as that they should be good of the kind they are. *Romeo et Juliette* is good of its kind. All the same, reminded to-night of THACKERAY'S remark about our old comedies: that reading them was like watching a dance without the music. Suppose one took a stone-deaf man, who had never been to the opera, and sat him down early in the first act of *Romeo et Juliette*, odd impression he would get. He would see a number of people surrounding a large gentleman of almost incredibly genial and jovial

aspect, who was apparently introducing an arch and smiling lady to them. *Exeunt omnes*, and enter several men in black masks, the eye-holes of which, revealing flesh colour underneath, give them a curious resemblance to the Pink-eyed Kaffir. Of them a mild-eyed, melancholy, lotus-eating gentleman is presently making advances to the arch lady, who has come back, and who repels him with an air of having seen far too much of the world to commit herself with a stranger. *Excursions and alarms*: lotus-eater resumes the Pink-eyed Kaffir. Stone-deaf man would observe that everybody was trying desperately hard to look as though it all meant something, but would be firmly convinced that it meant nothing at all. *Finale* to Act I. The balcony in Act II. would reveal to the stone-deaf man that the business had something to do with *Romeo and Juliet*, and that the melancholy lotus-eater and the arch lady who had seen a good deal of the world were SHAKESPEARE'S passionate boy-and-girl lovers. All this irrelevant, of course. The opera is not for stone-deaf people, and what really mattered was that the melancholy gentleman and the arch lady were two of the very most wonderful singers in Europe. For all that, it would be well if operatic stars would take a leaf out of CALVÉ'S book, and act a little better. Stone-deaf man would have no difficulty in understanding what CALVÉ was about in *Carmen*.

Not much more to say of Tuesday the 12th. JEAN DE RESZKE seemed just the least bit tired, but managed all his wonderful resources with all his wonderful skill. Madame MELBA extraordinarily fresh and strong: a glorious voice, and a glorious experience to listen to it; feel a beast for having criticised her acting. Miles. MAUBOURG and BAUERMEISTER good as *Stephano* and the Nurse, but the latter, as before, should make up older.

Wednesday.—*Carmen* in French, and Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN as *Carmen*. No comparisons, if you please. Mlle. ZELIE'S *Carmen* is good enough for me, in all conscience. Were I to be more complimentary to the artiste I should have to be uncomplimentary to the character of *Carmen*. But that applies to the drama as drama, not as opera; and herein, too, Mlle. ZELIE holds her own against all comers, that is, within my limited experience. Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, a delightful *Micela*; in appearance contrasting artistically with her unscrupulous rival in Don JOSÉ SALEZA'S tenorily-expressed affections: M. PLANÇON fine as "*Toréador Contento*." *Contentissimo*, because heartily encored. House strong, in spite of Ascot Week. Decidedly "good night."

Thursday, July 14.—Most appropriate bill for the Gold Cup day at Ascot: *Pagliacci*, by LEONCAVALLO (but few of us were lucky enough to lay on the right *cavallo*), and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Very horsey programme. The first event proved a walk over for *Canio*—DE LUCIA up: but he has been ridden to victory so often by this jockey that his win was a foregone conclusion. Fräulein SCHIFF (why does the programme call her Mademoiselle?) on the frisky mare *Nedda*, and Signor SCOTTI on *Tonio*, were safe for places. MANCINELLI, timekeeper. Grand stand by no means full.

Cavalleria without our adorable CALVÉ seemed sadly lacking in colour and grip: and Frau GADSKI could not make us forget our disappointment. A more than usually vigorous *Turiddu* in the comely person of M. (should he not be printed Herr?) DIPPEL, and a more than usually quiet *Alfio* in M. BENSAUDE, who couldn't get his whip to crack during his first song, which seemed to dishearten him for the rest of the evening. Wild applause for the *intermezzo*. All over, and lights out, at eleven.

"HAPPY RETURNS."

It was an exceptionally representative assembly that at the Savoy Hotel greeted Sir HENRY IRVING on his return from his American tour. A home-coming warrior, after a series of triumphs, might perhaps have received a noisier but certainly not a heartier welcome than did our Premier Histrion, when, as "a rising actor," he rose to respond to the toast, that had been eloquently proposed by the Lord Chief Justice.

The triumphal CARR, to whom was largely due the success of this banquet, drank to the American guests, who, most ably represented by Mr. CHOATE, the American Minister, and the eccentric humourist, MARK TWAIN, made the speeches of the evening. As mysteriously observed Sir SQUIRE to more than one *convive*, "They—aw—knocked all the other speeches into a cocked hat, eh?" With which sentiment, the recipients of Sir SQUIRE'S confidences most unreservedly agreed.

D'OYLEY CARTE was in the chair—a *chaise roulante* by the way, in which he "wheel'd about and turned about" in order to go and interview the guests, being, in fact, quite a *carte de visite*,—and was on his legs so frequently in the course of the evening as to give his friends every hope that the time of his complete recovery is not far distant.

It was one of those rare occasions when Sir HENRY IRVING could appear as—what is so unprofessional with an actor—himself. It is, of all his characters, his very best. Who know not Sir HENRY thus do not Sir HENRY know, and it is their loss. There may be, and must be, differences of opinion as to IRVING in this, or that, or t'other impersonation; for example, my Lord Chief Justice thinks that when Sir HENRY is up before him as *Robert Macaire*, he acquits himself perfectly. But we all agree as to his merits when he is with us simply and plainly as—himself.

Of the crowded house that on Saturday night greeted the return of the two wanderers, "HENRY and ELLEN," of whom the poet long ago wrote, and of the speech from the stage, and of the reception after the fall of the curtain, have not full detailed accounts already appeared in all the papers? "Had ELLEN lost her mirth? Oh, no!" For which overhaul Poet COLERIDGE, and when found, &c., &c. "Oh, ELLEN was a faithful friend!" Insert "TERRY" after ELLEN, and there you have it. Likewise, "The grapes upon the Vicar's wall"—and the Vicar, of course, being the Vicar of Wakefield, in whose house, The Lyceum, most heartily and most affectionately did all greet the return of *Olivia*.



"Coming to the Point."



"WELCOME FROM EGYPT, SIR!"

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Scene 2.

[His Highness the KHEDIVE arrives Thursday, June 21.]



Lady. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Tramp. "LAST TIME I WAS ROUND HERE, YOU GAVE ME A PIE WOT YER SAID YER COOKED YERSELF, LADY."

Lady. "WELL?"

Tramp. "WELL, I MERELY CALLED HERE TO KNOW WHO'S GOIN' TO COMPENSATE ME FOR THE TIME I WASTED IN HOSPITAL?"

POSTAL PROGRESS.

June 14, 1900.—Just written important letter to O'DONOGHUE, at Ballybosh. Suddenly remember some vague notice in newspapers about letters going earlier. Rush out, and into nearest post office. Nice young lady there. Always nice to me, as I am polite to her. Say hurriedly, "Excuse me—so sorry to trouble you—believe times of post altered. Sure you'll pardon seeming inquisitiveness—could you be so very kind—do letters for Ireland go earlier now?" "Yes," she says, "there is a new sorting office. Post goes at 5.30 now. You've just missed it." "But can't I put on an extra stamp?" I ask. "Not here," she replies; "you must go to Mount Pleasant." "Where on earth's that?" I cry. "In Tunbridge

Wells? I seem to remember that sort of name there." "No," she answers, "in London. But you'd better be quick." I rush out, scramble into a hansom, shout "Mount Pleasant!" and just catch late post.

Jan. 1, 1901.—At moment of finishing letter to OWEN AP WILLIAMS, at Aberllefenni, wonder if post office has made more improvements. Hasten to ask. It has. Land in central London so valuable that head sorting office now in West Kensington. Letters must be posted before 4-15. Cab to West Kensington. Just in time.

July 1, 1901.—BAGSTOCK must really get this letter at Bath by first post to-morrow. Nearly 4-15 now. Wonder if post office has tried any more reforms. It has. Times altered to-day. Sorting office now

at Brentford. Letters must go at 2-7. Am obliged to telegraph at immense length to BAGSTOCK. Am getting tired of postal progress.

Jan. 1, 1902.—Here we are again. Sure to have more post office improvements on New Year's day. Up early, and write to ROBINSON at Richmond. Close to Brentford, so all right, unless sorting office moved again. Get to post office at 11-15. Again too late. Hear that sorting office is now on Exmoor, and letters go at 10-59. Leave office filled with angry crowd.

April 1, 1900.—Horrible nuisance catching night mails at 10.59 A.M. However, will get this letter posted to CHOLMONDELEY in time. Wonder how long it takes to go to Chiswick by way of Exmoor. Perhaps it's not Exmoor now. Run to post office. It is shut up. Angry crowd in front, throwing stones at windows. On the door is this official notice, "Office closed. To-day's mails went yesterday. For the future they will always be despatched in that manner, the head sorting office being now at Land's End. Post early."

H. D. B.

JOCA DARWINIANA.

I CONTENT the explanation
Of a jester's inspiration
Is no momentary brilliance of the brain,
But a steady evolution
From idea to execution,
And a word or two will make the matter plain.

First there comes a tiny spasm,
Which I think is Protoplasm,
For it may denote a poem or a pun,
And amorphous Protozoa
Of the best of jokes must grow a
Certain size before they're obviously fun.
But when matter gets in motion
Quite a complicated notion
May evolve itself from just a simple sell,
For a joke that's told with unction
Is organic in its function,
And the function of an organ is to "swell."

Thus it rises by gradation
In the scale of recreation
To a jesting after dining without stint,
Till it breaks its final trammel
And declares itself a mammal,
Which is vertebrate enough to "go" in print.

Braving dangers of rejection,
By a natural select on
It survives amid the fittest of the fit;
In the process of evolving
Very fortunately solving
That great difficulty—specie to wit.

THE WAIL OF A "SPECIAL."

ALAS! the stern voice of the Censor
Makes both myself and my pen sore.
He's crossed all my "T's"
Altered "Q's" into "P's,"
I cannot imagine one censor.



OUR CRICKET MATCH.

General Chorus (to Farmer Giles, who, in consideration of his lending us the field, has been included in the home team, but unfortunately is bowled first ball). "OUT, VARMER! THEE BE OUT! MAKE WAY FOR THE RECTOR NOW!"

Farmer Giles. "WHOOY, E'AIN'T I TO BAT NO MORE?"

Chorus. "COORSE NOT! THEE BE OUT!"

Farmer Giles. "OH, BE I? THEN HOUT YOU GOES HOUT O' MY FIELD!"

CARPE DIEM.

"The situation in China is very critical. . . . The Dowager Empress has revived theatricals in the palace."—*Daily Paper*. [Evidently the Empress encourages her own "Private Boxers" and "Royal Boxers."—*Note, Ed.*]

WHAT though the Boxers fire and sword should scatter,
What though they should stray missionaries batter,
Do you suppose the foreign devils matter,
Dowager Empress?

If, when your soldiers sally forth to meet them,
Pick of your army, chosen to defeat them,
Need it alarm you, should the rebels beat them,
Dowager Empress?

If the foundations of your realm are crumbling,
If round your ears its pinnacles are tumbling,
Is that a cause for bitterness and grumbling
Dowager Empress?

Nay, don the buskin! From the boards we'll borrow
Laughter to-day, though weeping comes to-morrow.
While we still may, we'll banish care and sorrow,
Dowager Empress.

INVISIBLE!

SIR,—No more scarlet for uniforms! Try "Invisible Blue" or "Invisible Green." To adopt these and use smokeless powder—why, an army could invade a country, and be in possession without any of the inhabitants perceiving it. Splendid! Excuse me, I'm suffering from a frontal attack, and must now, like ANNIE LAURIE, "lay me down and dee." From

A KOVE IN KHAKI.

WEATHERWISE MAXIMS.

WHEN in doubt, take out your umbrella with you and it's sure not to rain.

Wear a new summer suit, old boots, a new hat, and carry only a light walking-stick, and it's safe to pour.

VERY SIMPLE.

MY first's a human being,
My second's a bird,
My whole is a plant
Of which you have heard.

Answer — ?

PROVERBS GONE WRONG.

THE lion may lie down with the lamb, but you can't make him drink.

Little pitchers get broken if they don't leave well alone.

There is no fool like an old fool except an older fool.

OUT OF DATE.—Now that "Mounted Infantry" is an accepted term for a most useful branch of the service, why should "Horse Marines" be any longer an absurd form of chaff? It is antiquated chaff, true; but it still exists, and can only be applied to some of our very superior military officers, who tactically and practically have shown themselves very much "at sea."

A NEW INVENTION.—The Wagner Bi-cycle. Musical Box-seat fitted with selections from *Tannhauser*, *Lohengrin* and *Flying Dutchman*. Indispensable to Musical Cyclists. Beguiles time with tune *en tour*. Apply to the Wagner Wheel Company, Operatic Works.



TROUT STREAM MEMS.

SHALL PROVIDE MYSELF WITH A PAIR OF STOUT LEATHER LEGGINGS. MERE STOCKINGS SUCH A VERY IMPERFECT PROTECTION WHEN CONFOUNDED DOGS WILL INSIST UPON SEEING YOU OFF FARM PREMISES BY STREAM SIDE!

INNS AND OUTINGS.

SIR,—What a change has come over the Inns of England and Scotland within the last ten years, at least, as far as my personal acquaintance with them goes, and that is not inconsiderable. Inns and signs are rare, and we must speak of them all now as "hotels." But though calling themselves hotels, some that ought to know better and to be better (they won't "do better" till they change) are still lamentably behindhand in matters of *cuisine*, while not a few place themselves out of the pale of modern civilisation by banishing smokers to an out-of-the-way, comfortless "smoking-room" (generally horse-haired, reminding us of an old-fashioned commercial travellers' room *tempore Pickwick*), unless there happen to be also a billiard-room which may turn out to be a trifle less depressing. But what, in the meantime, is the better-half to do, if there are only two of you *en voyage*? There is only a "genteel" glazed-looking sort of suburban drawing-room to which she may retire, fitted up with a self-contained, refrigerated company limited. But in our modern hotels there is "a lounge," where coffee and cigars can be enjoyed without depriving the fair sex of our society, or us of theirs. This is a move in the right direction. Generally, too, there is an orchestra, so that, as the stage directions have it, conversation is "spoken through music."

In the Northern district of London the after-dinner lounge at the Grand Central on certain evenings is a sight to see; and in the South the lounges at the Grand, the Metropole, and at the Carlton, the brilliancy of the assemblage might compete on no unequal terms with that of the most fashionable gathering at the height of the London season. No objection here to what Mr. Box called "the effluvia of tobacco." Poet COWPER dropping in at any one of these places would have had to cancel his lines about the "pernicious weed" which "banishes the sex

that civilises ours." Why, you can light your manly cigar or ladylike cigarette in the dining-room, and enjoy it in the society of your fair partner, a privilege which is not accorded the visitor and his wife by the management of the otherwise excellent Hotel Central, Glasgow, which has about the loftiest *salle à manger* to be met with anywhere, in which a hundred cigars might be smoked and "leave not a wrack behind."

Then, by the sea—I write in the interest of those about to travel in the yet far-off vacation—the brand-new hotels are everywhere to be commended. The Burlington at Boscombe, if it only keeps up to its present mark of luxurious rooms and well-arranged dinners, ought to attract in and out of season; while, nearer London, at Ramsgate, where a good hotel has been much needed, the Granville—once, in QUATERMAIN EAST-ern days, most popular, is now in its second Spring—having been rebuilt, is not only as luxurious as the latest inventions can make it, but promises to be as comfortable as the most exacting bachelor *bon vivant* may require. Ladies will take a delight in the perfectly furnished apartments, in the drawing-rooms, reading-rooms, and lounges in verandah and hall. But there is something here which to your inspector is a great attraction—to every bath-room there is a sea-water tap. No sending out a man with a pail, at so much extra *per diem*, for what never ought to be an expensive luxury at the sea-side. But here it is, "rain or shine," sea-water à discretion when you're ready.

City men can be down here, starting from Holborn Viaduct, L. C. & D., at 5 P.M., in a few minutes under two hours, in time for wash, brush up, and a 7.45 dinner, and a stroll by the cheerful sea wave afterwards. The afternoon Granville at 3.25 is due at 5, and the S. E. Granville also, pretending to stop at the Margate terminus, says, "No, we don't!" and hurries on to Ramsgate.

Finally, the Turkish bath, and the different baths which some twenty years ago were such a feature in the old Granville Hotel, are all being restored, and—here is a hint—if they only fit up the hall, where once the theatre was, as a gymnasium, with a professor or two of the noble arts of fencing, boxing, and single-stick in attendance, Mr. HOLLAND, the manager, will have wisely put by some provision for his visitors on a rainy day. And I should say he and his Co. will make a little "haul by the sea" at Ramsgate.

INSPECTOR.

"PUT IT DOWN A WEE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH;—I send you an extract from the 'Official Guide to Pompeii,' which I think is a choice specimen of "English as she is wrote." It is all in the same delicious vein.

WACUOUS WIATOR.

P.S.—Please observe the "wery."

Extract from the Official "Guide to Pompeii," Illustrated.

Published by the Scafati-Pompei Pompeian Tipographical Establishment and Library.

Page 79.—Domus Vettiorum, Vetti's House or New House, Reg. VI. Insula XIV. nova street or degli Scienziati.

"This surprising habitation was discovered in 1895, and it is very important for its beautifulness and its nearly untouched conservation of the superb pictures and rare objects of art which have been recovered in it. There fore it reclaims the attention of all visitors that wery day concur in great number to Pompei's Coves."

"SOME FRIENDS JUST 'PASSING THROUGH'."—Go and visit them. In Bond Street. The "FRAGONARDS" from Grasse, *grace aux Messrs. AGNEW*, who put themselves out, to grasse, to get them, and then exhibited them here in '98. "Who fears to speak of '98?" Not the Messrs. AGNEW, with whom The FRAGONARDS are staying for a short time this season. Then the subject! "Roman d'Amour de la Jeunesse!" Hurry up! Few have a chance of doing a *Roman d'amour de la jeunesse* twice in a lifetime. And delighted as the "Famille FRAGONARD" must be with their present quarters, in the very centre of fashion, *dans le mouvement de Londres*, yet away they will have to go. *La jeunesse ne revient jamais!*

POSTHISTORIC PEEPS.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Chronicle*, "a new political area is heralded by the rumoured running of a cycling candidate for Parliament." This announcement opens up a vista of developments hitherto undreamed of, and Mr. Punch has told off his own special Prophet to forecast the Queen's Speech of 1920.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My relations with all the other Powers continue to be of a friendly character.

My dispute with the United States over the America Cup, in consequence of which I was reluctantly compelled to withdraw my Minister from Boston, has been referred to the concert of Europe. The conferences which the Ambassadors have been instructed to hold are still proceeding, and I see no danger of their terminating.

The troubles which broke out in my Australian Colonies upon the defeat of their cricket teams by my Eleven have been appeased by the return to the spectators of their gate-money, and my subjects have been restored to their wonted loyalty and allegiance.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The estimates for the year will be laid before you. While desirous of guarding against undue expenditure, I feel that the present lack of condition in the country will not permit you to depart from that spirit in which you have during recent years provided cricket-fields, golf-links, and race-courses for the development of my Empire.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The neglect of sport—especially among the younger officers of my army—having become a national disgrace, a Bill will be laid before you to provide against their becoming too much engrossed in their professions, and requiring them to duly observe Derby Day, Ascot, and other great national festivals.

For the further encouragement of sport, your consent will be asked to a measure providing that every post office be furnished with a tape, and that the latest betting news be exhibited in a conspicuous place.

Bills for the promotion of Temperance Reform, Old-Age Pensions, the Housing of the Working Classes, the Relief of Over-crowded Districts and the Abolition of Slums have been prepared, and will be laid before you if opportunity for considering them should be found.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—We know that guns were constructed to go off. But how is it that, in spite of our successes and captures of men, we have never succeeded in collaring any of their guns, except one or two big ones such as CRONJE and t'other BOTHA?



MEMS FOR MOTORISTS.

IF YOUR CAR SUDDENLY APPEARS TO DRAG HEAVILY, YOU MAY BE SURE THERE IS SOMETHING TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF MR. LABOUCHERE.

["Had I been a Greek three thousand years ago, I should have been opposed to the siege of Troy." Mr. Labouchere.]

It was three thousand years ago
The Greeks went forth with ships and
To lay the pride of PRIAM low, [men
And very few came back again!
I thought the war a sad mistake—
A fact well known to every boy;
THERSITES was the name I bore,
And I opposed the siege of Troy.

Years passed, times changed, and it befell
That Rome and Carthage came to blows,
Till ultimately Carthage fell—
Again, as every schoolboy knows.
I mocked the Roman Senate's schemes,
I mocked the Roman soldier's scars;

I was a Roman citizen,
And I opposed the Punic wars.

Then, coming to more modern days,
When DRAKE was on the Spanish Main,
'Twas I alone declined to praise
The man who broke the power of Spain.
And when from Elba NAP returned,
And Belgium saw the final coup,
I said hard things of WELLINGTON
And disapproved of Waterloo.

And, therefore, now, when Mr. K.
Has left his capital and fled,
When STEYN is also gone away,
And CRONJE's caught and JOUBERT's
dead,
When ROBERTS still goes marching on,
And British troops crown every hill,
A pattern of consistency
You see me disapproving still. ST. J. H.



OPPORTUNITY.

Viator (to Countryman, who has just slipped and fallen heavily). "LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND UP, MY MAN."
Countryman. "NAW, THANKEE, SIR: NOW OI ARE DOWN OI THINK OI'LL SET AWEHILE."

THE PLAINT OF THE INJURED PARODIST.

(An Appeal to the Poet Laureate after perusing his variation on "The Light Brigade.")

AS when a young thing, all her heart aflame,
 Her cheek by steady vigils rendered hollow,
 Caught in an ecstasy of maiden shame,
 Swoons at the feet of some sublime Apollo:

Then from a dream of chanted Delphic hymns
 Haunting the glades of Phocis, green and nutty,
 Wakes up and finds her idol's lower limbs
 To be composed of ordinary putty:

Looks for the locks that went in wavy lines
 Crowning the slightly academic forehead,
 And notes the nascent horns and other signs
 That mark the Satyr's nature (which is horrid):

And lastly turns to where he held the lyre
 Ready for pæans, rural odes, or dirges,
 And there, as though to mock the Muses' quire
 Perceives a banjo fresh from MOORE and BURGESS:

So we, poor fools, who hushed our clamorous hearts
 Before the image of revived Apollo,
 Drank in the beauty born of Greekish arts
 And breathed the scent of bays we dared not swallow:

Whose homage hurt our trousers at the knee,
 Who held our throbbing brows abashed and pendent
 Before the shining shape which claimed to be
 The singing god's legitimate descendant:

Who faintly, like the humble mocking-bird,
 Have sought to imitate his rapt effusions—
 Our eyes are opened; something has occurred
 To stultify our holiest illusions!

O ALFRED!—for we wish to drop disguise
 And shirk a simile that strains its tether—
 Come, loose the poet's frenzy from your eyes
 And let us talk, on business lines, together.

Time was when we believed we had in you
 A mine of practically priceless treasure,
 A sempiternal source of revenue,
 An ocean all unplumbed to tap at leisure.

You were the flower from which, with honest toil,
 We busy bees contrived to gather honey;
 But now you grudge us our laborious spoil,
 And grow, yourself, deliberately funny!

Shifting your rôle from butt to bombardier,
 The victim once and now the bold aggressor,
 You enter, at a bound, the comic sphere
 And bravely parody your predecessor!



A "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT."

F.-M. PUNCH (to GENERAL ROUTINE). "THERE'S NO EXCUSE! SENSELESS DRESS! D—D SENSELESS MANAGEMENT!"

["Anyhow, it is imperative that the next Field Day shall not involve four deaths and 400 cases of sickness."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Your solemn gifts had nursed in us the hope

Of one perennial fount of titillation,
But now you pass beyond the jester's scope
And cheat us of our chartered occupation!

To seek to reproduce you as of old
Would be to make ourselves supremely silly;

How can it serve to gild refined gold,
Or paint the absolutely perfect lily?

ALFRED, be generous as you are great!
Urge not your claim to humour quite so hotly!

You have your laureate's panoply of state,
Leave us our fool's prerogative of motley!

O. S.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, June 14.
—As someone has earlier remarked, murder will out. No one regarding the meek, venerable presence of SAM SMITH, hearing the plaintive piping of his voice, would imagine him as an authority on the seamy side of theatrical life. To-night he bewrayed himself.

House back after Whitsun Holidays; buckled to in Committee on Education Vote. JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationist, moved vote in one of those lucid, with refreshing sub-acidity of humour, speeches which ever renew marvel in mind of the Member for Sark that at this time of day GORST should still rank as Vice-President of a defunct Council. I say it is because of embarrassment of riches at disposal of the MARKISS. SARK runs his eye along the Treasury Bench and says "Humph!"

To-night JOHN O'GORST in a few strokes, apparently carelessly planted, drew delightful picture of the Dook of DEVONSHIRE settling with papal authority a nice point in religious controversy. Seems that in a certain Board School complaint made that teaching of the Apostles' Creed, enjoining man's duty to his Maker and his duty to his neighbour, is denounced as a violation of the law.

"The question," JOHN O'GORST said in hushed voice, "is almost ripe for decision." "When the moment comes," he added with natural elation at the prospect of supreme settlement, "my noble friend, the Lord President of the Council, and myself, will consider the matter and come to the best conclusion possible to us."

There flashed across the House a vision of the DOOK, with his hands in his pockets, yawning, whilst JOHN O'GORST recited to him the Apostles' Creed, and argued points of its bearing upon the Conscience Clause.

It was earlier than this SAM SMITH accidentally let out where he has been spending his nights since he came to town, ostensibly in attendance on Parliamentary



Old Lady (from the Country). "WELL, I NEVER! AND TO THINK BURGLARY SHOULD HAVE BECOME A REGULAR RESPECTABLE TRADE!"

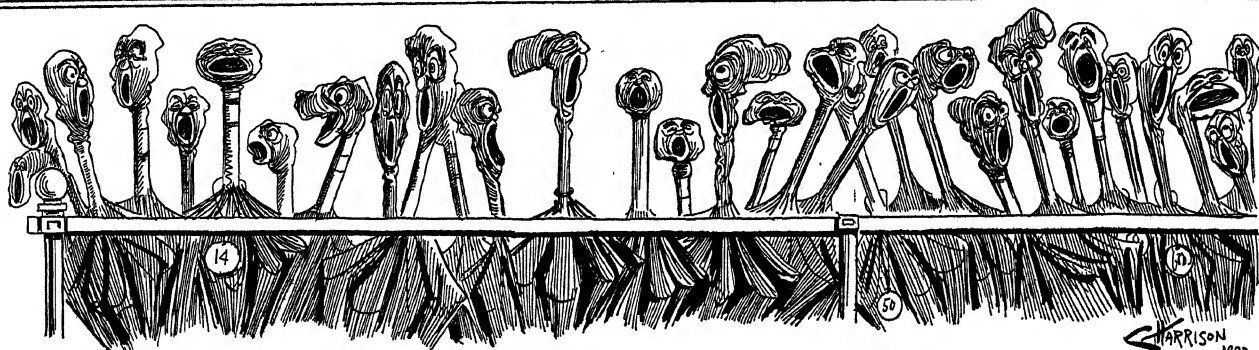
duties. As he forlornly wandered round question of alleged clerical iniquities in Board Schools, Chairman from time to time recalled him to subject before Committee. At fourth reproof SAMUEL, with fresh flood of tears in his voice, wailed, "Very well, Mr. LOWTHER; but it's really very difficult to walk on a tight-rope."

How does SAMUEL know this? Surely he has not, with or without tights and a balancing-pole, been attempting the feat? More probable that at one of the ballets just now filling the music halls he has seen a short-skirted fairy nimbly run along the rope, and marvelled how it was done. However it be, illustration apt, submitted in tone of conviction that shook a flippant audience with laughter.

Business done.—House resumed after Whitsun Recess.

Friday night.—The Member for Sark has been spending Whitsun holidays with Sir JOHN LENG, in his baronial castle that fronts the Firth of Tay, and keeps in wholesome awe the turbulent burghers of Dundee. Tells me he had opportunity, under the Chief's guidance, of looking through some of the papers with which the archives of the old town are stored. Found among them, bearing date August 3, 1745, the following entry:

"The Council authorize the Treasurer to give to Mr. Lawder, one of the Masters of the Latine School of this Burrow, Two Guineas for his pains and Charges in making some poems upon the Town of Dundie,



THE "HANDLE" FESTIVAL, OR THE CRYSTAL PALACE UMBRELLA STAND, JUNE 16 TO 23.

which are now hung up in the Town House; but at same time intimate to him not to make any more of those poems without the Magistrates' approbation."

The poet, whose name is more commonly spelled LAUDER, lives in fame chiefly by reason of the literary forgeries whereby he endeavoured to show that JOHN MILTON was no better than he should be—that, in short, he was indebted to older writers for some of his most effective passages.

That is another story. What struck the Member for Sark on coming across this document, was its adaptability to the case of Poet Laureate. It is the MARKISS who is responsible for the grim joke of placing ALFRED THE LITTLE in immediate succession to, therefore in direct comparison with, ALFRED THE GREAT. SARK, remembering the jingle about the Jameson raid, the mournful numbers about Mafeking, feeling sure that something else will be forthcoming about the triumphal march of BOBS, wants to ask the MARKISS whether he does not think the joke—never a very good one—isn't now played out? Couldn't he take a leaf out of the ancient Dundee Town Council book, forwarding a butt of Malmsey, and a cheque for salary up to date for ALFRED'S pains and charges, enjoin him "not to make any more of those poems without the magistrates' approbation"?

Business done.—Deadly dull night with Civil Service Estimates.

AT SEXES AND SEVENS.

At the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation, it was decided that the working hours of the sexes should be equal. No doubt at the next conference the following resolutions will be added to the list and carried.

Men and women not to work beyond their strength, and that strength to be ascertained by testing the weakest.

Men and women to be paid the same wages, for the same work.

Boys and girls to be allowed to grow at the same rate, to the same height.

The sexes in every possible respect to be equalised, and to carry out this desirable object human nature to be abolished by act of parliament.

REBUS IN ARDUIS.

TELL me, stranger, ere I perish,
Of the fish men call the trout,
Ere I lose the hopes I cherish,
Summer in and summer out,
Hopes of hooking one and landing
Him before the day is done,
Waist deep in the water standing,
From the dawn to set of sun.

Tell me, is his belly yellow?
Is he spotted red and black?
Does he look a splendid fellow
When you turn him on his back?



Is there any fly can rise him,
Any hook can hold him tight?
Is one able to surprise him
Any time from morn to night?

Stranger, years I've passed in trying
Every artifice and lure,
Standing, crawling, wading, lying,
Casting clean and long and sure.
Empty yet remains my basket,
Cramped and weary grows my fist,
Stranger, in despair I ask it,
Does the trout in truth exist?

NOTE BY DARBY JONES.—*Merman* in the Gold Cup at Ascot, had no end of a tail behind him.

"BOBSTAYS."—FRENCH, IAN HAMILTON, COLVILL, and KITCHENER.

ALL BUT OFFICIAL.

(A Correspondence possible, probable, but imaginary.)

BEG to submit that, as the glass is 90 in the shade, it would be advisable to serve out a hundred cabbage leaves as head-gear.

Z., 2nd Lieut. in temporary charge of F Company, Loamshire Regt.

Seen suggestion, and beg to forward it to General Commanding District.

Y., Commanding Officer,
Loamshire Regt.

Think this is a matter for Principal Medical Officer.

X., General Commanding District.

There would be no harm in adopting cabbage leaves as head-gear in abnormally hot weather. It might be valuable as an experiment from a scientific point of view. Return it to General Commanding District.

W., Principal Medical Officer.

Have received enclosed. Think this is a matter for your consideration and report.

V., Commander-in-Chief.

Submit that this should have been sent to the Contract branch. Cabbage leaves cannot be regarded under the heading "Discipline."

A. A.-G.

Fancy this must have been sent to this department in error. Try Contracts.

T., Chaplain-General.

No doubt cabbage leaves could be obtained from the recognised providers. But, under the circumstances, it would be better to advertise for tenders. Forwarding the minute on to Financial Secretary.

S., D.G.C.

As the new regulation is to give everything to everybody, see no objection to the serving out of cabbage leaves.

R., Financial Secretary.

(A week passes.)

Have received the cabbage leaves, but now the glass is only a few degrees above freezing point in the shade. Have consequently utilised the green stuff for soup. Trust my conduct will meet with approval.

Z., 2nd Lieut. in temporary charge of F Company, Loamshire Regt.

DEAR ZACKY,—Have shown your last minute to the chief, and he says all right and let's forget all about it.

Yours, in haste. . Q., Adjutant.



ON a bright sunny morning in late September, a powerfully-built schooner of about a hundred and fifty tons was slowly standing in towards one of the lonely isles dotted about that vast, almost unknown, region which we on this side of the habitable globe vaguely speak of as Oceania. The party on board, in addition to the skipper and the crew, consisted of the owner, JOHN SHELDON, a strong devotee of yachting in its more ambitious branches; his wife, almost as great an enthusiast as he was himself; and my humble self, RICHARD BROUGHTON, late Major of Her Majesty's 142nd Regiment, and retired because the sapient ones at the War Office wouldn't have me any longer! You see, I was a little over forty years of age, which, be it known, is a high crime and misdemeanour in the eyes of the authorities.

Two months beforehand, JACK SHELDON and I had sat in the verandah of an hotel overlooking the beautiful harbour of Sydney, discussing my sorry fate; or, rather, he had been silent whilst I poured out my woes into his sympathetic ear.

"Of course," I concluded, bitterly, "as we all know, a man of forty-five is quite useless—good for nothing! and must, perforce, retire, in order to make way for some beardless boy!"

Then I lit a cheroot, and puffed away in savage silence.

JACK looked up good-naturedly.

"Well, old man, it's no use to grumble and 'cuss' at your fate. You are, as you say, 'at a loose end.' Why not come out with us for a long cruise amongst the islands? There's lots of room on the old *Amphitryon*, and my wife 'll be as pleased as I shall if you say 'Yes.' It'll do you heaps of good, and we shall very likely come across some 'fearful wildfowl' that'll amuse us. The Service isn't the be-all and end-all of a man's active life, is it?"

And so it was that I came to be aboard the good old yacht, on the day she was gradually making the shores of one of the most

beautiful islands we had hitherto come across in those most beautiful seas.

We slowly forged ahead, our stem cleaving the azure water with even keel, as we neared the palm-fringed shore. Suddenly a native canoe shot out from the centre of the little bay into which we were heading, and was paddled swiftly towards us. It was manned by fine-looking, brown-skinned fellows, packed so tightly together that they almost impeded each other's efforts in the use of the paddles.

JACK SHELDON lit a cigar, threw the match into the sea, and leaning idly over the bulwarks, said:

"We'll stay where we are for two or three days—that is, if the skipper thinks we can lie here safely. We'll send some washing ashore by these people in the canoe. And then, when we're tired of the place, we'll fill up our water-breakers, get in some fruit and some fresh meat, and be off again for—"

"Lee, oh!" shouted the skipper, who always attended to the steering in *propria persona* when we were approaching land. "Hold on yet, boys. Now, let her come. Haul in your fore-sheet. How much nearer would you like to go in, Sir?"

"Oh, I should think we might stand on for another two or three minutes before you let go your anchor," replied SHELDON, indifferently.

The skipper nodded, and as we stood on the canoe altered its course and paddled directly towards us. About a couple of minutes elapsed, and then our Captain spoke again.

"Now, stand by, boys, and get your hook" (an anchor was always a 'hook' with old RUGGLES) "ready. BEN and TOM there, stand by them foresail halyards—now, some of ye to main-halyards and peak. That's it. Now!" he cried, hauling the tiller over and throwing the yacht up into the wind.

"Down jib, down foresail!" And a moment or two later, "Let go your hook!" and a resounding splash in the pellucid waters preceded the concluding portion of the skipper's speech:

"That's all serene. We shall lie here quiet enough, as long as this wind holds, and I don't see no sign of its changin' yet awhile, anyhow."

Directly our anchor was down, the natives in the canoe redoubled their efforts and soon shot their light, narrow craft up alongside the yacht.

Until then we had not taken much notice of the Islanders,

but now, looking over the side of the *Amphitryon*, we were somewhat astonished to see the "get-up" of the man who appeared to be their Chief. Attired ("not too much attired, but just attired enough," as JACK facetiously observed), for the most part, like the rest of his companions, he sported in addition—*O tempora, O mores!*—a false shirt front—known to the profane vulgar as a "Dickey"—and—ye gods and little fishes!—a top hat! This last was adorned at the side with sundry birds' feathers nodding to the breeze like the plumes of a hearse. Mrs. SHELDON incontinently retired below, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter; whilst, in order to guard against any such *contretemps* on our own part, JACK and I advanced with preternaturally solemn faces to salute the Chief as he came up the gangway.

SHELDON extended his hand and the Chief shook it heartily. Then, just as we were preparing to listen to the monotonous, chanting tones of the native language, we were both "taken flat aback," in nautical parlance, by the words which this singularly attired individual addressed to us.

"Say, I reckon yew didn't calculate to meet a real live Pres'dent, and a free-born 'Murrican cit'zen in these hyar parts, eh? Fact. I'm Pres'dent o' the people belongin' to this section, and, as the late A. SELKIRK observed, 'Guess I'm monarch of all I sur-vey.' Shake."

SHELDON was the first to recover from a surprise which had fairly taken away the breath from both of us. He again grasped the extended hand, and "shook." Then the Yankee, calling over the side in the native tongue, summoned two of the stalwart rowers to come on board us. They took their places behind their Chief, standing in what dancing masters call "the fifth position," and with one hand raised to the side of their foreheads in a kind of military salute.

The "down-Easter" surveyed them with a look of genuine pride on his face.

"My body-guard," he observed, with an airy wave of his hand. Then, by way of showing off their qualities, he said, addressing the foremost,

"HIRAM P. SLATER (can't stand any o' their fool-language names," he explained to us, parenthetically, "so I call them good, plain 'Murrican ones), I would gargle."

The dark-skinned native, with an imperturbable face which would have done credit to a London footman, at once produced from the folds of his dress a huge brandy flask, and solemnly presented it to his master.

"Gentlemen, will you liquor?" asked the Yankee, hospitably proffering us his "weapon."

"No, no!" exclaimed SHELDON quickly. "You're on my ship, Sir, and we're going below in a minute for the express purpose of tasting some of the stuff I keep there for such an occasion as this. You are my guest to-day, aboard."

The President bowed gravely, as he answered, "And you must be mine to-morrow, ashore. HIRAM P.," he added, turning to his attendant, "we will not gargle at present;" and the flask was immediately "stowed" by the well-trained servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON VANDERBILT!" called out the Yankee, and Guard Number Two smartly stepped forward, saluting. "My see-gars;" and immediately a case, about the size of an ordinary portmanteau, was produced and handed to him.

"You see, I make 'em useful. One's my Chancellor o' the Exchequer, and the other—the one with the see-gars—is the Minister for War. Splendidly trained men, and jest de-voted to their Pres'dent. Now, gentlemen, jest you tell me anything you are likely to want which my country affords, and it's yours. Fruit, pigs, yams, bananners—well, I reckon yew're as well 'quainted with the schedule of what grows on these hyar islands as I am. Anything you name shall be aboard yewre old tank quicker'n you could wink."

"You're really too good to us, Mr. President—I think you said President?"

"Correct in once. Pres'dent HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER, late Captain of the *Alabammer* steamship, Port o' N' York."

"Well now, Mr. President, what do you say? Shall we go below to try the champagne, or tell the steward to bring it to us here on deck under the awning?"

The Yankee dry-shaved his chin. "Wal, gimme the deck. Ye see, I ain't much in the way o' being indoors, and I'd feel my lungs sorter crowded down b'low. But, say, 'stead o' the champagne, hev' yew a streak o' Bourbon whiskey aboard? Yew hev'? That's real elegant! Shake." And again SHELDON and the President clasped hands. "Thar's a grip in some o' that old forty-rod lightnin' which champagne, however strong, seems to sorter miss. And—wal, yes, I guess I will take one o' your see-gars, and a seat as well. And now we're camped down an' snug, p'raps yew and yewre friend hyar would like to know jest how plain HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER rose to the proud po-sition of Pres'dent o' this prom'nent Republic? Ef that is so, I reckon I'll jest gargle fust and then tell you the why o' the hull business afterwards."

Of course we both wanted to gratify our natural curiosity on the subject, and promptly settled ourselves into comfortable deck-chairs to listen. How Mr. CUSSNER became President seemed very strange indeed, and reminded me of the old story of how, whilst a stranger sang "There's a wail on the hill" in a mining camp, he was rudely interrupted by a chorus of queries as to how the deuce it—the whale—got there? We wanted to know how Mr. CUSSNER "got there."

The object of our curiosity leisurely bit the end off a cigar, lighted it, and threw himself back in his lounge chair, puffing with evident satisfaction at the *Cabana*. Then the steward came up on deck, bearing a tray on which stood tumblers, a bottle of the Bourbon beloved of all good Americans, another of champagne, and a supply of soda-water.

"I reckon a splash o' this hyar Bourbon'll remind me of a time when I was in a very different section," said our guest, as he helped himself to a liberal dose of the whiskey, and a very small one of the soda. He swallowed three or four mouthfuls with profound satisfaction, and then—having, with an unconventionality quite charming in so great a man, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and solemnly expectorated over the side—began:

"I was cap'n an' part-owner o' the ole *Alabammer* when my stroke o' luck happened me. We had had fair winds an' smooth seas the first two or three weeks out from Borston; then, all of a sudden, the wind begun to get up, weather changed, and things jest went sideways. My chief mate got drunk so frequent that it became, as yew might say, mo-notonous, and the crew was about the durndest, cussedest lot yew ever struck. One ha'f didn't know their work, and the other ha'f wouldn't do it. Presently it begun to blow great gee-wilkins, and kep' on blowin' so long that we was driven hundreds o' miles outen our course. The mate was always too drunk to take an observation, and I never did reelly understand much about navigation, nor sextants, nor any o' them sort o' things. So, yew see, we felt kinder cornered, and begun to get real nervous. Wal, to cut it short, one dark night, not knowing I was near any land, I ran on to something and piled up the ole *Alabammer* on these hyar rocks" (with an airy wave of his hand towards the island). "She broke up, and I come ashore—not in any style, but on a hen-coop—"

"You were wrecked?" asked SHELDON.

"Some. Wrecked! Well, I should smile. I reckon there wasn't enough *Alabammer* left by morning to make a chore o' kindlin' wood of. Heaps o' cargo come ashore, luckily for me. I b'leve some o' the crew got away in one o' the boats—but none o' 'em ever come ashore hyar, dead or alive. They was jest the hardest lot ever I struck; an' ef they all went straight

to Satan at once, I reckon he'd want to work overtime to keep the stokin' up to sample. But I o-pine that even he draws the line somewhere, and wouldn't admit 'em 'cept in small instalments.

"Wal, soon as I floated ashore the natives come down on to the beach, jest as friendly as pie. Guess they saw I was a cit'zen o' the U-nited States; and all the world over the latch-string's hangin' out for 'most anyone sailin' under the star-spangled banner, as yew gentlemen know. We got right along together from the start, me and the natives. Their King (he's my Prime Minister now—I call him CÆSAR J. THOMPSON—most useful man, and cleans out my block, the White House, once a week, and does it real well), wal, he took to me, right off, rigged me out in a soot of his own, consistin' mainly of some big feathers, a few green leaves and a pair o' sandals; but later on, when things that had come ashore from the ship—this hat amongst 'em—was brought up from the beach, I was a man agen. I went to live with the King, who reckoned he'd marry me to ha'f a dozen wives. I reckoned he wouldn't, though! I said I was not strong—which they cert'nly were. Finally, I compromised the thing by takin' two or three of his sisters off'n his hands.

"Wal, Sir, we dwelt together in peace an' un'ty—that is, more or less in peace an' un'ty—until I begun to find everything so slick to my hand that life seemed to sorter pall: the life o' the bloaters eater* didn't seem to suit HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER, and 'peared kinder tame after the bustle an' hum o' N' York an' 'Frisco. So I cast around, an' soon begun to discover that what the natives hyar was jest achin' for—though they themselves didn't seem aware of it—was a Constitootion an' a Pres'dent. Soon as I could sling their one-eyed language some, I unfolded a massive scheme o' Guv'ment to them, p'intin' out the evils an' hardships they was groanin' under—which they'd never seen before, and, to be ex-act, didn't see then; told 'em they was bein' crushed beneath th' iron heel o' the o-pressor, and represented that though their King was a good feller, yet he wasn't good 'nuff. I orated o' the glories o' liberty, o' the wagglin's o' the Bird o' Freedom in the U-nited States, o' the blessin's of a Constitootion. Whereupon these chuckle-headed clams all said they had good constitootions. I p'inted out that they hadn't the Franchise; and they anserd that they didn't want it, as there was plenty of pigs and yams and bananners to live on. I explained that the Franchise wasn't somethin' to eat, but the proud priv'lege of every free-born cit'zen to have a voice in the councils o' the nation. I bulled right along until at last they tumbled and recognised, slowly but cert'nly, that they was the oppressed victims of a corrupt Oligarchy. They didn't know what the word meant. No, more did I; but I reckon it sounded well, and almost as comfortin' as the old woman's Mesopotamia. When at last they was ripe and ready for mischief and felt good an' injured, I said I guessed I would see the King and prevent bloodshed. So I interviewed him in a style that would ha' turned a *Herald* man green with envy. I explained the po-litical position, and told him I reckoned he'd better 'git.'

"'Why?' asks the chucklehead, simple as a young steer in a cabbage grove. 'Do not my people love me?'

"'I guess not,' I anserd; 'that is, socially they may, but politically they want your blood.'

"'But they were always peaceful, contented, and happy,' he went on in a kinder helpless, bewildered way.

"'So. Until they recognised that you had withheld from them that priceless blessin'—the Franchise. That, Sir, is the birthright of every free-born man.'

"'What is this Franchise? If they require it so much, let us try to get a supply from the next ship which puts in here,' he says.

* Lotus eater?

"He was a well-meanin' cuss, but political rights didn't seem his line as it were.

"'You make me tired,' I said. 'You evidently don't understand as much of the Constitootion of a State as a Prov'dence River oyster. An' what's wuss, I reckon I might set right here tryin' to explain it to you till my pants showed signs of wear. No, and even then you wouldn't get the hang of it. But I tell yew straight, Royalty, the people are ready to rise and throw off the yoke.'

"'What yoke?' he asks, still all simplicity an' betel-nut.

"'Oh, I guess some time, when I've a year or two hangin' heavy on hand, I'll explain,' I says, sarcastic. 'But jest now, I reckon I got to act. See here, I tell yew what I'll do, if you agree to the terms. You shall remain King, I'll be Pres'dent, and the People shall hev their Constitootion; then we shall all be satisfied, an example fer the hull o' the civerlized world to foller. How does the scheme strike you, Royalty?'

"'He said that was all right. So long as he was to remain King, he allowed he didn't care a cuss who was Pres'dent an' who was Constitootion.

"'Then come the moment fer me to strike. So I stretched out my legs and yawned, and 'peared sort of drawly and indifferent, an' then I says, ca'm an' quiet:

"'O' course, yew know that a King's only shucks compared to a Pres'dent. I s'pose yew know that much, Royalty, eh? an' that the Kings o' France an' England allus has to remain standin' when the Pres'dent o' the U-nited States is on hand?'

"'Wal, the King he turned jest as sick as could be at that. I never seen a sicker nigger'n him. His jaw fell about a foot as he gasped out:

"'You—you are to be placed higher than me?'

"'I jest-nodded.

"'Some,' I answered, slow an' cautious. I wanted to see how he was goin' to take it, and I made ready to light outen the door, if needful, an' to do it in a hurry too, fer the King stands over six feet two, and has got a touch like the kick of a horse. But the critter seemed kinder dazed fer the moment, an' that moment, Sir, carried the day fer me.

"'See here, Royalty,' I ses. 'I don't want ter be hard on yew. Yew shall be Prime Minister; an' I reckon that if a man that's Prime Minister ain't got a sight more power'n a man that's King, nowadays—well, then, I say that that man don't know enough to come in outen the rain! Is it a whizz?' and I held out my hand, friendly.

"'He looked around, sorter helpless, and was jest about to shout for the bodyguard, when he must have suddenly remembered this was the one partickler day of the week when the bodyguard was allowed to get drunk—an institution of my own, that, in the interests o' freedom and the rights o' man. Wal, the King, he see the game was up, as he knew the holt I had got on the people, and there was nobody there to protect him ef I raised the mob. He sighed and gave in—reg'lar wilted, as you may say.'

The President again paused, and thoughtfully expectorated over the bulwarks as he helped himself to a second tumbler of the old Bourbon. Then he resumed:

"'The change, Sirs, was e-fected without bloodshed or trouble of any sort: a reg'lar *Coop de Tar* as the French call it. I reckoned it would make things lighter for the King ef I told him I'd already been President o' the U-nited States, England, an' Ireland—so I done it, and he seemed good an' pleased and looked up to me as a man who was rather doin' this little ant-heap a favour in takin' on the gov'ment, which is, in a way, true. An' now the King, he jest worships me. I've taught him euclre and seven-up, and even condescend to win a bit off him sometimes. I don't put on no frills, though I am

a Pres'dent and he only a black man. What's more, I've lately married three of his relatives who lived at his hut—which must be a relief to him, jedgin' by the amount o' naggin', an' sassin', an' hair-combin' they've trans-ferred from their late protector to their present husban'.

"My first act o' State was to carry out my sollum pledged word that the people should hev' the Franchise. It soothed 'em all to think they'd a voice in the conduct o' public affairs, and it didn't matter a cuss in reality! Every man, woman, an' child was at once put on the list o' voters, an' I made 'em a speech explainin' what a proud po-sition it was. Every three years we shall hev' an election for Pres'dent, and all they hev' to do is to vote—for me. Ye see, they're setch a simple people you must treat 'em to simple ways. Ef they was told 'you can vote for this crank or the other,' or for the free silver ticket (we ain't got no silver here as a matter o' fact), or for the Democratic candidate or what not, they'd get kinder confused. An' ef the candidate o' one section got beat, that lot would jest raise Cain an' make things hum fer the rest. But by my plan everybody's satisfied. We shall jest enounce

. ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

VOTE FOR

C U S S N E R,

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

Wal, there's the hull business in a nutshell: there's nobody else to vote for—therefore they'll all vote fer me. I shall be returned, an' the voters'll go home pleased as pie that *their* candidate has run in fer Pres'dent."

The Yankee solemnly closed one eye as he said this, and I felt profoundly impressed with the delightful simplicity of his scheme. Also, I wondered how long the guileless native was likely to stand it—and him.

"And the King? How does he get on as Prime Minister?" asked SHELDON, repressing a strong inclination to laugh.

"Fust rate, I reckon. Oh, the King's a daisy: should guess he's never been so happy before as he is, jest now. I've brought his country right up to date. We've got a def'nite system o' taxation, even. Six o' the biggest natives hev' been app'inted tax gatherers, and each one travels around collectin' with a thick club. They gets a percentage on what they ken raise, an' no limit's placed on the sum to be demanded: if our tax-man sees a chance o' gettin' a bit over, why he jest goes fer it like a trout at a fly. The system's a durned sight better'n any I've ever struck in civerlized countries. What's a Jedge's summons compared to a thick club?

"Next, I organised the standin' army. We got twenty-three men in our army—that is, includin' my bodyguard, HIRAM P. SLATER and GEORGE WASHINGTON VANDERBILT, who you see on board. I'm Field-Marshal and General Commandin'-in-Chief, an' the King he's Major-Gineral. We're thinkin' o' getting uniforms fer the army somewhen, but we can't do it right now, because we're too busy raisin' a navy—eight canoes, Sir, and useful ones, you bet—for service agenst the incur-sions o' foreign States.

"Gentlemen, your old Bourbon an' see-gars hez done me a ton o' good; likewise to hev' a talk in my own native 'Murrican—that has raised my sperrits a sight, too. Anythin' you want on my island is yours. Jest send around an' collect anythin' you should take a fancy to. Never mind the owner, he don't count, hyar.

"An' now I must git. I've kep' the King coolin' his heels an' waitin' around fer me all this time on the beach. He was real mad I wouldn't let him come aboard. But a body ken hev' too much o' Royalty, an' yew ken hev' too much of a Prime Minister. I reckon I was jest beginnin' to sour a little on the King.

"I hope, gentlemen, yew're goin' to stay around in this section, awhile? There's some re-markable things to show yew on my island. I call it my island now—seems to come natural, as it were. Now and agen I feel as ef I should like a crawl around town—jest for a piece; an' sometimes I'd like a look at a *New York Her'ld*. But yew don't ketch me leavin' my present lo-cation—not by a long chalk—you ken betcher boots. I reckon I know a soft thing when I see it. And though Royalty hez a great respect fer me while I'm on hand, I don't seem to feel certain but what he might change his mind if once my back was turned on the island. Dessay the critter feels that what was once his might be his agen; but in that re-spect he'll hev' to reckon with Pres'dent HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER! Say now," he added, suddenly changing the subject of conversation, "what'll you trade off some o' that Bourbon at? We can't get any but native liquor hyar, an' that's apt to cause a man internal sufferin'."

SHELDON laughed.

"My dear Mr. President," he said, "I'm not a trader, but it will give me the greatest pleasure if you will allow me to send ashore a case of a dozen bottles as a personal present."

The Yankee bowed gratefully, as he rose and prepared to go over the side into his canoe.

"Sir," he said, "yew hev' conferred a favour upon the Pres'dent o' this State which he will be slow to forget. True gentlemen are very scarce, I reckon, an' so's Bourbon whiskey. My address is the White House—like to keep up the old 'Murrican tra-dition, ye see—First an' Only Avenue. An' now, gentlemen, it would give me un'dult'rated an' real, genuine pleasure ef yew two will dine with me an' Royalty to-morrow, mid-day. Mostly we dine plain, but fer this mem'able o-casion, we shall en-deavour to throw a bit o' style into our banquet. I don't ask your lady, as Royalty's manners is hardly up to sample. He means well, but is sorter crude at meals. Farewell. To-morrow at noon I shall be ready to receive you at the White House. Don't forget the address—First an' Only Avenue—at mid-day. Pork and yams will be on the tab—floor, I mean—at twelve fifteen, sharp."

Fox Russell



A PUBLIC DANGER.

Jack. "SEE THAT CHAP, MOTHER? HE'S THE ONLY PRO-BOER IN OUR SCHOOL!"

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

["Owing to the evictions which have been taking place in Southwark, we are confronted with the problem of numerous houseless families. The tenants of the dwellings, which were in an unsanitary condition, were given notice to quit that the premises might be done up."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT is this weeping of women and wailing?

What is this cry of the children I hear?

What is this moan of the sick and the ailing,
That shiver and cough as the night draweth near?

Why are these houseless ones huddled together,
Their outraged Penates flung down in a heap,
With never a roof betwixt them and the weather,
And never a hole where the weary can sleep?

Nay, hush, O ye women, your impotent crying!

Ye terrified children, be comforted too!

And cease from your moaning, ye sick and ye dying!

'Tis only your good that the Law has in view.

Her motherly heart, with solicitude swelling,
Is shocked at your dens with disease over-run;
And rather than see you in such a poor dwelling,
She saith in her wisdom, "Lo, ye shall have none."

Oh, tender devotion! Oh, love unrestricted!

Ineffable kindness! Down, down on your knees,
And pour out your gratitude, O ye evicted!

What! Have ye no thanks for such blessings as these?
Still tears, bitter tears, and black grief and repining
And wrath in your hearts, and indignant despair?
What though ye be cold and your little ones whining?
The Law in her mercy has given you air.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

To the Healing of the Sea (SMITH ELDER) contains vivid descriptions of the New York Stock Exchange in moments of frenzied excitement. Mr. FRANCIS HARDY has evidently studied the subject on the spot, and is most successful in reproducing it for the edification of milder-mannered citizens. All the chapters relating to Stock Exchange transactions are written with a master hand. When Mr. HARDY takes some of his characters to the healing of the sea, provided by a passage to Southampton in an ocean liner, he becomes conventional. My Baronite recognises in him a man of dauntless courage. He boldly tells, and spoils in the telling, the story about the Red Indian, who, seated for the first time in his life at a civilized dinner table, ate the contents of the mustard-pot. When, presently, tears of agony rolled down his untwitching face, and his host asked him what was the matter, he made answer he was thinking of his late grandmother. It is a little startling to have this ancient story resuscitated in the conversation glittering through one of the latest of the six-shilling novels.

In *Fate the Fiddler* (CONSTABLE) Mr. H. C. MACILWAIN realises most admirably the experience of two English squatters in the comparatively early days of Australian development, before the discovery of gold. If the author's processes are somewhat leisurely, he justifies himself, according to my Nautical Retainer, by effects which could not otherwise have been obtained. We are left with a firm impression of the unconscious modifications of character which are the inevitable result of a life removed from all conventions; its tendency, in particular, to accentuate original differences in natures thrown upon their own resources.

The book is less a novel, in the accepted sense, than a study of the influence, physical, moral and social, of circumstance and locality. His Australian types—the squatter, active or retired, the bushman, the money-lending capitalist—he represents with the authority of intimate knowledge; and to this he brings the added charm of a finely artistic sense of colour, a loving appreciation of detail, a studied reserve of literary strength. In his sketches of types whose features are less exotic he perhaps exposes his limitations; certainly the character of the English BARBARA, whose action so largely determines the course of his hero's destiny, is very inadequately defined. On the other hand, when he portrays that delightful colonial, Mrs. FENTON, his heart is obviously in his work. B. DE B.-W.

ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY HENRI TROFFORT.

WHAT happened after the death of the last French King?

Under the descendants of the Belgian, JEAN de Gand, the English were fighting always against the French. HENRY V. gained a temporary advantage by a treacherous attack by night on the French, at Azincourt, and actually conquered a part of France. The English call him a hero; it is evident that he was but a brigand.

Could HENRY VI. retain the French provinces seized by his father?

No. The English were soon driven from France, and retained only Calais. The name of this town was mysteriously tattooed on the left side of each sovereign, over the heart, until the reign of Mary I., who revealed the secret before her death. The tattooing was then discontinued. During the reign of Henry VI., London was taken by JOHN CAD. Even at present the name "Cad" enrages a Londonian. After the struggle between the two towns of York and Lancaster, now extremely peaceable, we come to the reign of EDWARD IV., in fine, an English King, although after-grandson of EDOUARD III. H. D. B.

THE *Daily News* informs us that Mr. JOHN TWEED has just completed his colossal statue of Mr. CECIL RHODES. Appropriate, "The Colossus of Rhodes."



A PAIN(T)FUL JOKE.

She. "WHAT AN AGONISED LOOK SOME ARTISTS SEEM TO GIVE THEIR PORTRAITS."
He. "HEM!—ER—YES. SORT OF DRAWN EXPRESSION!"

ALMS A LA MODE.

SCENE—A Ladies' Club. Philanthropists discovered in conversation.

First Philanthropist. It should be the biggest thing of the season. We can have tableaux vivants.

Second Phil. Yes, I have kept my dress that I wore in Godiva's ride. And then TOM is capital with a banjo song.

Third Phil. And I can do some skirt dancing.

Fourth Phil. My métier is to sit as a milkmaid selling butter.

Fifth Phil. I know, dear; but you never attend to business when the Brigade turn up.

Fourth Phil. No chance of that, darling; they are all at the front.

Sixth Phil. Of course we will have any number of stalls. And the saleswomen must appear in national costumes like Earl's Court, or more so.

Seventh Phil. First rate. We can get the goods if we advertise the firms on a souvenir.

Fourth Phil. Which we can get written and illustrated for nothing. BLANCHE knows a number of "interesting people."

Third Phil. Is there anything else to be remembered?

First Phil. Well, of course, we should get a good list of smart people—duchesses for choice.

Fifth Phil. I knew we had forgotten something? Here you are, arranging all sorts of diversions, and yet you have overlooked the *raison d'être* of the festival.

First Phil. Have we? As how?

Fifth Phil. Well, of course, you will do it for a charity—which one?

First Phil. The charities are far too prosperous!

Fifth Phil. May be so, but what's to be our particular charity?

First Phil. Oh, don't bother about that. The charity is quite a detail.

(Curtain.)

THE PRESIDENTS' DUET.

(After "The Burghers' Battle.")

Steyn.

THICK rise the rooineks o'er the land
That erst the burgher bore;
Lord ROBERTS smites with heavy hand,
And we return no more.

Kruger.

From Rand and reef more strong will flow
The stream of ruddy ore,
But Uitlanders the swag will stow,
And we return no more.

Steyn.

What peace or joy will bless their gates?
What wise man bring them lore?
What Wessels sail for distant states,
Now we return no more?

Kruger.

What President the Raad will lead
Which I have ruled of yore?
What pots de vin shall be his meed,
Now we return no more?

Steyn.

The Briton will not beat or kill
(Unlike his brother Boer)
The Kaffirs at his own sweet will,
When we return no more.

Kruger.

The wicked flourish for a day—
So take we, grieving sore,
Two singles, Delagoa Bay,
Since we return no more.

Steyn.

Remember how, all rash and vain,
You spoke the word of war,
And sowed this harvest of the plain—
That we return no more.

Kruger.

Ja, Ja! So, Providence knows best.
True, the old days are o'er—
Yet have we feathered each his nest,
Though we return no more!

[Exeunt—viâ Delagoa Bay.]

"UP goes the price of 'Gas'!" or it might be stated as more nearly approaching the exact quotation, "Up goes the price of met-er!" Sixpence extra a thousand! We burn with just indignation.

THE NEXT BENEFIT.

(Preliminary Prospectus.)

IN aid of the Fund for the Distribution of Money amongst the Undeserving Rich, a performance will be given at the Theatre Royal Advertisement, of which the following will be the chief items:

Twenty-two tragedians will recite.
Twenty-four comedians will tell stories.
Twenty-six ladies will dance.
Twenty-eight ladies will sing.
Thirty music-hall artistes will entertain.
Scenes from a dozen metropolitan successes will be given.

The whole will conclude with SHERIDAN'S masterpieces, GOLDSMITH'S comedies, and the entire series of SHAKESPEARE'S works.

Commence at 7 A.M. Terminate when it's over.

A BUNTING SONG.

(By A. A. S.)

[During the recent rejoicings, a vast number of Union Jacks have been flown that were made in Germany, and incorrectly designed, or else hung the wrong way up. Many, also, of the cheaper Royal Standards exhibit the Harp in the second or upper outside quarter instead of in the third or lower quarter next the mast. It is noticeable, too, that the Tricolour has been very largely adopted, in spite of the fact that, vertically, this is the French flag, and horizontally the Dutch, while by another arrangement (white uppermost, blue and red) we have the Russian flag. And as a further compliment to our friends the enemy, we displayed the Transvaal "four-colours," when wearing the green with the Union Jack on March 17.]

I.

"THREE cheers for the Red, White and Blue"

Sing Britishers loyal and true;
We hoist it in glory,
And roar, Whig and Tory,

Hooray

For French and for Kimberley Day!

(But if closely you view,
The Flag's upside down or askew!)

II.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Pro-Boers are futile and few—
We run up the bunting,
All traitors confronting,

Hooray

For Cronjé and Paardeberg Day!

(But the flag that you view
Is oft a French tricolor new!)

III.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue"

And the flag that on Patrick's day flew!
When the "green" we were flaunting,
Of WHITE we were vaunting—

Hooray

For Buller and Ladysmith Day!

(But our vierkleur in view
Seemed to flatter OOM PAUL and his crew.)



CRaven-Hill

Policeman. "'ERE, CLEAR THIS OUT OF THE WAY."

Little Girl. "GARN WITH YER! YOU WAS IN ONE O' THEM YERSELF ONCE!"

IV.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

We mafficked for all that we knew;
Yards of ribbon we sported
And buttons assorted!

Hooray

For B.-P. and for Mafeking Day!

(While the colours you'd view
Were the driekleur of Hollanders, too!)

V.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Khaki for campaigning will do,

But 'tis too unobtrusive,
For joy that's effusive!

Hooray

For Bobs and Pretoria Day!

(But 'tis odd that we view
In London each Muscovite hue!)

VI.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"
One more when the Peace is put through!
In our German-made Standard
The Harp has meandered—

Hooray,

When it comes, for Victoria Day!

(Let us carefully view,
And the wrongly-set Ensign taboo!)



NOW, IN JUNE, AN OLD MAN'S FANCY
LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF—ER—THE MAY-FLY.
(Home-made too.)

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 16.—A grand performance of *Tannhäuser*! Personally conducted by Herr MOTTI. *Venus*, the Strong woman, —Süss an' STRONG—wrestled gloriously with the wayward *Tannhäuser*, putting forth all her strength and sweetness, but with so shifty a character as the hero the art of a Sandow would have been unavailing, and he escaped. The opera here ran into a tunnel, and on emerging after the manner of the Biograph at the Palace Theatre, *Tannhäuser* found himself in a charming German landscape, whence all but he had apparently fled. On an inaccessible kopje to the left, however, and quite out of sight of one side of the audience, Fräulein OLITZKA was present in strength, and disguised as a youthful shepherd she fascinated a delighted house with the exquisite legend of Holda. The second act introduced us to Mdle. TERNINA as *Elizabeth*, and a very delightful acquaintance she proved to be, singing superbly throughout. Comic relief was plentiful when the aristocracy and gentry of the neighbourhood arrived for the local Eisteddfod. One little military gentleman, who brought his daughters, could hardly be induced to leave the "presence"; he was plainly entranced with M. PLANÇON's costume, which rather suggested Nebuchadnezzar. *Wolfram* (M. VAN ROOY) opened the competition with a song quite perfectly rendered, and we mentally awarded him the bardic gold medal, or its equivalent in leeks, but the proceedings being hopelessly broken up soon after by the rowdy behaviour of *Tannhäuser*, the distribution of prizes had not yet been reached when we left the building at 11.45. M. PLANÇON sang gloriously all through, and his German was flawless.

Mem. at the end of evening.—What exquisite music can be produced by casually patting a harp on the strings with the open hand every few minutes or so—when the idea occurs to

you. The odd thing is that it goes on just the same, whether you remember to do so or not! Enables you to devote all your attention to your singing!

Monday, June 18.—*Les Huguenots*, EDOUARD DE RESZKE came out strong as *Piff-Puff Marcel*, the sturdy old Hug-me-not soldier, while SALEZA, as *Raoul de Nangis*, his master, was simply triumphant. PLANÇON good as *St. Bris*. LUCILLE HILL, better at finish than starting, came up to time and tune in the great duett with *Saleza-Raoul*, which went magnificently, as did he "with leaps and bounds" out of the window to join in the scrimmage below. *Marguerite de Valois* found a more than satisfactory representative in Mlle. MIRANDA, who in her great song won her laurel crown. Delightful part this! Only to appear in one act, just at the best part of the evening, sing one brilliant cadenza and then—exit, having charmed everybody and pleased yourself! Miss EDYTH WALKER ['Tis a pretty way of spelling Edith this—yet wherefore the "y"? Also, could not WALKER have been freshened up as "WARKUR"? But this is asking too much,] acted as well as she sang, doing both to the heartily expressed satisfaction of a crowded house. Altogether a good performance, notable for SALEZA's *Raoul*, which is a record. Than Mlles. BAUERMEISTER and McCULLOCH (as it is no longer exclusively the Royal Italian Opera, we get sweet singers of all nationalities) there could not be two more superior Maids of Honour. They were evidently "to the 'manner' born." Honours easy to them. We are now half-way through a season, that so far seems to have been an exceptionally good one.

Wednesday, June 20.—*Don Giovanni* in Italian. Crowded house to welcome MOZART's masterpiece. "Alliteration's artful aid," accurate on this occasion. Signor SCOTT not the ideal DON, about as good as anyone can be in that rôle. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKI capital as *Leporello*—in good voice and, as always, in "great" form. M. GILBERT loutishly comic as *Mazetto*. *Il Commendatore* represented by M. JOURNET with distinction. As the statue he looks in excellent health—quite a colour. Miss SUSAN STRONG powerful as *Donna Anna*, and Miss MARGUERITE MACINTYRE doing her best with poor *Elvira*. *Zerlina* bright and coquettish, thanks to Mlle. SCHEFF. Everyone pleased to once again meet the familiar melodies. WAGNER out of it to-night. As there's a Week o' WAGNER, will there ever be a Month of MOZART?

THE INSPECTOR'S LAMENT.

["The lower babies' mental arithmetic leaves much to be desired."—*School Inspector's report, quoted by Sir John Gorst.*]

WHAT will become of England if things go on this way? There's hundreds of poor infants learning nothing day by day. They fairly set my hair on end with every kind of blunder. Ah me! the hopeless ignorance of babes of three and under!

A problem in arithmetic of quite a simple kind Seems past the comprehension of the shallow infant mind; They fail to grasp—for want, I fear, of proper education—The obvious first principles of ratiocination.

Of science or of history they hardly know a word; Of Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit some have never even heard; And when a searching question I occasionally try, Instead of smartly answering, the lower babies cry.

How long am I to plough the sands? How long am I, I ask, To be a School Inspector and to ply this weary task? Until the matter's mended, I again can only say, What will become of England if things go on this way?

LORD MORRIS, having power to add to his number, has taken the title of Lord KILLANIN. He is now "Lord MORRIS AND KILLANIN," i.e. an excellent Hibernian example of Sheridan's "Two single gentlemen rolled into one."



THE PUZZLED KANGAROO.

"WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT I WANTED; BUT I'M HANGED IF I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT!"



He "I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART, WITH ALL MY MIND, MY EVERY THOUGHT, MY —"

She (interrupting). "YES, I KNOW. BUT ALL THAT MEANS SO LITTLE!"

"ARS EST 'MONSTRARE' ARTEM."

No doubt of it. The art of Arts is to display works of art to the very best advantage. To do this "well and truly," as the Masons have it, needs a veritable Master of Arts, or several Masters of Arts. Translate *Ars est celare artem* properly, and it means "It is genuine artfulness to hide away your treasures." Undoubtedly, this collection at Hertford House, shows what art they had who arranged the present and permanent exhibition. These Masters are to be congratulated.

What a sight! What a show! What a splendid collection of snuff-boxes, bric-à-brac, ivories, miniatures, porcelain and faïence, illuminations, china, bronzes, jewelled ornaments, armour and arms, oil paintings and water-colours by all sorts of masters, great and small, bequeathed to the nation by Lady WALLACE, and here permanently housed. Why, as the poet sings,

"Stayed you here throughout a month,
From the very first to the thirty-one'th,
Never by any chance going away,
Up all night and about all day,
Could you master a twentieth part
Of this collection of rarest Art?"

And the answer is emphatically, "No, you couldn't; not even were you personally conducted by clever Claude Phillips, the Curator, who could tell you all about everything." Yet, though the house as now arranged makes an admirable museum, and is to all intents and purposes in a fairly central situation, the lover of art, who is the visitor here to-day, cannot but feel a bias towards the proposition of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. (who remained in the respectable minority of one, on certain

points, as against the other seven members of the Committee—"seven more obstinate men I never saw," as the juryman declared who held out for "not guilty" against the other eleven), which was, that "great advantage would result from the Wallace collection being installed in a new building, to be constructed in the vicinity of the National Gallery." Everybody in town and country knows where the National Gallery is, but we should say that the majority (including Provincials of course) have yet to learn the locality of Hertford House.

"'Arford 'Ouse?" repeated our hansom cabman, quite an average specimen of his "rank." "Where's *that*, sir?"

"'Arford 'Ouse?" inquired another equally sharp hansom driver. "Let's see—ain't that where Sir WILLUM WALLIS were?"

The substitution of "WILLIAM" for "RICHARD" showed historical knowledge, recalling "Scots wha hae" and so forth. These are facts. But no doubt the locality will soon be discovered, as has, I am informed on good authority, been the case with the Tate Gallery, which is out of touch with most omnibuses and with Metropolitan and District Stations; likewise it has no pier for steamers. It possesses, however, a cab-stand limited.

To do more than chronicle the opening of the Wallace Collection to the public is here impossible. In another visit, and another after that, we may hope to give to town and country some idea of what there is to be seen in this unique collection. Everyone to his taste, and assuredly everyone will be individually gratified. For ourselves, give us a few gems by VAN DER HELST, some VAN OSTADES, a couple of CUYPS, and as many as you like by ROMNEY, ROBERTS, COROT, and marvellous MEISSONIER; a nice pick from Flanders; just something to go off with from Spain and Italy, and have a van at the door appropriately ready to cart away the Dutchmen to our private residence, and we'll never trouble Hertford House, nor any gallery again, that is when Detectives are on duty. But till then Hertford House will be on our visiting list, whenever in town, for some time to come. We forgot Gainsborough; so, while the cart is at the door, just put in No. 42, Portrait of Mrs. ROBINSON, and Sir JOSHUA'S No. 85, and pack 'em off to OUR OWN COLLECTOR.

Wednesday last was the Press day. Guardians and police on the alert: very curious as to what impressions the Press-men might carry away with them. Never saw a place so guarded and so police'd! Friday a High-and-mighty day. *Mr. Punch* and other distinguished visitors had the honour of meeting their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, being thereto specially invited by the Earl of ROSEBURY, Sir JOHN MURRAY-SCOTT, and Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, representing the trustees of the Nation's Treasure, who, by choosing Hertford House have, undoubtedly, secured certain "immediate advantages" for the grateful public. *Mr. Punch*, on behalf of the Nation, tenders the trustees his heartiest thanks.

SUGGESTED RULES FOR THE G. P. O.

1. LETTERS intended for the Provinces must be posted half an hour before they are written.
2. There will be no "too late" stamp for letters that are intended to go by a delivery that does not arrive.
3. Papers, if posted in the London office, will not be despatched by the Provincial office until notice has been given to the parties interested.
4. In order to secure the convenience of the permanent officials, letters will be ignored unless they contain stamps to the amount required by the regulations not yet formulated.
5. In case of complaint the public will have the option of writing to St. Martin's-le-Grand or Mount Pleasant, and upon the non-receipt of a reply from one of these offices are requested to write to the other, and in the event of obtaining no satisfactory explanation to begin again.



SUNDAY AT THE ZOO.

Mr. Murphy. "EXCUSE ME, SORR; BUT CAN YE DIRECT ME TO THE GOIN' OUT ENTRANCE?"

MISSING THE 18TH.

THE Veteran passed through Trafalgar Square and found the remains of wreaths and flowers. Some one had not forgotten the date of Gordon Day, and there were traces of decorations near the column. Even CHARLES THE FIRST had been treated with tenderness, and the pedestal of his statue covered with flowers. Go where he would, the veteran had the same experience. By this time he had returned to Hyde Park Corner.

"My statue as it has ever been! No wreaths, no flags, and yet this is the 18th of June!"

"Waterloo Day," cried the street urchin.

"We don't want flags to remember that battle, Sir."

"ARE YOU ANSWERED NOW?" asks SHY-LOOK; and so also demand the clever correspondents who have guessed the riddle in the last number. Why, certainly; if it isn't "Mandrake," what can it be?

KUMATI POORT.

[Written in intelligent anticipation of events.]

Air—"Excelsior!"

FAR off the cannon faintly popped
As in a railway-station stopped
A special train (propelled by stoem)
Which bore a party labelled "OOM,
Kumati Poort."

His hat was high; his brow (beneath)
Carried it bravely like a wreath:
"Ticket!" the Station-master cried;
He simply answered "Right inside!
Kumati Poort!"

He saw, as in a doubtful dream,
His Dutchman getting up her steam;
He saw her lights across the bay
Which he was making for, viâ
Kumati Poort.

"Try not the track," the porter said;
"They're blowing up the line ahead!"
The Chieftain answered "Shut the door!"
And inly murmured, as before,
"Kumati Poort!"

"Stay!" cried the burghers, "stay, O
stay!
Don't take the Capital away!"
"Fight on, my braves, fight on!" said he;
"And note my next address will be
Kumati Poort."

"Beware the dynamiter's bomb!
Beware the perilous pom-pom!"
That was the porter's last goodbye,
Which drew the following reply:
"Kumati Poort."

* * * *

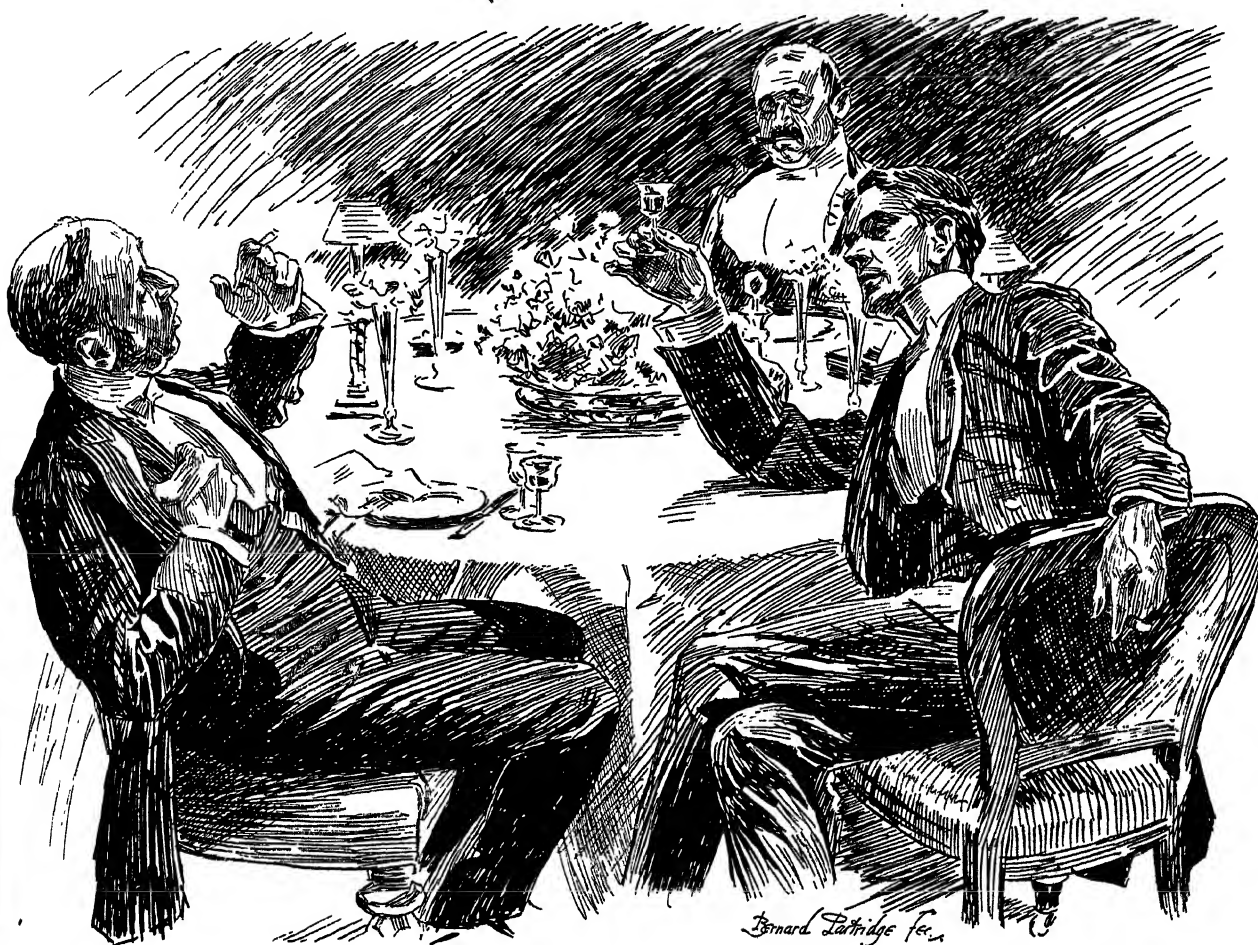
A horrid crash—a sudden leap
From ambush on his beauty sleep:
And somewhere down a rude abyss
A solemn voice that asked "Is this
Kumati Poort?"

There at the bottom, safe and sound,
The aged Capital was found,
Still grasping, underneath the van,
A bullion-box whose legend ran:
"Kumati Poort."

Aloof he lay without a sigh,
Until his headpiece caught his eye;
Then said, "I loved that ruined hat!
And now I'll never wear it at
Kumati Poort."

O. S.

GRÂCE AUX MESSIEURS A.—Messrs. AGNEW & SONS are now exhibiting "*Les Fragonards*," i.e. the decorative canvases by Fragonard, formerly at the Maison Malvilain (what a terrible name!) at Grasse. No wonder that this artistic firm in Bond Street, who know so well—none better—how "to make hay when the sun shines," should have got in these treasures of Grasse. "*L'Amant Couronné*," "*La Poursuite*," "*L'Escalade ou le Rendez-vous*," all charming, and thanks to the generosity of the exhibitors the visitor will take away "*les souvenirs*" with him.



Guest. "THIS IS A CAPITAL GLASS OF PORT!" Host. "AH, MY BOY, IT'S NOT A PATCH ON SOME THAT I'VE GOT IN MY CELLAR!"

THE SONG OF THE SUNSHADE.

[“The Adjutant-General is at work on a sunshade.”—*Mr. Wyndham.*]

FOR many, many years,
‘Mid a thousand hopes and fears
I’ve toiled by day and night
To design a sunshade neat,
Yet effective and complete,
But I’ve never, never got it right.

I thought, when I began,
’Twas an easy thing to plan,
And dreaming that the task was brief,
I selected as my model
For protecting Tommy’s noddle
The simple cabbage leaf.

It had points, beyond a doubt,
But, of course, Pall Mall cried out
In horror at my homely art:
“Such a shade may save the men
From a blazing sun, but then,
Of course, we must have something smart.”

So I started on new lines,
And I made some fresh designs
For busbies, helmets, forage-caps and such;
But none of them were right,
For some were far too light,
Some shaded you too little, some too much.

I have not succeeded yet,
For the question is beset
With obstacles by no means small;
And I’m very much afraid
That this elegant sunshade
Will be never, never made at all.

EX CATHAY-DRA.

WE charitably assume that our correspondent in China (? Fleet Street) has suddenly become, like the June air, “balmy,” but we append his note, for what it is worth:—

Han-Well, Friday, Moonlight.

THE Imperial pints—troops, I mean—have now openly joined the Boxers, and the Boxers mean “going for the gloves.” The foreign Admirals said to the Chinese Forts, “We will Taku,” and they did. General LI-ING-TUNG has been degraded for allowing his troops to be defeated, but later in the same day was promoted for having induced them to fight at all. This evening he was again degraded, but as, at the same time, he received a message conferring on him the Order of the Poached Egg and Peacock’s Feather he hardly knows what he is, or

who he was, and is now seated in the Yamen, wearing straws in his hair and softly crooning “‘E dunno where ‘e are” in the Chinese tongue.

I am now about to join him.

MORE ANON-SENSE.

A RONDEAU OF THE INEVITABLE.

NEIGHBOUR JONES, for years a score
Daily we each other bore
At the street in Camberwell,
Where at number two you dwell,
(I reside at number four).

When I joined the rifle corps,
I confess to feeling sore
That you volunteered as well,
Neighbour JONES.

Yet I felt it even more
That, when by the sad sea shore,
Life’s dull tedium to dispel,
I sought out this distant cell
Here I find you, still next door,
Neighbour JONES!

NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT.—Who’s to rule South Africa after he War? “MILNER’S safe.”



A LEGACY OF DISCORD.

CHINAMAN. "YOU ALLIE CHOP-CHOP ME NOW, BUT WELLY SOON FORBIN DEVIL CHOP-CHOP FORBIN DEVIL!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 18.—
"Parliamentary life, dear TOBY," PRINCE ARTHUR sighed in my sympathetic ear, "would be endurable only for the Question hour. Putting questions to a Minister is the cheapest form of advertisement open to borough or county member, and he avails himself of it accordingly."

PRINCE ARTHUR'S emotion stirred just now by PICKERSGILL. P., with his provoking air of sleek gentility, wanted to know whether it is intended to accelerate registration of Parliamentary Voters, so that, in the event of Dissolution in late autumn, the General Election may be taken on new register. Hard to say whether PRINCE ARTHUR were more surprised or puzzled. Dissolution! Late Autumn! General Election! He stared across House at PICKERSGILL, marvelling whether too lavish use of hair-oil on Sundays had made him mad.

"The Hon. Gentleman," he said, "apparently has access to information about the Dissolution which is not at my disposal."

PICKERSGILL not nearly so innocent as he looks. Question craftily drawn with intent to extract information on burning topic of date of Dissolution. PRINCE ARTHUR, perhaps unconsciously following Apostolic example, once declared that upon a particular question he spoke as a child. He often does, as far as innocency of manner goes. But his lapses into childhood have about them something reminiscent of HUCKLEBURY FINN.

DON JOSÉ had his little trouble also at Question time; took it in quite different form. Not seen much of BASHMEAD-ARTLETT since he came back from his most recent travel. Understood to be deeply engaged in business arrangements connected with latest concession obtained from Queen of SWAZILAND. Forget whether it is to light the royal palace by electricity, to carry an overhead railway through the capital, or to introduce system of modern sewerage. BASHMEAD'S large sympathies with monarchs in difficulties usually takes a practical form.

Had on paper to-night Question suggesting that Colonial Office has failed in its duties with respect to strengthening and relief of British garrison at Kumassi. Having written up accusation on Order Paper, BASHMEAD ran away. Most Ministers would, in such circumstances, have ignored him and his imputations. That not DON JOSÉ'S way. Touch him, however lightly, from safest end of umbrella or other weapon of offence, and out goes his right arm, the assailant finding himself in attitude of temporary repose. Insisted on answering the Question though it was not put; triumphantly vindicated his department.



Father Neptune. "BUST MY BULKHEADS AND SHIVER MY COMPARTMENTS, HAVE I GOT TO LEARN GERMAN AT MY TIME OF LIFE!"

Business done.—Stirring news from China. Genuine surprise of the Forts. "We'll Tak'u," they said, dropping into the Scotch vernacular at sight of the cosmopolitan men-of-war at mouth of river. Whereas the combined fleet took them.

Tuesday.—It must be admitted that CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden had rather a cool reception. It was Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES who introduced him, leading him in and walking him round, riding two bare-backed steeds after the manner of the circus. House in Committee on Army Estimates. Question of remounts for troops in South Africa under discussion. Cap'en TOMMY, who, ere he went to sea before the mast, served in the horse marines, insisted that Swedish warrior-king's was the only way. "Had two horses to every trooper," said the Cap'en. Consequence was he thought nothing of moving his men ninety miles a day. Till British War Office followed

example of CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden the Empire would have no chance with its enemies at the gate.

Military men, jealous of interference of an old salt in their affairs, pooh-poohed the Cap'en. JEFFREYS said Colonel of British cavalry regiment would be only too grateful if he were provided with a mount for each of his troopers. One man one vote all very well in its way. What JEFFREYS wanted to see established was the rule of one trooper one horse.

The Cap'en forlornly leading away CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden and his two chargers, question of forage cap for TOMMY ATKINS turned on. This brought up FERGUSSON with delightful stream of personal recollection. Across his mind there flashed, as the MARKISS would say, the vision of a sweet little thing of seventeen, in short skirts, disclosing a peep of white stocking (Sir JAMES was particular about the colour) and shoes tied across a high instep with black ribbon. Looking

back over the old pages of *Punch*, we see her tripping thro' John LEECH's pictures. FERGUSSON, who, though he doesn't look it, served in the Grenadier Guards fifty years ago, saw the maiden in the flesh, tripping across St. James's Park.

How she came on the scene this evening in discussion on a vote for £4,680,000 for Army Clothing is a story too involved to trace. Everyone expected austere Chairman of Committees would rule her out of order. Like the rest of us, LOWTHER entranced by the pathos of the incident. In a work-a-day world there was something charming in this spectacle of a veteran, who for more than fifty years has served the State (and himself) in various climes, in divers capacities, babbling with softened tone and dimmed eyes of the short-petticoated nymph of more than yesterday. *Business done.*—Forty millions voted, and all over by a quarter to nine.

House of Lords, Thursday.—The MARKISS in uncommonly high spirits to-night. Made two speeches, which, if they could only have been heard, would have been delightful. Been furtively studying the oratorical manner of Mr. WEIR; result not quite a success. Member for Ross and Cromarty has a private hydraulic process, whereby he draws his voice up from his boots. Secret his own: effect curiously thrilling. The MARKISS, trying to adopt the system, proves hopeless failure. In case of Mr. WEIR, after preliminary creaking of machinery is hushed, his voice rolls through House with deep hollow sound that makes the flesh creep. The MARKISS confidentially communicates his good things to his own chest, and there they remain locked up. Now and then he lifts his head, opens his mouth, and the hungry audience hears half a sentence, the MARKISS provokingly dropping his head on his chest just when he's coming to the point.

Made two speeches to-night. One understood to be distantly connected with Uganda; the other certainly dealt with monument to OLIVER CROMWELL. That's about all it is safe to assert.

It was on his way home that MARKISS disclosed secret of his jovial mood.

"You fellows are always girding at me," he said, "about my ignorance of anything connected with the People. I remember, TOBY, how you chaffed me when, opposing JOHN LUBBOCK's Early Closing Bill, I catalogued what the wife of a working man usually brought home for tea, including candles, coals, a rasher of bacon, and half a pint of paraffin oil. Thought you were very clever, I daresay, showing up my ignorance. Look here. What do you think of this?"

MARKISS fished out of roomy waistcoat pocket scrap of newspaper.

"A lady reached the mature age of eighty-eight, and, therefore, presumably knowing what she's about, temporarily

withdraws from honourable retirement in the Scarborough Workhouse, and does an afternoon's shopping. What does she bring home? Listen. Here's the catalogue as officially recorded.

Bacon, sausages, brawn, cheese, four smoked haddocks, a crab, a pound of onions, a large jam tart, two teacakes, pastry, biscuits, three lemons, three oranges, two packets of sweets, half a pound of tea, two ounces of coffee, two pounds of sugar, and a small flask of whisky.

Now my list, full and varied I admit, was nothing compared with that. But it was on the same lines, and I hope you'll find an opportunity of apologising for your hasty comments." *Business Done.*—DON JOSÉ carries his Australian Commonwealth Bill through Committee amid salvos of applause from the Colonies.

Friday.—House learns with regret that P. and O. SUTHERLAND means to retire



Sir Thomas Sutherland hoists the "Blue Peter."
(The signal of his early departure will cause very general regret.)

from the scene at close of present Parliament. It will be a distinct loss in a quarter not too crowded. SUTHERLAND's name not often appears in Parliamentary reports. When he does speak, shows that his habitual silence is not due to incapacity to express himself in clear and forcible language. A man of affairs, as contrasted with a man of words. He is of the kind that gives solidity to the character, weight to the Counsels of Parliament. Haven't too many of his class. House could better spare a more fluent man.

Business done.—Committee on Civil Service Estimates. WALTER LONG receives tender but hearty acknowledgment of his national service in extinguishing Rabies. Had a hard time. Pluckily held on and now has exceeding great reward of complete success.

MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

IV.—Things (never) seen. The Contributor's Ideal.

[While not unmindful of the delicate literary compliment implied, we would like to remind our correspondent that it is scarcely advisable for him to address his MS. to the Editor of the *Academy* 10, Boulevard Street, E.C.]

THE Editor read through his daily batch of a hundred letters with close attention. He then gave directions that they should all appear at an early date, in leaded type, and in prominent positions. "They deal with uninteresting subjects in a verbose manner," he explained to the sub-editor. "But"—a tear trembled on his eyelash—"they are dear, so dear to their authors. They will be so pleased to see them in print." Then, overcome by a wave of sudden emotion, the chief wrung the hand of his colleague. After a moment's silence—broken only by the distant roar of traffic, the screeching of news-boys, and the murmur of innumerable organs—the Editor said, "How many war poems have we received to-day?"

"Two hundred," was the cheerful reply. "They are falling off in numbers."

"We must publish them in a special supplement," remarked the Editor, decisively. "I suppose they all transgress, as usual, the bounds of good-sense, good-temper and good-taste?" he added carelessly.

"Undoubtedly," said his colleague.

"I'm glad of that," sighed the Editor: "it's always so distressing to have to deal with verse of artistic merit and lofty sentiment. By the way, see that the writers' names are printed in bold, black type, and send a copy of the issue to each contributor together with one of the usual printed forms."

The sub-editor nodded, and smiled with pleasure at the thought of his delightful task. Then he took up a printed form and regarded it thoughtfully. "The Editor humbly requests that the contributor will favour him with as many poems upon trite subjects as the contributor's genius may dictate." Then he looked up. "You know, of course, that the paper is decreasing in circulation at the rate of a thousand copies a week

"Yes, excellent," murmured the Editor. "After all, journalism is but philanthropy writ large."

THE soldier lives by doughty deeds
All told in history's pages,
Who wages war supplies his needs
For war supplies his wages.

"THE Man in the Street" has become a crowd. There's no space for another man in this or any other street. Please let us never hear of him again.



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